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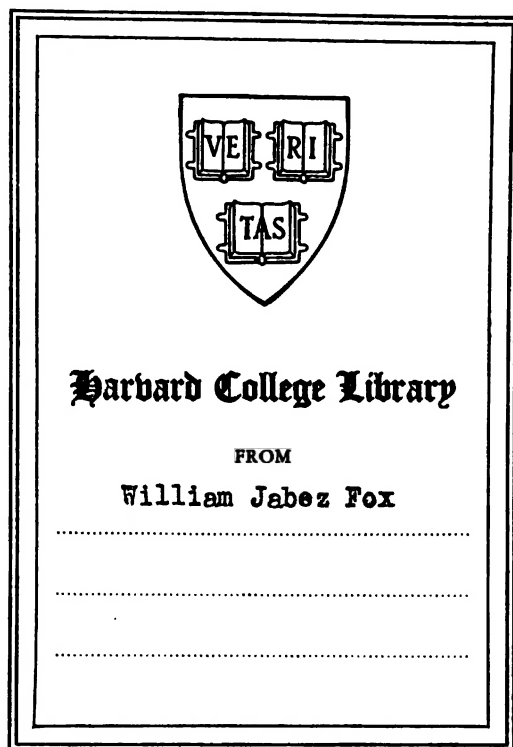
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The Harmonicon

Mus. A. 1 (1-2) *

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THE
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VOL. I.

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Mr. Jabez Fox
Cambridge.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

ON completing the First Volume of a work far surpassing in extent of plan any undertaking of a similar kind attempted in this, or any other, country, the Conductors of it are willing to indulge a belief, that they have in part, redeemed the pledge given to the Public at the commencement of their labours ; for, if they may be allowed to judge by the testimonies which they have received, from all quarters, in favour of their publication, and by its circulation, very few periodical works ever rose so rapidly in general estimation, or gained the confidence of their readers in so short a period. In venturing, however, to take some little credit to themselves for the manner in which the HARMONICON has been conducted, they are not unapprized that in two, perhaps three, of its departments, some imperfections appear in the earlier Numbers, arising from the novelty of the project, and the suddenness with which it was carried into execution. These imperfections have gradually disappeared, and it is not hazarding too much to say, that, as the best parts of the original plan are daily getting into more active operation, and as no pecuniary considerations are suffered to thwart the design of the work, every succeeding Number will be found to be at least equal to those which preceded it, and, in general, superior ; such cases excepted, as no human foresight can provide against.

Much good has already resulted from the publication of this work, by extending the number of readers on musical subjects. If the Public once turn their thoughts to the art, and consider it a little abstractedly, they will not only heighten the pleasure which they derive from its productions, but become qualified to exercise a direct and beneficial influence over all that it shall in future produce. To afford some materials for thinking, is one of the objects of those pages in the HARMONICON that are dedicated to the *Review of Music* ; a portion of the work which has escaped all animadversion, while at the same time it has received praise, that alone would encourage its writers to pursue the same path in which they set out.

The foreign musical news is already a marked feature in the present publication ; this will every month become more interesting and entertaining, in proportion as the foreign correspondents of the work acquire regular habits of communication, and the German, Italian, and French journals are transmitted punctually.

To the music given in the *HARMONICON*, the Conductors refer with the greatest confidence and satisfaction. For obvious reasons, they forbear to offer any remarks upon the Original Compositions, with which they have been assisted by some of the most eminent professors of the present day; the high rank that the parties alluded to so deservedly hold in public estimation, is a strong evidence in favour of their productions, which must, however, be judged by their intrinsic merits. To that test they are most willingly submitted. But the Selected Music may be mentioned without similar feelings of restraint. In that portion of the work will be found many gems deserving a better fate than the oblivion to which they appeared to be consigned; together with several pieces, both by British and foreign artists, that could be made popular only through the agency of such a publication as the present.

There is something vulgar and forbidding in alluding, out of market, to prices: nevertheless it is a duty we owe, not only to ourselves, but to our subscribers, to mention, that the music alone contained in this work could not be purchased, in the ordinary way, for less than three times the sum that is paid for the two parts forming the First Volume of the *HARMONICON*.

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THE HARMONICON.

No. I., JANUARY, 1823.

AT a period like the present, when the science of Music stands so high in public estimation—forms so important a feature in education, and takes so prominent a part in the domestic amusements, of good society—when it fills the theatre, animates the soldier, and constitutes a part of the holy offices of the church—it is no less a matter of surprise than of regret that its interests should remain destitute of those powerful auxiliaries by which the love of literature is so nobly upheld, and its views are so extensively promoted. While there are periodical works in profusion, which communicate the thoughts of the ingenious, and record the results of industrious research, in every other department of the arts, sciences, and belles lettres, the stores of music are either unlocked at an extravagant and almost prohibitory price, or frozen up by the contracted means, or still more contracted views, of their accidental possessors; so as to remain, in effect, “a fountain sealed,” to thousands of amateurs, who in vain look for that which taste and reason require, but which circumstances deny.

Influenced by these considerations, and in order to fill up the chasm which appears to be left, this Journal is now offered to the Public. It will be continued monthly, and will generally contain six or seven entire pieces of music, one of which, at least, will be written purposely and exclusively for the work, by some really eminent composer, and the remainder will be selected from the best productions of the great masters; but such music as the taste of the passing day shall decidedly approve, will not be rejected, unless indeed it is more deficient in merit than, when sanctioned by the public voice, is likely to happen. The whole will be adapted to the voice, the piano-forte, the harp, or the organ, and will form a varied collection of novelty and excellence, calculated no less to gratify the accomplished amateur, than to furnish the student with the most perfect models by which correctness of taste, and a knowledge of the style and peculiarities of the different schools, may be attained.

The popular melodies of various nations will also

be introduced, with words from the pens of distinguished poets, and will form no inconsiderable portion of the work; for besides the British, Scotch, and Irish melodies, those of Italy, Germany, France, Russia, and, in short, of all other countries where national airs have any existence, will be occasionally inserted, while the whole will receive either new or improved accompaniments from the pens of the ablest musicians.

The intelligent admirer of the science will, it is presumed, derive considerable gratification from the rare union of LITERATURE with MUSIC, of which the HARMONICON will become the medium; independently of the usual Intelligence of the day, Original Papers, on every subject that can interest the Musical World, will form one division of the Literary Department; and another, by far the most important, will be appropriated to fair, manly and open Criticism,—on the current Publications,—the Music of the Drama,—and the Musical Performers of the Theatres and Concerts. On this head, the Editors profess the most strict impartiality; they have no interests to sway them, no invidious feelings to gratify, no patrons to flatter; they are independent alike of all parties, are above the reach of temptation, and, if they know themselves, are too wary to be influenced by caresses—too firm to be moved by threats: strong in the consciousness that by manly criticism, moderate but just, they shall establish on the most permanent basis their claim to public confidence.

The ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF MUSIC will be formed from the *Musikalisches Lexicon* of the learned German, KOCH, the *Encyclopédie Méthodique*, the *Dictionnaire de Musique* of Rousseau, and other authorities. A portion of it will be given with each Part, and at the termination of every half year, a Supplementary Number will be published, consisting of the Encyclopædia only; thus a useful quantity of a valuable book of reference may be speedily obtained. This, and the Musical Pieces, will be so arranged that they may be bound up in separate volumes, at the end of each half year.

MEMOIR OF HAYDN.

FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDN was born on the 31st of March, 1732, at Rhorau, a small town, fifteen leagues distant from Vienna. His father was in poor circumstances, and of a humble profession (a cart and wheelwright), and united to his laborious business the office of sexton of the parish in which he dwelt; his mother, previous to her marriage, had served as cook in the family of Count Harrach, the lord of the village. Haydn's father had a fine tenor voice, was passionately fond of music, and had some mastery over the organ, but this he had acquired without any scientific knowledge of music. In a journey he made to Frankfort on the Mayne, he had learned, also, to play on the harp; and in holidays, after church, he indulged much in this romantic instrument, which he accompanied with his own voice, sometimes aided by the vocal efforts of his wife. This domestic harmony was interrupted by the birth of young Joseph, but not altered; for as soon as the first cares of this happy birth were at an end, and the infant future wonder and delight of the musical world began to increase in life, from months to years, the pleasant peaceful concerts were again resumed; and the attention of the little Joseph began to be drawn to, and he "became all ear, to hear," that delightful discoursing, music—a language that all hearts understand, and which is the universal tongue of the world. The happy concert occurred once a week; and the already-inspired child would seriously mimic the instrumental efforts of his father, and standing before him with two pieces of wood in his little hands, one of which was his bow, and the other his viol, seem to accompany his father's playing, or his mother's singing, when she delighted him with those simple native airs, which, in his after-years of glory and honour, he never could hear without the deepest delight, mingled with the most filial regret and pensive recollections of those happiest hours of life, his pleasant childhood. A cousin of his father's, one Frank, a schoolmaster at Haimburg, came to visit this domestic little heaven one Sunday, and made the harmonious trio a quartett; and he it was that first perceived the intuitive talent of the child, who then, although but six years old, beat the time of their singing with most astonishing precision. As Frank was, besides his scholarship, an excellent musician, both in theory and practice, he made an offer to take the young Joseph into his house as his scholar; an offer which they accepted with the most parental joy, because they cheerfully hoped, by well-grounding him in the science of music, to get him into the service of the church, for which it was their pious wish he should be made qualified. Accordingly he left his father's house, with his kind relative, and had been but a few days under his roof, when he discovered two tambourines. By the dint of that mighty genius which was so

soon to show itself, he succeeded in forming on this contemptible and uncompassed instrument; a regular kind of air, which delighted all who heard him. And now he began to learn music rapidly, as an art; and here he remained some time, and acquired in some degree the use of the violin and other instruments, as well as a smattering of Latin; and was, after a time, taught to sing at the parish desk, in a style which spread his young reputation throughout the whole canton. But chance brought to Haimburg, Reüter, Maestro di Capella of the cathedral of Vienna. He was seeking for young voices to complete his choir; and the honest schoolmaster soon produced his little pupil. Reüter, to try his talents, gave him a difficult canon to sing at sight, when the precision and purity of tone, as well as the spirit with which the child executed it, surprised him to the highest admiration. He remarked, however, that he did not *shake*, and asked the boy the reason with a smile; when young Haydn smartly replied, "How should he know how to shake when his cousin did not." "Come, hither," said Reüter, "and I will instruct you." He took him between his knees, shewed him how to bring rapidly together two notes, hold his breath, and agitate the palate; which the boy understood immediately, and made a good shake. The kindly Reüter, delighted with his young scholar, took a plate of fine cherries from the table, and poured the whole of them into his pocket, as the first-fruits of his genius. Haydn, when a boy "of a larger growth," would often tell this story, and add, that he never *shook* in singing, but he thought he again saw and tasted those delicious cherries.

He was now placed in the hands of Reüter, and went with him to Vienna. Haydn, in afterwards speaking of the arduousness of his study under this eminent master, said that he did not remember to have passed a single day without laboriously practising, at the least, sixteen or eighteen hours daily, and this he did of his own accord, for the children of the choir were not compelled to practise more than two hours. But music gave him such an unusual pleasure, that he would prefer listening to the worst instrument that could be touched by the most indifferent hand, to running about with his boy-companions; and if he sometimes indulged in play with them, as soon as the organ breathed its trembling voice, he flew from his companions, and entered the church.

Under this able tutor he still continued, till, at the age of thirteen, (like Mozart, his superior in precocity, if not in genius, who produced a successful opera at that age,) he commenced composition by producing a Mass, which the frank and friendly Reüter very severely ridiculed. This condemnation surprised the young genius, but being a youth of good sense, he was soon a believer in its justice;



JOSEPH HAYDN.

and was made sensible of the necessity of learning counterpoint and the regular rules of harmony. His master did not teach these to his pupils, and never gave Haydn more than two lessons in this musical difficulty, whereas Mozart had an excellent master in his father; but poor Joseph Haydn was a friendless chorister in a crowded city, where the highest merit is overlooked much easier than when standing on some insulated spot with no other admirable object to interrupt our sight of it; and he could therefore only obtain instruction by paying for it: this was not easily done by one who had not a penny of his own; and his father, with both his trades, was still so poor, that when his son had been robbed of his wearing apparel, all his efforts would not enable him to send more than six florins, or about eleven shillings, English, to refit him. Of course, none of the masters would give lessons gratis to a poor unpatronised boy; and perhaps it is to this circumstance which then seemed unfortunate, that Haydn owes the entire originality of his genius. A master might, doubtlessly, have diverted him from the errors into which he afterwards fell, when he wrote for the church and the theatre; but he would have as certainly destroyed his perfect originality, by turning the native current of his genius into the old channels. He is most, and indeed alone, the man of genius, who has such a devotedness to his art, that he pursues it in despite of every impediment, and succeeds in it in the face of poverty, discouragement, and difficulty. So succeeded Shakspeare, and Homer, and Spenser, and Milton, and Cervantes; and so, in the end, succeeded our symphonious hero.

He bought second-hand theoretical works, and among others, the treatise by Fux, and applied to it with a perseverance which its obscurity could not master, and, therefore, he mastered its obscurity: this he did alone; and the infinite number of minute discoveries which he made, were afterwards of the greatest service to him. Without money, and its purchasing comforts, of fire, (and we had almost said of friends, for money will also sometimes purchase even these,) lonely, and lodging in an obscure part of the city, in a wretched garret, he pursued his studies, under all the oppressions of sleep and severe circumstances, to the latest hour of night, before a harpsichord out of tune, and tumbling to pieces with his every touch; and yet was happy, for self-satisfaction was all that he wanted, and this he enjoyed. Days and years came and went, and he has often said that he was never happier at any more fortunate period of his life. His governing passion was the love of music, and while he could indulge in it, he was happy under the darkest clouds of fortune; ambition was not his motive, nor did he care for celebrity: his love for his art was like that of a lover for his mistress; if he possessed her, that was all he wished, and he cared not whether the world thought him eminently happy or great in acquisition. And if all men of genius could feel like him, it would make them exquisitely happier, and not at all detract from the more immortal part of their minds, their works.

But he was not always to remain in obscurity; for Corner, a noble Venetian, was then residing at Vienna, as ambassador from the republic of Venice; and with him

had brought a mistress, who, being a passionate lover of music, had harboured old Porpora, an eminent master of that age, in the hotel of the embassy. To him Haydn got introduced as an admirer of music, and was by him presented to his excellency, who was so much taken with his talents; that he carried him, with his mistress, and old Porpora, to the fashionable baths of Manensdorff. Our hero, more intent on harmony than honour, cared for no one but the old master, and used every fair device to ingratiate himself with him, and obtain his harmonious favours. He condescended even to the most serviceable offices, to show him at once how highly and humbly he valued his good opinion, and every day would beat his coat, and clean his shoes, and dispose, to the best of his barber-knowledge, the ancient periwig for the old fellow, who, notwithstanding all his attempts to please him, was as sour as a squeezed lemon; and gave him as gratuitously for all his gratuitous services, a most uncourteous quantity of vile names, such as "fool," "blockhead," and other polite terms of approbation which none but "patient merit" quietly of the "unworthy takes." But the unthankful bear, at last, perceiving the rare qualities of the youth, softened occasionally, and gave him instruction and advice in his art, more especially at such times as he had to accompany the fair Wilhelmina, in singing some of the airs of Porpora, which were set with basses of great difficulty. Here, then, he learned to sing in the finest Italian manner, and astonished the ambassador so much with his progress, that he gave him when he returned to Vienna, a monthly pension of three pounds sterling, and besides admitted him to the table of his secretaries. This good fortune rendered our hero somewhat more independent, and procured him the gentility of a "suit of sables;" and thus handsomely attired, he went, at day-dawn, to play the first violin at the church of the Fathers of the Order of Mercy; from thence to Count Haugwitz's chapel, where he played the organ; at another part of the day he sang the tenor voice at the cathedral; and, lastly, after having been on foot the whole day, he spent a part of the night at the harpsichord; and in the middle of all these distractions, formed his own original conceptions of what was fine in music, and of what was to be in a short time a style entirely and eternally his own.

But this state of comparative independence did not last. Time that improves the gifts of nature, also destroys them. At eighteen, his voice, as is unfortunately too usual with these fine young voices, broke so much as to be useless; and he was dismissed from St. Stephen's, not so much on account of the decline of his voice, though that was made the excuse for his dismissal, as for a lively piece of mischief he had committed, in cutting off the skirt of a fellow-chorister's gown in the church; a wicked act of waggyery which was thought unpardonable by the religious rulers of the cathedral. When expelled, his whole fortune consisted in his genius, which, unemployed, is not the best wealth in the world. He had, however, a humble admirer of his talents in the person of a poor periwig-maker, who had often been delighted with his choir-voice in its best days, and who, meeting with him in this exigency, offered him an asylum, which he who was houseless, we need not say,

gladly accepted; and honest Keller divided with him the homely fare of his table, and left to his frugal wife the care of his clothing. Haydn, in this obscurity, was enabled to pursue his studies, and make an advance in them. His residence here had, however, an influence on his future life, which was not so happy as might have been desired. Keller had two daughters, and one of these was proposed to the young musician in marriage, who, though wedded to music already, made no objection to the match, and gave his promise to her, which, in the sequel, he honourably performed, and was made honourably unhappy for life.

He began now to compose sonatas for the piano, which were disposed of at low prices, to his few female pupils; and about this time, also, he produced a few minuets, waltzes, and allemands, for the Ridotto. He composed, too, a serenade for three performers, which on fine evenings, with two friends, he sometimes romantically indulged divers of the good citizens of Vienna with; and among others, whom he thus pleasantly serenaded, was the handsome wife of the celebrated buffo, Bernardone Curtz, the director of the theatre of Carinthea, who drew crowds there by his puns and pleasant performances. Curtz, who happened to be within, was so much delighted with the originality of the music, that he took their roguish intentions in good part, and descended to them in a good humour, to inquire the name of the composer. "I composed it," answered our hero boldly. "You! at your age?" rejoined the doubtful Curtz. "One must make a beginning some time," replied the other modestly. "Gad, this is droll;" answered again the good-natured Curtz; and then invited them up stairs. Haydn, was now introduced to the handsome wife, and after some hospitalities were enjoyed, left the house with a new opera in his pocket, called "The Devil on Two Sticks," the music of which was in a few days composed; the piece was produced at the theatre, met with success, and Haydn received for his compositions a douceur of about twelve pounds.

In composing this opera, he had a whimsical difficulty to get over, in expressing by sounds the motion of waves in a storm, which as he had never beheld the sea, he could not conceive so as to execute, and as Curtz was also equally ignorant, and yet difficult to please, he could not teach him to surmount. It is not easy to describe what one has never seen. The agitated director paced up and down the room, where Haydn sat at the instrument; "Imagine," said he, "a mountain rising, and then a valley sinking; and then a second mountain and a second valley; the mountains and valleys succeed each other with rapidity; and every moment Alps and abysses follow each other." His powers of description were useless. Vainly did he add the thunder and the lightning to the storm; and request him to mingle all these ingredients of horror together, and not to forget "the mountains and valleys." Haydn drew his fingers hastily over the keyboard, ran through the semi-tones, tried the sevenths, passed from the lowest bass notes to the highest trebles; and Curtz was not satisfied. At length, the composer losing his patience, placed his hands to the two extents of the instrument, and running them rapidly together, exclaimed,

"The devil take the tempest!" "That's it, that's it," shouted the buffo, springing upon him, and almost stifling him with his delighted caresses. Haydn, as he afterwards crossed the seas to England, could not help laughing when he remembered the storm in "The Devil on Two Sticks."

He was but in his nineteenth year when he composed this opera. A year after this, he began his immortal career, on his own proper ground, (which was not essentially dramatic, like Mozart's,) by producing six trios, which, from the singularity of their style, and their novelty altogether, gained an immediate celebrity, notwithstanding the pedantic outcry which the learned contra-puntists, and among others that grave, never-smiling pedant, Charles VI., made against their happiest peculiarities, and pleasantest points of originality; for these learned blockheads, who could not easily endure what was rather natural than learned, accused him of gross errors in counter-point, heretical modulations, and movements too daring and ambitious. But happily the croaking of these frogs of the old stagnant waters of custom did him no harm, but rather a good which their silence would have denied him. Before Haydn, no one had conceived an orchestra of eighteen instruments possible: he was the inventor of prestissimo, the bare mention of which most unlearned impossible innovation made the stout square-toes of that musical city shake in their shoes. In instrumental music, he also revolutionized the details as well as the masses, and obliged the wind instruments to execute pianissimo.

In his twentieth year, he published his first quartett, which every amateur of music in a short time afterwards had by heart. About this time he left the house of his friend Keller, on what account is not now known; but he left it as poor almost as he entered it, and went to the house of M. Martinez, who proffered him lodging and board as a remuneration for instructing his two daughters in playing and singing; and here, in one house, the first poet and the first musician of that age, Metastasio and Haydn, lodged together; but the first, being in favour with Charles VI., lived easily, while the other passed the winter days in bed for want of fuel. We need not say they met; and as the poet was passionately fond of music, he soon saw into the talents of Haydn, and not only taught him Italian, but gave him a general knowledge of the fine arts.

This struggle with poverty endured for six tedious years, when he obtained a place in the service of Count Mortzin, a nobleman of great taste in music, who had his own orchestra, and gave concerts. Here came the old Prince Antony Esterhazy, an enthusiastic amateur, to a concert, which happened to commence with Haydn's symphony, in A, $\frac{3}{4}$ time. The old amateur was so delighted with this performance, that he entreated the Count to give up the author to him, that he might prefer him to the appointment of second leader in his own band. The Count consented, but Haydn, being ill, was not present; and as the good intentions of princes, especially when not immediately put into performance, are apt to have no memory, a long time elapsed before the promoted Haydn heard further of his good fortune; and this was brought about by one of the

last means which is usually employed in the forwarding of genius, the intervention of a rival composer, Friedberg, who was also attached to the service of Prince Antony; and who, being without that vice so common among men of talents, jealousy, made use of a friendly stratagem to recal the merits of Haydn to the recollection of the prince, his master. He set him, therefore, to compose a symphony for performance at Eisenstadt, where the prince was to pass his birth-day. He executed it, and it is worthy of him and of a greater reward than his humility had set as the price of it. The day having arrived, the prince on his throne, surrounded by his court, awaited the concert. The symphony began; but scarcely had the orchestra got through the first allegro, when the prince interrupted them, and demanded the name of the author of so noble a composition. "Haydn!" answered the generous Friedberg; and, all trembling and abashed, drew the young composer into the presence of the prince. "What," exclaimed he, (in no very polite or princely way, we should think,) "is it this Moor's music?" (Haydn's complexion was very dark, and might excuse this princely unmannerliness.) "Well, Moor," continued he, "from this day you are in my service. Your name?" "Joseph Haydn," replied the humble man of genius. "Surely, I remember that name? (If he did not, he ought.) You are, I think, already engaged to me; how is it that I have not seen you before?" Haydn, confused by the splendour which was about him, and his good fortune, could make no reply. The prince continued, "Go, and dress yourself like a professor; do not let me see you any more in this trim; you cut a pitiful figure. Get a new coat, a wig, and buckles, a collar, and red heels to your shoes; but I particularly desire that they may be of a good height, in order that your stature may correspond to your intelligence; you understand me; go your way, and every thing will be given you." As a specimen of princely patronage, and of the petty exactions and personal debasement which it demands, this *much honouring* speech of installation should be read and treasured up in the galls of all men of genius, that they may learn to despise the honours of such patronage, and spare themselves the mental mortification of its insolence.

Haydn, however, kissed hands, and then shrunk into a corner, not a little chagrined at being commanded, and consequently obliged, to be shorn of his natural tresses, to hide his youth in a hideous wig, and disguise his native elegance in the stiff and formal inelegancies of demeanour of a pedantic professor. The next morning he made his appearance at the levee, imprisoned in buckles, and wig, and collar, and elevated to the insisted height on red heels, and was formally appointed second professor of music to his serene highness; but as nick-names stick to a man like burs, especially when a prince condescends to give them, he was called by his new companions simply "*the Moor*."

Antony lived not long after this; and his title descending to Nicholas, a prince still more devoted to music, Haydn was commanded to compose pieces for that com-

plex and now obsolete instrument, the baryton, which the new prince played daily, and for which he demanded that a fresh piece should be laid on his desk every morning; no easy task we should imagine, but genius is the only thing which has no sinecure place in the courts of princes. Nearly the whole of his compositions for this instrument perished in a conflagration. Haydn used to say, that the necessity he was bound in, of producing so many new pieces for this difficult instrument, added much to his general improvement.

Before we go further into the merits of his other productions, it is incumbent on us to speak of an event which was perhaps intended to add domestic pleasure to his life, but which, as it fell out, brought to him only the miseries of discord and regret. As soon as he perceived that he had the means of subsistence, the promise he had given to Keller he translated into an honourable performance, and married Ann, his daughter; and soon afterwards discovered that he had linked himself with a mere prude, who had too, in dismal addition to her troublesome virtue, a most pious mania for monks, friars, and all orders of priests. His house was their common harbour, and was much visited by polemical storms and clerical contentions, to the eternal interruption of his studies. Besides this severe visitation, he was obliged, in order to keep on quiet terms with his *cara sposa*, to compose motets and masses gratis, but for the good of his soul, for the convents and monasteries of those holy fathers, who were the most especial favourites of his wife. It was no wonder, then, that poor Haydn, who could compose any thing but himself, sought at last a more agreeable society and consolation in the company of Mademoiselle Boselli, a delightful singer, in the same service with himself; and this step, as may be well inferred, did not much increase his good understanding with his wife, from whom, at last, he altogether separated, behaving to her, however, in pecuniary matters, with the most perfect sense of honour.

Haydn, now placed first in command of the orchestra of a prince said to be immensely rich, saw himself in that fortunate state of circumstances which too rarely happens to the man of genius; and now began to put forth all his powers. His days were now strictly employed, and his life correctly uniform. He rose early, dressed himself with the utmost neatness, and then sat down to a little table near his piano, where the hours of breakfast and dinner still found him seated. In the evening he attended rehearsals, or the opera, which was performed four times a week in the palace of the prince, his master. Sometimes, too, he hunted; and what time he had to spare, he divided between his friends and his favourite Boselli. His life was so spent for thirty years; and this alone can account for the amazing number of his productions in instrumental music, church music, and operas: it is computed, that in fifty years, he produced no less than five hundred and twenty-seven instrumental compositions, and that in the whole of these pieces he has never imitated himself, but when it was his intention to do so.

[To be continued.]

ABSTRACT OF THE RULES AND REGULATIONS

OF THE

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

THIS establishment is formed upon the plan of the British Institution for the Encouragement of Painting; the two principal Patrons are His Majesty and the Duke of York, its professed object being to promote the cultivation of Music among the natives of this country, and to afford the first facilities for attaining perfection in this most neglected branch of the Arts, to a certain number of pupils, not exceeding at present forty males and forty females. This School is to be supported by contributions and annual subscriptions, the subscribers and contributors being divided into four classes—the subscribers of the first class to be governors, having the privilege of being present on all occasions, such as, at the concerts, rehearsals, and public examinations of the pupils, and also of introducing two friends on the same occasions: the members of the first, second, and third classes recommend and elect all the students; the subscribers of the first class having three votes each; the second, two, with liberty to introduce one friend on all public occasions; the third, one, with a free admission only for themselves; and the fourth, no vote at any time, but a free entrance at all times. The government of the School is to be by a committee and a sub-committee of directors, the directors, twenty-five in number, being governors; or a president, four vice-presidents, and twenty directors,—the president being annually elected by the directors. He is to preside at their general courts, and in his absence, a vice is to be elected according to seniority; and no court is competent, unless one of these presiding officers and six directors be present. This court has the power to alter, amend, and add to the bye-laws of the Institution, and is also empowered to nominate a sub-committee out of the three first classes. The funds are to be vested in five trustees.

The pupils are of three classes. Regular students pay, upon their successful election by ballot, fifteen guineas the first year, and afterwards ten per annum: these must not be younger than ten years of age, nor older than fifteen, and must be capable of reading and writing before they are admitted, and show some aptitude for Music, according to the opinions of the professors, and also come decently clothed, as no expense on this head can come out of the funds of the School. The children of professors, when elected, are admitted on paying ten guineas the first year, and afterwards eight yearly. The extra students are of two classes, and require only the recommendation of a subscriber: the first class are to board in the house, and pay twenty guineas per annum, if not the children of professors, when they pay but fifteen guineas yearly; and the second class, who are not boarders, thirty-three guineas. No student to remain in the School after the age of eighteen, un-

less upon extraordinary occasions, or upon new and separate agreements.

There is to be one yearly concert, at which the most proficient students are to perform, the profits of it to go to the funds, except when the students are old enough to leave the School, at which time they will be provided with small portions from the proceeds, to start them in the world. Rehearsals are to precede these concerts, when all the pupils are to be present; and public examinations will be held occasionally, when the most proficient will be rewarded with medals, according to their skill.

The students are to be directed in the study of any particular branch of Music, by the principal professor, according to the disposition he may observe in them; and in addition to this particular branch, they will be instructed in harmony, composition, and the piano-forte: they will also receive instruction in the English and Italian languages, and in writing and arithmetic. Instruments, if of difficult purchase, will be provided for them. There will be a monthly meeting of all the students for musical practice, under the principal and professors, when the Music selected for performance is to be so easy as to embrace the talents of all the pupils. In contending for prizes, no student who has previously received one, is to contend for a second on the same instrument. Students having won the first prize, when so judged by the principal, are to be elevated into sub-professors; and their payments for instruction will then cease.

The professors are to instruct each one according to his own system; and the students placed under him are to remain so, while they belong to the School. These masters are to attend twice a-week; or they may appoint under-professors, who are to be selected from among the most forward pupils. Each professor will receive a certain number of pupils, whom he is to instruct to the utmost of his skill, so that they may do credit to the establishment. A quarterly council of the professors will take place, when each one is to give to the principal an account of the progress of his pupils, and make any remarks on their genius and qualifications which he may deem fit to be made known. In addition to the occasional examinations, there will be an annual one, at which the professors are to produce the most proficient of their pupils, when the principal will examine them, and class them accordingly.

In order that the pupils may hear their masters to the best advantage, there will be two grand concerts in the year, in which the professors are to take the lead, and such of the pupils as are capable are to perform—but all the students are to attend. At these concerts, the best productions of the professors are to be performed; and to as-

sist in the formation of a Musical Library for the use of the students, they will be expected to present to it a copy of each of their publications. Should an under-professor, instead of a pecuniary recompense for his attendance, desire to take instruction in any other branch than that which he himself teaches, he will be allowed to do so, but not to contend for prizes as a student.

There will be a board of professors, consisting of five; and in becoming a member of that board, the professors are expected to contribute all in their power to the progress of the establishment; and are to attend on all occasions, or give due notice of their intended absence.

Such are the principal rules of this new Institution, and it will be seen that they admit of great evasion, and

of numberless abuses. We trust that they will be strictly revised and amended, for there are great contradictions in the laws, which, as they now stand, can never work together. There are likewise many flaws and crevices through which neglect and corruption will enter, and undermine the whole edifice, unless guarded against by more experience than we surmise has been consulted in the formation of the institution. But its immediate existence is threatened, if a report, bruited abroad, respecting the appointment of a most objectionable person to an office in the Academy, turns out to be true. Let us hope that it will be proved to have no foundation, for we are well-wishers to any establishment for the improvement of so fascinating an art as Music.

ESSAY ON THE ORIGIN OF MUSIC,

FROM THE FRENCH OF

THE COUNT DE LAC ÉPÈDE,

GRAND CHANCELLOR OF THE LEGION OF HONOUR, AND MEMBER OF THE INSTITUTE.

In those happy regions where a perpetual spring reigned, where the sun shed his rays, softened by the breath of the sweetest zephyrs, and the earth, covered with a constantly renewed verdure, offered to the eye nothing but beds of flowers, trees teeming with delicious fruits, and fountains running with a gentle murmur, while the sweetest perfumes were borne upon the gale, and birds sent forth the most melodious notes—happy man, intoxicated with pleasure and enjoyment, celebrated in these fields of flowers and of perfumes, his felicity with the partner of his existence. His voice became animated; speech was not sufficient to express the emotions he experienced: fugitive sounds vanished as soon as pronounced, indistinct accents could but ill express his lively sensations and impetuous transports. He kept up his voice, he prolonged its utterance, he raised it, he lowered it rapidly; sounds of joy were mingled with his notes; he sung! At the same time his action became animated;—he yielded to the flame which inspired him,—he rushed forward with joy and pleasure, and thus the first dance was formed. In order to lessen the fatigue attendant on the expression of his feelings, he rose up and let himself fall at equal intervals; his motions were measured, and maintained a certain degree of regularity: his singing commenced and finished with the dance that he accompanied: it was then regular; it was very short; it was often repeated; and song received existence. Happy man then arranged it to words, to express his joy in every possible manner; and poetry beheld the day.

But a lasting felicity has never been the lot of man; he experienced some moments of joy, only to feel more acutely the misfortunes and grief by which they were succeeded.

Deprived of his companion, and sighing after her return, man, isolated amidst flowery fields, saw in them nothing but the witnesses of his past enjoyment. Every thing recalled the memory of the bliss he had lost, but no reminiscence painted it strong enough to console him. The objects by which he was surrounded, only distracted his thoughts; they alone could recal with sufficient strength his pleasures, his adieus, the tears he had shed, the last words he had heard, the last look, the last action, he had perceived, to mingle some tender delight with his bitter grief. Sad and melancholy, he enters the thickest woods: he seeks the most solitary places: with a loud voice he calls his companion, and pleases himself in hearing an echo, sad as himself, repeating with the same anxiety the name of her whom he has lost. That voice, alas! though it is but his own, dwells with enchanting illusion on his soul; he fancies that he hears a being similar to himself, a being who, unfortunate, too, like him, shares his grief; he chooses this consoling asylum, to soliloquize on his beloved: he sits down at the foot of a craggy rock: on one side he perceives the waves of the agitated sea breaking against the cliffs with a groaning noise; on the other, his eye reposes on the shade of a gloomy forest: near him, a turtle-dove, separated like him from a sweet companion, interrupts from time to time, by her piteous cry, the silence of this melancholy spot. Lost in a profound reverie, solely occupied with the object of his tender affection, he repeats with a voice softened by the accents of grief, the last words of his beloved, the last words that he said to her: as he pronounces them, his eyes are suffused with tears: he again pronounces these words so dear to his heart: he repeats them with a voice more melting than before. The

plaintive tone of grief is intermingled with the touching accents wrung from him by his woes: he keeps up his voice, to render more lasting the image he endeavours to form of her whom he laments. He cries, he groans whilst repeating his tender complaints: it is no longer simple language that he employs; it is a composition of many united signs, of many deep and expressive features. The various feelings which bear sway over him, bitter grief, touching woes, tender recollections, lively anxiety, gloomy sorrow, sometimes consoling hope, successively agitate his soul and affect his utterance; they raise his voice, depress it, quicken it, retard it, modulate it into long and sustained sounds, heart-rending and interrupted cries, deep inflexions, scarcely uttered groans: true Music appears; this celestial union of the various emotions which our affections impress on us, of the different symbols which represent them, of sounds elevated or depressed, perfect or scarcely formed, and the regularity of which is submitted only to the order, or rather, to the disorder, of the passions. Thus pleasure gave birth to song, that part of Music adapted to the happy and contented man, and which always awakens in his mind the idea of dancing; but it is to grief and sad melancholy we are indebted for real Music, that animated picture of all the passions, which impresses them so strongly, and kindles them so quickly in our breasts, which opens the fountain of tears so delightful, excites emotions so pleasing, and enjoyments so familiar to all tender hearts who have experienced misfortune, and consequently to all those who have received the precious, but fatal gift of sensibility.

Music still bears the impress of its origin; born amidst tears and grief, it paints nothing well but melancholy events, heart-rending situations, deep and sorrowful feelings. And how could this kind of language, marked with the emotions of sorrow, impressed with the disorder of such varied feelings, often giving utterance to the accents of bitter grief, and sounds destined by nature to afflict the heart, how could it present a pure image of tranquillity and joy? When Music presents the picture of this serenity, how imperfect does its painting appear! How many dark objects obscure this image of a clear day! Besides, when Music is stripped of its accessories, does it always produce a melancholy emotion, even when one expects to experience only joy and tranquillity: the features of gaiety itself which the musician may have assembled in his picture, sometimes serve only to render more touching the image of some deep affection which he had been compelled to leave there.

Let us then be careful to distinguish real Music from that which we have called song. The latter, destined to accompany dancing, always presents to our mind that sister of gaiety, and is thus capable, in some degree, of depicting that joy which is so little adapted to the talents of the true musician. But Music, properly so called, can never but feebly represent joy and serenity.

This is the reason why those of great susceptibility only, delight to listen to real music, at least when it is deprived of all the unnecessary ornaments which might add to its charms. Those, whose hearts are cold, who are

amused only when they rejoice, who are interested only by what enlivens, would not only listen without the least emotion to the most pathetic piece of music, but would find it grating to their ears: songs only suit them.

This is the reason also, why, of all the arts, Music is that, whose impressions are connected with the greatest number of affections that we experience the most frequently, and which consequently become the deepest. In short, the habitual state of man, is not to enjoy a felicity pure and without alloy; he has never tasted but for a few moments that joy which the slightest anxiety does not tarnish. Choose him who appears the most destined to that felicity which nothing can disturb: grief never makes him feel her cruel blows; no misfortune overwhelms him, no desire torments him; sorrow never envelopes him in her sable garment: where is such a man? I grant, however, that he exists. And we shall see his joy dissipate with the rapidity of lightning. The faculty of thought, that noble gift that we have received from the Author of nature, the cause of our true pleasures, but also the principal spring of all our cares, will soon come to destroy this unmingled happiness, in which we had supposed him secure. His soul which the present moment, too limited, too fugitive, cannot occupy, is in unceasing activity; it recalls to him what he has been, it seeks to divine what he will be: the fear of losing the objects he enjoys, presents itself; the image of the evils he has suffered afflicts him; the past recalls objects which are no longer his, the future presents other objects which will oppose themselves to his tranquil enjoyment. The most happy man only escapes from all his fears to give himself up to a secret melancholy: he cannot divest himself of a concealed sadness, which blights all his pleasures. The happiness to which nature destines us, is then but that melancholy state, in which indeed, our troubles are all in our mind, but are not less real; happy nevertheless that they come to us from that same imagination which can render their burden lighter, by decorating them with its pretty chimeras, its empty but delightful recollections, its frivolous but flattering hopes! Behold then, this happiness to which only a few privileged beings attain, whilst the greater number, racked by cruel anxieties, and never-ending vexations, are bowed beneath the iron sceptre of acute grief, while to increase their calamity, they behold before them Time pointing with a terrific hand, to the dreadful evils that they have suffered, and to the endless misfortunes which await them.

But where is the art, the influence of which has more relation to this habitual state of man, than Music? which, born in the bosom of lamentation and grief, has composed its language from the utterance of the passions and from the most touching accents; which has the demeanour and air of sorrowful situations; which bears at least the character of revery; and which, in presenting us with images of sweet affections, tender sentiments, happy situations, shows them through the medium of a darkening veil, from which it can never entirely divest them?

How, it may perhaps be asked, can you paint in such gloomy colours this enchanting and celestial art, this ma-

gical power which acts so strongly on susceptible minds, holds our misfortunes suspended by a secret charm, appeases the storms of our imaginations, calms the impetuosity of our passions, ravishes us to ecstasy, takes possession of our whole being, and permits none but delightful sensations to agitate our breasts? Ah! it is its melancholy character which constitutes its charm; if more gay it would enchant less. It is because we have been, we are, or we shall be, more or less unfortunate that we like to see the picture of human miseries. When we become attached to this art, we find it a friend, unhappy like ourselves, whom we seek for consolation, to deposit on its bosom the burden which overwhelms us; we recognise the features it presents, and the sweetest sympathy unites us: whoever we may be, whatever misfortune we may have experienced, it has the air of saying to us, *And I also have felt it.*

Besides, the misfortunes that we figure are but illusions created only for our enjoyment; they cease with the last sound of the voice which enchants us. The sight of the termination of these evils, when we are beginning to feel the bitterness of them, induces us to indulge in the most delightful and most pleasant of chimeras. We dare to think that real misfortunes may be as light as those which are the children of our imaginations; so far we are impelled, by a secret instinct, towards every thing which might afford consolation to our hearts! We dare to believe that the evils which approach in spite of our wishes, will vanish like those which have appeared only by our order. The hope of a better fate extends this delightful illusion over every thing which surrounds us; it spreads like a salutary balm over the wounds that time has been unceasingly making: we suffer ourselves to be deceived; and, involved in so delightful an error, what gratitude do we not feel towards the art which has given birth to it! with what eagerness do we not seek this same art which would prolong its duration!

A happier day brings back to man the companion whom he had lost: she arrives in the wild and solitary spot to which he had resorted to deplore her absence. When his first transports of joy were over, when a calmer feeling pervaded his soul, the present moment no longer occupied it entirely; he could let his imagination range over the past and the future; a secret sadness takes possession of, and absorbs the feelings of his heart; he had once lost the happiness he had enjoyed; he might, therefore, again lose it. He once more beholds her whose absence had first impelled the rolling tear; he steadfastly regards her to convince himself that his only wealth had not again escaped him; he sees her whom he loves but doubts the evidence of his visual organ; he perceives her by his side, but still believes her distant. Ah! it is no longer by dance and song that he celebrates his happiness; pure joy has begun to disappear; he feels a mingled sensation of joy and sorrow; he is happy but nevertheless he is disposed to weep. He then sings; but it is real Music, and no longer song which expresses his feelings; this language with which he is already familiarized, and which nature and grief have taught him, is now the only medium for the expression of his thoughts and tender affections. Seated

on the green turf, still moistened by his tears, his speech consists of sustained and strongly accented sounds; his eye fixed on his companion, he tells her that he loves her, he tells her that he is happy; but a presentiment of love, which is always melancholy in a soul already blighted by misfortune, mingles the tender complaints of a rising grief, with the expression of calmness, and the transports of the fire which devours him. All the varied emotions which agitate his soul interrupt his utterance: she whom he loves, delighted by this new language which she feels in the inmost recesses of her heart, wishes to reply to him in the same manner: feeling the same sentiments she says the same words; she utters the same sounds; she stops, and recommences with him whose heart inspires hers with every emotion it experiences. His louder voice, however, does not harmonize well with that of his beloved: to unite the tones which she employs with those which are so dear to her, she raises them to sounds, naturally in accordance with that voice which enchants her.

Sometimes they sung together the felicity they mutually enjoyed: sometimes, to heighten their bliss, they expressed to each other in succession the sentiments which inspired them; then again, they united their voices, as their affections were united, and having the same things to say to each other, the same transports to express, they employed the same accents.

Thus were formed the first harmonious sounds; thus was sung the first duet. O celestial harmony! thou wert created, from the first time thy supernatural power was made known, to celebrate happiness, but, alas! a happiness mingled with grief. How often since that period hast thou been blessed, when uniting thy victorious power to the seductive charms of divine melody, thou hast appeared to alleviate the sufferings of broken hearts, to tranquillize the troubled mind, to dissipate melancholy thoughts, and to embellish with new charms the most prosperous destinies. Hope and enthusiasm, surrounded by innumerable pleasures, follow in thy train; envy and fury shrink at thy approach; Envy, that secret enemy of all thoughtful and sensitive beings, flies before thee, as the clouds are dissipated by the northern blast. How often, has the unfortunate man, wandering alone on the sea-shore, when the shades of night were enveloping the earth, and the most melancholy images presenting themselves to his view, and repeating to the agitated waves the history of his misfortunes; how often has he not felt his heart relieved from bitter anguish, when seated on the summit of a rock, witnessing the last rays of the setting sun, as he declines in the ocean, taking his lyre and accompanying its melodious sounds with his own voice, by his own power constrained thee to come to his aid with thy consoling notes!

But what new scene of grief is presented to our view? Alas! the sad presentiments which had imparted grief to the heart of man were but too well founded. What dire calamity is about to separate him from his dear companion? They are no longer alone in that blissful country where they might have lived so happily. Some sanguinary men have penetrated its recesses; the distant valleys have re-

sounded with their cries; they approach. Unhappy couple! fly; hide yourselves from the merciless intruders. But they are near; alas! it is no longer possible; they are seized; they are separated; and are borne away. They escape from the hands of their cruel ravishers; they fly into each other's arms, and are again torn away from their mutual embraces; they utter cries of despair; the woods resound with their shrieks. Bewildered, deprived of reason, struck with horror, they can neither speak nor shed tears; words cannot depict their cruel situation; their only language is that of grief and violent passions; they already know this sublime language. Indistinguishable sounds, piercing cries, proceeding from a grief-torn heart; the shudder of powerless rage; the deep and terrible sounds of the fury which transports them; these are their words, and these their sad adieus. The first pathetic duet is formed. Sometimes, their eyes fixed on each other, while ferocious men drag them along the sand, they answer each other by dreadful groans; at other times, no longer able to support their pain, agitated by violent convulsions, writhing with agony in the chains which load them, they pour forth their rage by dreadful ejaculations; they bite the earth from which they are torn, and the cords by which they are bound; soon they can no longer see each other; they are yet, however, within hearing; their despair redoubles, and their cries are transformed to frightful howls; but the first terrible duet has already ceased.

Men, when few upon the earth, only used the celestial language that Music had furnished them with; when retired to some solitary asylum, they sought to chase away their cares, or when by the side of their companions, the soul, violently agitated or deeply moved, could only express its sentiments by the most animated accents. There had only yet been heard two voices united; when suddenly, amidst the silence of night, a frightful noise resounds in their ears; they hear from afar the roaring of the sea, whose frightful billows rush upon the beach; deep caverns resound with thundering noises; the earth trembles beneath their feet. Overwhelmed with horror, they rush into the midst of the thickest darkness. A neighbouring mountain, bursting with violence, vomits forth a column of flame, which in the midst of obscurity spreads a blaze of light; enormous rocks are thrown in every direction: the thunderbolt falls and bursts, a sea of fire inundates the country; forests are soon in a flame; the surface of the earth presents the image of a vast fire, augmented by immense masses of inflammable matter, and animated by impetuous winds. Whither do you fly, unfortunate mortals? On whatever side you seek an asylum, how will you avoid the death which menaces you? New gulfs open under your feet, new whirlwinds of flames, of stones, of cinders, and of smoke, fly towards you from the summit of the mountains, and the foaming sea, reddened by the brilliancy of the thunderbolts, breaks over its shores, and advances to overwhelm you.

At length, these horrible phenomena are appeased; the flames die away; the sea withdraws its murmuring waves; the earth becomes firm; the noise ceases, and daylight appears. What a frightful scene the desolated country pre-

sents! It only offers to the view heaps of ashes; rocks scattered in wild disorder; torrents of burning lava, woods yet in flames, and the sad remains of those unfortunate people who have perished amidst these disasters. A clouded sky casts upon all these objects a feeble light; distant noises predict new misfortunes; and the sea replies in hollow murmurs, to the sepulchral sounds of the deep caverns of the earth. Seized with consternation, assembled in the only place that the flames have spared, their hands lifted up to heaven, which can alone protect them, men address their ardent prayer to that Being whose voice commands the elements; it is short but pathetic; they often repeat it, and each time in a more energetic tone; they endeavour in some degree to elevate their voices to the throne of that Being whose clemency they so earnestly implore; all the signs of the passions which agitate them—of terror, of lively anxiety, of desolation—mingle with the sounds which they utter. They employ the animated language which has so often served them to express their sentiments; it is Music which bears their vows to the foot of the Eternal throne; and the first Chorus is heard upon earth.

Behold, then, the first chorus is formed in the midst of rains. It was a chorus of groans, of grief, and of prayers; a vast country destroyed by flames, covered with cinders, and strewed with bones, was the temple where it was sung; the tears of the unfortunate who formed it, the sad remains of that which was most precious to them, were the offerings of the sacrifice; and the burning lava which the volcanoes yet vomited, were the sacred fires illumined in honour of the God they implored. Thus not only Music itself was created amidst tears and grief; but it was amidst terror, desolation, and death, that the power of this Music, the only good left them, was spread by men in the midst of despair, and menaced with immediate death.

Insensibly the sea was appeased; the volcanoes no longer emitted flames and smoke: the lava, which covered the plains far and near, was become solid; the verdure began to regain its freshness in those fortunate spots which the flames had respected, a brilliant sun spread its enlivening rays over a land which, reposing after so many shocks, began to smile, and open its bosom to the sweet influences destined to render it productive. Men gradually return to happiness and joy. They assemble under the shade of the few trees which have escaped the flames, they seek to augment the pleasures which have been restored to them, by mutually describing the sentiments which agitate their breasts: they wish to add to their lively and agreeable sensations, the delicious enjoyment of assembling with those whom they meet again, after so many calamities; or rather, they yield to their transport, and give unreserved utterance to their emotions. They step in cadence on that verdure which is rendered so dear to them, by the reflection, that they might never again have beheld it, and instead of accompanying by a single song their animated action—in- stead of mingling with their dances a single voice—they employ for their amusement the means that grief had discovered to them; they all sing, they form different parties. But, as their dancing, necessarily regular, introduced an uniform tone, and periodical variations in the song of the

first man who accompanied it with his voice, it now constrains this joyful chorus to take a regular form, to be divided into small portions, and to be periodically repeated. Thus was formed the first joyful chorus, the first where expressions of joy overruled all others.

Whilst the happy countries, where a delightful temperature constantly reigned, gave birth to song, Music, properly so called, duets and pathetic or joyous choruses; other climates, half invaded by ice, gave birth to warlike songs and military choruses.

Under a sky always overclouded, are found immense forests; horror, silence, and darkness inhabit them. Trees, almost coeval with the earth which bears them, are found clustered together; their thick and entwining branches leave but a few winding roads, and these incumbered with thorns and briars, while enormous trees fall before the weight of years, or the violence of the winds. In this frightful solitude, in this wild and dreary habitation, nothing is heard but the hoarse screams of voracious birds, the howlings of bears in pursuit of prey, the noise of torrents precipitated from steep heights, or the crash of rocks which the hand of time is destroying amidst these echoing forests.

There, in caverns, reside hardy, ferocious and ungovernable men, maintaining themselves by hunting, living only by blood, and desiring to drink it out of the skulls of their enemies. From these frightful dens came the barbarous horde which had entered the softer climate, carrying chains and death to the two tender lovers whose fatal destiny we have deplored. When winter extends his icy touch to these wild regions; when the snow spreads over the ground in large sheets; when the frozen rivers are transformed into a solid mass capable of supporting the heaviest burden; when the sea presents one unbroken plain of compact ice, these ferocious men issue from their dens. Even on the sea and on the rivers, they find shorter, safer, and less incumbered roads than those which intersect their forests. A club in one hand, and an axe in the other, they go a considerable distance to surprise the animals on which they subsist, and to carry away whole villages, which will serve for their inhuman repasts. They set out to inflict death, and perhaps receive it. Pressed by hunger, impelled by ferocity, endowed with courage, cruelty and strength, animated by the remembrance of their past victories, endeavouring to stifle the fear of danger which threatens them; they utter, with a loud voice, their deep and horrible sensations: they cry, they prolong the notes of their voice, and cause it to resound in every place they visit: an atrocious enthusiasm takes possession of their souls; a kind of wild singing, a barbarous song, utters their words of death and carnage: this song accompanies their progress; it must then have a kind of regularity. All, animated by the same desire of shedding blood, of stifling fear, and of silencing the voice of Nature, raise their shouts and sing. But their children and their wives have remained in the caverns which serve them as an asylum; natural harmony has never but feebly affected their coarse organs; perhaps it has not even been heard in these icy regions,

where the cries of animals and the roaring of torrents has given birth to noises, but never to sounds; this first barbarous and terrific chorus is then sung almost in unison. Thus was formed the first military chorus, the character of which, indeed, requires not many parts nor much harmony, but notes energetically pronounced, regularly divided, and adapted to accompany the march and the movements of armed men.

But let us withdraw our regards from these scenes of horror, from these dreary countries: let us return to a serener sky; let us breathe a purer air; let us enter those verdant meadows, visited by the genial warmth of the sun, and moistened by the freshness of the morning dew: there innocent flocks feed on the flourishing blade; there the zephyr, playing amidst the reeds, sounds to the peaceful shepherd like the accents of his own voice. The desire of dissipating his cares, of imitating the accents from which he had received so much pleasure, of finding a substitute for active sentiments or great ideas, in sounds too weak to agitate, but sufficiently lively to occupy, induced the industrious shepherd to seize with avidity the gift which chance presented to him. He soon replaced, by his own, the breath of the winds: he tried several reeds; he observed that the sound rose in proportion as he shortened them, or allowed his breath a shorter route: he soon invented pipes and flutes, the first wind-instruments. They were employed instead of the voice, or to add to the charms of melody the power of harmony, which had been elicited by the choruses. To those of wood, succeeded the more brilliant and sonorous instruments of metal; the trumpet resounded in the forest, and warriors adopted it in the battle.

Cords of metal or of catgut were likewise stretched; experience taught that they resounded when pulled, or lightly struck, or put in motion by a bow. They were extended on shells, or wood carefully hollowed, capable of vibration, and of giving more or less brilliancy to the sound of the strings.

But where does this crowd run with such eagerness? Why do they spread along the shore? What is that plain of sand, so smooth, that art and nature seem to have prepared it for some great purpose? On one side, the majestic ocean rolls its silver waves, reflects the beams of the sun, and exhibits all the colours of the rain-bow; on the other, a hill, in the form of an amphitheatre, shaded by lofty and thick trees, receives on its verdant banks the people who are hastening to the scene. At the summit of the hill is a throne of gold, on which is seated the chief of the warriors, amidst the old men and the principal persons of the nation; at his feet are deposited seven crowns. The sun, whose brilliant light is not tarnished by the least cloud, ascends to the meridian, and shines in perpendicular effulgence. At one end of the arena, priests, clothed in long linen garments, are burning on the altar the victims they have immolated; the smoke of the incense rises, and a religious chorus is heard: wind-instruments mingle their sounds with the voices of the priests. What an august effect is now produced by this sublime language, invented in terror, and the expressions of which, though preserved, are

weakened by a more tranquil situation! Four chariots, glittering with gold, ivory and steel, appear at the other end of the level plain; each is drawn by four horses whiter than snow. The nimble steeds, impatient to rush into the arena, whitening the bit with their foam, smoking with heat and courage, and their eyes glistening, paw the ground and neigh whilst capering beneath the hand which can with difficulty restrain them.

But already the sacred trumpet has three times resounded along the shore; the chariots set out; the wheels of steel glitter with sparkling brilliancy; the rays of the sun are reflected with double lustre by the plates of gold, and seen through a thick column of dust resemble the thunderbolt which furrows the clouds. The drivers, anxious, ardent, attentive, animate by their voice their rapid steeds; sometimes bending over their horses, they relax the reins; sometimes reining them in with force in the middle of their rapid flight, they restrain their impetuous mettle. As fear and hope alternately agitate their hearts, the spectators with eyes immovably fixed on their feet, animate them by their shouts. The first driver outstrips his three rivals; the second rushes forward to snatch from him the victory; the other two endeavour to reach them, and their horses proceed with redoubled vigour: already the first fears that he shall be vanquished; he makes a last effort; his horses, too impetuous, fall down; his broken chariot flies to fragments; a tremendous shout is heard from one end of the arena to the other; the second hero, full of hope and joy, urges on his horses, and reaches the goal.

Ah! how many plaudits were then heard! The conqueror, conducted in triumph to the presence of his King, receives the glorious crown; and now a favourite of the

Muses rising in the midst of the assembly, inspired by a sacred enthusiasm, no longer able to restrain the feelings which animate him, seizes a lyre, and sings in praise of the conqueror, of heroes, and the Gods. In his noble and celestial rhapsody he wanders at the will of the emotions which agitate him; he is every where present; he sees all; he paints all. What a tone, what a sublime character does Music acquire! It presents all the signs of the passions which agitate inspired man; the people, partaking his noble delirium, celebrate with him the gods and the victor; he replies to the transports of the poet; they sing alternately; and in order that the divine songs might be remembered and repeated by this immense crowd, the poet puts them in order, and divides them into short pieces; to the regularity of song are joined the energy and expression of real Music: thus the ode came into existence.

Thus the different parts of Music received their origin; love, grief, terror, it is to you we owe it. Fatal passions, which exercise with such an iron hand your tyrannic sway, and which strew our short career, with so many evils, at least we are indebted to you as the spring of our highest enjoyments. Without you there never would have existed that enchanting art, which embellishes our homes, animates our solitude, suspends our cares, extinguishes the torch of hatred, maintains the sacred fire of sensibility, impels those tears which are more precious, more sweet, more dear to tender hearts than pleasures, and gives birth to those sunny spots which shine in the desert of our pilgrimage. For every wound you have inflicted, you have imparted some healing balm; and every evil, to which you have given rise, you have in some measure dissipated.

REVIEW OF MUSIC.

Popular National-Airs, with Symphonies and Accompaniments by H. R. BISHOP. *The Words* by THOMAS MOORE, Esq. No. IV. London, 1822. Published by J. POWER.

THE present Number of this work has appeared within the last few days; just in time to enable us to enter upon our task of musical criticism by an examination of its contents.

The deserved success of the Irish Melodies, which reached an eighth number, encouraged the publisher to extend his design, and to introduce into this country, under the sanction of Mr. Moore's poetry, many popular foreign airs, selected from the national music of all climes, with new accompaniments and symphonies: of which publications, three numbers, or parts, have already been issued.

When Mr. Moore selected Sir J. Stevenson as his co-adjutor in the former of these works—the native airs of

green Erin—his choice fell upon one who entered warmly into the feeling of his friend's poetry; who read it "with the same spirit that the author writ;" and though he may sometimes have failed a little in his accompaniments, yet, possessing a cultivated understanding, he has proved just to the sense, and true to the rhythm of the verse, wherever his control extended. In committing the arrangement of the *Melodies of various Nations* to the care of Mr. Bishop, Mr. Moore named an associate of great musical knowledge and celebrity; one much distinguished for his genius in dramatic composition, and whose experience, joined to the promptness of his talent, rendered him a very desirable partner in such an undertaking.

The number of the work now under notice contains twelve airs, viz., two Venetian, two Neapolitan, a Sicilian, Savoyard, Mahratta, Swedish, French, Italian, German, and one Highland. Five of these are "harmonized," or, according to the author's meaning of the word, set for more

than one voice: though, *en passant*, we cannot help expressing our doubt of the correctness of the term *harmonized*, as applied to a melody, arranged for less than three voices.

The first air in the collection, "Come listen to my story," is remarkably pretty, gay, and well adapted to the words: the accompaniment is playful and appropriate, and the whole goes off trippingly, both from the tongue and finger. But in seeking for its birth-place, Sweden is the very last country to which we should have assigned it. The second melody, "When through the Piazzetta," is called Venetian, but since its importation it appears to have acquired much of the English manner. It is, nevertheless, a smooth, flowing, pleasing air. A false fifth, which occurs twice in this piece, and therefore cannot be viewed as a mistake of the engraver, is so very displeasing to our ear, that we cannot help *showing it up*. It is to be found at page 72, the last chord in the 2d bar of the 3d staff of accompaniment; and again at the 3d bar from the end of the air;—



Now if, instead of F# (at *), a G# had been employed, as the 7th of A minor, thus—



or if a G# had been substituted for the F#, treating B in the base as the 3d of the key, in the following manner—



how much more agreeable the passage would have proved, to nineteen hearers in every twenty. The third piece in the volume, "Go now and dream," is very elegantly set as

a duet, is easy, and will suit most voices. The fourth, a Neapolitan melody, is one of a most animated tribe, and therefore not calculated for the poetry. Its features have more of the martial than of the "melancholy" cast.

We insert the words of this air, to shew that the author's genius for this style of writing has lost none of its vigour and freshness; and also because we feel bound to point out errors, of no small moment, in the prosody of the adaptation; that is, the manner in which the syllables are *timed* by the notes; the word *time* to be here understood in the sense of quantity.

Take hence the bowl, tho' beaming
Brightly as bowl e'er shone;
Oh! it but sets me dreaming
Of days, of nights now gone.

There in its clear reflection,
As in a wizard's glass,
Lost hopes and dead affection,
Like shades before me pass.

Each cup I drain brings hither
Some friend who once sat by;
Bright lips, too bright to wither—
Warm hearts, too warm to die.

Till, as the dream comes o'er me,
Of those long-vanished years,
Then, then the cup before me
Seems turning all to tears.

Throughout these verses we have a line consisting of two iambuses and an amphibrachys, alternately with a line consisting of three iambuses; the spondee "brightly," in the second line, being the only exception. The times, therefore, should have fallen thus:

"Each cūp Ī drāin brīngs hīthēr
Sōme frīend, who ōnce sāt bȳ;
Brīght līps, tōo brīght tō wīthēr,—
Wārm hēarts, tōo wārm tō dīe."

Instead of which, we find—*Eāch cūp,—sōme frīend,—Brīght līps*, &c.; and after the word "hither" a rest is placed, dislocating the sense. To some readers the following musical example may render the matter still more clear:



In the piece that succeeds this, a Venetian air, the quantity, or time, as fixed by the notation, is as faulty as in the above instances. But here the metre of the verse, which is singularly irregular, may partly be made accountable. We extract the first stanza,—

Farewell, Theresa! that cloud which over
Yon moon, this moment, gath'ring we see,
Shall scarce from her pure orb have pass'd, ere thy lover
Swift o'er the wild wave shall wander from thee.

Which is thus timed and divided by the notes:—

Farewell, Theresa! that cloud which over—(a rest)
Yon moon this moment, gath'ring we see,
Shall scarce from her pure orb have pass'd, ere thy lover—(a rest)
Swift o'er the wild wave shall wander from thee.

The air is too easy and calm for the words, which bear the reader along with them, making him a participator in their gloomy emotion: and, being set as a duet, the strong feeling of the language is much attenuated, if not quite subdued.

If without a remark we had passed by these indefensible violations of the laws of prosody, our duty would have been ill performed. It is indeed high time to interpose in defence of poetry, the dangers of which, from the numerous host of *soi-disant* composers of vocal music, increase daily. How the errors that we have pointed out could have found their way into the work now under review, we cannot imagine; for Mr. Bishop is, we have always understood, a man of superior attainments,—“he is not to be counted in with the mob.” And it is also to be presumed that Mr. Moore himself,—than whom a better judge of music combined with poetry cannot be named,—revised the sheets before they were published. The truth is, that music and sense are too often separated, and the majority of those who could re-unite them, yield, more frequently than they ought, their better judgment to vicious custom.

The remainder of this volume, the engravings excepted, offers us only matter for praise. The Savoyard air, in G minor, “How oft, when watching stars,” is beautiful, and familiar to most lovers of song who have touched on Gallic ground. A few notes will revive it in their memories.



The French air, page 94, is as lively as the poetry is brilliant. The duet, to an Italian melody, “’Tis when the cup is smiling,” is a fine anacreontic, and will make a charming festive song. The words of the *Mahratta* air, as it is denominated—though it assuredly shews no signs of tropical origin,—are of the same family as the last, being an energetic eulogium of

“ ——— wine,

The grape’s own rosy daughter.”

A Highland melody, harmonized for three voices, completes the present number.

We know not if the work is to be continued: but if materials equal to those which form this last part can be supplied, the public would have reason to regret its cessation. At whatever time, and under whatever guise, the muse of so popular and so great a poet as Mr. Moore condescends to appear, her coming is the signal of pleasure to all who are alive to the charms of verse warmed by passion, and refined by taste.

A Selection of Welsh Melodies, with Symphonies and Accompaniments by JOHN PARRY. No. II. London, published by J. POWER.

NATIONAL MUSIC, however simple or rude, will always possess a powerful charm for the distant-removed natives of its own country; so strong is the influence of association, and so actively is it engaged in the effects produced by the songs of our parent-land. To this principle may be attributed, in a considerable measure, the great success which has attended the various publications of Scottish and Irish Melodies; though we cheerfully and gratefully admit, that much of it has been owing to the intrinsic merit of those airs, and much to the beauty of the poetry written to them by BURNS and MOORE, the two greatest lyric poets of their respective countries.

The Welsh are a much less numerous people than either the Scots or Irish, and seldom emigrate; their music, therefore, even if it were equal to that of the two latter, would not be in the same request; if it be granted—and the proposition will hardly be disputed,—that National Music, properly so called, acts chiefly by association, and that this association operates with the greatest energy upon those who are at a distance from home.

The best Welsh airs (“Of noble race was Shenkin” always excepted), bear so much resemblance to other European music, that we have ever been much disposed to doubt their genuineness; and those which show the impress of originality are so rude, and so devoid of pathos, that they rarely penetrate farther than the ear of a Saxon or a Norman—they reach the heart of only the aboriginal Briton.

The volume now before us consists of sixteen melodies, belonging, almost entirely, to that class, specified above, which retains no distinctive trait, and therefore not characterised by any thing very national; a few are pathetic, particularly the first and last, both of which have something very touching in them. The second, sixth, and

eleventh, are not quite free from the charge of vulgarity. The fourth, as a glee, is spirited and good; and the twelfth, to the tune of "Hunting the hare," is a lively bacchanalian song. The words are so carefully and judiciously set to them, that we have not discovered a single error in accent; and the poetry does great honour to the Cambrian muse. We should be glad could we extend our praise to the accompaniments, &c. We did not look for long, *recherché* symphonies, for such would have been misplaced: we did not seek for "extraneous modulations and chromatic passages," for they would have been out of character. "Such concomitants," Mr. Parry well observes, "would not have been in keeping with the simplicity of the melodies." But we did expect to find, in a work leisurely produced and expensively brought out, a better knowledge of the resources of harmony, and a stricter attention to the universally-received laws of composition than many parts of this volume exhibit. At pages 15 and 50, we find these passages:

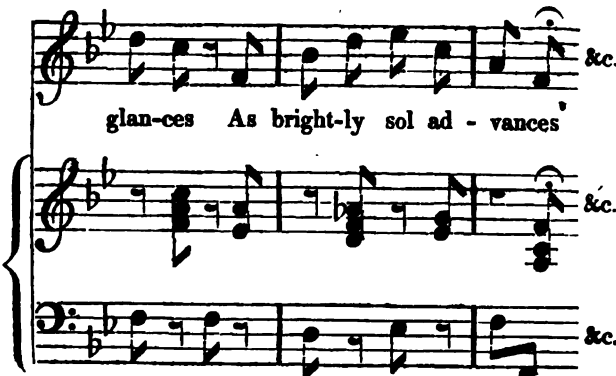
p. 15.



p. 50.



and they are not the only instances we could produce of the same faults. We hardly need tell Mr. Parry, that arpeggios are, in harmony, to be treated as the chords which they represent, and that the above examples shew a succession of octaves and of two-fifths, that no cultivated ear can endure. From the ninth air, p. 38, we extract the following bars:—



and only need add our regret that the author did not more assiduously revise his work, which manifests abundant proofs of haste or oversight, before he ventured to send it before the public tribunal of taste.

The poetry is by Mrs. Hemans of St. Asaph,—J. H. Wiffin, Esq. of Woburn,—J. H. Parry, Esq.,—J. Jones, Esq., of Swansea,—J. A. Walker, Esq., of the 65th Regiment, and others; it is, we repeat, very beautiful, and proves that the spirit which animated the bards of ancient times, is still to be found amongst the Cambrian mountains.

CAPRICCIO for the Piano-Forte, containing favourite Airs from MOZART'S Operas of LE NOZZE DI FIGARO, and IL DON GIOVANNI; dedicated to Miss Lumsden. By J. B. CRAMER. Opera LXIV. Published by the Royal Harmonic Institution.

THE talent for original composition in piano-forte music, which formerly produced three full-grown sonatas at a birth, and concertos of thirty and forty pages each, has been sterile for an age, and airs with variations have been, till very lately, the only offspring of men of genius, and the only progeny of men without genius. The public, who have in some matters an infinite stock of patience, at length were wearied by the intolerable dullness, and obstinate sameness of most of these novelties; and variations gave way, in their turn, to rondos, constructed upon popular melodies; some of which were, as they deserved to be, eminently successful. This new work of Mr. Cramer, which he calls a *Capriccio*, is also founded on favourite airs, and consists of an Introduction, or Prelude, in the style of his inimitable Exercises; an *Andantino* of his own, which shews all his taste and knowledge of harmony; to which he has added "*Dove Sono*," as a very elegant slow movement; the minuet from *Don Giovanni*, as an *intermezzo*, and the lively air and chorus from the same opera, "*Giovinetti che fate all'amore*," which he has converted into a brilliant and engaging rondo; the whole making one of the cleverest and most pleasing pieces, of this rank, that the author has ever given to the world, and one that we can venture to recommend to such performers as have become proficient in the musical art; for it is far from easy, though well worth the labour that may be bestowed in vanquishing the difficulties which each movement presents.

PORTRAIT CHARMANT, a popular French Air, as a Rondo, with an Introduction, for the Piano Forte; composed and dedicated to Miss Gordon, by J. B. CRAMER. Published by the Royal Harmonic Institution.

THIS air is justly admired, and is as familiar now to English ears as it has long been to foreign ones. The music of France is not high in repute out of its own country; but French composers occasionally, not very frequently it must be confessed, produce things which soon become popular every where, and are sometimes introduced in disguise on the English and other stages.

Whenever, therefore, we meet with a piece of music, not being property, that possesses intrinsic merit, we shall, if calculated for our purpose, present it to our subscribers, without regard to its birth-place. The very *ariette* now under consideration, we have given entire, from the Paris copy, in this our first number.

Mr. Cramer, in arranging *Portrait Charmant* as a rondo, has contrived it for performers of nearly all classes: it is, comparatively, easy, and though it is much too long for the *matériel*, and consequently rather heavy towards the end, yet, by carefully and with judgment retrenching some of the superfluous parts,—parts which only tend to increase of bulk,—it will become a very useful addition to the musical amusements of the domestic circle.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

ON the 19th of last month, a new opera, under the title of *A Tale of Other Times*; or, *Which is the Bride*, said to be written by Mr. Dimond, was produced by the manager of this theatre; the music by Mr. T. Cooke and Monsieur Bochsa.

It is not our business to examine the dramatic part of this piece; it was *ennuyant* enough to hear, and would be overwhelming to recollect. To speak of the musical share of the work is our only duty, and a doleful duty we find it. The newspapers, almost exclusively, have done strict justice to this precious opera; the Times summed up its merits in a short pungent sentence, and it has fallen, by its own weight, never to rise again. Nearly the whole of the music is by M. Bochsa, i. e. he has copied, borrowed, "quoted" it from French and other operas, and his loans have been obtained from the poor in spirit. The overture is indeed "trumpetty," and marks the author as a valiant disciple of that school which, whatever its other qualities may be, certainly, as Rousseau says of it, *makes the greatest noise in the world*. But it was encored!—yes, because Mr. Bishop's had been encored a few nights before: and, reader, if thou hadst seen the persons from whom the encoring and applause came—planted in different parts of the house—well instructed in the art of seeming to be in ecstasies,—accurately informed as to what was composed by M. Bochsa, what by Mr. Cooke, and scrupulously delicate and cautious in not giving any opinion of the compositions of the Englishman,—thou wouldst not have wondered, hadst thou witnessed all this, that the better and more sensible part of the town are not indefatigable play-goers.

Our regret at seeing the efforts of such performers as

Madame Vestris and Mr. Braham thrown away, was great indeed; the failure is imputable neither to them, nor to any other persons engaged in the opera, nor to Mr. Elliston—in so far as mere getting-up went—nor to the audience, who were patient—to a miracle.

From the appointment of Monsieur Bochsa, as composer of English dramatic music, at an English theatre, we are forced to conclude that musical talent is quite extinct in our country;—that the country of Purcell, Arne, Linley, Dibdin, Arnold, Shield, Storace, Attwood, Braham, Bishop, &c. &c., can no longer produce an English opera, but must be indebted to France for its dramatic compositions—to France!—Our genius then is no more!—Peace to its manes!

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

A pretty, entertaining opera, named *Maid Marian*, or *the Huntress of Arlingford*, was brought out at this theatre on Tuesday, Dec. 3d, altered from one of Mr. Peacock's very clever novels, and set to music by Mr. Bishop.

The music has been condemned as a series of plagiarisms from the composer's own self. If a man must steal, he cannot do an honest thing than steal his own property; but, except in one song, we do not discover this self-robbery. The music is, apparently, written to be in keeping with the drama, the scenery, and costume; being a good deal in the ancient style, it has little of the brilliancy and gewgaw of the present day, and abounds very much in glees and other pieces for many voices; some of which are very good; others rather too much prolonged, undoubtedly. The quartett in the first act, *à l'antique*, is of a very first-rate order, and proves Mr. Bishop's acquaintance with our early harmonists; though we by no means intend to express, or to insinuate, that he has made any unfair use of their thoughts. The overture is the weakest, though the loudest part, therefore most applauded. It is, to confess the truth, almost copied from Rossini. Mr. Bishop has no need of help in any department of musical composition; but if he must imitate, let him imitate a better school of instrumental music. This opera runs, and is become rather a favourite.

The PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS begin on the 17th of February: they commence sooner than usual, on account of Easter falling so early. Signor Vaccari, the celebrated violinist, is engaged for the whole season.

The CITY AMATEUR CONCERTS, which for three years, or more, have done so much credit to the taste of the leading commercial people of this vast town, are discontinued.

THREE GLEE CONCERTS are announced by the *Concertaines Society*, which will be given at the Argyll Rooms, early in the approaching season.

THE HARMONICON.

No. II., FEBRUARY, 1823.

MEMOIR OF HAYDN.

[Concluded from Page 5.]

HAYDN was reputed, by his contemporaries, to have performed miracles; and he was once asked how he worked them? his reply is worthy of the attention of all composers, living or unborn: "Let your air," said he "be good, and your composition, whatever it be, will be so likewise, and will assuredly delight. It is the soul of music,—the life, the spirit, the essence of a composition: without it, Tartini may succeed in discovering and using the most singular and learned chords, but nothing is heard after all, but a laboured sound, which though it may not vex the ear, leaves the head empty, and the heart cold and unaffected by it." He then produced a little blotted journal of the observations he had made whilst in England, in which he had noted down the air of a common hymn or chant, that he had heard sung in St. Paul's, by more than four thousand of the charity children of London; and after playing it over to his friends, he declared that that purely natural air gave him, when he first heard it, the greatest pleasure he had ever received from a musical performance. The air which could produce so powerful effect on the finest musician of the day, was the composition of Mr. Jones of the choir, and remarkable for nothing but its unpretending simplicity.

It was Leonardo da Vinci's custom, when he met with a beautiful face, to sketch it, from the hasty glance and memory of the moment, in a small book which he carried about him; and Haydn also as carefully noted down the original passages and the musical ideas of the moment, or any thing which struck him as curious in the compositions of others. As his productions were generally the creations of impulse, rather than of regular habits of study, these hints were afterwards useful to him; and when he was in a merry as well as a musical vein, he would hurry to his table, and write subjects and sketches for airs and minuets; but when he was touched with melancholy, as he too often was, he noted down new themes for *andantes* and *adagios*, and these, afterwards, in his more studious hours, if he required a passage of a particular character, either for liveliness or tenderness, he worked up into more finished compositions. He would not set down to write a symphony, unless he found himself in a particular state of inspiration. Like Buffon, too, he felt it necessary to indulge in some peculiarities of personal appearance, ere he could think himself fit for his task: he had his hair put in nice order, and dressed himself with some magnificence, as if he had been going to court. He had had a diamond ring presented to him by Frederic II: it was always worn upon these occasions; and he would sometimes insist, if he

sat down to his instrument without it, that he could not summon a single original idea. The paper too on which he wrote, must be of the very finest texture, and of the purest of all possible whiteness; and upon this he noted with so careful a neatness, that the best of copyists could not have excelled him in the clearness of his characters, though his notes had such slender tails, and little heads, that he sometimes would jocosely call them his *flies' legs*. After his first preparations, he began his work, by noting down the principal idea or theme, which was generally some little romance of his own invention, and embraced in its developement some wild adventure, such as mariners landing on an unknown isle, among savages, and savage sounds of war-cries, and barbarous snatches of music: the navigators and the natives become friendly, and they dance and sing their peculiar native airs: the ship then leaves the island; a storm rises, the sea is heard to roar, the winds to howl, the thunder to roll, and the lightning, by rapid sounds is represented to the ear, instead of to the eye, to flash fiercely and fearfully, and in the midst of all these warring and mingling sounds, almost as powerful as the elements they represent, the cries of the mariners are heard shrilly and pathetically: the ship weathers the storm, the sea gradually calms; favourable and gentle winds again begin to blow, they flutter among the sails that flap and babble with the fretful breeze; and the ship at last touches home, when the crew land amidst the cheerful cries of children, of friends, and wives, and the ringing of bells, and the symphony closes with a strain indicating a pleasant sense of happiness and peace.

Others of his symphonies were of a more religious cast: in one of them he supposes a dialogue between an obdurate sinner and the Saviour, and in the end expresses, as closely as music can, the parable of the prodigal son. It is indeed to be regretted that the original titles of these pieces were not strictly preserved, for without the knowledge of these explaining circumstances, those beautiful symphonies lose half the effect of the composer's intention; but instead of those designations, however, they are absurdly called by numbers, which have of course no meaning, whilst such titles as "*The Hermit*," "*The Wedding*," and others equally significant, guide in some measure the imagination of the hearer, which cannot too soon be awakened, or be too clearly made to understand the meaning and main intention of the piece.

Haydn possessed an almost incredible acquaintance with every instrument which made a part of his orchestra. If any doubts arose during composition, his situation at

Eisenstädt, gave him the power of resolving them into certainties immediately. He rang his bell for a rehearsal, the performers appeared, he caused them to execute the doubtful passages in two or three various ways, and making his choice of one of them, dismissed the orchestra, and returned to his labours. In his knowledge of sounds, he had early observed, to use his own words "what was good,—what was better,—what was bad." He had acquired this difficult knowledge from himself: he had closely observed what had passed in himself, and all he did was to re-produce, that others might feel it, what he himself had felt. He had one rule in his art, which he would never make known; for when his celebrated pupil, Weigl, entreated the disclosure of it, he could obtain no better reply than a recommendation to try to find it out himself. It is supposed that this secret consisted in his knowledge of the intimate dependance of melody upon harmony.

Notwithstanding a look of moroseness in the contour of his face, and a short hasty way he had of expressing himself, which led some to think him of an ill-natured disposition, he was, in fact, an open-hearted and humorous companion among his own friends, though serious and reserved before strangers of rank, or any persons who stood much upon the prim punctilios of etiquette. He had, indeed, a genius for the comic in music; and very often at the rehearsals, he would give his favourites in the orchestra pieces of this kind of music, which when played by them, produced shouts of laughter. But of all those lively efforts, there exists only that celebrated symphony, in which all the instruments fall off, one after the other, till the first violin is at last left playing by itself to the great dismay of the performer. It is said that this piece was composed by him to punish the mutineers of his orchestra, who had begun to set themselves against him for what they had pleased to call innovations; which he fully revenged by causing it to be played without rehearsal, so that each one of the performers thinking that he had individually committed some egregious error, the whole at last were left standing in the most staring state of astonishment, and especially the first violinist. This frolic gave great satisfaction to the prince; as did another, hardly less humorous, when he collected from a fair in the neighbourhood, a basket-full of children's fiddles, cuckoos, wooden trumpets, and other similar vehicles for the vilest of sounds; and most industriously studying the extent of their compass, composed a highly laughable symphony for these impotent instruments, some of which were, however, made to execute solos during the piece, the cuckoos being the general bass of the whole.

Haydn was industrious as a composer; but he produced his best music with some labour, not from any want of ideas, but from the extreme delicacy of his taste, which he could not soon satisfy. A symphony would sometimes cost him a month; and a mass perhaps, two. His manuscripts of one piece, would sometimes contain passages enough for three or four pieces. But though it seemed labour, it was not so, for he was accustomed to say that he never felt so happy as when at work. Nothing troubled him at Eisenstädt, where his life was uniform, and his occupation delightful, till the year 1789, when his patron, Prince Ni-

colas, died. One singular consequence of this "still removed life" was, that as he never left the little town where the Prince had resided, he was the only musical man in Europe who was ignorant of the reputation of Joseph Haydn. He would perhaps have never quitted that place, had not, in sad addition to the loss of his patron, the death of Madame Boselli come upon him with its bereaving afflictions. He had been invited by the most celebrated directors and lovers of music in all the principal cities to visit them; but for a long time he declined their offers, though very honourable and advantageous to him. About this time, too, he rejected an offer from an amateur of Paris, which commissioned him to produce a vocal composition after the manner of Rameau and Lulli, passages of their works being at the same time sent to him as models. It is easy to conceive the effect which this ridiculous request had on him: he returned the selected morsels, refusing the task with a most humorous maliciousness of manner, remarking that he was neither Lulli nor Rameau, nor even a pupil of either, and that he unfortunately could only write music in the manner of Haydn.

Not long after the death of his favourite Boselli, however, he consented to come to England, upon the repeated solicitations of the celebrated Salomon, who was then about to give concerts in the city, and offered Haydn fifty pounds for each concert, terms which he accepted; and he soon after set out for England, at the age of fifty-nine. Here he resided for more than a year, and the pieces that he composed for those concerts, which are indeed his finest instrumental efforts, were greatly admired. Whilst he resided here, he had two supreme gratifications: the one was hearing Handel in the height of his reputation, and the other, attending the Ancient Concerts of that celebrated society so styled, which then existed in great strength of talent and splendour of patronage.

During his first stay here, many whimsical circumstances happened to him, which he used afterwards to relate with much pleasure. Among others, he used to relate, that an English naval officer called on him early one morning, and being introduced to him, politely demanded whether he was willing to compose a march for some troops which he had on board, offering if he would, to give him thirty guineas for his trouble; but as he had to sail the next morning for Calcutta, it must necessarily be done during the day on which he called. Haydn agreed to the terms and the time, and setting down to his piano, in half an hour the march was done; but in the course of the day, feeling some scruples about taking so large a sum for such a trifle, he sat down again, and wrote two additional marches, intending to make him a present of the three for his liberality. Early the next day arrived the captain, and politely demanded his march. "Here it is," said the conscientious composer. He was requested to play it through: he did; the captain delightedly threw down the thirty guineas on the piano, and taking up the march walked hastily away. Haydn in vain, essayed to stop him: it was good, it was admirable. "But I have written two others, which are better: take your choice of them, take the whole of them!" cried Haydn "I have the first, and that will

do." "But hear the others." The captain still kept descending; he would not hear them. "I present them to you," urged the composer; "I won't have them," roared the sea captain. "Hear them, at least!" implored Haydn. "The devil should not make me hear them!" concluded the captain, and off he went like one of his own shots. Haydn determined not to be outdone in generosity, immediately inquired him out at the Exchange, and rolling up the two marches, with a polite letter, he sent the packet on board after him. But the captain, with his good-humoured obstinacy, surmising the contents, sent it back unopened; when Haydn, piqued at this, tore them into pieces, and swore never to forget the generous obstinacy of this liberal Englishman as long as he lived.

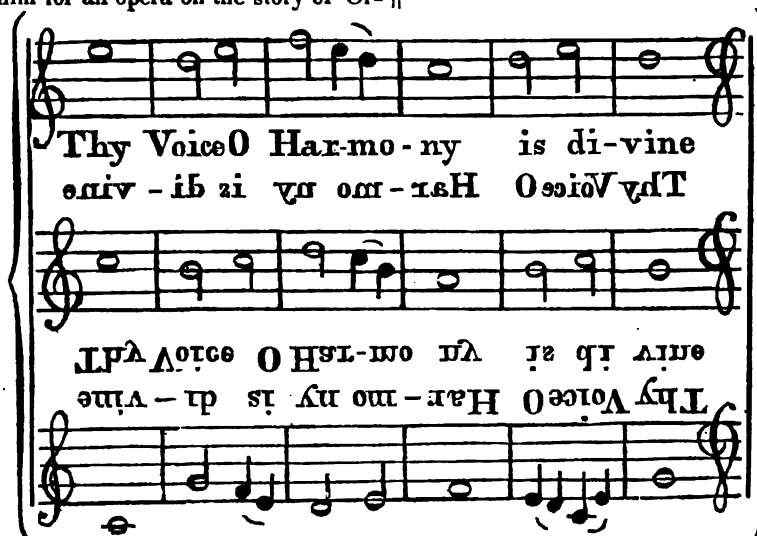
He would sometimes relate too with a great deal of good-humour, a whimsical encounter he had with a music-seller in London. Stepping into his shop one day, he inquired of him if he had any good new music. "Certainly I have," answered the seller, "here is some sublime music of Haydn's." "Oh so," coldly returned the composer, "I'll have nothing to do with that." "How, Sir, despise Haydn's music! What fault do you find with it?" inquired he, "Plenty, plenty; but it is no matter why: show me some other music." The shopkeeper was an enthusiastic Haydnist, and sneeringly replied to his request, "I have music, it is true; but it is not for a gentleman of your taste;" and so saying, he turned his back upon him. Haydn was going away, laughing in his sleeve, when an acquaintance entered the shop, and accosted him by his name. The shopman turned round in an instant at the name, still frowning at the affront he had heard put on his favourite, and said to the gentleman who had just come in, "Haydn! here's a pretty fellow for you, who says he does not like that great man's music." The other laughed heartily, an explanation followed; and the blushing, and laughing, and admiring, music-seller was made acquainted with the only man who dared with impunity to find fault with Haydn's music.

Having spent more than a year in England, he left it for Germany; and returned to it in 1794, but made no long stay. Galini, the manager of the King's Theatre in the Haymarket, engaged him for an opera on the story of Or-

pheus; but finding some difficulty in opening the theatre, Haydn, who was anxious to return to Germany, would not wait. Leaving several parts of it composed, he left England again for Austria, and never more returned to it. During this visit, however, he made new friends; and among others, the celebrated Mrs. Billington, with whose singing he was enraptured.

An English prince, commissioned Sir Joshua Reynolds to paint Haydn's portrait. Proud of the honour, he waited on the painter; but he so soon grew weary of the business, that his face lost all expression, and the artist was obliged to defer the sitting day after day, but to no purpose, for the same weariness and want of expression made it impossible to take him. A plot was contrived by the prince to cure all this; he sent a pretty German girl, in the queen's service, to the house of the painter. As soon as Haydn had taken his seat, he again began to fall into the usual listlessness: at this moment a curtain dropped, and his fair countrywoman delicately dressed in white, and wearing on her head a coronal of roses, addressed him in his native tongue as follows: "O, great man, how proud am I to have this opportunity of seeing thee, and complimenting thee thus." Haydn, delighted and surprised, asked the enchantress a thousand questions; his countenance became all animation, and Reynolds seizing it with a rapid pencil, finished one of the finest efforts of his genius.

Our late monarch, though passionately attached to the music of Handel, was yet not indifferent to that of Haydn; and from him and his queen he met with a sincere and handsome reception. Oxford also honoured him with the diploma of a doctor of music, an honour which Handel himself did not obtain. It being customary, in reply to this honour, to exhibit a specimen of learning in that art, he sent them a piece of music, which was so composed, that whichever way it was read, whether backwards or forwards, from the top to the bottom, or the reverse way, or in the middle, or in any way you could devise, it always preserved the same air, and had a correct accompaniment. We give a copy of this Canon for the gratification of our readers, it is certainly a great musical curiosity.



He left London with about fourteen hundred pounds in his pocket, and a lively sense of gratitude in his heart for the friendship and encouragement he had met with from all ranks in England. In his return through Germany, he here and there gave a concert: his little fortune received a considerable addition by these means; and it was indeed necessary to him, for the income he had from the Esterhazy family was more honourable than bountiful. He was ever treated by them with the utmost respect, and always dined at the prince's table; he still, however, wore the prescribed orchestral uniform. Some years after this, the sale of the *Creation* and the *Four Seasons* brought him the sum of one thousand pounds in addition to his treasured savings; and with this he bought a neat little house and garden in the fauxbourg Gumpendorff, on the road to Schoenbrunn, where he afterwards resided. Soon after his entrance into his little home, he received a handsome letter from the French Institute, nominating him a foreign associate: this honour affected him so much, that he read the letter in tears; and never afterwards referred to it without emotion. An honour like this is, indeed, at all times valuable, and especially in the old age of a man of genius. It was the more honourable to him, that he won it in preference of our Sheridan the dramatist, who was put in nomination with him, but lost it.

Haydn, while in London, was struck with a most profound admiration of the music of Handel, and more especially of his *Messiah*. After his return home, when at Prince Schwarzenberg's, where it was performed, he frankly confessed to an amateur, who was praising, very highly, one of its sublime chorusses, that Handel was the father of all modern musicians. It is certain that if he had never admired Handel, he would never have composed the *Creation*: his genius, and his love of eminence, were excited by that sublime master. It was, indeed, generally remarked in Germany, that after his return from London, there was a more evident grasp after grandeur in his compositions; and, certainly, none but Haydn has approached so near to the sublimities of song of the Milton of musicians. He had heard in Westminster Abbey, some of his finest pieces performed by an orchestra of more than a thousand voices and instruments; and the powerful grandeur of such a performance never died in his mind.

He was in his sixtieth year when he began his *Creation*; and he dedicated two years to its production and perfection. When urged by some one to hurry it to an end, he calmly put off their impatience to witness it, by saying, that he was a long time about it, because he intended it to last a long time. He finished it early in 1798; and in the Lent of that year, it was performed by the Dilettanti Society in the Schwarzenberg palace, before the flower of the gentry of Vienna, himself presiding on the occasion. It met with the most enthusiastic approbation: all Germany rung with its praises; in a few weeks it was printed, and spread over Europe with a rapidity before unheard of, and was every where received and performed with the sublimest success.

Two years after this, he produced, at the suggestion

of his friend, Baron Von Swieten, a second oratorio, called the *Four Seasons*; the words being taken from the poem of our celebrated poet, Thomson. It is not asserting too much to say, that this would be the noblest piece of descriptive music in existence, if the *Creation* had not existed before it. The second production is said to be more learned, but less sublime than the first immortal piece, which is, indeed, worthy of the great natural event it describes and celebrates. The most discriminated criticism that has been given of this second noble work, was that uttered by Haydn himself, when he said to a friend, "It is not another *Creation*; and the reason is this: in that oratorio the actors are angels; in the *Four Seasons* they are peasants." This work terminated his musical career: the labour of it exhausted him, and he began to complain that his genius was no longer what it had been: that formerly, ideas came unsought to him, but that now he was forced to seek for them, and for this laboriousness he felt he was not formed. He wrote after this but a very few original pieces, chiefly quartetts; he arranged, however, nearly three hundred Scotch songs, which produced him about six hundred guineas. At last he grew so weak, that a vertigo seized him the moment he sat down to the piano. He now seldom quitted his house and garden at Grumpendorff; and two painful ideas began to haunt him continually: the first, the old man's fear, that he should want money; the second, the healthy man's fear, that he should fall ill. His consolation in the one, was a continual indulgence in sipping his favourite tokay; and in the other, the receiving continual presents of game, which served to diminish his household expenses. The occasional visits of his admirers, and all those were his friends, would rouse him a little, and make him Haydn again; but he soon fell back into mental feebleness, and his spirits fled. His pleasantries however, did not altogether forsake him; for hearing that the French Institute, in 1805, supposing him dead, had performed a mass in his honour, he remarked, "If these kind gentlemen had given me notice of my death, I would have gone myself to beat the time for them." But he was, notwithstanding this archness, extremely gratified by this honourable circumstance.

A short time after this, it was agreed by his admirers in Vienna, to perform *The Creation*, with Carpani's Italian words; and an orchestra of one hundred and sixty musicians was formed for the purpose at the palace of Prince Lobkowitz, in a room in which more than fifteen hundred of the nobility and gentry of Vienna were seated. Haydn, old and feeble, was desirous of being once again among that public whom he had so long gratified, and who had so long rewarded him; he was, therefore, taken into the room in an easy chair, the Princess Esterhazy and other ladies going out to meet him. The flourishes of the band, and the stir among the audience, proclaimed his arrival. He was placed in the centre of three rows of seats, occupied by the most illustrious of Vienna. The orchestra commenced, and the emotion of the audience changed. The sacred music of that oratorio could not

but seem sublime to an assembly, whose hearts were full of regret and veneration for a great man, who was soon to quit that life which he had made more immortal than millions of his fellow men. Surrounded by the great and the good, by charming women and gallant men, with every eye turned to him as to the retiring sun of the musical world, Haydn took a glorious farewell look at life. To shew the tenderness felt for him, when he was seated it was noticed by the Chevalier Capellini, a physician of the highest repute, that his legs were not sufficiently covered up from the cold. No sooner was it noticed, than the richest and most costly shawls were pulled from the shoulders of the beautiful women who wore them, and employed to warm and make comfortable the beloved old musician. He shed tears at this proof of the affection of his friends. At the end of the first part, feeling himself growing faint, he requested to be taken out. His conveyance was brought; before leaving the room, however, he ordered those who were bearing him to stop. He thanked the public, first, by bowing his head; and then turning to the orchestra, and lifting his hands to heaven, his eyes filled with tears of gratitude and tenderness, he pronounced his parting benediction on the old associates and companions of his labours, and so was carried to his little home, made proud and happy by the last honours of an honourable career.

He was now in his seventy-eighth year, and the last of his useful life. War was at this time ravaging Austria; he still felt a living interest, though dying, for his beloved country; and sometimes exhausted his little strength in inquiries after her success, and in singing at his feebly-fingered piano, with his thin trembling voice, "*God preserve the Emperor!*" On the 10th of May, at night, the French army had reached Schoenbrunn; and within a short distance from his house,

fired fifteen hundred shot and shells upon the city he had so much loved—the city of his pride and reputation. Four bombs even fell close to his little home. His faithful servants ran to him in terror. He roused himself, feeble as he was, and demanded, with a courageous dignity, to know the reason of their alarm, and assured them that they were safe wherever he was. The effort was too much for him: he was seized with a convulsive shivering, and could not proceed. He was carried to his bed. On the 26th of May his strength was gone; yet he caused himself to be placed at his piano, and again sung, as loud as he could, the national hymn, repeating it three times. It was the song of the dying swan; for a stupor seized him at the piano, and being taken to his bed again, on the morning of the 31st he left this life, having enjoyed seventy-eight years and two months of its short term of existence. He was privately buried at Grumpendorff, for Vienna was then in the occupation of the French. Yet even in these distressing national circumstances, Mozart's requiem was performed in honour of him, in the Scotch church in that city, at which the French attended, and appeared deeply touched with the severe loss which the musical world had sustained by his death. The same respect was paid to him at Breslau and at Paris.

Haydn's heir was a blacksmith, to whom he left 30,000 florins; giving 12,000 to his two faithful servants. He left no posterity, unless Pleyel, Cherubini, Neukomm, and Weigl may be considered the children, as they were the disciples, of his sublime excellencies in the art in which he was the most excellent. He wished for his epitaph these three Latin words, *Veni, scripsi, vixi*: it ought to be allowed him. Such was the life and death of this immortal musician.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

THIS Institution, according to general report, remains *in statu quo*: the period fixed for its opening is passed by, and no other time has been named; so that the doubts which many well-informed persons have long entertained as to its ever seriously commencing operations, gain strength daily. The impediments which stand in the way of its progress are numerous and formidable certainly; and the want of two or three persons with strong, clear heads, and disinterested motives, to rectify its errors, and give an impulse to it, was never more apparent than at the present moment. Constituted as it now is, the throwing open its doors will be the signal of confusion and discord, and the closing of them again will be, as in the Temple of Janus, the only pledge of a general peace in all its various classes. Money also, the sinew of instruction as well as of war, is lamentably deficient, for the nominal subscription, up to this day, is below six thousand pounds, of which sum, we are told, upon unquestionable authority, little more than half has been paid in; and, under all existing circumstances, it cannot be expected

that much more will be contributed, for most people discover that the seeds of dissolution are thickly sown in the constitution of the new-born Academy. This miserable sum would not support it beyond a few short months,—a fact that has been most clearly made to appear in a respectable contemporary work devoted to music; at the expiration of which term, where will fresh funds be raised?

We have received several letters relative to this Institution, from among which we can only select the following for publication.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HARMONICON.

Somers Town, January 13, 1823.

SIR,

I take the liberty of addressing a few words to you, upon a subject which has made a good deal of talk in the musical profession, and is closely connected with the new Academy of Music.

The professed intention of this school was to give encouragement to British Musical talent, and to render the

annual importation of foreign performers, of all descriptions, for the use of our theatres, concerts, schools, &c., unnecessary.

This argued a very patriotic and praiseworthy design, and revived the drooping hopes of many a half successful labourer in the English field of sounds, who had been struggling against Italian, German, and French competitors the greater part of his life. When, all on a sudden, it was reported that a foreigner,—a French musician, was appointed Secretary to the Principal and Board! At first no one could be brought to believe it—it was thought impossible that a Committee of English gentlemen, should be guilty of such an absurdity as to name a man as *Secretary*, whose knowledge of the language he was to read and write must be so very limited, even if his education had otherwise qualified him for the office. Besides which, it was not to be credited, that the very first step towards encouraging native artists could be to tell them, that amongst the whole of them, no one could be found to read and write *English* so well as a French harper who had resided some half dozen of years in London.

It was, nevertheless, soon announced from authority, that M. Bochsa positively was made Secretary to the new academy, and from that moment all the hopes of the profession began again to droop. If a stranger of no pretensions was to be preferred, what would be done with strangers who have pretensions? If such a foreigner be allowed to take a situation for which he must be quite incompetent, how could meritorious foreigners be refused situations for which they are indeed qualified? What then would become of encouragement to native talent?

One word more,—and much is comprehended in that word,—then I have done. Is this appointment meant to incite English musicians to acts of virtue, by shewing them how virtue is rewarded?

I am, Sir, your humble servant,
AN OLD MUSICIAN.

A TRAVELLER'S OPINION ON THE STATE OF MUSIC IN ITALY.

"It ought to excite little wonder, that there are so few good singers in Italy, for she is unable, from her poverty, to retain those whom she has herself formed. As soon as they become eminent, they are enticed away to foreign countries, and often return to Italy, after years of absence, enriched with the spoils of half the provinces of Europe. Besides, the Italians of the present day have no taste for the higher kinds of music,—for full and grand harmonies,—or for instrumental music in general. If you talk to them of Haydn, Mozart, or Beethoven, they shrug up their shoulders, and tell you,—'*E Musica Tedesca—non ci abbiamo gusto.*' Cherubini, their only really great composer, might perhaps be cited as an exception,—but he is in fact a most striking confirmation of their want of taste;—for his works are almost unknown, and he seems to be himself aware of the inability of his countrymen to appreciate his merits, by residing at a distance, and composing for foreign theatres. What the Italians like, is an easy flowing melody, *unincumbered*, as they would call it, with too

much harmony. Whatever *Corinne* may say to the contrary, they seem to have little or no relish for impassioned music. Take an example of the taste of the times from the Opera of *Armida* the composition of their favourite Rossini. His operas are always easy and flowing;—abounding in prettinesses and melting cadenzas, but he never reaches, nor, apparently, does he attempt to reach, the sustained and elevated character which distinguishes the music of Mozart. But Rossini's works ought not to be too severely criticised; for the continual demand for new music is greater than any fertility of head could supply. The Italians never like to go back;—without referring so far as their great Corelli, Cimarosa, Paisiello, and others of equally recent date, are already become antiquated; and as Rossini is almost their only composer, he is obliged to write an opera in the interval of a few weeks, between the bringing out of the last, and its being laid on the shelf.

"It is a sad tantalizing thing to hear music in Italy which you may wish to carry away with you; for they have no printed music!—This alone is sufficient to indicate the low state of the art. From Naples to Milan, I believe there is no such artist as an Engraver of Music, and you never see a Music shop. You must therefore go without it or employ a Copier, whose trade is regulated by the most approved cheating rules. He charges you according to the quantity of paper written on, and therefore takes care not to write too closely."—MATTHEWS'S *Diary of an Invalid*.

ANCIENT ITALIAN AND FRENCH SINGERS.

DURING the reign of Charlemagne, a difference of opinion existed in France as to the merits of French and Italian music, and the following account of this quarrel is given in a work published at Frankfort in 1514. "The pious Emperor Charles," says the writer, "having returned to celebrate the festival of Easter with our Apostolic Lord at Rome, there arose during the feast, a quarrel between the French and Italian choristers. The French pretended to sing better and more agreeably than the Italians; while the latter insisted on their own superiority in ecclesiastical music, which they had learned from Pope St. Gregory*, and accused the French vocalists of corrupting and disfiguring the true melody. This dispute being submitted to the Emperor, the French relying on his partiality, presumed to insult the Italians. But the latter, sensible of their superior knowledge, and comparing the learning of St. Gregory with the ignorance of their competitors, treated them with scorn and contempt. This altercation continuing, the Sovereign said to his choristers, "Tell us which is the purest water—that drawn from the fountain-head, or that of the streams which flow at a distance?" This question admitted but of one answer. All declared in favour of the water at the fountain-head. "Have recourse then," said Charles, "to the fountain of St. Gregory, whose music you have altered and corrupted."

* St. Gregory the Great was the first person, who in the sixth century improved the style of sacred music; hence it assumed the appellation of the Gregorian chant.

ANALYSIS OF NEW BOOKS,

WITH REFERENCE TO MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

Without professing to give a critical review of the current publications of the day, we shall occasionally enrich our pages with notices of, or extracts from, such literary productions, as may contain matter in any way interesting to the musical world. Our duties in this department commence most agreeably, for we have the pleasure of introducing to the notice of our readers, a highly entertaining work, entitled,

Anecdotes, Biographical Sketches, and Memoirs, collected by Letitia Matilda Hawkins. Vol. I. Rivington, pp. 350.

THIS volume is written by a daughter of the celebrated Sir John Hawkins, author of the *History of Music*, who consequently appears before the musical portion of the public with peculiar claims to attention. It consists of *Memoirs, Anecdotes, and Observations*, collected during a life now of some length, and put together in a most amusing way, though occasionally giving great consequence to matters of family detail, very important no doubt to the family of Sir John, some fifty or sixty years since, but certainly very uninteresting to the world at the present time.

With these trifling drawbacks, and trifles indeed they are, compared to the general interest of the work, we have a very amusing volume, interspersed with original anecdotes of several fashionable, political, theatrical, literary and musical characters, all of consequence in their day, and many of them first-rate even at the present time. Our selections will, of course, be confined to matters relating to music; so passing over the really amusing events narrated in the first part of the volume, we proceed at once to let the writer speak for herself, a task, in which she is most singularly gifted to succeed.

"MY FATHER'S musical taste confined itself almost exclusively to the compositions of what is now termed the old school: he had known all the great composers in that style, from his earliest youth; and Geminiani and his contemporaries being dead, I found him, when, if I may be allowed the ludicrous expression, *I took him up*, in intimacy with Cooke and Boyce, Dr. Howard, and the corps that formed the Crown-and-Anchor concert in its primitive simplicity. For the prosperity of this choice concert, he was particularly anxious; and when it was declining under the influence of what he thought a worse taste, he wrote an elegant pamphlet in its favour, in hopes of prolonging its existence; but its death-blow had already been given to it.

"It had been held in the then sufficiently capacious and humbly-decorated best room of the tavern, and ladies were tolerated as auditors, only by submitting to sit in a small passage-room, made warm and comfortable, but certainly no show-shop for themselves or their finery;—this restriction to a confined spot, was not felt grievous by those who loved such music and only came to hear. As it was an *amateur-society*, the husbands and fathers of many of them were in the orchestra; and for many years no discontent was expressed:—but at length gentlemen, who mistook their love for *hearing a tune* for a taste for music, began to grumble at the exclusion of those of their families who perhaps fostered this taste; and thinking it unfair that persons, with at least equal pretensions, should not enjoy privileges allowed to themselves, they stickled for an extension of indulgence. One *public night*, as it was called,

was therefore proposed as an annual festival in the spring, when the ladies should be admitted to the great room and accommodated;—this was an accepted compromise, and the concert flourished. Its fame now extended itself: that wonderful musical genius, Joah Bates, became a member, and no idle one; Lord Sandwich added his name, and was very punctual in his attendance with his kettle-drums. Lord Mornington followed, and if I am not mistaken, Lord Rochford, then secretary of state. These persons joined in paying that professional respect which Dr. Cooke, who was librarian and one of the most active of the members, always attracted:—convivial suppers were established; late hours were introduced; and the good-natured Doctor, to whose organs a negative was very difficult of pronunciation,—when asked by enthusiastic *amateurs* for copies of manuscripts, too readily answered in his usual manner, 'O! yes, yes, my boys shall copy it out.' Having been once prevailed on to do what there was no law or rule against his doing, he was soon taunted into similar compliances. My father saw it, and prophesied the event, but with the fate generally attendant on prophecies of what is unpleasant. A rival concert, where ladies were admitted and female singers hired to perform, was set up at the Freemasons' Tavern; and that lasted till arrangements could be made for what is now called 'The Ancient Music Concert,'—the parent-concert having been then some years deceased.—With it died all my father's concern in what had at one time so deeply interested him; he looked on the new institution with a jealous dislike, which made the mention of it a matter of delicate forbearance in his family.

"Every thing agreeable is connected with the remembrance of Dr. Cooke. He was one of the worthiest and best-tempered men that ever existed; and though at an early period of life he had obtained a very high rank in his profession, he had escaped all the ills connected with music and prosperity. Being rather of a taciturn disposition in general society, or rather, I may say, too modest to enter into conversation unless called on, his peculiar talent for humour was not generally known, but it was genuine and of the best description.

"No one was ever less vain of superior excellence in an art, or rather, less sensible of it: he certainly supposed that every body could do what he did, 'if they would but try;' and he would lend his abilities to assist in the least ostentatious manner. When seated at the organ of Westminster Abbey, where it will be acknowledged by his many still-existing scholars, no one ever excelled him in accompanying an anthem, he would press every hand that could be useful, into his service; and even at the risk of addressing himself to persons ignorant of the first principles of music, he would say to any lad who had strolled into the church and found his way up to the organ, 'Young gentleman, can't you lend us a hand here?' To his boys he would say, 'Come, come, don't stand idle: put in one hand here, under my arm.'

"Of his readiness to oblige by the loan of his talents, there are many proofs, in the sweet harmony he would bestow on a friend's poetry. Dr. Boyce had previously, with great good-nature, set to music my father's elegiac lines on the death of Mr. Gostling of Canterbury; and

when performed as Dr. Cooke took care to have them done, at Westminster, they were so gratifying to every feeling of a writer, that it could hardly be termed vanity to wish to try again. My father, in writing the words of the Cantatas which Mr. Stanley had many years before set, had, I imagine, suppressed one to make room for that which his bosom-friend Foster Webb furnished; for there was a thirteenth remaining, and this, one word expressing his wish, induced Dr. Cooke to set.

"Dr. Cooke had married early, and was an excellent husband—had a large family, and was a most affectionate parent; so affectionate, as on the early death of a son to be almost alarmingly grieved. His feelings at all times, and in their natural state, were very tender. He would sing his part in the beautiful Scotch song 'Farewell to Lochaber,' but never could do it without the tears standing in his eyes. His cordiality, though it never led him into imprudence, was such as kept his door almost always open; and many times have I seen him come home from business, when he had been waited for in his dining-parlour and study, and his drawing-room has received him into a circle that has obliged him to make his hasty compliments all round. In the streets he was perpetually stopt: it is impossible to describe the humour with which he would apologize for any delay in giving a lesson, which was, to do him justice, not frequent;—he had a peculiar action of his elbow while he was recovering his breath, and his fingers were unconsciously preluding the finest modulations on a keyed instrument; and with a laugh that indicated some humorous recollection, he would say, 'I was just stopt a few times as I came along:' his patience with ignorance, and his liberality of time, more than atoned for five minutes' waiting.

"As impossible is it to describe his humour in relating. My father had made interest with him to instruct the son of a very worthy provincial organist; and the tuition com-

menced. When the shake was to be acquired, the pupil, in his extreme attention, as he proceeded in this two-fingered manœuvre, gradually declined towards the ground on the right hand. As the seat for such a purpose is not generally of the most secure form or dimensions, Dr. Cooke warned the young man to keep steady, saying cheerfully, 'Take care, take care;' but still the youth was too apt to be absorbed by his occupation. 'At last,' said the Doctor, in relating it, 'I thought, as I was near at hand in case of any disaster, it might cure him, if for once I let him go; and verily he went on shake, shake, shake, till he and stool and all were close to my feet instead of my elbow.'

"Another anecdote made us very merry. He was giving lessons on the violin to a young man of a noble family. The young man was beginning to play; but, in the common impetuosity of a novice, he passed over all the rests, and therefore soon left his master far behind him. 'Stop, stop, Sir,' said the Doctor, 'just take me with you.' This was a very unpleasant check to one who fancied he was 'going on famously;' and it required to be more than once enforced; till at length it was necessary to argue the point, which the Doctor did with his usual candour, representing the necessity of these observances. The pupil, instead of showing any sign of conviction, replied rather coarsely, 'Ay, ay, it may be necessary for you who get your living by it, to mind these trifles, but I don't want to be so exact.'

"One instance of his regard to the ease of others occurs to remembrance. In the frequent invitations which he would give to his friends and neighbours, to be present at the performance of a little music, if, in the vocal parts, the words were not familiar to any one person or more, he always read them over, or lent them round, that no one might be at a loss.

[To be resumed in our next.]

REVIEW OF MUSIC.

The Music of the Legendary Opera, called MAID MARIAN, or the HUNTRESS of ARLINGFORD; as performed at The Theatre Royal, Covent Garden; composed by HENRY R. BISHOP, Composer and Director of the Music to the Theatre. London, published by Goulding and Co.

THE account given of this Opera in our first Number, rendered it apparent that we differed in opinion from the majority of those who had preceded us in noticing it critically. The daily press condemned it generally, and the weekly papers were not much more favourable in their report of it. We heard it once, and did not hesitate in stating that it afforded us pleasure. The Opera is now published, and a closer and more deliberate examination of it, strengthens the impression made on us by its performance. It is more distinguished for the correct taste, the knowledge of musical effect, and the acquaintance with the best works of the early composers which it displays, than for that kind of invention which would confer upon it the praise of originality; at the same time we do not mean to imply that any plagiarisms worthy of

remark are to be detected in it, or that it exhibits any instances of unfair or intentional imitation, save and except in the overture, which it cannot be denied, has been borrowed from Rossini's *Cenerentola* without any reserve.

The introduction, a glee for six voices, is a smooth, tranquil piece of harmony, extremely well calculated for the scene,—a chapel, in which the nuptials of *Matilda*, the heroine are about to be solemnized. A passage of sixths, frequently repeated in this glee, produces a very pleasing effect. The song "*A Damsel stood to watch the fight*" would be good, but for the noise whereby some account of a battle is accompanied. This is an error into which composers are so apt to fall: a battle cannot be mentioned, or a storm alluded to, in mere narrative, without an immediate clamour from all the loudest and sharpest instruments in the orchestra; as if it were the intention of the relator to imitate rather than to narrate. The quintetto "*Though he be now a grey friar*" is an animated composition, and possesses a considerable claim to the merit of originality. The following passage, which is given to each part in succession, proves that the author is not of an ordinary school:—

Allegro, non troppo.

LITTLE he reck'd of the ma - tin bell, And drown'd its toll with the clang-ing horn;

And the on - ly beads he lov'd to tell, Were beads of dew on the &c.

dolce.

The song, "THE SLENDER BEECH," shews signs of not having been intended for the words to which it is now set. It bears strong evidence of adaptation, as do also some other pieces in this opera. A glee for four voices, which serves as the finale to the first act, is in a very common, insipid style, and is tediously long. It contains this offensive, indefensible, harmony:—

&c.

&c.

The villagers dance, with a drone bass, at the beginning of the second act, is very pastoral and dramatic. The four-voiced glee "With hawk and hound," which immediately follows is the best piece of this description in the opera. It is written for a contra-tenor, two tenors and a bass, and any where but upon the stage, would be im-

proved by the omission of the accompaniment; consequently, it is well calculated for those societies where true English glee singing is encouraged, to which we can safely recommend it. Mr. Bishop certainly has imitated his own popular air, "Bid me discourse," in the song "Let us seek the yellow shore," written for Miss Tree in the present opera. The latter is an agreeable melody and a clever composition; though its merit is assuredly diminished by being an imitation: but had this been the model, and the other the copy, we cannot confidently assert that it would not have been as much admired. The prettiest and the most popular thing in *Maid Marian*, is the duet for two sopranos, "Come hither, thou little foot-page" sung by Miss Tree and Master Longhurst; it runs on in so sweet a melody, and the rhythm is so well marked, that those who know when they ought to be pleased, and those who know when they are pleased, as well as every other description of hearers, seem not only satisfied, but delighted with this gay bagatelle. The recourse to an ancient modulation, very common in old madrigals, and in the church-music of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, produces a charming and actually a new effect. The following extract contains the *motivo* of the duet, and the modulation to which we allude;—

F

Allegretto, Moderato.

COME, hither, come hither, thou lit - tle foot-page, Come hi - ther to my

knee; And say if thou sawest my own true - love, And what my love said to thee?

The Minstrel's Glee, in the magnificent banquet-scene, || subjoined extract from this piece, sung by three females, would produce more effect if it were better performed. The || will shew of what materials it is composed.

Allegro.

O largesse, largesse, gal - lant knights, We your bards and minstrels
crave, We your bards and minstrels crave! Love of la - - dies,
death of cham - pions, Glo - ry, glo - - ry, glo - ry to the
brave, Glo - ry, glo - - - ry to the brave!

But we cannot pass over the violation of one of those laws in music, which is very rarely departed from without great offence to every ear, whether learned or unlearned; it occurs in the chorus to this glee, p. 91 of the opera, and

p. 5 of the glee. The error indeed appears twice, and cannot therefore be imputed to the copyist or engraver: it consists of these two intolerable fifths,—



"OH! BOLD ROBIN HOOD," a glee in the third act, is a lively, delightful sestet, with a musical phrase, or sequence, running through it,—a kind of burden,—that by its repetition, forces itself upon the memory, and leaves the melody in the ear, long after having quitted the theatre.

The martial BRAVURA for Miss Tree is quite unsuited to her style of singing, which is of the pathetic kind, and much superior to feats of execution. The song itself is as loud, boisterous and unmeaning, as this species of composition is generally admitted to be. It is designed *ad captandum vulgus*, and, as it catches those for whom it is intended, it must, we are obliged to believe, be tolerated as a necessary, but very annoying, rant.

A pretty ballad, "O WELL DO I REMEMBER," more characterized by taste than novelty, is the last piece, except a short chorus, in this new work by Mr. Bishop,—a work which will add to his reputation, and assist in recruiting the finances of the theatre; for, notwithstanding the unflattering predictions which followed its first performance, it is now given twice and thrice in each week, and never fails we are told to draw a full audience.

PRELUDES for the *Piano-Forte*, composed in various styles; to which are prefixed the **RUDIMENTS** of playing that instrument, by WILLIAM CROTCH, *Mus. Doc., Professor of Music in the University of Oxford.* London, published by the Royal Harmonic Institution.

THIS is in reality an elementary treatise,—an instruction-book for the *piano-forte*,—though the title would naturally lead to a supposition that the larger portion of it was devoted to the preludes, which occupy only thirteen pages of the volume, while the rudiments fill no less than five and thirty. To the latter part, on account of its superior importance, we shall give most of the time that we can dedicate to the examination of this work.

If a very superior genius for the highest classes of musical composition,—a consummate knowledge of the science, and an uncommonly extensive and intimate acquaintance with all its best authors, could confer the power of writing an elementary work adapted to the capacities of young children, Dr. Crotch would be the very man to undertake the task, for he combines all those qualities, and adds to them such talents as a performer, as very few performers

can rival. But a fine genius for an art, a sound knowledge of its theory, and an ability, a patience, to reduce its principles to the level of infantile understandings, are not often united in one person; hence the deficiency in perspicuity and ease so notorious in elementary books on music, to which art a brief, clear, and well-connected introductory work is, in our opinion, yet a desideratum.

The arrangement of this treatise is good, in so far as it separates the two great elements of music, sound and measure. Writers and teachers are too apt to mingle them in such a way as to produce a hopeless confusion and despair in the young minds of their pupils, at the very onset. Dr. Crotch has avoided this fatal error, and has published a book that, with the aid of his explanatory lessons, will, doubtless, be found useful by his own scholars; but we cannot persuade ourselves that it has any superiority to boast over others that have preceded it, or that it will throw any new light on the rudiments of musical knowledge.

In the first place, the definitions are imperfect and obscure: a sharp is stated to be "the next key above the natural of the same name," and this is the whole that is said concerning the nature of a sharp; nearly the same luminous account is given of a flat. The names and the invariable order of these very important characters, are altogether omitted; but we have a laborious and complete list of double sharps and flats, with which we are sure no merciful master will ever afflict a beginner. In the same proud disdain of common things, the two principal clefs are just mentioned, as it were, incidentally; while those that are, comparatively, of no consequence, are explained at large, and almost an entire folio page is devoted to them. Amongst these are the treble clef on the first line, the soprano on the second, and the bass on the third! Fortunately for learners, there are very few masters who understand such clefs, therefore there is little danger of their teaching them.

In the chapter on time we find the *large* and the *long* introduced; two characters that ceased to torment mankind about the time that the great plague ended. In the same page we have *double double* demisemiquavers. If these do not produce *toil and trouble* to the pupil, he must be made of very enviable materials.

We wish that all *Times* were reduced to two; the thing is very practicable, and has often been recommended from high authority. But innovation, even in music, alarms the vast majority, and attempts at improvement are sure to be opposed by prejudice and indolence. Most professors, however, have entered into a sort of compromise upon this subject, and have surrendered many of the compound measures: we were, therefore, sorry to see them, in a manner, revived by Dr. Crotch, whose example alone would have been sufficient to banish many perplexing varieties of time, the existence of which he has prolonged, by permitting them to appear under the sanction of his high name.

The explanation of Italian words used in music is excellent, and there are many useful and ingenious remarks scattered throughout the treatise, which could only come from an intelligent mind. The "easy airs" are too difficult for first lessons, and will compel the master, who uses this work, to write still more easy ones for his beginning pupils. This is the error of all the instruction-books published by the celebrated performers on the *piano-forte*.

In the preludes Dr. Crotch announces himself—they are in various styles, and are marked by scientific skill. Whether they have the unpremeditated aspect which effusions of this sort ought to shew, we shall leave those who hear them to determine; for we have already extended this article beyond the bounds that we had prescribed to ourselves, and must abruptly terminate it.

The favourite airs in ROSSINI'S Opera of LA GAZZA LADRA, arranged for the Piano-Forte, with an Accompaniment for the Flute. by T. LATOUR, Pianiste to His Majesty. Books 1, 2, and 3. Chappell and Co., New Bond-Street.

In arranging the operas of Rossini for the piano-forte, Mr. Latour has been eminently successful: he has preserved all the striking characteristics of this celebrated composer, and brought most of his extraordinary passages under the hand; at the same time avoiding all those unwarrantable alterations and interpolations by which an adapter, who is now no more, once disfigured and damaged the operas of Mozart. He has also drawn the dispersed parts together without any serious detriment to the general effect, and has given a facility to the execution of them, which could only have been obtained at the expense of considerable study and contrivance.

Besides the present opera, Mr. Latour has arranged the *Barbiere di Siviglia*, and the *Turco in Italia*. *La Gazza Ladra* is much more difficult for the performer than either of the others that he has adapted; but if considered simply as piano-forte music, is far superior to them, and more likely to improve the finger, taste, and judgment, of the student. As an opera it surpasses them both, in the opinion of most connoisseurs, by whom it is generally considered as Rossini's most valuable production. But we cannot unfold why Mr. Latour has omitted its chorusses, all of which are remarkable for their newness, and some for their grandeur. That of the judges in the hall of justice, is one of the finest products of Rossini's genius, and places his talent as a harmonist in a point of view most favourable to his future as well as his present fame.

The modern practice of putting favourite Italian operas into the form of piano-forte sonatas, merits commendation, and deserves the encouragement which it receives. It is a mode of renewing at home the pleasure which is derived from a public performance, and increases the gratification which the latter affords, by making the more elaborate music whereof it consists less difficult of comprehension to those who have not plunged into the depths of the science.

1. "BID ME NOT FORGET THY SMILE," a *Persian Melody*, with an Accompaniment, by WM. KNYVETT. *Harmonic Institution*.
2. "FAREWELL TO NORTHMAVEN," Song, from the *Novel of THE PIRATE*, by SAMUEL WEBBE, Junior. Chappell and Co.
3. "MARK THE SAD HOURS," a Song, by PHILIP KNAPTON. Chappell and Co.

THE first of these songs is exquisitely tender and beautiful; the accompaniment is in true keeping with the poetry, and is in Mr. Knyvett's chaste style. But why call it a *Persian* air? If it be his own, he ought not to refuse himself the credit which it does his taste; and he must be too well-read a musician to believe seriously, that, though the melody may have been offered to him as of oriental origin, it ever owed its birth to a country where the art is in so perfectly barbarous a state.

Mr. Webbe's song is an imitation of some Scottish airs, of modern date. Though not new, it is pleasing, and the words are well accented and expressed.

Mr. Knapton, who is a composer of talent, has produced an air with much of the best Italian character prevailing in it. Recitative is not, perhaps, calculated for chamber singing, and this song is preceded by one; but the melody is so natural, though not common, and the accompaniment so judiciously applied, that we shall be surprised if this publication does not become very popular.

THE DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

As the first musical establishment in London, this Theatre will always command our earnest attention. To the Italian Opera every nation in Europe is indebted for its purest taste in vocal music, and so long as it continues to be encouraged, a progressive improvement must be expected in this, the highest branch of the art.

It is, perhaps, superfluous to say, that by the term *Italian Opera*, we mean dramas in the Italian language, but set to music by composers of any country. It was, till within the last half century, confined, almost exclusively, to the composers of Italy, but the genius of Mozart forced the privilege out of their hands, and Germany is now without a rival in this, as well as every other species of music. The success of Rossini, much of which is most richly deserved, has partly arisen from his imitation of some of the grand features of the German school; for the vanity of his countrymen is not wounded, while they admire the beauties of a style introduced to them under the name of a native of Pesaro.

This Theatre has not opened under circumstances of a promising nature. The company is very imperfectly formed; and, though it contains some of the first singers in Europe, yet, for want of performers of a respectable second and third-rate description, the operas produced have failed in their effect. *La Clemenza di Tito* was the first, in which a French lady, under the name of Signora Clarini, took the part of *Servilia*, and a Madame Graziani filled the character of *Anais*, both of which were massacred in their hands, and the whole opera necessarily partook in the ruin. *La Gazza Ladra* followed, and experienced, from mismanagement, a fate little better; and, on Saturday the 26th ult. *Tancredi* was brought out, in which Madame Borgondio, a contralto, made her debut, and failed altogether.

The people of rank and fashion, in this country, shew, sometimes, an exemplary share of forbearance; and, this theatre has often witnessed their good-nature and patience. Or is their quiescence to be imputed to want of discrimination, and apathy? Both opinions are warmly advocated; and, as they involve the credit of persons of high consideration, we shall ponder well before we commit ourselves upon so dignified a question.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

Nothing new has been given at this theatre since our last Number, nor has any revival been attempted. In the musical department a want of activity and enterprise is every day more perceptible: though if by exertion no better result can be ensured than so despicable an opera as "Who's the Bride?" which was immediately banished the stage, the management will act discreetly in making no other musical effort.

An overture to the new Pantomime deserves notice, as a biting satire upon the pieces of this description which obtain applause and encores at the theatres in the present day. About half the drummers in the brigade of guards seem to be added to the orchestra, for the purpose of assisting in the performance of it, and a noise is rendered which may laugh to scorn the "din of mills, hammers, thunders." It is the very summit of clamorous absurdity, and we hope will produce the intended effect. The rival theatre cannot, by any labour or expense, surpass it.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

MISS PATON's appearance in the character of *Mandane*, is the only musical novelty which has been given during the month of January at Covent Garden. She performed it in a very creditable manner, and gave much satisfaction: but we surmise that she will not often repeat it.

The dispute between the advisers of this young performer and those of Miss Tree, concerning the casting of the parts in *The Marriage of Figaro*, ought to be terminated in an absolute way by the manager. We know not which part the two charming songstresses contend for; but we do know that the *Counsellor* is best suited to Miss Tree, and *Susanna* to Miss Paton.



J.C.W.T. MOZART.

THE HARMONICON.

No. III., MARCH, 1823.

MEMOIR OF MOZART.

JOHN CHRYSOSTOM WOLFGANG THEOPHILUS MOZART was born on the 27th of January, 1756, at Salzburg, in Austria, a country honoured by the birth of two of the greatest of modern musicians, Haydn, and the subject of the present memoir. He was the son of Leopold Mozart, whose father was a bookbinder of Augsburg, but Leopold having a decided inclination as well as some genius for music, was allowed to adopt it as a profession, and studied for that purpose under good masters at Salzburg, where, in 1743, he was admitted into the musical service of the prince-archbishop of that city; and, in 1762, was appointed a sub-director of the prince's chapel. Early in life he married Anna Maria Pertl; and was, in all respects, happily united to a woman of great moral worth, as well as of uncommon beauty, for which he, as a man, was also much noticed in the city in which they resided. Seven children were the happy fruits of their union, of whom a daughter, Mary Ann, and the great genius Mozart, were the most remarkable. The father, who had followed the laborious duties of an instructor in music, in addition to his office under the prince, at length gave up public teaching, and employed all the time he had at his disposal, in the musical education of his two favourite children. The girl, who was the elder of the two, made a surprising advance in the study and practice of this difficult art; and with her brother, gained the highest admiration the public could bestow, in a musical tour which the father made with them through the principal cities of Germany.

Mozart was not three years of age when his father commenced giving his sister, who was of seven years, lessons on the harpsichord; and his pre-disposition for music immediately manifested itself even in this unripe and infantine age; for at this time, to the wonder of his parents, he began to search the instrument for *thirds*, so early nice and distinguishing was his ear, and would testify his joy in an extravagant manner, whenever he produced this harmonious combination.

In his fourth year, his father, almost in a sportive manner, began to teach the boy a few minuets, and other light pieces, an employment which was not more delightful to the master than to the little pupil, who in half an hour would learn a minnet, and a composition of a more difficult nature in less than an hour, immediately playing them through with the greatest precision. In the course of a few months he had made so rapid a progress, that in his fifth year he began to compose, at the instrument, small pieces of music, which he would play to his astonished father, who, to encourage him, noted them down.

Before he had shewn this decided talent, he was as fond as any other child of the sports natural to his age; indeed, more so than many children, for he would forget his meals to indulge in them. Notwithstanding, however, his apparent boyishness, he very early evinced that intense sensibility

which was the soul of his genius, and the essence of its productions. He was all heart, from a child to a man. He would ask, twenty times a day, his fond parents and friends, "Do you love me?" Sometimes they would playfully say "No," and the tears would instantly run from his affectionate heart to his eyes.

When he became intimate with the delights of music, his relish for sports grew visibly less; and the only way to make these interesting to him, was to mingle music with them. His older companions could indulge him by carrying his playthings in procession with him from room to room; he who had nothing to carry, being obliged either to sing a march as he went, or play one on the violin.

The excessive vivacity of his mind made him attach himself easily and ardently to new objects and new studies, so much so, that he would sometimes forget the old ones; and for a time, he even forsook his favourite music for the dry dull study of arithmetic, during which time he covered every thing he could reach, book-covers, chairs, tables, walls, and all flat surfaces, with chalked figures, and calculations which it would have puzzled Euclid to solve or describe. Music, however, was soon restored to favour; and he made, for these halts in the march of his mind, such rapid advances afterwards, that he gained rather than lost time by such occasional pauses in his glorious pursuit. He was regarded by all who knew his talents as the greatest prodigy of the day; but of his father he was the idol. Returning from chapel one day with a friend, he found young Chrysostom writing with all the apparent earnestness and abstraction of an old student in science. "What are you about there, my dear little fellow?" demanded the father. "I am composing a concerto for the harpsichord," answered the son. "So so—you will let us see this fine scrawl?" asked the father: this was refused, as he had not quite finished it. The father, however, was too impatient, in his fondness, to wait; and he took up the paper, and displayed to his visitor a sheet marked all over with notes which could scarcely be seen for the large splashes and blots of ink that were mingled with them in as chaotic a confusion as a MS. page of Pope's polished and re-polished Iliad, might exhibit. The father and the friend at first laughed heartily at this apparent confusion of notes; but on looking at it with more serious eyes, the father discerned, as well as tears of wonder and delight would allow him, that it was a composition perfect in all its parts. "Read," said he, smiling with parental satisfaction, "and you will perceive that it is done in entire conformity to the strictest rule; but it is so difficult, that none but a master-hand can play it through." "It is a concerto," replied the boy, pertinently, "and must be practised till it can be played: this is the style in which it should be executed." And saying this, he sat

down to the instrument, and succeeded in giving them an idea of the intended effect. To play it, would have been a musical miracle; for though it was correct in all points, there were so many scientific difficulties in it, that the most skilful of players would have been incapable of performing it.

The child-composer so much amazed his father, that he suddenly conceived the idea of exhibiting him at the several German courts. In the commencement of his sixth year, therefore, the father, the mother, the daughter, and the boy, made a journey to Munich, where the two children performed in the presence of the Elector, who rewarded them in a princely manner; and the object of the expedition succeeded beyond their most sanguine hopes. The little artists, elevated by the reception which they had experienced; redoubled their former application on their return to Salzburg, and acquired a power of execution on the piano, which would have been astonishing, putting the circumstance of their youth out of the consideration.

In the autumn of 1762, and the seventh of this wonderful child's age, the family of the Mozarts visited Vienna, where the two children performed to the Court. The Emperor Francis the First said, jestingly, to little John, "It is not so difficult to play with all one's fingers; but to play with only one finger, and without seeing the keys, would indeed be both difficult and extraordinary." Without betraying the least surprise, at this strange remark, the child immediately commenced playing with a single finger, with the greatest clearness and precision; and then desired them to cover the keys, which was done, and he continued to play with the same perfection, as if he had long practised that mode of playing.

With the modesty of true genius, Mozart, even in his earliest years, was never made vain by the encomiums he received, nor did he care to seek for them. Before persons, however, of indifferent taste, he could only be induced to play insignificant productions; but on the contrary, when before real connoisseurs, he performed with all the animation and genius of which he was master: indeed, his father was sometimes obliged to use the utmost persuasion, to make the great personages before whom he played seem so in his eyes. When he was playing in the presence of the Emperor Francis, though a mere child, he addressed his majesty with the utmost boldness, and asked, "Why is not M. Wagenseil here? Pray send for him; he understands these things." He was sent for, and the Emperor resigned his seat to him by the side of the instrument. "M. Wagenseil," said the inspired boy, "I am about to play one of your concertos; you will turn the leaves for me." The veteran composer did, and thought himself honoured in attending the highly-gifted child.

He had, till now, confined his performances to the harpsichord and piano; but on his return home from Vienna, he took with him a little violin, which had been presented to him in that city, and began practising on it. In a very short time afterwards Wenzl, the famous violinist, who had just commenced composer, came to the father, to take his opinion of six trios which he had written. The Archbishop's trumpeter, Schachtner, was present at the interview, and afterwards described it in these words:—"The father took the bass, Wenzl the first violin, and I the second: little Chrysostom, however, requested to have my part to play, but the father reproved him for his childish presumption, remarking, that as he had never taken regular lessons on the violin, he could not possibly play it. The boy promptly replied, that it was not necessary to be taught, to play the second violin. The father, half angry at his perseverance, bade him go away. At this he be-

gan to cry with mortification; but as he was about to comply with his father's command, I entreated that he might be allowed to play with me. This was at last granted, upon condition that he played very softly, so as not to be heard, otherwise he would be sent out of the room. We commenced, little Wolfgang playing in a moderate tone under me; but it was not long before I heard that I was, from the correctness of his performance, useless. Without speaking, therefore, I laid aside my instrument, and fixed my eyes on the father, who shed the most affectionate tears at the sight. He went through all the other trios in the same extraordinary manner. And now he wished to play the first part. To indulge him, who deserved so much greater a reward, this was allowed to him; and he executed this part in rather an inferior style, it is true, but still so as never to be at a loss, to our infinite wonder and amusement."

Every day, indeed, brought with it new instances of his exquisite genius, and delicate organization of ear. He could detect and point out the slightest variations of sound; and a false or harsh note was an evident torture to him. So acutely tender was his ear, that when a child, he could never hear the blast of a trumpet, without being convulsed with fear; even the sight of it was as terrible to him as a loaded gun is to other children. The father hoped to cure him of this irritability, by causing it to be blown before him, in spite of his earnest entreaties to the contrary. It was sounded, and at the first blast he grew pale as a corpse, fell upon the ground, evidently under feelings of extreme agony.

When he had made a considerable progress on the violin, he sometimes used his friend Schachtner's, who came one day while the boy was playing on his own. He addressed him immediately with "Why what is your violin about? It is half a quarter of a note below what it was when I before touched it." The violinist at first laughed at this fine-eared nicety; but the father, who knew his son's memory in these things to be extraordinary, sent for Schachtner's instrument; and to the wonder of all who heard it, it was indeed just half a quarter of a note below his own, as the boy had asserted. Yet giving, as he did every day, new instances of his precocious genius, and perceiving daily the astonishment and delight which he inspired, he neither became conceited nor self-willed in any thing: he was already a man in soul and talent, although in years and in obedience a child. Nothing displeased him which pleased his parents: he would play the whole of the day to gratify his father, without a look of ill-humour. The slightest hint from him operated as a law; and he carried this docility so far, that he would even refuse the presents of sweetmeats and other dainties offered him, unless he saw by his smile that he had liberty to accept them.

It was in 1763, in the month of July, this prodigy then being in his seventh year, that his father and family ventured on their first remove beyond the boundaries of their father-land; and from that time the name of Mozart became known all over Europe. After performing at Munich before the Elector, in the month of November they reached Paris, where they made a stay of five months, during which time he played the organ of the king's chapel before the court. They gave two public concerts in that city, and met with every distinguishing success. The sister, the father, and the boy, were even so far flattered as to have their portraits drawn, and afterwards engraved, from a clever design of Carmontelle, the father standing in the middle ground, supported by the two best ornaments which human pride could desire—his two extraordinarily-



J. C. W. T. MOZART,
Compositeur et Maître de Musique,
Agé de 7 ans.

From a scarce French Print.

gifted children. Here it was that young Mozart produced and published his two first works, one of which he dedicated to Victoire, the second daughter of Louis XV.; and the other to the Countess de Tessé.

In the April of 1764, the Mozarts came to England, and remained here till the middle of the next year. The two children, as at Versailles, performed before our late excellent monarch, the boy playing the organ of the royal chapel; his execution on which was thought still more wonderful than his harpsichord playing. They here gave a concert, all the symphonies being the composition of little Chrysostom, who, in addition to his other attainments, now began to sing the most difficult airs with great expression, and eminent success. There were here, as well as in Paris, some incredulous of his great powers, who put him on his trial with the most arduous pieces of Handel and Sebastian Bach, which he went through immediately at a single sight of them, to the surprise and conviction of all sceptics. Among his other feats, he played before the king a melody constructed *extempore* from a given bass. On another occasion, Christian Bach, the musical tutor of the queen, took him between his knees and played a bar or two, Mozart continuing it; and thus they went alternately through an entire sonata with so much unity and brilliancy, that those who did not see them, thought it was executed by one performer only. About this time he composed six sonatas, which were published, and dedicated to the late queen Charlotte.

During his stay in England he was particularly noticed, and the extent of his genius thoroughly perceived and appreciated by the Hon. Daines Barrington, a man of eminent taste and science. In one of his visits to young Mozart, he carried with him a manuscript duet, which had been composed by an English gentleman to some words of Metastasio's, in his opera of *Demofonte*. The score was in five parts, *viz.*, two for two violins, two for as many singers, and a bass; the parts for the two voices being written in the counter-tenor cleff. Mr. Barrington's intention was to have an undoubted proof of his talents as a player at sight, it being impossible that the music could be familiar to him. The score was no sooner put before him, than he began to play the symphony in a most masterly manner, as well as in the time and style which were intended by the composer, two things in which the greatest masters will very frequently fail. The symphony ended, he took the upper part, leaving the lower one to his father. His voice, in the tone of it, was infantine and thin; but nothing could equal the manner in which he sang his part. It was curious to hear the father, who was once or twice detected out of his part, reproved by the son, and put right by him. In addition to this double attention to his own part and to his father's, he threw in the accompaniment of the two violins, and produced the finest effect. When he had finished the piece, he expressed his delight in it, and asked Mr. Barrington if he had brought any more such music with him. He replied in the negative; and now wished him to indulge him in one of his extemporary flights, requesting the boy, as he had been much caressed by Manzoli, the celebrated singer, who was then in England, to give him an extempore love-song in his manner. He complied immediately; and looking back with much archness, began the recitative proper for such a song. He then played the symphony which might correspond with an air composed to the single word *Affetto*. The air had a first and second part, and, with the symphonies, was of the usual length of opera songs. Finding that he was in an original humour, and, as it were, inspired, he was requested to compose a *song of rage*, such as might become the opera-stage. He

complied with this too; gave a proper recitative and symphony, and then commenced the air. Before he had got through it, he had worked up his imagination to such an excited pitch, that he beat his harpsichord like a person possessed, rising sometimes, in the tempest of the rage he was describing, out of his chair. He selected the word *perfidò*, as the subject of this second musical impromptu. After this, he played a very difficult lesson that he had written a day or two before, in which his execution was amazing, considering that his little fingers could scarcely reach a sixth on the harpsichord. He seemed to have a thorough knowledge of the fundamental rules of composition, as, upon Mr. Barrington producing a treble, he immediately wrote a bass under it, which, when played, had an admirable effect. He was, too, an excellent modulator; and his transitions from one key to another, were exceedingly brilliant and natural: he even performed these musical difficulties, for a considerable time, with a handkerchief over the keys.

Yet though his genius was so mature as to make Mr. Barrington still to doubt his age, his actions were thoroughly childish and youthful; for whilst he was playing to him, his favourite cat came in, and he immediately left the harpsichord to play with it, nor could he be brought back again for some time; when, soon after, he as suddenly deserted his post again, and began running about the room with a stick between his legs for a horse.

In July, 1765, the whole family returned to the Continent, and travelled through Flanders, young Mozart playing the organs of all the monasteries and cathedrals in the way. On arriving at the Hague, the two performers endured a dangerous illness, which had nearly robbed the world of one of its most brilliant and delightful ornaments. During his convalescence, he composed six new pieces; and early in 1766, he was present at the installation of the Prince of Orange, for which he produced a *quodlibet* for the band employed on the occasion, as well as several airs and variations for the princess. From the Hague they went to Paris, and thence to Germany. At Munich the Elector gave him a theme, requiring him to enlarge upon it *all' improvviso*; this he did in his presence, without the aid of any instrument, playing it through when he had finished it, to the astonishment of the whole court.

In November, 1766, they returned to Saltzburg, where the domestic tranquillity which the family for some time enjoyed, gave new vigour to the genius of the young musician. Shortly after his return, the Prince-Bishop, doubting the possibility of a child like him producing such masterly compositions, with his father's and his own consent, kept him shut up for a week, during which he was not permitted to see any one, and was left only with music-paper, and the words of an oratorio; and in that short time he composed an entire oratorio, which was highly applauded when performed before the Prince. He performed also before the Emperor, at Vienna, in 1768, who commanded him to produce the music of a comic opera, the *Finta Semplice*, which being done in a surprisingly short time, was approved by Metastasio, the poet, and by others, but was never brought on the stage. In his visits at the houses of the Duke of Braganza, and other noblemen, he, at their request, would take up any Italian air which was at hand, and write the several parts for all the instruments in the presence of the company. When the church of The Orphans was opened, he composed a mass, a motet, and a duet for two trumpets, directing the performance of the entire Service of the Dedication, in the face of the imperial court, though at that time but a child of twelve years.

In the latter part of 1769, his father took him into Italy

where the reception he met with may be easily conceived, from the known enthusiasm of the Italians for any excellence in the fine arts. The palace of Count Firmian, the governor-general of Milan, was, however, the grand scene of his efforts in that country. Here he undertook to write the music of an opera for the theatre of that city. He left that place early in the next year, and repaired to Bologna, where he met with an ardent admirer in the celebrated Padre Martini, who was transported to behold a boy of thirteen, who looked still younger, illustrate the most difficult fugues which he could himself propose, executing them, as he did, without hesitation, and with the strictest precision. He made the same impression at Florence, where he performed a similar musical achievement. At this city he made an acquaintance with our celebrated Thomas Linley, junior, who was then a boy of his own age, and a pupil also of Martini. Their friendship was so warm, that on their parting, Linley presented his young friend with some verses, which he had had written for the purpose by the admirable Corilla, and accompanied him out of the city, where their separation was attended by mutual tears.

In the passion week of this year, the Mozarts visited Rome, where they heard the celebrated *Miserere*, which the musicians of the Pope were forbidden to publish in any way; but young Mozart, struck with its sublimity, was determined to have it, and actually wrote it down from memory on returning to his lodgings, attending again on the Good Friday, with the score in his hat, and correcting it in the repetition. The story of this circumstance was soon bruited abroad in Rome, where it seemed so impossible, that to ascertain the truth, the boy was engaged to sing this beautiful mass at a concert: he performed it to perfection, and to the astonishment of Cristofori, who was the person that had sung it at the Sixtine chapel. It is not an easy task to excite surprise in Rome, where, in all things relating to the arts, a common reputation is worth nothing, and where only a genius of the most extreme splendour can attract the eyes of admiration; but Mozart did this, and was the only talk of Rome and Italy for some time afterwards.

They left that city for Naples soon after this, where at the *Conservatorio della Pietà*, young Wolfgang exerted his talents in so magical a manner, that in the middle of his performance, the audience murmured that there was some charm in a beautiful ring which he wore; and to humour their absurd wonder, he was obliged to take off this suspected magic talisman. The effect which his playing produced on the audience, after they discovered that, without this ring, his music was not less brilliant, though his finger lost somewhat of its lustre, was one of the highest triumphs of his genius among a people, who, in their extreme wonder, had run into so superstitious a belief. The Pope, soon after this circumstance, desired to see him at his court, and honoured him with the cross and brevet of a knight of the Golden Spur. Honours now rapidly succeeded honours; for, at Bologna, he was, *und voce*, made member of the Philharmonic Academy. As is the custom previously to admission into this institution, he had to produce an initiatory extempore composition, and being shut up alone for that purpose, in less than half an hour he had written an antiphony in four parts.

His return to Milan was now hastened, that he might attend to the opera he had undertaken to compose. But for this engagement, he would have obtained the highest honour in music which Italy could then confer—the producing a serious opera for the Roman theatre.

In the December of 1770, his *Mithridates*, composed at

the age of fourteen, was brought out, and performed twenty following nights, a success which induced the manager to enter into a written agreement with him for the composition of the first opera for 1773. He left Milan, while the report of his fame was loudest, for Salzburg; and, passing through Verona, he was made a member of the Philharmonic Society of that city. Indeed, he went no where in Italy without meeting with the most distinguished honours; and was now generally known by the appellation of *The Philharmonic Knight*. On his return home, he found a letter from Count Firmian, giving him the command of the Empress Maria Theresa, to produce a dramatic cantata on the marriage of the Archduke Ferdinand: the subject was "*Ascanius in Alba*." He obeyed her pleasure; and in August travelled to Milan, where, during the marriage solemnities and public rejoicings, the cantata was produced, and played alternately with an opera composed by the celebrated Hasse, who had been selected, as the oldest master living, to write the greater, as Mozart was, being the youngest, to write the lesser part of the music for that day.

He composed, in 1772, another cantata, called *Il Sogno di Scipione*, on occasion of the election of the new Archbishop of Salzburg; and in the following year, he produced, according to his previous engagement, his *Lucio Silla*, a serious opera, which was performed twenty-six succeeding nights at the theatre of Milan. In the same year, he originated several fine compositions—such as a comic opera called *La Finta Giardiniera*; two grand masses for the Elector of Bavaria's chapel, &c. &c.; and in 1775, the cantata entitled *Il Re Pastore*.

We have now glanced at the principal incidents of the early part of his life, a brilliant period, such as few are born to offer to the contemplation of the philosopher, and for the instruction of art. Arrived at his nineteenth year, he had attained the summit of his profession. He looked now to the advancement of his fortune, and to the best place for promoting it. His father pointed out Paris, and for that city he set out, with his mother only, in the year 1777. But he soon heard with his own ears, that the French music was not to his taste. Still, however, he remained here for some time, losing his excellent mother during his stay, which completed the dislike he had to Paris; and having composed a symphony for the *Concert Spirituel*, he left it to return to his father and Salzburg, early in 1779. Late in the following year, he went to Vienna, the habits, and the beauty of the fairer inhabitants of which city, were more agreeable to his warm heart and admiring eyes. Here he fixed himself, and no inducements were powerful enough to move him from his determination. Love soon began to flutter about this creature of imagination, passion, and exquisite sensibility; and, having touched his heart, and inspired his soul, enabled him to show to the world, the rare example of a remarkable child becoming a more remarkable man. It was in his twenty-fifth year, in the bloom of youth, and in the spring of his love for Mademoiselle Constance Weber, the celebrated actress, that he composed his *Idomeneus*: he had offered marriage to this amiable girl, but had been refused by her family, on account of his unsettled state in society. It was his ambition in this work to show her family what means were at his command: his vanity and love were put on their strongest wings, and inspired him to produce an opera that he always estimated as his highest effort, and made the model of his after-compositions, which were, perhaps, more successful, but not more worthy of success. By this production he conquered the objections of his Constance's family, and was, in a short time, married to her.

(To be continued.)

ON THE GREGORIAN CHANT, WITH SPECIMENS OF THE ANCIENT ECCLESIASTICAL MUSIC.

A DESIRE to address the Divinity, in the most sublime and affecting manner, appears to be a sentiment coeval with human nature; and to render this address the more solemn and impressive the aid of music has ever been called in. The early christians, too, impressed with the same feeling, and sanctioned by the precepts and example of the apostles, availed themselves of the influence of music in the exercises of religion. It is not, however, probable that for this purpose any new methods of harmony were invented. Christianity, no doubt, adapted to psalms and hymns, such simple and solemn melodies as were familiar; and as the vehicle was but a secondary consideration, they probably selected not those airs which were the most complicated and refined, but such, as by their extreme simplicity, permitted the less instructed to follow the rhythm of the melody; a point which could never have been accomplished by music in parts, when different words are pronounced by different singers at one and the same time.

St. Ignatius, who, according to the historian Socrates*, had conversed with the Apostles, is supposed to have been the first that suggested to the primitive christians, in the East, the method of singing psalms and hymns alternately; dividing the singers into two bands or choirs, placed on opposite sides. By a Council of Laodicea, which was held between the years 360 and 370, a canon was issued, directing, that "none but the canons, and the choir who sing out of the parchment books, should presume to sing in the church." Thus adopted in the East, these regulations soon passed to those western countries where christianity was established.

St. Ambrose, who was consecrated Bishop of Milan in 374, became one of the great patrons of church music, and instituted in his church at Milan a peculiar method of singing, which received the name of *Cantus Ambrosianus*, or Ambrosian chant. St. Augustine, the disciple of St. Ambrose, speaks of the great delight he received in hearing the psalms and hymns sung there; "As the voices," says he, "flowed into my ears, truth was instilled into my heart, and the affections of piety overflowed in tears of joy."† "The church of Milan," he continues, "had not long before begun to practise this method. It was here first ordered that hymns and psalms should be sung after the manner of eastern nations, that the people might not languish and pine away with a tedious sorrow; and from that period it has been retained at Milan, and imitated by almost all the other congregations of the world." Tradition says, that it was upon occasion of St. Ambrose receiving St. Augustine into the church on his conversion, that the Bishop of Milan composed the celebrated *Te Deum*, which has since exercised the talents of the most celebrated composers.

The chant thus established by St. Ambrose, continued in use with few alterations, till the time of Gregory the Great, of whom, as so immediately connected with our subject, it may not be irrelevant to give some short account.

Gregory the First was born at Rome, of an illustrious family, about the year 550. His rank and talents recom-

mended him to the notice of the Emperor Justin, who appointed him prefect of that city. Being of a religious turn of mind, and finding that the duties of his office attached him too much to the world, he retired to a monastery; but he was soon summoned from his retirement by Pope Pelagius the Second, who appointed him one of his deacons, and sent him to Constantinople, in the capacity of nuncio. Upon his return to Rome, he was employed by Pelagius as his secretary, but at length obtained leave to retire again to his convent. Here he hoped to devote his days to study and contemplation, but a plague that raged with violence in the capital, drew him from his seclusion. He came forth from his retreat, and instituted litanies which were sung in procession about the streets of the city. On its arrival at the great church, it is said that the contagion ceased. Of this distemper Pelagius died, and Gregory was unanimously chosen to fill this high dignity. Though of an infirm and weakly constitution, he possessed a vigorous mind, and discharged the duties of his station with equanimity and firmness. One of the greatest events, which, by his prudence and judicious management he effected during his pontificate, was the conversion of our own nation to christianity.

But what particularly entitles Gregory to notice in this work, is his having effected a reformation in the music of the church. This took place about two hundred and thirty years after the introduction of the Ambrosian chant. The object he attained seems to have been two-fold; he enlarged the former plan by introducing four new modes or tones into the *Canto Fermo*, and banished from the church the *Canto Figurato*, as being too light, and destitute of that gravity and simplicity suited to the solemn offices of the church. John Diaconus, the author of Gregory's Life, informs us that he established a singing school at Rome, and that it subsisted three hundred years after his death, which happened in 604. He assures us that the original *Antiphonarium*, or volume of anthems, of this pope was still existing, as well as the whip with which he used to threaten the restive scholars, and also the bed on which his infirmities obliged him to recline, when, in the latter part of his life, his zeal still led him to visit his favourite school, and hear the scholars practise. This pontiff is likewise said by ecclesiastical writers, to have been the first who separated the chanters from the regular clergy; for it was his observation, that singers were more admired for their fine voices than for their precepts or their piety.

I cannot help remarking that the *Canto Fermo*, thus established by St. Gregory, has been treated with much less respect than it deserves by many of the writers upon music. They have described it as rude, meagre, and insipid, and have not even hesitated to assert that it tended to cripple the rising efforts of music, and keep the art in its childhood. To such vague assertions, I am happy to oppose an authority that will not rashly be disputed. Rousseau observes, that "such of the melodies of the Gregorian chant as have been faithfully preserved, notwithstanding the losses they have sustained, afford real judges

* Liber vi. cap. 8.

† Music is said, by some of the Fathers, to have drawn the Gentiles into the churches out of curiosity; and that they were sometimes so well pleased and edified, as to be induced to receive instruction, and baptism too, before they quitted the sacred place. The major part of our church music is not calculated to work such miracles: an opposite effect it may produce, rather to drive christians out of the church

than draw pagans in. But let this remark be understood only in a general sense. Several very laudable attempts have been lately made to remedy so scandalous a neglect.

‡ By the term *Canto Figurato*, we are to understand the more gay and florid music, which perhaps had been adopted from the Pagan theatres or worship, and had gradually crept into the psalmody of the church.

valuable specimens of ancient music and its modes, though without measure and rhythm, and merely in the diatonic genus, which can be said to be preserved in all its purity in the *Canto Fermo* alone. These modes, in the manner they have been retained in the ancient ecclesiastical chants, have still a beauty and a variety of expression, which intelligent hearers, free from prejudice, will discover, though formed upon a system different from that in present use."

At present this kind of singing is become venerable from its antiquity, and from the use to which it is solely appropriated; for though the more rich and varied strains of a Haydn and a Mozart have been adopted in the general service of the Roman Catholic church, yet on particular occasions the Gregorian chant is exclusively used, and heard in all its ancient glory, especially during the penitential season of Lent, and in the Holy Week. It is true that its simplicity, and its total dissimilitude to secular music, precludes all levity in the composition, and all licentiousness in the execution; and that to ears long habituated to artificial and refined music, its simple tones may have little charm; yet the amateur will delight to trace in these inartificial movements, some of the melodies of the olden time, and, perhaps it may not be too much to add, of the days of Athenian glory. It is generally considered as defective in variety of modulation; it will no doubt produce this impression on such as are only partially acquainted with it. But if one, who from his youthful days has been habituated to these melodies, so revered by our catholic ancestors, might be allowed to venture an opinion, he would say, that a very great variety of effect is produced to the ear by the different species of octave of which it is capable, even though the idea of the key be not changed: the tones which to the general observer may appear to belong only to one key and scale, admit of the variety both of minor and major. But of these peculiarities, it is impossible without practice to give the reader any competent idea: of its general effect in a choir composed of some hundreds of religious, he may form a just idea, by being told that it resembles Luther's hundredth psalm as chanted by the united charity children beneath the dome of St. Paul's; an effect, which the immortal Haydn declared to be the most striking he had ever experienced.

After these observations it will be proper to give an outline of the principles and construction of the Gregorian Chant; and although a knowledge of this subject may not prove of much practical utility, yet is it an object of rational

curiosity. Indeed, there is one consideration which cannot fail to render this subject a matter of considerable interest to the lovers of our church music; for it is from this source that the solemn cathedral chant of the church of England is derived. The prayers, responses, litanies, &c., are exactly formed on the model of the Gregorian Chant of the Roman ritual. The whole cathedral service was first arranged by John Marbeck in 1550, and he modelled it upon the *Canto Fermo* of that ritual, which had not entirely fallen into disuse. "The alterations," says Burnet, "which the bishops, who were appointed to examine the rites and ceremonies of the church, made in the mass were inconsiderable; and so slight, that there was no need of reprinting either the missals, breviaries or other offices; for a few erasures of the collects in which the pope was prayed for, &c., made that the old books did still serve." It was upon the model of the Gregorian Chant that Luther also formed his ritual, in which the choral service was retained with great splendour and magnificence. Fully sensible of the importance of music in religious worship, he became its strenuous defender; indeed, he was himself well skilled in music, and composed several of the hymns that were adopted by his own sect.*

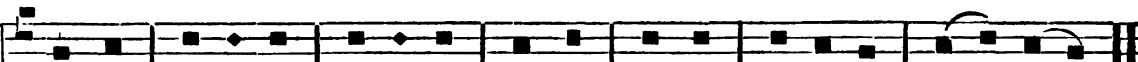
In the first place, only four lines are used in the notation of the Gregorian Chant: secondly, there are two clefs, the base and tenor, or those of F. and C, which are removable; the only major keys are C, and its two-fifths F and G; and the only minor keys, A, E, and D: thirdly, there are but two kinds of notes, the square and the lozenge; the first, for long syllables, the second for short, and in divisions descending.

I have before mentioned the eight tones of the Gregorian Chant, and as music speaks to musicians more intelligibly with its own characters, than with those of any other language, I shall give a short example of each of these tones, with the first verse of the psalm to which it is adapted. For a copy of these I am indebted to the kindness of a friend, who is a great amateur of the old Gregorian music, and as they are not to be found complete in the works of Burney, Hawkins or other authors on music, they may perhaps be considered as curiosities.

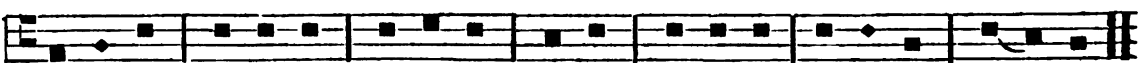
W. J. W.

* He is considered as the author of the hundredth and of the eighty first psalms, as well as of the solemn hymn that bears his name, which Braham has introduced in our oratorios, and the adherence of this great singer to the severe simplicity of his text, is at once a proof of his sound judgment and good taste.

THE EIGHT TONES.

FIRST TONE. 
Dixit Do-mi-nus Do-mi-no me-o, se-de a dex-tris me-is.

SECOND TONE. 
Can-ta-te Do-mi-no can-ti-cum no-vum, can-ta-te Do-mi-no omnis terra.

THIRD TONE. 
Do-mi-nus reg-na-vit ex-ul-tet ter-ra, læ-ten-tur in-su-læ mul-tæ.

FOURTH TONE. 
Qui con-fi-dunt in Domi-no si-cut mons Sion, non commove-bi-tur in æ-ternum.

FIFTH TONE. E - ruc - ta - vit cor meum verbum bonum, dico e - go o - pe - ra me - a re - gi.

SIXTH TONE. Lau - da - te Do - mi - num de cœ - lis, lau - da - te e - um in ex - cel - sis.

SEVENTH TONE. Le - va - vi o - cu - los me - os in monte, unde ve - ni - et aux - i - li - um mi - hi.

EIGHTH TONE. In ex - i - tu Is - ra - el de E - gyp - to, do - mus Jacob de po - pu - lo bar - ba - ro.

I shall conclude by presenting the amateur with two specimens of the Gregorian Chant harmonized: the one is from the solemn *Miserere*, which is chanted in the Roman Catholic service during the Holy week; the other is the beginning of the Easter Hymn, which is of a more lively character.

THE MISERERE.

Miserere me - i Deus, secundum magnam misericordiam tu - am.

Miserere me - i Deus, secundum magnam misericordiam tu - am.

THE EASTER HYMN.

O fi - li - i et fi - li - æ, Rex celestis, Rex glo - ri - æ, morte sur - rex - it ho - di - e

O fi - li - i et fi - li - æ, Rex celestis, Rex glo - ri - æ, morte sur - rex - it ho - di - e

Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia.

Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia.

ANALYSIS OF NEW BOOKS,

WITH REFERENCE TO MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

Anecdotes, Biographical Sketches, and Memoirs, collected by Lætitia Matilda Hawkins, Vol. I. Rivington.

[Continued from p. 24.]

"At his little parties, which were often very useful to his scholars, Dr. Cooke sometimes was honoured with the presence of persons of the highest distinction, and others who have since improved on the liberal situations to which they were born. The father of the present Duke of Leeds was one of his most frequent auditors: his grace's sincere taste for music made him think little of distances of any kind. Those who survive in the family of this elegant nobleman will not be offended, if a circumstance which showed a love of merry mischief be told of him.

"His avidity to hear good music well performed, led him not only to Dr. Cooke's house, which was in Westminster, and consequently very far from his grace's residence, but occasionally to the house of a relation by marriage of the doctor's, who had a considerable appointment in the Post-Office in Lombard-street, and very good apartments there. To meet the Duke, a few amateurs were invited, and amongst the rest, the present Chamberlain of London, who, singing at sight, was a very useful member.

"One of these invitations fell on an evening not the most convenient, as Mr. C. was that year Lord Mayor, and on that night was to take possession of the Mansion-house, which is never in order for the reception of its short-leased tenant, for some weeks after it becomes vacant. At midnight the city magistrate's carriage came to fetch him home; but the Duke so earnestly pressed his staying a little longer, that he could not refuse, especially as he made his compassion easy as to his servants, by saying, 'Send your carriage away, and I will set you down.'

"The clock struck again; and his civic lordship, who had with firmness passed the bottle, began respectfully to remonstrate, when at length his grace rose, and good-humouredly said, 'Well, come along,—I see it will not do; you are too much on your guard for me. Do you recollect we are now sitting on the identical spot where stood the house of Sir Robert Viner, when he filled your present situation, and Charles the Second dined with him? I confess I had some ambition to reduce you to the state in which Sir Robert was, when he so reluctantly parted from his royal guest, and to have sent you to take possession of the Mansion-house as merry; but I see you have out-manceuvred me—so I am at your service.'

"Dr. Cooke was equally prized by the Earl of Sandwich, who indulged his taste for music, even at the time when he was First Lord of the Admiralty. His lordship was one of those men of great business, and great men of business, who contrive to have leisure by never suffering arrears of labour to accumulate. He has been known to rise from table merely to answer a note from some mother anxious to hear of the safety of a son in the navy, and has been heard to say of himself, what he was well warranted in saying, he believed few could boast, that he did not owe a letter to any one.

"Of his ability to attend to small things, as well as his disposition to be kind to those in the most lowly situations, I remember his giving a proof in his concerting with my father the means of relieving a man who had, I believe, once been prosperous in trade, but who then was in want, and who had been a madrigal-singer. 'He is,' said his Lordship, 'a fit object for me to present as a pensioner to the Charter-house;—the charity was intended

for such men, not for our coachmen and footmen: I will make him comfortable;—and then, Sir John, we will have some madrigal-singing in his room.'

"A circumstance a little connected with the mention of the Duke of Leeds, occurs to recollection at this moment. While Marquis of Carmarthen, he was very much interested in a question then under consideration, respecting the removal of the Westminster hay-market; and Sir John Hawkins being then in a public situation which gave him influence in the county of Middlesex, his Lordship's seeing him frequently was necessary. In this business family connexion and alliance included the still nearer interests of the dowager Duchess of Newcastle, then an aged widow living in Pall-Mall. Discussion might be shortened, and trouble saved, could she herself confer with my father; and, on the marquis's request, he waited on her—not unwillingly, because he was then engaged in printing a part of his *History of Music*, and he knew her grace, in her younger days, to have been well acquainted with the politics of the musical world, and to have been much interested in the feuds and squabbles that excited as keen a party-spirit amongst duchesses and countesses, as those of a higher class did amongst dukes and earls.

"But even when every thing was arranged for the interview, and my father thought himself most fortunately called upon to do what he could have wished, there yet remained the difficulty of connecting the subject of music with the market for hay. Had it merely respected the street, there stood the Opera-house ready for the occasion, into which he might very gracefully have modulated,—or even the minor theatre might have been useful; but, as the matter stood, there was no hope, and Sir John could only prolong his visit, or rather, to speak more correctly, defer his departure, in hope of what chance might do for him.

"The venerable duchess was, however, very chatty, and in her politeness seemed to feel herself obliged to the magistrate who would come to a suitor. The marquis, who was her nephew, had tacitly disclaimed all right to be waited on, by always coming himself. At length the interview grew so far sociable, that my father expressed his regret that Twickenham, where we had resided half the year, had lost her grace as a resident in the park. 'I was sorry to leave it,' said the duchess: 'but indeed, Sir, John, I inhabited the old house till the boards of the floors played under my feet like the keys of a harpsicord.' Who could have calculated on such a chance; or looked for such good fortune? The ice was broken, or rather a bridge was made over it;—conversation now flowed, and communication gushed out; for the duchess seemed delighted with having a hearer as much interested in listening, as she was in relating what had excited every feeling, when her feelings were most alive. She now entered, not only into the biography of composers and performers of 'her time,' but she almost acted the gestures with which rival patronesses had expressed their zeal for their favourites, and their hostility to opposite patronesses.

"The conversation was long, and the information valuable:—Sir John was desired to repeat his visit, against which she promised to call up all her recollection; and from that time she enrolled him as one of her accustomed morning-visitors, and, perhaps with some sincerity of well-come, as the Haymarket business was decided in her favour, and in that of her nephew."

[To be resumed.]



GIOVACCHINO ROSSINI,

from the Bust executed at Florence.

REVIEW OF MUSIC.

**LA DONNA DEL LAGO, opera semi-seria, in due atti; del
SIG. GIOACCHINO ROSSINI.**

Sir Walter Scott's beautiful poem, *The Lady of the Lake*, has been translated into French, Italian, and German, long since; and is as popular amongst the reading people on the Continent, as it is with the same class in the country which, with just pride, claims the honour of its origin.

We cannot help wondering that a work of so dramatic a kind was not earlier, and has not been more frequently, adapted to the lyric stage, so abundant are its materials for the musician and painter to operate upon. The present adaptation, made for Rossini by Andrea Tottola, poet to the Royal Theatres of Naples, is the first that has come under our view; and, compared with most other works of the same nature, is not badly executed: though, unquestionably, it might have been much better done by a poet of more ability, or, perhaps we ought rather to say, of more leisure.

The original story is pretty faithfully followed in this compressed version. *Elena* (Ellen) is the principal woman, the *prima donna*; her female attendant is *Albina*, who has very little to do, except to assist in filling up the dialogue. *Malcom* (Malcolm) is composed for a contr' alto

voice, and represented by a female in male attire. *Giacomo V.* (James the Fifth of Scotland,) under the name of *Uberto*, is the first tenor; *Rodrigo*, (Roderick Dhu,) the second tenor; and *Douglas* the only bass. *Sereno*, a third tenor, assists in the subordinate parts of the opera, and there are chorusses of hunters, shepherds, shepherdesses, warriors, bards, &c. The scene is in Perthshire.

La Donna del Lago was composed for the Theatre of San Carlos, at Naples, where its first performance proved unsuccessful. Rossini immediately took it to Milan, where it was more favourably heard; since which it has gained in the opinion of the Italians; for, though very inferior to his five or six great works, it is vastly superior to the majority of his hastily-produced compositions, which are born, flutter for a season or two, and then die; the fate of most operas in Italy.

This opera has no overture, but commences with a good chorus of hunters, in which $\frac{2}{4}$ and $\frac{3}{4}$ times are blended with a happy effect; though the changes from one to the other are not indicated in the usual manner, in our copy: a proof, among many, of the haste in which Rossini writes his scores. The following passages, combined with a good deal of horn music, *à la chasse*, run through this *Introduzione*:—

Allegro.

The musical score consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system is marked 'Allegro.' and shows a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left. The second system continues the melody and bass line. The third system includes dynamic markings 'f' and 'p' and ends with '&c.'

At the termination of this chorus, *Elena* appears on the lake, in her skiff, singing the air given in this number under the title of "*Aurora*," but to other words. Afterwards *Uberto* enters, and sings a duet with *Elena*, formed upon the same subject. The chorus is then renewed, in which the hunters express their apprehension for the safety of *Uberto*, (their king,) from whom they have been parted in the chase. The author here shews great warmth and

animation, in a very appropriate strain, full of bold and masterly modulation. The subject of the *Cavatina* is now once again introduced, as the accompaniment to a Recitative.

The sixth scene opens with a chorus of ladies, the companions of *Elena*, "*Di nobile Donzella*," distinguished by its gaiety and ingenuity, of which we offer the subjoined examples:—

A duet, "*Rodrigo!—che mai sento!*" breaks out of the above chorus, and is the best in the opera, but too long;—the attention flags before it is over, and weariness destroys the recollection of the pleasure that the early part affords. There is also a loud, barking accompaniment of trombones in it, which is distressing and *outré*. The next piece is a very expressive accompanied recitative, followed by a beautiful *aria*, (improperly termed a *cavatina*), beginning, "*Elena! oh tu, ch' io chiamo!*" consisting of two movements, an *andantino*, and an *allegro*, both in E major, and very difficult to execute; but worthy of the labour which must be bestowed by the performer who would do them justice. The first and only bass song,

"*Taci lo voglio*," given to Douglas, is quite in the ancient turbulent style, mixed up with one of those passages by which Rossini is always to be recognised. The union is almost comic, and not unentertaining. After this comes the elegant little duet, which we printed in our last number, "*Vivere io non potrò*." Our readers will now have formed their own opinion of this; any thing that we might add would be superfluous. In its performance at the King's Theatre its situation is changed, being placed early in the second act.

The finale to the first act begins with an air familiar to most ears, and which has been adapted by many composers;—

Andantino.

Quanto a quest' al-ma a-man - - - te Fia dol-ce un tale is - tan - - - - te, &c.

Two other voices soon join, and make a charming trio, in which the annexed instrumental passage is given to a bass voice,—



tre - ma del mi - o fu - ror.

this, however, is quite natural, compared to many passages assigned by Rossini to vocal performers; passages which would have astonished the composers, and distracted the singers, that flourished in the early part of the last century!

In this finale the author has, without any disguise, made a very free use of part of Mozart's first finale to Figaro. The trio abovementioned ends in G major, and the following movement is in E \flat . If the reader compares this with the conclusion of "*Signore di fuori*," and the commencement of the next movement, "*Conoscete, Signor Figaro*," in *Le Nozze di Figaro*, he will find them similar in design, modulation, and melody. We select this one instance, as remarkably striking; we could shew a score of others, almost as palpable.

The favourite concerted piece in this opera is in the finale now under notice; it begins with the words "*Cru-de-le sospetto*," and is for five voices, strengthened by the chorus. The following extract will shew the subject of it:—

Moderato.

Rossini relies much on the effect of the key of A \flat in his *morceaux d'ensemble*; nearly all those that have become popular are in this mode

The latter part of this finale is for three choirs, in imi-

tation of Mozart's scene with three orchestras in *Don Giovanni*. When well performed it must be very grand and imposing, for it is ingeniously put together, and requires a very efficient chorus. In its performance at the King's

Theatre last month, it fell a sacrifice to weakness and misconception.

The *Cavatina* for *Uberto*, at the beginning of the second act, means nothing; it is full of awkward, senseless passages, that are only fit for the violin; and though it may procure applause for the singer who can vanquish its difficulties, it can hardly gain the approbation of those who possess real taste in music. The trio that follows this has a still larger portion of absurd, un-vocal divisions and flights; though it is superior as a musical composition. In this a short *Andante*, (in A ♭ again) is introduced, but it is a subject that has long been exhausted. Towards the end of the trio a very pleasing movement is introduced, upon a subject which belongs, in strict justice, to Paisiello. Rossini is not scrupulous. The air "Ah si pera," for Malcolm, opens well, but soon falls into a bravura, which has no motive, but to exhibit the flexibility of the singer's voice. This is succeeded by the *Romance*, given in the present number, which is sung behind the scenes, *sotto voce*, accompanied by a harp. Its effect is much heightened by the subject of it having run through nearly half of the first act. The second finale is neither very interesting, nor new, and is loaded with more of those nearly impracticable passages which harass the singer, annoy the true judge, and bewilder the multitude.

It has been truly observed, that the strength of this opera consists in its chorusses: where they are well performed, it will generally be approved, though it will never be so popular as some of the author's other works. To get it up well, two tenors of extraordinary compass are absolutely demanded; for in some parts these voices are required to reach C, the third space in the treble! David, the younger, commands this extent; but to give the notes as they are written, Curioni is under the necessity of straining his voice till it becomes harsh and out of tune. Except the *Romance*, there is no air in it that the hearers will carry away with them; a circumstance against its popularity. "Zitti, zitti," and "Di tanti palpiti," stamped *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, and *Tancredi*, with a character which they will never lose: though it ought not to be forgotten, that the former melody belongs exclusively to Haydn.

The words of this opera are more appropriately set than is usual with Rossini, and the accompaniments are generally in character with the sentiment of the poetry; though it must be confessed that they are often too loud.

Many violations of the rules of musical grammar are obvious in this opera, to the critic who diligently examines the work; but, as they are not very discernible in performance,—the only sure test of right and wrong in the science of sounds,—we have not stopped to notice them. Every allowance ought to be made for a theatrical composer, who is often obliged to write during the bustle of a last rehearsal; and as he has no time to revise his manuscript before it is put into the hands of the copyist, so he has no inclination to review it after its destiny is fixed by the public voice.

POPULAR MELODIES, *English, Scotch, Irish, and Welch*, arranged as Rondos and Variations for the Piano-Forte, by JOSEPH DE PINNA. Nos. 1 to 6. Published by the Royal Harmonic Institution.

These airs are, *Rule Britannia*; *When the Hollow Drum*, from the Mountaineers; *A Rose-Tree in full bearing*, from The Poor Soldier; *Auld Lang Syne*; *The Highland Laddie*, and *The Yellow-Hair'd Laddie*. The first, second, fifth and sixth, are arranged as Rondos; the third and fourth have variations added to them; each is preceded by a short, simple prelude, and all of them are very easy and pretty, for they are formed upon some of the most popular of our British Melodies, and are well adapted for young performers, who may derive both pleasure and instruction from these productions of our native land.

No. 1. The JESSAMINE, *A March and Rondo for the Piano-Forte*.

No. 2. The HYACINTH, *A Pastoral Air, with Variations, for the Piano-Forte*.

No. 3. The MYRTLE, *an Air and Waltz-Rondo, for the Piano-Forte*.

No. 4. The ROSE, *a March, Air, and Rondo, for the Piano-Forte*.

All with Accompaniments, ad libitum, for the Flute, by T. A. RAWLINGS. Published by the Royal Harmonic Institution.

Mr. Rawlings first made himself generally known as a composer for the Piano-Forte, by an air, "The Legacy," arranged as a Rondo for the National Melodies, published a few years ago by Messrs. Chappell and Co., which, in popularity, yielded to only one, "Ye Gentlemen of England," out of the twenty-four that the work comprised. The great success of that air induced him to print many other works, all of which shew his knowledge of the piano-forte, and his musical experience. But in the present day we are sorry to find that ease is a better recommendation of new compositions than science; and, as "Those who would please to live, must live to please," most composers now are endeavouring to simplify their writings, in order to procure a sale for them. Mr. Rawlings, in the above publications, is actuated by this policy; he has printed four detached divertimentos, or pieces of two and three movements each, which may be placed before any class of performers that like, or require, every facility to be afforded them. These *petites pièces*, however, divested as they are of every thing in the shape of difficulty, shew a great deal of taste, though we cannot say that they equally abound in fancy, and they may agreeably fill up a few of the spare minutes devoted to them by those who have the power of executing music of a superior order. At all events we can safely recommend them to young players, and in schools they will be very useful.

The aria in No. 3, should be acknowledged as Pleyel's German Hymn, a little varied. It is so obvious, that, possibly, the author of the divertimento might think it unnecessary to notice it.

THE HARMONICON.

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MEMOIR OF MOZART.

[Concluded from page 38.]

MOZART, being now settled, and happy with the object of his choice, gave up himself to his profession. In 1787, he produced *Le Nozze di Figaro*, and *Don Giovanni*; and between that time and the year of his death, which was 1791, his *Così fan Tutte*, and *La Clemenza di Tito*. His German operas, *Die Zauberflöte*, *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*, and *Der Schauspieler-Director*, appeared about the same time. These are the whole of his operatic pieces; but he has left seventeen symphonies, and instrumental compositions of all kinds. As a pianist, too, he had the reputation of being the first player in Europe. His rapidity was wonderful; and the execution of his left hand was said to be at once surprising and admirable.

Such was Mozart as a musician: as a man he was not seen to so much advantage. He was not so remarkable for personal beauty as his parents; indeed, he never attained his natural growth, for his health, during the whole of his short life, was weakly. His complexion was pale, his body thin, and there was nothing remarkable in his face, but the continual variety of expression it threw out, as indications of the pain or pleasure of the moment. He was ever in motion, either with his hands or feet. A game at billiards was his favourite relaxation: he would even play by himself. In all worldly affairs he was, to the moment of his death, a child. The moment, and the enjoyment of it, were all he thought of: he seemed incapable of a more serious reflection. But directly he sat down to his piano-forte, he was another being: his soul soared on the wings of imagination, and entered a world only to be reached by the Shakespeares and Mozarts of poetry and music.

He has been accused by his contemporaries, of a disregard of all music but his own, and of all musicians but himself: this was, however, but the accusation of men of a low-minded vanity; for he was accustomed to express, involuntarily, his approbation of whatever was worthy of so high an approval; and the simplest air shared as much of his notice as the most complex composition. His favourites among composers were Porpora, Durante, Alessandro Scarlatti, and Leo; but Handel he placed before them: he used to say of him, that he knew best of all what was capable of producing a great effect; and that, when he chose, he could strike like the thunderbolt. For Haydn he expressed the sincerest admiration, which was returned by that great composer, who, as early as 1785, expressed his opinion of Mozart to his father, in these enthusiastic terms: "I declare to you, on my honour, and before God, that I regard your son as the greatest composer I ever heard of."

The genius of Mozart, and particularly the nicety of his ear in detecting bad from good players, created an awe of his presence amounting to fear. On his first visit to Berlin,

he arrived late in the evening in that city; and scarcely had he entered an inn, than he began to inquire whether there was an opera that night at the theatre: "Yes," he was informed, "the *Entführung aus dem Serail*." "That is delightful," replied Mozart; and he set out, weary as he was, after a long journey, for the theatre, where he placed himself in a corner of the pit, so as to hear without being seen. Sometimes, however, he was so delighted with the execution of his favourite passages, and now and then so displeased with the time and manner in which the orchestra executed others, and with the frivolous embellishments of the singers, that, in rising to express either his applause or disapprobation, he at last got up to the very bar that enclosed the orchestra from the pit. The director of the theatre had made some important alterations in one of the airs; and coming to it, Mozart, on discovering the mutilation, could no longer restrain his chagrin, and began aloud to direct the band in the way in which it should be performed. The eyes of the audience were immediately turned upon the stranger in the great coat who made all this noise. He was soon recognised, and the orchestra and singers were informed who he was. The whole of the performers were much alarmed at the intelligence; but one especially, a very excellent female singer, refused to go through her part. The director was at last obliged to inform Mozart of the dismay which he had thrown his musical corps into, and to beg of him, as he had been the author of the disorder, to be the cure of it. He cheerfully accompanied him behind the scenes; and finally succeeded, by the handsome compliments he paid to the principal performers, in prevailing upon them to resume their labours.

Mozart was always above indulging in that affected, or at the best unseasonable, modesty, which will not suffer some performers to play till they have tired out the entreating parties. Indeed, the dilettanti nobles of Vienna would sometimes reproach him for playing with the same pleasure before any persons, no matter whether high or low, who delighted in hearing him. In his general temper he was the gentlest of beings, but the least interruption of music offended him violently. In a company of true lovers of the art, he would play from twilight to midnight, and even longer; but their regard for his valuable health would sometimes induce them to force him from the piano, where otherwise he would have sat modulating and playing *extempore* till the sun rose.

The time which he chiefly devoted to composition was from six till ten in the morning, the best and healthiest hours for study. After this he trifled through the rest of the day, in his usual enjoyment of thoughtless indolence. Sometimes, however, he would work more industriously; and no force, then, could draw him from his task; for though dragged from the piano, he still continued to com-

pose, as long as he could retain a pen in his hand, even when surrounded by friends, and amidst the distractions of their conversation, and the continual efforts they made to prevent him from over-tasking his mind and body. At other times, he would give up himself so entirely to inaction that he would not complete a piece till the hour of its performance. He once put off the composition of some music for a court-concert so late, that he had not time to write out the part which he was himself to perform. The Emperor Joseph, who was prying very inquisitively through the orchestra, cast his eyes at last on the sheet from which Mozart appeared to be playing, and was surprised, even to smiling, at seeing nothing but noteless lines before him. "Where is your part, Mozart?" asked the Emperor. "Here," replied the musician, striking his hand on his forehead.

The celebrated overture to *Don Giovanni* was produced under nearly similar circumstances; for, though esteemed the best of that class of productions, it was composed but the night before the first performance of that finest of operas, after having attended, during the day, the fatiguing general rehearsal. About eleven he had retired to his study, having first desired his wife to make him some punch, and to stay with him, to keep him from sleeping. She obeyed; and, sitting down, began relating the fairy tales which she had learned in her youth, with many other odd and more humorous stories, which diverted him so much, that he laughed till the tears were in his eyes. The punch, however, operated as effectually as if it had been "the drowsy Mandragora," or any other opiate of the East, and he could only go on with his task while she continued to talk, and tell him those quaint tales, dropping asleep the moment she ceased speaking. He was at last so fatigued, that his kind wife persuaded him to take an hour's sleep, promising punctually to awake him at the end of that time. He slept, however, so soundly, that she would not disturb him for two hours, in order that he might awake refreshed. At five she aroused him: the copyists were appointed to come at seven: they came, and the overture was done. They had scarcely time, however, to write out the necessary number of copies for the performers, who were obliged to play it without rehearsing it. There are connoisseurs who pretend to so nice a discrimination, that they point out the parts in this sublime piece where Mozart fell asleep, and where he suddenly awoke again.

Don Giovanni, pre-eminent as it is over all other operas, met with but indifferent success from the public of Vienna, a circumstance which does not say much for the musical taste of that city. Shortly after its first performance, it was the theme of conversation in a party at which the greater part of the cognoscenti of the capital, and amongst the musicians, Haydn, were present. Mozart, however, was not of the company. It was agreed generally, that it was an exceedingly clever production, shewing some brilliancy of imagination, and a considerable share of genius; but it was full of faults, and every one present was pleased to point out what they individually conceived to be a prominent error. Haydn alone had no fault to find with it; but his opinion was at last demanded. "I am not," said that candid and modest composer, "a proper judge of these disputes in matters of taste: all that I know is, that this much-blamed Mozart is the greatest composer in the world." This honest opinion startled these musical pretenders; and the subject was instantly changed, for their own sakes.

As highly as Haydn thought of Mozart, so highly thought Mozart of Haydn. To shew the sense he enter-

tained of the old composer's genius, he dedicated to him a set of quartetts, which have the reputation of being equal to the highest productions of that class of compositions. There were not wanting, however, those mean flatterers of Mozart, who endeavoured to make him think lightly of Haydn; and one man especially, a professor, felt a malicious satisfaction in detecting the small inaccuracies which crept into the works of that fine composer. He would frequently bring to Mozart some piece by his great rival, which he had been at the pains to put into score, the better to discover and betray some trifling inadvertencies of style. Mozart, however, always strove to turn a deaf ear to his informant; but, finding that he would not be silenced, and unable any longer to restrain his contempt for such invidious criticism, he said to him sharply, "Sir, if you and I were melted down together, we should not furnish materials for one Haydn!" We need not add, that after such a reproof, he heard no more of the faults of his brother musician. This liberality in allowing his contemporaries their fair meed of praise, was returned to him by them; for, when a painter, who was anxious to flatter Cimarosa, endeavoured to compliment him by asserting to his face that he was Mozart's superior, that eminent master replied to him, indignantly, "I, sir!—what would you think of a man who should assure you that you are superior to Raphael?"

Mozart judged his own works with an impartiality honourable to his good sense, and frequently indeed with a severity that few but himself would have indulged in. Joseph II. was fond of Mozart, and shewed this, by making him his *maître de chapelle*. Unfortunately, however, for Mozart's quiet enjoyment of his office, that prince aimed at being thought a first-rate *dilettante*. He had travelled in Italy, and acquired a partiality for the music of that country, which the Italians, who had followed him to his own court, did not fail to encourage. These were in the habit of speaking of Mozart's music with more of jealous dislike than fair appreciation; and, ruling the ear of the Emperor, he formed his opinions upon their's. After being present at the rehearsal of *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*, an opera which he had commanded Mozart to write, he said to him, "My dear Mozart, that is too fine for my ear; there are too many notes in this music." "I ask your Majesty's pardon," replied Mozart, with a dry tartness of manner, "there are just as many notes as there should be." Joseph looked rather embarrassed by this opposition to his princely opinion, but said nothing; and when the opera was performed, gave it the highest praise. The composer, however, in a short time, began to suspect that he was not himself altogether satisfied with the piece, and made many alterations and retrenchments throughout it. He confessed, whilst playing an air belonging to it which had been most applauded, that it was very well for the parlour, but too verbose for the theatre; and that, at the time he composed this opera, he took so much delight in it, that he thought nothing too long or too elaborate, and from this feeling, had been consequently led into many errors.

Such was his liberality of opinion: his liberality of purse was still more amiable and unrestrained. He had nothing of selfishness about him; and as little of that other selfishness, which is called discretion, the parent of one virtue and five or six vices. He gave what he had to give without discrimination; and he refused the gifts of others in the same way. In one of his visits to Berlin, Frederick William proffered him three thousand crowns a year, if he would remain in that city, to conduct his orchestra. Mozart made him no more than this brief

reply, "Shall I leave my good Emperor?" Yet at that time the "good Emperor" had done little or nothing for him. He defended himself against the remonstrance of his friends, who blamed him for refusing the King of Prussia's offer, by saying, that he was fond of Vienna, that the Emperor treated him kindly, and that he cared little about money.

Shortly after this, however, owing to some vexatious intrigues carrying on in the court against him, he requested his dismissal; but the Emperor, who loved the music and the musician, would not allow him to leave him. Mozart was not man of the world enough to profit by the occasion and demand a fixed salary. The Emperor, however, thought at this time for him; but, unluckily for Mozart, consulting a man who was no friend to him, he gave, as the retaining fee of this eminent master, the paltry sum of eight hundred florins, or about one hundred pounds; and this poor salary was never increased. Mozart accepted it as private composer to the Emperor, but never produced any thing for it. He was once required, in conformity with some government regulation, to deliver in the amount of his salary: he wrote in his note of reply, this just return, and juster reflection: "Too much for what I have done; too little for what I could have done."

The music-sellers, knowing his disinterestedness and disregard of money, took every advantage of him. He never received any recompense for his piano-forte compositions; he gave them away to his friends, who were all anxious to possess some work of his, for their private use, and suited to their several powers of playing. This accounts, indeed, for many of his compositions for that instrument, which appear to be unworthy of his great genius. From these persons, Artaria, a music-seller of Vienna, by unfair means, procured copies of those fugitive productions, publishing them without the author's permission, and without a thought of remunerating him.

The manager of a theatre, who was ruined and in despair, from bad success, applied to Mozart to assist him, telling him, as an inducement, that he was the only man in the world who could save him. Mozart inquired how he could serve him; he wished him to compose a new opera for his stage. Touched by the *impresario's* entreaties, he engaged to produce an opera for him. The manager requested to know upon what terms. Mozart answered, "It appears that you have nothing to give me; but I will serve you nevertheless: if it succeeds, you shall reward me with what you please for it, upon condition that the score shall not be your property." The grateful manager agreed to these easy terms; the music was immediately begun, and in a short time finished. It succeeded; the house was always filled; the opera became the talk of all Germany, and was performed in several of its theatres, to all of whom it was lent by Mozart on certain pecuniary conditions. The manager was thus saved from ruin, and Mozart rewarded, by seeing the success of the unfortunate, and by feeling it in the grateful returns he made him for his generous kindness.

But on many occasions he met only with ingratitude from those he had assisted; yet this did not diminish his compassion for the unhappy. His house and table were free to all his brother-artists, when distressed or neglected, or passing through the city in search of Fortune. He would besides introduce them to musical circles; and write for them such concertos as would display their peculiar talents to the best advantage, not keeping even a copy of them for his own use. These they often sold to considerable advantage, and thus robbed him, as a reward for his kindness.

Though careless of himself, he was considerate for all about him. A poor old tuner came to put some strings to his travelling piano-forte. "Well, my good old fellow," said Mozart, "what do I owe you?" The poor man, worshipping him as a sort of musical deity, answered, stammering and confounded with awe, "Imperial Majesty!—Mr. the *Maitre de Chapelle* of his Imperial Majesty!—I cannot—It is true that I have waited, on you several times—you shall give me a crown!" And then he bowed almost to his own shoes. "A crown!" shouted Mozart, "a worthy fellow, like you, ought not to be put out of his way for a crown!" And he gave him some ducats. The honest man, as he withdrew, continued to repeat with the most reverent bows, "Ah! Imperial Majesty!"

Kindness and charity were so inborn with Mozart, that it was as much a habit in him to feel for others, even to the most tender attentions, as it is a feeling in less excellent natures to neglect all but themselves. Mozart very easily acquired new habits, but did not so readily forget them. The health of his wife was even more delicate than his own; and, throughout a long illness which she suffered, he always intercepted his visitors with his finger on his lips, as an intimation that they should be silent. His wife recovered, but it was long before he left off approaching his friends in the usual way, and long continued to speak in a very suppressed tone of voice. During her sickness he sometimes rode out in the morning, but before he left her, it was his practice to lay a paper on her pillow, written in the form of a physician's prescription, and containing some tender message and advice.

Constance Weber was made to be the companion of Mozart, for she was his adviser, his guide, and his consolation. By her he had two children, whom he loved to doting. Yet his income was so confined, and his love of pleasure so great, that he left them no legacy but his great name, which the good people of Vienna did not forget, for soon after his death, they took the children under their care, and provided for their present and future condition.

During the latter part of Mozart's life, his health, which had from his childhood been frail and delicate, declined rapidly. He was, as all imaginative persons are apt to be, continually tortured by the dread of coming evils, and especially with the idea that he had not long to live. These fears drove him to exert himself beyond his bodily powers, and thus to hasten on the calamity which he most dreaded—his death. He would, in these intense applications to his art, forget every thing that did not relate to it, and even lose his fears. In these studious excesses, however, his strength would sometimes fail him so suddenly, that he fainted, and was obliged to be carried to his bed. It could not but be perceived that he was destroying himself by this severe application; and his wife and friends did all they could to divert him from his studies. Out of his child-like complaisance, he would walk with them, and visit wherever they chose to take him; but his mind was always absent, and melancholy, and full of dread. The one idea of his dissolution haunted him like a spectre: it may be said of him "that the coming event cast its shadow before." This insane fear of death as often drove him to an extravagant enjoyment of life, as to despair in it, and the present moment then became all that he thought or cared about. This morbid result of extreme sensibility is often the disease of superior minds; and perhaps, in those arts which require tenderness of feeling, genius cannot exist entirely without it.

His wife, to divert him from the renewed application

which always succeeded one of these fits of careless enjoyment, would still invite those persons he was most fond of, to visit him. He was pleased to see them, but he would not lay down his pen. They talked, and endeavoured to engage in discourse; but he shewed an entire absence of interest in their conversation, and, uttering a few trifling words of no meaning, went on with the great task which was to make his name immortal.

In this mental and bodily condition, he produced the *Zauberflöte*, that beautiful work of imagination, which is in music what Shakspeare's *Midsummer-night's Dream* is in poetry. He produced also, under this alternate excitation and despair, his *Clemenza di Tito*, *The Requiem*, and some other pieces not so celebrated. It was whilst writing the *Zauberflöte*, that the fainting-fits which we have mentioned first seized him. This was his favourite production; but the debilitated state in which he was at the time of its performance, did not allow him to attend the theatre after the first eight or nine nights: he would, however, place his watch before him, and seem to hear and follow the orchestra in his mind. "Now the first act is over;" "Now they are singing such an air," he would continually repeat; and then the old melancholy idea, that he must soon cease to hear them for ever, would start again to his mind, and dissolve him in tears. This dreadful state was greatly augmented by a very singular and mysterious circumstance. He was sitting alone, and lost in one of those melancholy reveries, when he heard a carriage stop before his house; and, a moment after, a stranger was announced, who wished to speak with him on business. He was immediately ushered in, and seemed a person of some consideration, from his dress and manners. "I have been commissioned," said the stranger, "by a man of rank, to visit you." "Who is that person?" asked Mozart. "He will not be known," returned the visitor. "What then is his wish with me?" inquired the composer. "He has lately lost a friend whom he tenderly loved, and whose memory is the dearest thing which that friend has left him. It is his wish yearly to commemorate this mournful loss by a solemn religious service, for which you are to compose a *Requiem*." Mozart was interested by this brief explanation, and awed by the gravity with which it was uttered, and the dark mystery in which the request was involved. He promised to undertake the work. The stranger enjoined him to call forth all his genius, as it was destined for a connoisseur. This was a fresh inducement with Mozart. He required a month to produce it in. The visitor gave him it, and promised to return at the end of that time. He demanded of the composer what price he set on his work. "A hundred ducats," answered Mozart. He counted them out, and throwing them on the table, disappeared suddenly,—

and in a moment the carriage rolled off with the mysterious stranger; leaving Mozart lost in amazement. He recovered himself, and calling instantly for pen, ink, as a music paper, sat down, and began to write. For several days and nights he applied to this piece with a power almost miraculous, and an ardour which seemed rather to increase than diminish with the weight of the task. But his constitution, debilitated as it was by too much previous excitement, could not support the efforts of his mind. Once, in the course of his labour he fell senseless, and was forced to pause. His attentive wife sought to cheer him; but he said to her, rather abruptly, "It is certain that I am writing this *Requiem* for myself; it will serve for my own funeral service." No argument could remove this fixed impression from his mind. He went on nevertheless; but felt his strength daily diminish, and the *Requiem* advance but slowly, notwithstanding his devotion to it. The month expired, and the stranger returned, true to the day. "I have found it impossible," said Mozart, "to keep my promise." "Give yourself no uneasiness," rejoined the other; "what longer time do you require?" "A second month: the piece has interested me, and I have enlarged it beyond my first intention." "It will, then, be but just if I also enlarge the premium: here are fifty ducats in addition," said the stranger, placing them before him. "Who then are you?" inquired Mozart, struck with surprise at his generosity. "That I must not inform you, nor is it to the purpose; in a month I shall return." He left him as hastily as before. Mozart called one of his servants, and bade him follow, and find out who this mysterious man was: the servant, however, failed, and returned without any intelligence concerning him.

Mozart, now felt a sudden persuasion that his visitor was no earthly being, and that he came commissioned to prepare him for his approaching fate. This delusion made him apply with still more devotion to his *Requiem*, which he said, while finishing it, would be a monument to himself, erected by his own hand. He was continually, in its progress towards completion, seized with fainting fits; but he persisted, and the work was finished before the month had expired. On the day named, the unknown returned—but Mozart was no more!

His life was as brilliant as it was brief, thirty-six years being all of the natural term of man's existence which it was allowed him to enjoy; but in this scanty space of time, at an age when most men but begin to labour for reputation, he had earned a name which will never be forgotten, so long as music continues to gratify earthly beings, and to lighten the burthen which mortality is destined to bear.

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ANECDOTES OF MUSICIANS.

ABEL, the German Composer.—This singular character, who was the professional partner of Bach, was so attached to the Viol di Gamba, on which he excelled every cotemporary performer, as to prefer its grating tones, to the sound of all other instruments. The following anecdote was told of him by Dr. Walcot. At a dinner at which the Doctor was present, given by Lord Sandwich at the Admiralty, the various merits of different musical instruments forming the subject of conversation, his Lordship proposed, that each gentleman should name which was his favourite. Abel, after hearing with restrained emotions, one name the harp, another the piano-forte, another the organ, another the clarionet, and so on, but no one mention his favourite Viol di Gamba, suddenly rose and left the room, vociferating "O dere be de brute in de world; dere be those who no love de king of all de instrument."

SIGNOR CASTRUCCI came over from Italy with Lord Burlington, in 1715. He was a famous performer on the violin, but a man of such eccentric habits, that he was generally regarded as little less than mad. This is the person immortalized by Hogarth, in his celebrated picture of the *ENRAGED MUSICIAN*. Previous to making his drawing, the painter was wicked enough to have the poor Italian's house beset by all the noisy street performers he could collect together, whose clamorous and discordant instruments brought the distracted Castrucci to his window, in all the agonies of auricular torture, and then it was that the artist made his expressive sketch. It is related of an Italian painter that he had a poor fellow crucified, in order to catch ideas for a grand subject of the crucifixion: the present attempt should certainly rank next to this in ingenious malice.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE ESTABLISHMENT AND PROGRESS OF THE ITALIAN OPERA IN ENGLAND.

UNDER the article *Academy*, in our Encyclopædia of Music, we have given a general view of the rise and fall of the Royal Musical Academy of London. A more detailed account of the establishment of the Italian Opera in England, an establishment that forms so distinguished a feature in the musical annals of our own time, and occupies so great a proportion of the public attention, may not prove uninteresting.

The opera was an entertainment, the want of which was felt by the upper classes in this country. There had been many favourite vocal performers from the reign of Elizabeth to that of Anne; but their highest praise seems to have been the gift of a fine voice, for as to grace and elegance, or what is called a manner of singing, their panegyrists are silent. In Italy, we hear of schools of singers in which different styles were cultivated. In England, there was nothing of this kind. Those who had a natural taste for music, were content with the plain harmony of church compositions, or with such musical performances as the theatres afforded, which consisted for the most part of occasional songs set by English masters, whose highest object and general tendency were to promote mirth, to alleviate the toils of labour, and superinduce a temporary oblivion of care.

The ancient Romans received the fine arts from Greece, and modern Italy has, in her turn, become the inexhaustible reservoir whence the rest of Europe has been supplied with painting, sculpture, and music. This latter is a native of the country; and, as a production that enriches a large portion of the people, it is no more disgraceful for a mercantile nation to import, than any other article that is not the natural growth of its own soil.

The English, therefore, have not only manifested a liberal spirit, but also good taste, as well as good sense, in establishing the Italian opera as a colony on our island, and renovating and supplying it, from time to time, with the best talent of the mother country. It is universally allowed that the Italian language is more sonorous, more harmonious, and of more easy utterance, than any other modern tongue; and for this reason the vocal music of Italy has been more successfully cultivated than any other in Europe. Now this music can only be heard in perfection when sung in its own language, and by its native artists, who give both the language and music their true accent and expression.

It appears that as early as 1703, Italian *intermezzi*, or mixed entertainments of singing and dancing, were introduced into London; but it was not till 1705, that the first opera upon the Italian model, though not in the Italian language, was attempted on our stage in England. This was *Arsinoë, Queen of Cyprus*, translated from the Italian opera of the same name, written by Stanzani, of Bologna, for that theatre, in 1677. It was set to music by Thomas Clayton, who, having been in Italy, had not only persuaded himself, but had the address to persuade others, that nature had fitted him for the important task of reforming our taste in music. But it appears that both the translation and the music were contemptible; yet, such was the attraction afforded by the novelty of the attempt, that that, which was neither a Drama by its poetry, nor an Opera by its music, had a run of twenty-four representations!

In 1707 a singular plan was resorted to. Urbani, a *soprano*, and a female singer called the *Baroness*, had arrived in England: these, with Margarita de l'Epine*, performed their parts in Italian, while the rest was, as before, in English. This *confusion of tongues*, upon which Mr. Addison exercised his pleasantry in the *Spectator* was tolerated with great good-nature by the public; but, for the credit of our country, it is satisfactory to know, that such absurdities were practised elsewhere. An author of credit informs us, that at Hamburgh, in the early operas after the Italian manner, "the recitative was in the German, and the airs in the Italian, language."

At the close of 1708, a new opera was brought out, called *Pyrrhus and Demetrius*, the performance of which forms an era in the annals of our operatic history, as it was the first in which the celebrated Nicolini appeared. This great singer, and still greater actor, was a Neapolitan. The eulogium passed upon him by Sir Richard Steele, in the *Tatler*, we quote the more willingly, as it may serve as a lesson to all other actors. "I was fully satisfied," says he, "with the sight of an actor, who, by the grace and propriety of his action and gesture, does honour to the human figure. Every one will imagine I mean Signor Nicolini, who sets off the character he bears in an opera by his action, as the words of it by his voice. Every limb and every finger contributes to the part he acts, insomuch that a deaf man may go along with him in the sense of it. There is scarce a beautiful posture in an old statue, which he does not plant himself in, as the different circumstances of the story give occasion for it. He performs the most ordinary action in a manner suitable to the greatness of his character, and shews the prince, even in the giving of a letter, or despatching a messenger. "Our best actors," continues he, "are somewhat at a loss to support themselves with proper gestures, as they move from any considerable distance to the front of the stage; but I have seen the person, of whom I am now speaking, enter alone at the remotest part of it, and advance with such greatness of air and mien as seemed to fill the stage, and at the same time commanded the attention of the audience with the majesty of his appearance."

The opera prices were raised on the arrival of this performer, the first truly great singer that had ever been heard in our theatre, to fifteen shillings for the boxes on the stage, half a guinea the pit and other boxes, and the principal gallery five shillings.

1710, was the first year that witnessed the performance of an opera wholly in Italian, and by Italian singers. This opera was called *Almahide* which had a run of fourteen nights; it was now fixed that the performances should take place twice a week; a custom which still remains.

An event, important in its consequences to the opera, and to the musical taste of this country in general, happened about the end of this year. It was the arrival of Handel, who came to England on a visit of curiosity, without any design of continuing here. At this period, Aaron Hill had the direction of the theatre in the Haymarket, and hearing of the arrival of a master, whose fame had long preceded him, he engaged him to compose an opera. It was

* This singer had come over with Greber, a German composer, in the previous year, and was his scholar. The opera was not very popular with the lower classes, and from them she got the name of *Greber's Peg*.

entitled *Rinaldo*, and was produced in the short period of a single fortnight. He afterwards composed two other operas, *Teseo*, and *Amadigi*, or *Amadis of Gaul*.

In the latter opera appeared the celebrated Mrs. Anastasia Robinson, afterwards Countess of Peterborough. She was the daughter of a portrait-painter, who had visited Italy, and acquired a proficiency both in the Italian language and in music. He imparted this knowledge to his daughter, and she was then placed under the tuition of Dr. Croft. After performing at different concerts, she accepted an engagement at the opera; and, till the year 1724, continued to perform principal characters with increasing favour and applause. She quitted the stage in consequence of her marriage with the gallant Earl of Peterborough, the friend of Pope and Swift. She had long received the Earl's addresses, on the presumption that his intentions were honourable; and, though strongly prepossessed in his favour, treated a declaration of a contrary nature with all the contempt it merited. At length proposals of marriage were made, but under a request that it should be kept a secret, for reasons that then existed. They never lived under the same roof, till the Earl, being seized with a violent fit of sickness, solicited her to attend him at his seat near Southampton; this she refused with firmness, but upon condition that, though still denied to take his name, she might be permitted to wear her wedding-ring. To these conditions she inflexibly adhered, and at length he consented to them.

His haughty spirit still would not allow him to make a declaration that was due to her virtues, and to the amiableness of her character. At last the bad state of his health obliged him to seek another climate, and she absolutely refused to go with him, unless he avowed his union with her. He then appointed a day for all his nearest relations to meet him. When they were assembled, he addressed them in a most eloquent oration, enumerating all the virtues of Mrs. Anastasia Robinson. He acknowledged the rectitude of her conduct during his long acquaintance with her; stated the sincerity of his attachment, and declared he was determined to do her that justice which he ought to have done long before, by presenting her to all as his wife. He spoke this harangue with so much energy and feeling, that Lady Peterborough, who had not been apprized of his intentions, fainted in the midst of the company.

After his Lordship's death, she retired to Mount Bevis, where she was visited by many of the nobility, particularly by Lady Oxford and the Duchess of Portland, by whom she was held in the highest esteem.

In the beginning of the year 1720, a plan was formed for the regular establishment of an Italian opera, and a fund of fifty thousand pounds raised by subscription for this purpose, among the first personages of the kingdom, to which his majesty George the First contributed one thousand pounds, and allowed it to assume the title of *Royal Academy of Music*. It consisted of a governor, deputy-governor, and twenty directors. The Duke of Newcastle filled the station of first governor.

To render this undertaking as complete as possible, it was determined by the directors, not only to engage a lyric poet in their service, but likewise the best vocal performers that could be found in the several parts of Europe, and the three most eminent composers then living; viz., Bononcini, Attilio Ariosto, and Handel, the latter of whom was commissioned to engage the singers. He accordingly was successful enough to add the celebrated Senesino to the list of Italian performers already in England.

The first opera performed under the direction of this establishment was *Numitor*, composed by Porta, which, after

five representations, was superseded by *Radamisto*, the music by Handel, which possesses great beauties, and had considerable success. Bononcini was also very successful in his first opera, called *Astarto*, which had a run of thirty nights.

But at the termination of the season it appeared, that the united efforts of these composers, and of the most complete band of singers that had ever yet been collected in this country, had not indemnified the directors for the expense of the undertaking; for, shortly after the theatre closed, an advertisement appeared, wherein it was stated, that "it appears to the said Court of Directors, on examining the accounts, that when the calls already made are fully satisfied, there will still remain such a deficiency as to render it absolutely necessary to make another call to clear the year's expenses. The said Court of Directors have therefore ordered another call of four per cent., (which is the sixth call) to be made on the several subscribers." From this statement it may be fairly inferred that above fifteen thousand pounds had been sunk in little more than a year from the establishment of the Academy; by which it would appear that the Italian opera has, from its very commencement, been a ruinous speculation to the managers.

In 1723, the company at the opera was reinforced by the arrival of the famed Signora Cuzzoni, who made her *débüt* in Handel's opera of *Ottone*, and in the slow air, *Falsa imagine*, fixed her reputation as a singer of great expression and pathos.

In 1726, was brought out the opera of *Alessandro*, by Handel, in the *dramatis personæ* of which we find the name of the Signora Faustina, whose arrival forms an era in the annals of musical contests. Deep, indeed, and indelible, was the umbrage given to her rival Cuzzoni, by the engagement made with her by the committee of management. As *Alessandro* was the first opera in which these rival sirens sung together, this seems the proper place wherein to say a word of these celebrated ladies.

Cuzzoni was a native of Parma, and was endowed by nature with a voice equally clear, sweet and flexible. She executed the most rapid divisions with such facility as to conceal every appearance of difficulty. "The art of conducting, sustaining, increasing, and diminishing her tones, acquired her the title of a complete mistress of her art. Though the notes she added in a cantabile air were few, yet she never lost a favourable opportunity of enriching the cantilena with all the refinements and embellishments of the tune. Her shake was perfect. She had a creative fancy, and the power of occasionally accelerating and retarding the measure in the most artificial and able manner, by what the Italians call *tempo rubato*, (stolen time.) Her high notes were unrivalled in clearness and sweetness; and her intonations were so just and firm, that it seemed not to be in her power to sing out of tune."

But it appears that the general admiration of this lady's talents received no addition from her personal charms. Horace Walpole, who remembered her in the character of Rosalinda, says, that she was short and squat, with a doughy cross face, but fine complexion; that she was but a poor actress, dressed ill, and was extremely silly and fantastical. She appeared on the stage in a brown silk gown, trimmed with silver, and scandalized all the *old ladies* by her vulgarity and want of decorum: yet the *young* adopted this very dress as a fashion, and such was the rage that it seemed to become a national uniform for youth and beauty.

She remained in England in undiminished favour till 1729, when she returned to Italy. In 1734 she again visited England, as also a third time in 1749; but at this time her voice, (like that of another celebrated singer, who came to

remind her former admirers that her voice had no longer its former charms,) was reduced to a mere thread, and all her enchantments as a singer were dissolved by that most powerful of agents,—Time. Many are the stories related of her extravagance and caprice; and painful it is to record that this idol of the public favour, not only survived her talents of pleasing, but even those of procuring a subsistence. We have it from good authority, that about the year 1770, she was obtaining a livelihood by the making of buttons; that she was afterwards imprisoned for debt, and at last ended her days in extreme indigence at Bologna.

Faustina was a Venetian by birth, and had sung abroad with such applause, that, though she did not revive the wonders of Orpheus, she is said to have actually drawn from their beds persons labouring under the tortures of the gout, to visit the theatres and hear the wonders of her voice; in Florence, in particular, medals were struck in her honour. She may be said to have invented a new mode of singing, by running divisions with a neatness and velocity which astonished all who heard her. She had the art of sustaining a note longer than any other singer, by taking her breath imperceptibly. Her shake was strong and rapid, and her intonation perfect. These perfections were enhanced by a beautiful face, a figure small, but of perfect symmetry, and a countenance and gesture on the stage, which indicated a perfect intelligence and possession of the various characters she represented. A better fate attended her than her rival. She married Hasse, the composer, and retiring to Venice, died at the age of ninety. Such were the two performers, who began to kindle those flames of discord among the frequenters and patrons of the Opera, which tended in a great measure to ruin the establishment. The enmity that subsisted between them was the more absurd, as it appears they were possessed of very different talents, so that the praise of the one was, in reality, no detraction from the merits of the other. The design of the directors in producing them both on the same stage, was to form a pleasing contrast between the powerful pathos of the one, and the rapid execution of the other. But no sooner had the town become sensible of the perfections which each possessed, than not content with enjoying their separate excellencies, they began to draw unreasonable comparisons, and were determined to try the question, to which of the two the greatest tribute of applause was due. Ladies of the first rank entered the lists; a numerous party engaged to support Cuzzoni, and another, not less formidable, enlisted themselves on the side of Faustina. The battle commenced, and one of the scenes of action is thus described in the *London Journal* of 1727: "A great disturbance happened at the Opera, occasioned by the partisans of the two rival ladies, Cuzzoni and Faustina. The contention at first was only carried on by hissing on one side, and clapping on the other; but proceeded at length to the melodious use of cat-calls and other accompaniments, which manifested the zeal of the illustrious assembly. The Princess Caroline was there, but neither her Royal Highness's presence, nor the laws of decorum, could restrain the glorious ardour of the combatants." With encouragement so awakening as this, the heads of the fair rivals were absolutely turned. Private slander and public abuse were weapons too harmless in their grasp; more palpable warfare was resorted to, and, with reluctance it is recorded,—the two signoras came into personal conflict, and were not separated till they had left sanguineous marks of their mutual enmity. The Countess of Pembroke headed the Cuzzoni party, but like another Venus she came off not unwounded in the fray. The following epigram was launched furiously at her head:

Old poets sing that brutes once danced
When Orpheus deign'd to play;
Now, to Faustina's charming voice,
Wise Pembroke's asses bray.

The chief supporters of Cuzzoni are aimed at in the following missile weapon:

Boast not how Orpheus charmed the rocks,
And set a dancing stones and stocks,
And tigers' rage appeased;
All this Cuzzoni has surpassed,
Inspiring Lawson with a taste,
While even Gage is pleased!*

The great leaders of the Faustina faction, were the Ladies Burlington and Delawar; Faustina, as we have said above, was a pretty woman, and of course the men were all on her side. But how to terminate a contest so fiercely maintained? The Directors, fearful of its consequences, hit upon the following expedient. The time for a new contract with each of these singers was at hand, and they agreed among themselves to raise Faustina's salary to one guinea a year more than her rival. The noble patrons of Cuzzoni had made her swear upon the holy gospel, never to take less than Faustina, and the directors continuing firm in their resolution not to give her quite so much, Cuzzoni found herself insured by her oath into the necessity of quitting the kingdom.

Handel, as may easily be imagined, had been grievously annoyed by the disputes of these two singers, and suspecting that the example of Senesino, the principal male singer, had encouraged this refractory spirit, he determined to strike at the root of the evil, and proposed to the directors to discard Senesino: on their refusing to consent, Handel refused to compose for him any longer, or indeed to have any further concern with him. This spirit of insubordination required firmness in the composer, and this firmness Handel seems to have possessed. Cuzzoni found out some objection to his favourite air, *Falsa imagine*, in *Otho*, and at the rehearsal, refused to sing it. Handel, referring to her general stubbornness, very unceremoniously took her round the waist, and swore to throw her out of the window, if she persisted to the contrary.

Ptolemy and *Admetus* were the last operas Handel composed for the Royal Academy of Music. In the dedication of the former to the Earl of Albemarle, he implores this nobleman's protection for operas in general, as being on the decline. Among the many causes which occasioned this, were the feuds concerning Handel and Bononcini, the rivalry of the two *prima donnas* above-mentioned, the disputes of Handel and the committee respecting Senesino, and the caprice of the town, which was at this time captivated by the celebrated *Beggar's Opera*. But it would appear that if there ever was a time when this species of amusement merited support, it was the present, when not only the best composers in Europe, but also the three most eminent singers of any period, were in England.

It appears that in June, 1728, the whole original subscription of 50,000*l.*, exclusive of the money produced by the sale of tickets, and of that which was taken at the doors, had been expended, and the governor and directors of the Royal Academy of Music wisely relinquished the idea of entering into new engagements for entertaining the public at their own expense. The consequence was, that at the close of the season, the whole of the singers dispersed, and sought engagements on the continent,

[To be continued.]

* Sir Wilfred Lawson, and Sir William Gage, at that time subscribers to the Royal Academy of Music.

HISTORY OF MUSIC IN GERMANY.

THERE can be no doubt that climate has a strong influence on the taste and capabilities of the people of different countries, for the fine arts; and of these music is, perhaps, of all others, that which submits most to the power of such influence. In making *Apollo* the God of light and of the fine arts, the Greeks intended to express, by a striking allegory, the empire of the sun over human organization. It is in warm climates that the organs of the voice exhibit, in general, the greatest degree of elasticity, sweetness and extent. It is in these climates that music is inspired by nature, and exercises the most powerful sway. It is in these climates that the birds possess the most delightful and most varied tones and song. It is only in the spring and summer that the feathered warblers are heard. They are only found in certain latitudes; no nightingale has ever yet been seen north of the Tweed.

From this principle it might be argued, that Germany is that part of Europe where music has made least progress; but experience refutes this deduction. We must therefore conclude, that in this, and many other instances, the human faculties are much more subject to moral, than to physical, causes—that man is the most pliant and the most docile of animals,—and that no natural influence possesses so much dominion over him, as instruction, custom, and the inclination for imitation, which forms part of his moral constitution.

Since the reign of *Charlemagne*, there have existed, in Germany, a number of minstrels, who form a species of itinerant confraternity, that gain a livelihood by wandering from town to town, singing popular ballads, or playing on various musical instruments.

From the same period, the music of the church has been cultivated in that country with great care; and the reformation having permitted the chanting of the psalms in the native language, introduced into the protestant church a species of music more melodious and more agreeable, than the former recitative, which, instead of becoming more perfect, degenerates most perceptibly in its execution in the catholic churches of Europe.

The spirit of musical controversy which developed itself in Italy, after the first discoveries of *Gui d'Arezzo*, made immediate progress in Germany, and gave birth to many learned works upon ancient and modern music.

But our object in this place is not to give a regular and detailed history of music. We only propose to make known, in these historical articles, the particular taste of each people with respect to music, and the part borne by them in promoting the progress of the art.

War, political interests, and religious dissensions have contributed to maintain at all times, a very intimate intercourse or correspondence between Germany and Italy. Hence their musical performances and productions passed rapidly from one to the other.

It was at Hamburg, in 1678, that the first opera was performed in Germany. Its title was *Orontes*, the music was the production of *Theil*, master of the chapel. The operas there performed from that period, up to the commencement of the last century, were uniformly in the German language. Italian airs were, it is true, introduced, but the words were in the language of the country; this arrangement gave great pleasure at a time when the superiority and the reputation of Italian music began to resound throughout Europe.

That which contributed particularly to the éclat of the opera of Hamburg, was the rare talent of the composers who laboured for that theatre, the most celebrated of whom were *Keiser*, *Matheson*, *Handel*, *Cousson* and *Telemann*. *Keiser* composed 107 operas. He died in 1739. We are not acquainted with any of his works, but we rely upon the judgment of the famous *Hasse*. He told Dr. Burney that "Keiser was one of the greatest musicians the world had ever seen*."

Matheson is more celebrated as a writer than as a composer. He died in the year 1764, at the advanced age of 82. He was extremely vain, and when at the point of death, boasted that he had published as many works on music as he had lived years; and that he should leave an equal number in manuscript to his heirs.

Handel was born at Halle in 1684. He went to Hamburg about the close of the seventeenth century, and commenced his musical career in the orchestra of the opera there, as a performer on the violin. He subsequently became the leader. In 1705 he produced his first opera, founded on an Italian poem, entitled *Elmira*. But we shall speak more at length of the life and productions of this immortal musician in our biography of him, which will shortly be given. Handel indeed belongs to England, because it was in this country that he gave to the world those compositions which have conferred upon him so glorious a reputation.

Cousson was born, in 1659, at Presburg in Hungary. In 1693 he was invited to Hamburg to take the direction of the opera. He had travelled a good deal, and it was he who introduced into Germany the Italian style of singing. He published a great number of works.

Telemann was born at Magdeburg, in the year 1681, and became one of the most voluminous composers. His facility was such, that Handel said of him that he would write a piece of music of eight parts, with as much ease as another man would indite a letter; but it was in church music that Telemann excelled, and exhibited extraordinary talent. He had, however, more of science than of fancy. His theatrical works are forgotten.

The opera was established about the same period in Hamburg, Vienna, Berlin and Dresden.

Leopold, who then occupied the imperial throne, was a great lover of the arts and sciences. He cultivated music in particular with extreme zeal, and drew to his court the men most celebrated in that art, foreigners as well as natives. He employed them to compose the finest music for his chapel, and the most charming operas for his theatre, and these he had performed by the most distinguished professors of Germany and Italy.

In the historical memoirs of that Prince, we find a trait which deserves to be recorded. Leopold loved the arts, and was also fond of shew, but his revenues were too limited to admit of his being magnificent. He caressed talent, but he did not enrich the possessor of it. One day some Italian singers, who conceived that they were not sufficiently well paid, obstinately refused to sing at a spectacle to which the Emperor and his sister had gone to hear them. One of his ministers asked, what chastisement he desired should be inflicted upon those insolent performers. "*Que voulez-vous faire, répondit-il, à ces êtres qui ne sont pas des hommes? Ils sont dispensés d'avoir de la raison!*"

* *Present state of Music in Germany*, vol. i, page 350.

There are a hundred instances of the caprice, impertinence, and laughable fatuity of professors of singing, who have, or fancy they have, talent. One of this class, who wished to enter the chapel at Vienna, when extremely crowded, pushed out of his place, without ceremony, a foreigner of distinction. The astonished stranger demanded who the person could be that acted in such a manner? "I am," said the singer, with an air of importance, the "*Signor Antonio*, his sacred and imperial Majesty's *soprano*!"

The principal musicians employed by Leopold were, Fux, Caldara, Ziani, and Conti. Fux was born at Styria in the circle of Austria, and was not only the composer of a great number of pieces for the church and the theatre, but also the author of many works on the theory of the art: the most celebrated of which is *An Elementary Treatise on the Principles of Composition*, which has been translated into Italian, and is, up to this present moment, the guide of all the masters and schools of Italy.

Caldara, Ziani, and Conti, were Italians, who acquired in their day much celebrity, by compositions that are now forgotten. Of Conti an anecdote is preserved, which we shall give to our readers. In the year 1730, this musician having been insulted at Vienna by a secular priest, took satisfaction on the spot by beating the holy father. The transaction having been public, a criminal process issued against Conti; he was convicted, and an ecclesiastical sentence passed upon him, that he should be exposed for an hour, each of three successive days, at the great door of the cathedral church of St. Etienne. The Emperor commuted the sentence to one, instead of the three humiliating exhibitions to which he had been condemned; but not having conducted himself with sufficient humility on the first occasion, he was ordered to suffer the remaining portion of his original sentence, by being exposed, on the other two days, dressed in a loose robe or shirt, and bearing in his hand a lighted torch. To this was superadded a fine of a thousand francs, (40*l.* sterling,) to be given to the priest who had been struck. All the expenses of the proceedings were ordered to be defrayed by him; that he should be imprisoned four years, and after that banished, for ever from the Austrian dominions. On this occasion, the following epigram appeared, which the play upon the words renders unsusceptible of translation:

Non ea musa bona est musica, composuisti
Quam conti, tactus nam fuit ille graves,
Et bassus nimium crassus, neque consona clavis,
Perpetuo nigras hic geris ergo notas.

The example of Leopold could not fail to produce, in other courts, a taste for music and musico-dramatic spectacles. In a short time, the barbarous custom of singing the recitatives in the German language was abandoned, and the opera, purely Italian, was adopted, almost at the same moment, at all the other theatres. The courts of Mannheim, Munich, Stuttgart, &c., followed the example of those of the first rank, and all Germany became peopled with musicians of every description. From Italy the most celebrated composers and performers were invited; hence, for eighty years, Germany was that country of the world in which was composed and performed the greatest quantity of music.

That which most contributed to extend a taste for music throughout Germany, was a custom practised there from time immemorial, which does not obtain in any other country. Not only in cities, but even in the village-schools, the children are made acquainted with music while they are taught to read and write; and it is no less remarkable than true, that in those places where the *Jesuits* established schools and colleges, this portion of public instruction was pressed with the greatest activity. Elsewhere that religious

order discouraged the cultivation of the fine arts. The learned *Lami*, who was for many years the Editor of a periodical journal, published at Florence, and which abounded with erudition, was one day exhibiting to a foreigner the curiosities of that city. On seeing the *Palazzo Pitti*, the stranger exclaimed, "Behold the cradle of the arts!"—"And behold their tomb," said *Lami*, pointing to the convent of the *Jesuits*, which stood exactly opposite the palace. One political principle prevailed wherever they effected an establishment, to do every thing in their power to render themselves agreeable to kings and princes, and to increase the influence of their order over the people. In Germany they found that music constituted a part of public instruction,—and that a taste for it pervaded the whole population; they therefore favoured the study of this art.

Another circumstance which contributed to strengthen these motives for encouragement, was the lively and decided predilection displayed by the most powerful and distinguished princes for music. It was not with these a mere vehicle for the display of magnificence; they sang themselves at their concerts; they played on various instruments, nay, even many of them composed! Of the last-mentioned class, Leopold was one; and his compositions were frequently performed in his chapel. The Empress Queen was an admirable musician, and the study of music was strongly enjoined in the education of the august children. The Elector Palatine played extremely well on the flute and violoncello, and published several pieces of music. His sister, the Electress Dowager of Saxony, composed entire operas. She had become acquainted with the compositions of Porpora, and had in her service, for a long time, the celebrated singer Guadagni. The Duke of Wirtemberg was a superior performer on the harpsichord, and all Europe had witnessed the extraordinary magnificence with which he caused the operas composed by the learned and fruitful Jomelli, to be performed in the theatres of Stuttgart and Louisburg. It was on the stages of these same theatres, that the creator of the true and real dramatic dance, the ingenious *Noverre*, produced the finest of his ballets. Without speaking of the great number of other German princes who cultivated music and assisted in its progress, I shall only cite the immortal Frederic II., who, although he himself directed all the affairs of his great kingdom, found time every day to play upon the flute for recreation, and who composed a minuet in his tent after losing the battle of Cologne. The taste of this Prince for music, was formed and developed itself, in spite of the most formidable obstacles. His father, Frederic William, regarding as a ridiculous weakness the passion which his son displayed for the arts, not only forbade him, in the most peremptory manner, to play himself, but commanded him not even to listen to the music of others: and it is pretty well known how dangerous it was even for a son to disobey that monarch. In the mean time, the Queen-mother seeing the predilection of the Prince for music, though sensible of the danger, engaged a band for him; but it was necessary that these little arrangements should be concealed, for had the King discovered that his orders had been neglected, those professors who were the accomplices of his son's disobedience, would have run a risk of being hanged. The Prince was frequently obliged to pretend that he was going to hunt, in order to enjoy his favourite amusement; and it was sometimes in a cavern, or in the depths of a forest, that his concerts were established.

Frederic II., ordered a superb theatre to be built, in which he caused the finest operas to be performed. He had, moreover, regular concerts, and pensioned celebrated composers and performers. A patronage so active on the

part of the monarch, whose wit and talents, added to his great genius, had so much influence over all minds, particularly in Germany, could not fail, in his states, to secure the advancement of music. But the first and most powerful stimulus to the arts, is liberty. Frederic was an *amateur*—but he was a king. He wished to extend over taste that authority which he exercised over the will; and he chilled and repressed, by exclusive preferences, that emulation, which his approbation and his rewards ought to have excited. He would allow only the music of certain composers to be performed, and relied more upon the names of authors, than upon the merits of their works. This prince, who could not endure the poetry of his countrymen, would listen to no other music than German. His two favourite authors were *Graun* for vocal music, and *Quantz* for airs for the flute. Quantz had taught that instrument to the king, and was ultimately rivalled in his performance of it by his royal pupil. "The admiration of Graun and Quantz," says Dr. Burney, "was a species of religion in Berlin, and people swore oftener by their names, than by those of Luther and Calvin." Certainly there were dissenters from this creed, as there are in all dogmas; but in the present case, they only ventured to express their opinions in an under voice; while the orthodox and predominant party, loudly proclaimed their own doctrine. Thus, in the same country, there existed universal toleration with respect to religion, while no person dared to hold any other opinion with regard to music than that of the sovereign. Hence, (says Dr. Burney) results this consequence; the music of Berlin is more truly German than that of any other portion of Germany; for although, during the carnival, Italian operas had been constantly performed, his Prussian Majesty would suffer no other music to be played than that of Graun, Agricola, and Hasse, and very little even of the last, although he was superior to the other two; but he had the misfortune to be too much *Italian* in his manner.

Frederic II. subjected his musicians, as he did his soldiers, to the most severe discipline. His place, during a performance, was on the floor, immediately behind the chapel-master or leader; keeping his eyes constantly on the book, and following the divisions with the utmost care. If any one of the vocal or instrumental performers attempted to change, omit, or add a single note in the part allotted to him, he was enjoined by the King, to con-

form himself to that which was set down for him by the composer. This discipline, admirably adapted for the prevention of experiments or carelessness, was not less efficacious in suppressing all efforts of genius, of good taste, of talent; and thereby obstructing the progress of the art. Hence music was, as it were, stationary in Prussia, during the whole of the reign of that prince, who left his subjects at much less liberty in that respect than in affairs of government. Of this monarch we shall add here an observation made by the celebrated organist, Sebastian Bach. "You think," said he to a Frenchman, "that the king loves music; no, he loves only the flute—and then if you believe he loves the flute, you are also mistaken; he loves his flute only."

There is no country in the world, not excepting Italy, where the people have a more general taste for music, than Germany; because there is no place in which the ears are more constantly struck with music of every description. In every city and town, troops of ambulatory performers traverse the streets, and fill all the inns and public houses, singing and performing on some instrument or other. Wherever there are universities or colleges, the students assemble for the purpose of parading the streets, (particularly at night,) singing hymns, canons, or portions of operas, in concert, and accompanying themselves with all sorts of instruments, and hesitate not to receive money from those whom they entertain*. The children are exercised in singing, even in the villages; and there are particular schools, where the offspring of soldiers are taught the vocal art. There are very few servants who cannot play on some instrument. All the princes have military music performed to them; and a great proportion of them would not consider that they had dined, if the repast had not been accompanied by drums and trumpets, at least.

We have already mentioned the principal composers of theatrical music which Germany has produced; and shall, in our next, briefly notice those who have distinguished themselves in other branches of the art.

[To be continued.]

* There is at Berlin an establishment for the education of twenty-four children, who are instructed in music, dressed in uniform, and who go hence to sing in the streets.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

A commencement is at length made at this institution, by the election of ten boys and ten girls, instead of forty of each, as at first resolved, when expectation ran high. Their names are

GIRLS.

Lawson, Mary Euphrasia,
Smith, Catherine,
Chancellor, Mary,
Collier, Susannah,
Jenkyns, Emily Waring,
Jay, Mary Ann,
Bromley, Charlotte,
Little, Hannah Mary,
Palin, Josephine,
Porter, Catherine.

BOYS.

Cooke, H. A. M.
Greatest, Henry,
Mudie, Thos. Mollison,
Blagrove, H. G.
Pye, Kellow John,
Phipps, William Henry,
Devaux, Alfred,
Seymour, Chas. Alex.
Nielson, Edwin John,
Packer, Charles Sandys.

In the examination of these youthful candidates no great deal of talent was manifested, except by the son of Mr. T. Cooke, who distinguished himself much, by per-

forming upon several instruments, and, as the reward of his ingenuity and industry, was placed by the ballot at the head of the list. Most, if not all, of these children have entered for the purpose of being instructed on the piano-forte or harp; a great proportion desiring to be taught the latter,—claiming Mons. Bochsa as their master! But for the bassoon, hautboy, horn, and other instruments, so much wanted in our orchestras, not one pupil appeared: so that a principal object intended to be accomplished by the Academy, will not, for the present certainly, be carried into effect. If we are not mistaken, there are upwards of forty professors at this institution, and twenty scholars; which is at the rate of one pupil to two masters. No great fear then need be apprehended from a rebellion here.

Our materials for the present month are so abundant, that we cannot add to this article. We shall have much more to say upon the subject very soon.

REVIEW OF MUSIC.

INTRODUZIONE ED ARIA ALL' INGLESE, for the Piano
For; composed and dedicated to his friend, THOMAS
 BROADWOOD, Esq., by J. B. CHAMBER. Op. 65.
 Published by Goulding and Co.

In this composition the author would be discernible, even if his name were not affixed to it: his expressive style, fullness of harmony, and peculiar skill in adapting his music to the character of the instrument, are distinctly marked in every page.

The Introduction, (*Lento assai*), consists of triplets of

semiquavers, chiefly in chords and octaves for the right hand, difficult to execute well, notwithstanding the slowness of the time. But while it answers all the purpose of a superior prelude, it is a very useful and masterly exercise. The air itself, in the English style, as the author announces, is a most beautiful melody, enriched, but not obscured, by a full, well distributed harmony: it is one of those airs that will not fail to seize even an untutored ear, while it will afford ample pleasure to the well-instructed musician. The following extract contains the substance of it:—

MODERATO.

The musical score is written for piano and consists of four systems of staves. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo is marked 'MODERATO.' and 'Lento assai'. The score includes various musical notations such as triplets, slurs, and dynamic markings: *mod.*, *p*, *fz.*, *cres.*, *f*, and *dim.*. The piece concludes with a repeat sign and a fermata.

In the digressions from the subject of this piece, the author has shewn great ingenuity, and copious resources. A passage in page 5, third bar, in the bass, and again in page 9, is very effective, and engages the attention immediately by its novelty. The minor in B five flats, is the part which is least to our taste, but it is not of long duration.

Mr. Cramer has not addressed this, his latest publication, to moderate players; to give due force to it, a powerful hand will be requisite, and to perform it, according to his intention, will demand a considerable share of experience, and a strong feeling for music. To such this Aria will be a valuable acquisition.

ANDANTINO.



This is the subject which Mr. Ries has selected to write variations upon, and he could not have chosen a more pleasing theme. But we must acknowledge, that much of its effect is lost to us by his having transposed it seven notes higher, and applied a moving bass of quavers to it in the first instance, instead of following the good example of Martini, who, in his overture to Henri IV., gives it within the compass of the human voice, and in all the dignity of long notes. The variations are clever, and, as all variations ought to do, adhere to the subject, so as to prevent its being lost in a cloud of extraneous matter. Nevertheless, we are bound to add, that their brilliancy, though very flattering to a rapid finger, is quite out of keeping with the simplicity and gentleness of the original melody.

No. 2. "O FOR ANE AND TWENTY, TAM!" A Scottish ballad, arranged as a Rondo for the Piano Forte, and dedicated to Miss HOLMES, by FERD. RIES. Op. 102. Royal Harmonic Institution.

This Scottish Air makes a very lively rondo, and runs through several pages in a well-connected manner, the interest increasing to the end of the piece. The

No. 1. LA CHARMANTE GABRIELLE, a favourite French air, with Variations, for the Piano-Forte. Composed and dedicated to Miss ELOUIS, by FERD. RIES. Op. 82, No. 3. (Clementi and Co., and Chappell and Co.)

Charmante Gabrielle is one of the most popular airs of France, both on account of the beauty of the melody, and of the interest excited in the bosom of every true Frenchman by the words; which were addressed by *Henri Quatre* to his favourite mistress, *Gabrielle D'Estées*, the night before he set out to join the army, assembled to act against the Duc de Mayenne. As the air may be unknown in its genuine state to many of our readers, we shall insert it from the elegant *Recueil de Romances*, by M. de Lusse, where it is given without any bass, and is here copied faithfully, with the addition of an accompaniment.

allusions to the air, and the slight glimpses of it in the introductory movement, are well conceived, and add very much to the effect of the subject when it is fully developed.

No. 1. RONDO for the Piano-forte, in which is introduced the admired duett in the Opera of MAID MARIAN. Composed and dedicated to MAD. DE CHAMPS LOUIS, by FRED. KALKBRENNER. Op. 65. (Goulding, D'Almaine, and Co.)

No. 2. MILITARY RONDO, for the Piano-forte, dedicated to Miss M. WYKEHAM MARTIN, by FRED. KALKBRENNER. (Chappell and Co.)

The duett that forms the basis of the first of these rondos, is the favourite piece in Mr. Bishop's last opera, the subject of which we gave in No. 2, of this work, page 26, to which we refer our readers. It is converted, with great ability, into an excellent piano-forte rondo, wherein the author shews that he has not studied florid counterpoint in vain; a thorough knowledge and liking for which are to be traced in most, if not all, of Mr. Kalkbrenner's publications. The introduction of the se-

cond subject of the duet into the bass is judiciously arranged, and produces a very agreeable variety; and a short passage of harmony, at page 4, will gratify all performers of classical taste. We have, however, to complain of the composer of this rondo, for an alteration he has made in an ancient, and most characteristic, modulation used by Mr. Bishop in his duet. It will be seen, by ad-

verting to the fifth and sixth bars of the extract, to which we have already referred, that the chord of E with a minor 3rd. passes, by contrary motion, of course, into that of D with a major 3rd.; a practice very common with the best musicians of the 17th. century. Mr. Kalkbrenner has modernized the passage, and robbed it of its blunt, antiquated feature, in the following manner —



against which we beg leave to enter our gravest protest, as it is subversive of the most striking effect in the duet, and a rebuke to us for having admired it.

The military rondo in E flat, is a brilliant effusion, calculated for a superior order of rapid performers, who can command at least ten notes. There are some good passages in this for opening and strengthening the hand; and the practice that is bestowed upon it will not be only rewarded by gaining these advantages, for it will surely afford pleasure to all who have the patience to overcome its difficulties, and to all who hear it executed by a neat and nimble finger; without which it will be altogether fruitless to sit down to it.

1. RONDOLETTO, on a favourite Notturmo, by PAER, for the Piano-forte. Composed and dedicated to Mademoiselle ALPHONSINE PAER, by IGNACE MOSCHELLES, of Vienna. (*Harmonic Institution*).
2. TRIUMPHAL MARCH, and TWO TRIOS, for two performers on one Piano-forte, by the same. (*Harmonic Institution*).

The author has given the modest title of Rondoletto, to a composition which contains matter enough to spin out into half a dozen of those namby-pamby publications, that, till lately, have poured forth in such profusion from the musical press. The subject of it, which is admired wherever known, is spread over nine pages without losing any of its spirit by diffusion: on the contrary, it has gained much from the fertility of M. Moschelles' invention, who has, from a short, but very delightful vocal *notturmo*, made a piano-forte piece of great attraction, and no inconsiderable importance.

The March and Trios, as a duet, are not equal in any way to the foregoing, and appear to be written entirely for sale. The three *Grand Marches* which first made the name of Mr. Moschelles known in this country, stamped him at once as a man of science and genius. They were composed for fame; these for profit, for they are within the compass of every performer, and require no great vigour of musical understanding to comprehend them.

"THE NIGHT IS RAINY," or, *The Shepherd's Cot*; a favourite glee, as sung by Mrs. Salmon, Mr. Evans, and Mr. Welsh, with unbounded applause, at the Argyll Rooms. Written, composed, and dedicated to SIR GEORGE SMART, by THOMAS WELSH. (*Harmonic Institution*).

The title-page of this glee, forms a striking contrast to that of M. Moschelles' Rondoletto, and taught us to expect a work of no common rank: a work that would at once, by a grand *coup de maître*, exalt the character of our native artists, and go far towards accomplishing the object for which the British Concerts, where it was performed, were established. We felt ourselves, therefore, rather disappointed in examining so "favourite" a glee, sung with such "unbounded" applause, to find it a very slight production, in imitation of Mr. Moore's "O Lady Fair;" but, though rather pretty, it is not likely to supersede that gentleman's truly favourite trio. The following harmony, at the very threshold of the structure, did not a little astonish us,



because we had always believed, that, when the chord of the $\frac{7}{4}$ was admitted into the circle of Harmony, the 4th entered into an irrevocable agreement to descend, invariably, and in good time, to the peaceable situation of a 3rd, and never, upon any account, to occupy the place of a higher character, a 5th.

The words are properly accented throughout this composition; a quality in it that we mention with praise, because we fear, judging from what has been, that we may often have to censure a neglect of just accentuation. Of the poetry we shall only observe, that as "your" and "thy" cannot be brought to agree in grammar, one or the other of them should be desired to withdraw from so social a thing as a glee.

THE DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

NOTHING new in the operatic line has occurred since our last. During the whole month of March, *La Donna del Lago* was the only piece performed, to the great injury of Sigr. Curioni, for whose voice, as well as poor Sigr. Reina's, it is half an octave, or more, too high. This is not a work of sufficient strength to perform without intermission; besides which, the public would have liked occasionally to hear *la Camporese*, who has nothing to do with *La Donna del Lago*.

The promised opera of Mercadante, *Eliza e Claudio*, has not yet been produced; and having witnessed the failure of his *Amleto* at Milan, our expectations from it are not very high.

M. Aumer's ballet of *Alfred*, was brought out on the 8th of March, and well brought out, considering that he had not the stage, and scenery, of the *Académie Royale*, nor the dancing of Anatole, Noblet, Fanny, Bigotini, Hullin, Paul, and Albert, nor the sixty-four charming figurantes to support it, which he boasted at its first performance last year.

The music by M. LE COMTE DE GALLENBERG, is any body's but the said Count's; for it is a *mélange* of Italian, Scotch, Irish, and English airs, jumbled together, which we heard at its first representation in Paris; but hoped for something new in London, as lofty and sonorous in its character as the title of the announced composer. But if the music by his excellency, the Count de Gallenberg, was not very charming, the *corps des claqueurs sous le lustre** was well organized, well-disciplined, and highly effective. The *Gymnase*—the *Ambigu comique*—nay, not even the now neglected *Vaudeville*†—boasts a corps of claqueurs comparable with that of the King's Theatre. Here, however, they are not

* *Claqueurs*. (Clappers or applauders,) are men introduced into the parterre of most French theatres, on the first night of any new piece, and generally occupy the centre of the pit, exactly under the lustre. The public however, uniformly object to the proceedings of these Swiss, and sometimes call out in their indignation, *Les claqueurs à la porte*. (Turn out the clappers.)

† The *Gymnase* and *Ambigu comique*, are two of the eight minor theatres that are situate on the Boulevards of Paris. The *Vaudeville*, from having been the most popular, is now the most deserted, theatre in the French capital, on account of the ultra principles of its late director, *Desaugiers*, and of its present "management." The *Ambigu*, also, is royalist. This gives rise to a number of attacks upon them in the *liberal* papers of the day, of which the following are specimens.

"The situation of *laughter* in the pit of the *Vaudeville* is at present vacant, in consequence of the decease of the late incumbent; the service, contrary to nature, which that poor devil was obliged to perform, conducted him prematurely to the tomb."

"Wanted immediately three *claqueurs* in the prime of life, and six well disciplined *criers* for the theatre of *l'Ambigu*."

confined to the parterre or pit. From the divinities who cry *bravo*, (giving to the first vowel its true *English* pronunciation,) to the chevaliers de la légion d'honneur, de la légion des danseurs, de la légion des laquais, who with true continental cadence, drawl out *ah!* and *superbe!*—*charmant!*—from the highest to the lowest of that formidable corps, there was no want of co-operation, no clashing of opinions. We have already said, the ballet succeeded—and it would have succeeded even without the aid of the subsidized mercenaries just mentioned. In ordinary cases we might here conclude; but that which took place after the performance requires a little notice. We were about to leave the pit while the curtain was descending, and had made our way half up fop's alley, (no easy matter on a crowded night,) when we were arrested by the continuance of the plaudits mingled with cries of "Aumer! Aumer!" We could not believe our ears, and remained for the evidence of another sense. Will it be credited, that in the first theatre, in the first city in the universe, before an audience superior in rank and endowments to any in the world, a handful of French and Italian *demi soldes figurantis, cuisiniers, friseurs*, and their relations, direct and collateral, were able to produce the raising of the curtain, after the premature falling of it of a Saturday night, in order that the ballet-master Aumer, should receive their homage? Can this be believed? Will it be tolerated?—Why the next thing that these people will attempt is, "the inauguration" of the head or the heels of *Vestris*. Père *Vestris*, grand père au *Vestris*, grand grand père &c.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

The operas performed here during the month of March, were, *Artaxerxes*, *Rob Roy*, *Guy Mannering*, the *Beggar's Opera*, the *Marriage of Figaro*, the *Haunted Tower*, and the *Siege of Belgrade*. In these, though there was much of excellence, we saw nothing of novelty, and shall therefore pass them over.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

The operas given at this theatre during the same period were, *Fontainebleau*, the *Marriage of Figaro*, and the *Woodman*. The latter, though only a revival, charmed as much as a novelty could do. It was well supported. Miss Paton introduced "The last glimpse of Erin," which she sang with much pathos and simplicity.

‡ The inauguration of the busts of Molière, Voltaire, and others, takes place regularly in the French theatres, on the anniversaries of their births.

CONCERTS.

CONCERT OF ANCIENT MUSIC.

It is much to be lamented that the direction of these concerts should be left entirely to noblemen, who, without considering the general disappointment it occasions to a great body of the subscribers, are satisfied with a repetition, from year to year, of the very same pieces of music, both vocal and instrumental. There is the less excuse to be made for such supineness and indifference, when we know that they are in possession of a very scarce and valuable musical library, from which a constant variety of the finest

compositions of the best masters might be selected. We mean no disrespect to the noble directors; on the contrary, we applaud them for the patronage they have so long bestowed upon this excellent institution; but the superintendence of such concerts should be intrusted to a professional man, who should have authority to recommend, at least, the pieces to be performed, thus varying the performances of each season. By him should be submitted to the director of the night, a scheme of each concert; subject, of course, to his control, but still affording constant opportunities for the introduction of novelty, and that of the best kind. It cannot be

expected, that so high and dignified a character as the Archbishop of York, should descend to the examination of old scores; or that he should take the trouble of giving any thing but his simple acquiescence in the opinion or suggestion of some brother director. It is probable that the same feeling of decorum may deter the other noble managers from employing their time in the room of the librarian, and collecting materials for supplying the novelty so desirable. But what is, and must continue to be, the consequence? The director prepares his selection from the concert-book of the last season, which costs him neither time nor trouble; or is happy to oblige his own fair countess, or some other lady of distinction, with some flimsy favourites, which, however pretty, and suited to her drawing-room, are, in every respect, beneath the dignity of an ancient concert selection; and, as these are but too often indiscriminately mingled with pieces of the gravest description, and where harmony of the sublimest kind is employed to lift our hearts to the Creator, they turn the current of our feelings at once, and we sink into impatience and disgust. We remember being present on one occasion, when, after being affected, even to tears, by that highly solemn and devotional anthem of Orlando Gibbons, "Hosanna to the Son of David," we were hurled from our pinnacle of enthusiasm into the mire, indeed; for what immediately followed? "Shepherds I have lost my love!" but the mischief did not end here, for presently came "For unto us a Child is born," which was succeeded by "Soft Cupid, wanton amorous boy!"

When our late venerable and beloved monarch was capable of attending to, and enjoying the ancient concerts, these silly innovations had not crept in; such absurdities would not then have been permitted. The selections were, in his time, always judicious; grave, without being heavy or tedious, and cheerful without triteness and insipidity. They were submitted to the king's previous inspection, and by his order the finest parts of Handel's oratorios, (specimens of his exalted genius and learning that are now left to moulder in the dust,) were constantly introduced; and nothing to interrupt this dignified succession of harmony, nothing merely to tickle the ears of my Lady O. or my Lady E. was suffered to disturb that impression upon the heart and understanding, which serious music, finely performed, must, where there is either feeling or judgment, invariably produce.

It has been urged that the subscribers generally prefer the repetition of the old compositions; that they want no variety, and are dissatisfied when novelty is introduced. But this is far, very far, from being the case with the majority, though it may be so with a few. Many of them, though not following the profession, have received a professional education, and are better grounded musicians than some who have the reputation of superior science. These subscribers have a taste to relish, and a judgment justly to appreciate, scientific music; and, though they would be sorry, perhaps, to lose the return of such chorusses as succeed one another almost without interruption, in the Messiah, Judas, and Israel in Egypt, would rejoice to get rid of the drumming and trumpeting which gives so much delight to the young ladies in the clamorous strain of "Aloud let acclamations ring," or "Break his bands of sleep asunder;" and no less pleased with the omission of the pretty trol of "Venus laughing from the skies;" and yet these three are chorusses which are never, by any accident, omitted in the course of the season, and the loftiest productions of our great musician are compelled to give way to them.

There is, exclusively of the defects which we have already noticed in these concerts, a violation, if not of rigid propriety, certainly of consistency, in bringing forward the old psalmody. A psalm tune at the proper time, and in the proper place, that is to say, in church, and during divine service, sung by the charity children to the organ only, is calculated to please, because associated with devotional feeling. But what becomes of this impression among lords and ladies, in a splendid concert-room,

amidst the tantarara of all kinds of voices and instruments, and coming, perhaps, immediately after the witch music in Macbeth, or "Dulce domum?"—It is almost ludicrous. The same objection may be applied, no doubt, to church music in general, and we think, strictly speaking, that the more elaborate anthem, as well as the simple psalm tune, should be reserved for, and solely dedicated to, the service of God. The introduction of them in theatres is subversive of all decency; but if the bishop of London does not think so, the public, to be sure, have no business to interfere.

We trust, however, that the time is approaching, which is to put an end to all this innovation upon the original establishment. The subscribers, generally, are discontented with the present management, and with the same things over and over again; for the subscriptions have fallen off considerably this season, and if this secession should continue, the directors will be obliged, in their own defence, to return to the old system. If they cannot, or will not, find leisure to re-model these fine concerts themselves, why not, with their very able conductor, Mr. Greatorex at the head, appoint a professional committee to do so? How the funds of this establishment may stand, whether in an increasing or a decreasing state, we are ignorant; but we are pretty well convinced, that should the additional subscription of one, or even two, guineas be found necessary to carry this re-organization into effect, there would not be one dissentient voice among the subscribers, out of ten. We should hail with transport the return of the *olden time*, when every concert would be enriched with variety, and we should be gratified alternately with regular scenes from the Oratorios of Handel, and judicious selections from the works of his great contemporaries in the German and Italian schools; besides music of a more modern date, which, when once heard, will never after be either forgotten or neglected.

It has been asserted, but very erroneously, that our present most gracious Sovereign has professed an utter disregard of the music of the old school, and that this circumstance has occasioned all the carelessness and inattention in the noble managers of which we have complained. The king, on the contrary, has too much taste and discrimination not to be pleased with good music of any school, and assuredly too much sense to make the expression of a contrary feeling public, if one could suppose him for a moment to harbour it. The truth is, that his majesty has ever been a warm admirer of Handel, though not perhaps so entirely devoted to him as was his royal father. There can be no doubt, however, of a partiality, for Handel's pieces are oftener performed by the excellent band at the Pavilion, than those of any other composer, and when his majesty has visited the Ancient Concert, we have observed the uniform attention he has bestowed on the performance, accompanied by the most evident manifestations of his pleasure and approbation. Why, then, it may be demanded, is not the king a more frequent visitor? The directors, we fear, would be best able, though not very willing, to answer the question. There are six, if not eight of them, and it is surely the bounden duty of these noble Lords to assemble on the occasion of the monarch's honouring their concerts with his presence, and to meet and escort him to his box. We have been informed, on very good authority, that this respect was *not* paid to him last year, and that the director of the night *only* was present. Of two other unpardonable heedlessnesses, (for we are unwilling to impute either to the directors, subscribers or performers, *intentional* disrespect,) we were ourselves witness: The first was, that the King was kept waiting for the *entré* into the orchestra of many of the principal singers, before it was judged proper to begin the concert, when they ought *all* to have been standing in their proper places, on his Majesty's first entering his box. What followed towards the close of the entertainment? the abrupt and hurrying departure of a great portion of the audience, and during the performance of a piece of music to which the King appeared to be paying particular atten-

tion. If, after this, his Majesty did not repeat his visit, who can wonder?

Yet we acquit all parties of wilful negligence; it is the consequence of that cold and careless mismanagement which is apparent in every branch of this concern, and which must, sooner or later, if a speedy reformation does not take place, destroy the establishment. Such a destruction we earnestly deprecate, and should most fervently deplore. The Concert of Ancient Music is one of the eldest of our institutions, and ought to be peculiarly honoured and cherished by Englishmen, as having been among the first and most delightful recreations of our late beloved and venerable sovereign. We shall consider this subject again at the close of the season, with reference to the performers and the performances. CLIO.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

The Second of these concerts was given on the 3rd of March, and consisted of the following pieces.

ACT I.

Sinfonia in G	Haydn.
Terzetto, "Mi lasci, O madre amata" Mad. Ronzi di Begnis, Miss Goodall, and Mr. Begnis; from <i>Il Ritto di Proserpina</i>	Winter.
Concerto, in E flat Piano-Porte, Mr. Potter	Mozart.
Aria, "Sento mancar mi l'anima," Mad. Ronzi	Ditto.
Overture to <i>Tamerlan</i>	Beethoven.

ACT II.

Sinfonia in C minor	Beethoven.
Terzetto, "Cosa sento" Made. Ronzi, Mr. Begnis, and Mr. Kellner. From <i>Le Nozze di Figaro</i>	Mozart.
Duet, Violincello and Contra-Basso, Messrs. Lindley and Dragonetti. The ninth Sonata of Corelli.	Corelli.
Quartetto, "Cielo! il mio labbro inspira," Mad. Ronzi, Miss Goodall, Messrs. Begnis and Kellner. From <i>Bianca e Fallero</i>	Rossini.
Overture to <i>Fidelio</i>	Beethoven.

Leader, Mr. MORI; Conductor, Mr. BISHOP.

The symphony in G, is one of Haydn's early compositions, and that which he performed at Oxford, upon the occasion of his receiving an honorary degree as doctor in music. The adagio in this is remarkable for its beautiful *cantabile* style, and always excites the profoundest attention. The concerto by Mozart was not well chosen; Mr. Potter nevertheless performed it with great precision and neatness. The symphony in C minor, is generally considered as Beethoven's chef d'œuvre, and by ourselves amongst others. It is certainly the most elaborate and scientific of his works, and, if sublimity were his object in writing it, he attained it, all must allow.

The overture to his opera of *Fidelio*, is a very eccentric composition, full of genius, and never fails to please the cognoscenti. The same character may be given of Winter's overture to *Tamerlan*, which, besides, is full of the dramatic effect that this great composer always infuses into his theatrical works. One of the most charming things in this performance, was the Sonata of Corelli, by Lindley and Dragonetti, in which the fine tone of the former, and the miraculous execution of the latter, on that gigantic and unwieldy instrument, the double-bass, were very fully displayed. How beautiful, too, the air, and how judicious the accompaniment, of this piece of music, now one hundred and fifty years old, which when occasionally produced, appears in all its pristine freshness.

Madame Ronzi's fine intonation, and clear articulation, were well brought out in Mozart's spirited *bravura*, "*Sento mancar mi l'anima*," the only vocal piece during the evening, the performance of which we can unreservedly praise.

The Third Concert took place on the 17th of March, and was selected and arranged as follows:

ACT I.

Sinfonia, in E flat	Mozart.
Duetto, "Come ti piace," Mad. Camporese and Signora Caradori. From <i>La Clemenza di Tito</i>	Ditto.
Sestetto, Violincello Obligato, Mr. Lindley	Bernard Romberg.
Quartetto, "Non ti fidar," Mad. Camporese, Signora Caradori, Mr. Sapio, and Signora De Begnis. From <i>Don Giovanni</i>	Mozart.
Overture to <i>Coriolan</i>	Beethoven.

ACT II.

Sinfonia, in E flat	Ries
Aria, "Palpita," Mad. Camporese. From <i>La Donna del Lago</i>	Rossini.
Concerto Violin, Signor Vaccari	Vaccari.
Terzetto, "Mandina amabile," Signora Caradori, Mr. Sapio, and Signora De Begnis. From <i>La Villanella rapita</i>	Mozart.
Overture to <i>Anacron</i>	Cherubini.

Leader, Mr. SMART; Conductor, Sir G. SMART.

Mozart's symphony in E flat, is one of his most popular works; we know of none that exceeds it in beauty. Ries's in the same key, is a masterly production, and both were extremely well performed. The overture to *Coriolan*, is a specimen of Beethoven's wildest and most original flights: his mind must have been full of uncommon imagery when he wrote it. It always brings to our view Blake's illumination of Blair's poem, the Grave; or some of Fuseli's designs from *Paradise Lost*. But it ever will please those who have acquired a taste for the highest branches of instrumental music; though there are few orchestras in which it would be prudent to attempt a work of so unusual a character, and so difficult to perform well. Mr. Lindley's execution of the principal part in the Sestetto was inimitable; but there is a monotony in the piece itself, which, in the hands of any other player, would render it very *ennuyeuse*. It is continually in a minor key, and seldom modulates thence, except to the fifth or fourth. Performers, of whatever description, should very rarely be allowed to choose music for themselves. The most brilliant feature in this concert, was a concerto on the violin by Signor Vaccari. This excellent,—we had almost written unrivalled,—violinist has an appointment at the court of Madrid, from which, for the present, prudence bids him retire, and he is engaged by the Philharmonic Society for the season. He took a chief part in these concerts about eight years ago, and then made an astonishing impression upon the musical world. He is what he was, and to those who admire the genuine tone of this fine instrument,—who think that playing always in tune is a merit,—who consider gracefulness and taste, as indispensable to a perfect performer, and who approve of that execution which is without trick, and invariably accompanied by a delightful result,—to such persons, the retreat of Vaccari to this country, will prove the source of as much pleasure as instrumental music can afford. The vocal performers at this concert were strong in name, but the quartett and terzett produced no effect, from the time being mistaken. The duett was loudly and justly applauded; and Madame Camporese sung the *aria* to the entire satisfaction of a critical audience.

BRITISH CONCERTS.

We shall always hail with pleasure, and support with our best ability, any reasonable attempt to promote the interests of English artists: justice, and an allowable national feeling, unite in dictating such a line of conduct, from which we shall hope never to depart. But much as we respect the motives of those gentlemen with whom these concerts originated, we are obliged to confess, that we entertain very serious doubts as to the possibility of forcing native talent into greater notice, by an exclusive-concert power. Prohibitory laws generally increase desire for the things interdicted, and are as injurious to music as to merchandise. Competition is a legitimate principle, and the presumption is against those who shrink from such a test.

We are aware that the King's Theatre and the Concert of ancient Music, will be resorted to as either an apology for, or as a defense of, restricted performances; or else they will be opposed to our argument, on the ground of their long-continued success. But while we grant that the former is confined to Italian dramas, we do not allow that it is limited to Italian composers. The best Italian operas have emanated from Germany, and if English musicians will produce similar works of equal merit, they will not find themselves excluded from fair competition. The Ancient Concert refuses, as its title proclaims, to admit modern compositions within

its walls: but it gives access to the music of all nations, provided it is sufficiently matured for antiquarian tastes; and the living English composer, who boasts that he writes for fame, for the honour of his art, and whose works have vitality enough to survive him a certain number of years, may be heard by his grand-children at some future concert of Ancient Music, in company with Purcell, Avison, Boyce, and Arne. While, however, we acknowledge the benefit accruing from a concert that has so nobly contributed to preserve from oblivion a species of composition which ought always to be regarded as the foundation of all that is excellent in music, and which time can never superannuate, though fashion may neglect; we yet must condemn the rigour of its laws, which, in extraordinary cases, might be relaxed advantageously for the art, and profitably for all parties interested. The continued success of such a concert, must be mainly attributed to the rank and influence of its managers. Stript of their patronage it could not stand another season, from the exclusive nature of its performances, and the stubbornness of its regulations.

But does any rule exist in the Philharmonic Society, which shuts the door of that Institution against English compositions? Quite the contrary,—for every encouragement, every facility, is there given indiscriminately, to native and foreign professors, to tempt them to make trial of their strength. Besides this, the English theatres, the numerous benefit-concerts, and the many provincial meetings, are all open to the artist, who is gifted with a talent for original composition: if he will not avail himself of these opportunities, he alone is to blame, and not the existing institutions of his country. But the native musician, of true genius, has rarely failed to profit by the means offered him; else how would the music of Attwood, Bishop, Braham, Crotch, Shield, Stevenson, and other living masters, have acquired so much popularity? The inference then that we draw from the foregoing, is, not that native talent for musical composition is discouraged in England, but that at present it does not abound; and that, therefore, a concert, established upon the exclusive principle that governs the British Concerts, is unnecessary in itself, and has a direct tendency to become injurious to the art.

As the greater part of our third number was at press before the night of the first concert, we had only time to give a list of the pieces performed. Two of them, at least, deserve to be mentioned in terms of very high praise,—a new quartett, for two violins, viola and violoncello, by Mr. James Calkin, and a canzonet, composed by Mr. Rawlings, and sung by Mrs. Salmon. But this article has already run to such a length, that we must hasten to the second performance, which took place on the 10th of March, according to the subjoined bill.

ACT I.

Glee, five voices, "Queen of the valley"	Dr. Collicott.
Ballad, "Beggar Boy," Master Smith	Davy.
Glee, (M.S.) four voices, "Come to my longing arms"	J. Elliott.
Quartett, two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello, Messrs. Mori, Griesbach, Smart, and Lindley	Griffin.
Canzona, "The Sailor," Mr. Vaughan	T. F. Walmisley.
Duet, "My dearest love," Miss Carew and Mr. Bellamy	Horsley.
Glee, (M.S.) five voices, "In this fair vale"	Attwood.
Song, "Bid me discourse," Miss Stephens	Bishop.
Septett, (M.S.) Piano-Forte, &c.	Lombert.

ACT II.

Ode, six voices, "Cecilia, more than all the muses skilled"	Webbe.
Song, Miss Goodall, "Sleep, baby mine"	Hawes.
Glee, three voices, "There is a bloom"	W. Knvyett.
Air, Harp; Miss Sharpe	By a Lady.
Song, "Sisters of Acheron," Mr. Sale	Dr. Collicott.
Glee, four voices, "The spring, the pleasant spring is blown"	Spofforth.
Song, Miss Stephens, "Oh! the moment was sad"	(Irish.)
Glee, seven voices, "Hark! Apollo strikes the lyre"	Bishop.

Leader, W. H. SMART; Conductor, Mr. BISHOP.

The ornament of this concert was Mr. Griffin's quartett, which being published in its original form, and as a piano-forte duet, is well known among the true amateurs of music. It has been per-

formed at the Philharmonic Concerts, and, consequently, at most private parties. Of this piece we will fearlessly assert, that it ought to rank with the quartetts of the greatest composers of the age. The ballad by Davy was done, we suppose, with a benevolent view towards the ingenious, but unfortunate, composer. Mr. Horsley's duet is good, and was well performed. The glee by Mr. Attwood seemed to possess great merit, but it suffered dreadfully for want of rehearsing. The septett which ended the first act, made us fear that the first act would never end. Miss Goodall sings a ballad with charming simplicity and sweetness; but her choice, or the choice made for her, of a subject, was not happy upon this occasion. Mr. W. Knvyett's glee is as beautiful as it is popular; and was loudly encored. Miss Stephens's Irish air is an exquisitely beautiful melody for social performance; though, in a public concert, we expect something of a higher description. The glee and ode, at the beginning of each act, moved very heavily, and made us look round for the pulpit and pews: indeed the concert altogether was much too long, and selected without a due regard to effect.

THE ORATORIOS.

These performances terminated for the season on the 31st of March. The speculation, it is said, has not been very successful; for though good audiences have been collected,—only one theatre being open,—yet the expence of paying for both Drury Lane and Covent Garden, in order to keep one shut up, and the high prizes given to the singers, have it is supposed, consumed all the receipts. Whether the scheme was productive or not, we are unable to pronounce,—but we will assert that such a monopoly should be discouraged; particularly in such hands.

The principal novelty at those oratorios since our last, was the performance of *PALESTINE*, by Dr. Crotch; the words are those of a prize poem, by the Rev. Reginald Heber, now Bishop of Calcutta. This oratorio, though too grave in its character, and too ancient in its style for many, is certainly a very fine composition. Some of the chorusses are sublime, and a quartett, "Lo! star-led chiefs," secures every suffrage in its favour.

The other performances during the month, were *Cyrus in Babylon*, portions of the *Requiem*,—of the *Messiah*, the whole of the *Creation*, together with a variety of Ballads, Airs, &c. *Cyrus* is a mere common-place opera; as such it might have that "brilliant success," which is said to attend all novelties in the present day. But somehow or other, these brilliantly successful novelties often die very suddenly, and are immediately forgotten. Such is the fate of *Cyrus*, as an oratorio; such its fate would be as an opera.

On the 19th, an adventurous violinist, from the sister-isle, named Balfe, made his *debut*,—he certainly possessed that noble daring for which his countrymen are remarkable, but we cannot say that his exploits in *Alt* excited our admiration, although they created surprise. He has youth, however, to plead in his excuse, and may with proper attention become a tolerable performer.

The remainder of these "entertainments for Lent" were made up, as we have before remarked, of miscellaneous ballads, duets, &c. Miss Stephens, on one occasion, introduced her favourite recitative and air, "Auld Robin Gray," with the usual effect. Miss Paton sang more than once that eternal "Saw ye my wee thing" of which she is so fond,—but although tolerated and even applauded, we recommend this young lady to seek the support of the orchestra in preference to the simple accompaniment of the piano, played by herself. Her "*Tu che accendi*" was good.

We have noticed, we believe, all that required mention in these performances. May we hope that however desirable the concentration of talent may be, a second theatre for its exhibition will be opened next season!

ON the BALLAD ENTITLED "MARY," in the FIRST NUMBER OF THE HARMONICON.

In a Letter from Mr. BRAHAM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HARMONICON.

17, Gloucester Place,
March 18th 1823.

SIR,

I learn from a letter addressed to the Editor of the *Gentleman's Magazine* for this month, that Mr. Edward Mangin, declares himself the author of the ballad, entitled "Mary," published in the *Harmonicon* for January last. In answer to which, I can only observe, that the late Mr. M. G. Lewis did me the honour, at various times, to present me with sonnets, canzonets, &c., always accompanying them with a request, that I would set them to music. Among the many poetical effusions transmitted to me by him, I found the song in question, "Mary," and exerted my humble talents to compose music to it.

I do not in the least doubt the justice of Mr. Mangin's claim, and can only account for my mistake as to the real author of the ballad, by supposing that I found it amongst poetry written by Mr. Lewis, and concluded that it also was the production of his muse. I trust, however, that in justice to Mr. Mangin, you will, in your next edition of the *Harmonicon*, ascribe the words of the song to him, as the true author.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.,

JOHN BRAHAM.

* * We hope that the above candid and gentlemanlike explanation will prove satisfactory to Mr. Mangin. We have recently printed a third edition of No. I. of this work, which it is now too late to correct. If a fourth should be called for, we shall cheerfully obey Mr. Braham's directions.—EDITOR.

MISCELLANEA.

REFINEMENT IN ADVERTISING.

The following is an advertisement, literally translated from a Paris journal of last month. The French have always been noted for the elegant turn which their native disposition, and the genius of their language, enable them to give to the most trivial subjects : but the manner in which a string of puffs direct are here woven into a finished piece, is an instance of ingenuity and refinement that our Packwoods and our Martins may attempt to imitate, but in vain.

MUSIC.

Nous ne vous pas qu'un temps à vivre,
Amis ; passons-le gaiement.

This advice is one of wisdom. "Who knows" (says Figaro) "if the world shall last three months longer?" The end of the universe will arrive in spite of us ; let us therefore imitate the Trojans, who laughed at the predictions and the advice of Cassandra. Let us intoxicate ourselves with play, and with enjoyments ; but let those delights be such as will afford gratification on the instant and bear reflection. What pleasure, of which we are susceptible, partakes of those two qualities so strongly as music ? Let our ears, therefore, be insensible to all sounds of war, of discord, of contention, and open only to the vibrations of harmony.

Drums, trumpets, cymbals, and "the wry-necked fife ;" the growling serpent, the thrilling trombone, supported by the bass voices of cannon, are about to commence upon the Bidassoa their horrible and horrifying clangor ; the concerts of Mars will soon silence those of Apollo ; but let us enjoy the latter—let us prolong the feast of life, and endeavour to enliven and adorn it with the accents of sweet, yet piquante, music. For this purpose, we cannot recommend too warmly the new "Fantasie," which has been published by Monsieur Méreaux, founded on an air in M. Amédée de Bauplant's beautiful romance of *La Balançoire*. M. Méreaux, member of the society of "The Sons of Apollo," is known by an immense number of brilliant compositions ; in his new variations he has perfectly preserved the air, which has served him for a theme, and re-produces it under new and agreeable forms ; the execution of this piece is easy : it may be had at the house of M. Simon Gaveaux, Rue Feydeau, No. 16. M. Amédée Méreaux treads in the footsteps of his father, and has just published also a Pastoral Rondeau for the piano-forte, in which natural melody is mingled with the happiest strokes of art. *Frère, Passage du Panorama*, No. 16, is the depository of this *merceus gracieux* ! At the house of M. Schleisinger, Rue de Richelieu, No. 107, may be found a beautiful rondeau for the piano, by Kalkbrenner, and a charming ballad, the words by M. Arnault, the music by Mr. Stranz ; it is entitled, "*Les jolis yeux bleus d'Eugénie*." The words are full of grace and sweetness. The author of Marius and of Germanicus makes the lyre of Anacreon, and of Horace, resound with as much success as he did that of Sophocles and Euripides. He is not less happy in his ballads, than in his fables, and knows how to pass agreeably *du grave au doux*. He sings *les jolis yeux bleus d'Eugénie* with the talent of a writer, who, in every description of composition, will cause the eyes of posterity to be fixed upon him. The music of this ballad is easy and melodious ; it is dedicated to Madame Eugénie Rigant of the *Opéra Comique*, and to render it

ravishing, requires only that it be sung by the amiable performer to whom it is dedicated.

We shall profit by this occasion, to repair an act of forgetfulness, in announcing that the third brilliant rondeau and mélange of M. Rigel, and the quatuors of M. Lambert for two violins *alto et basse*, on which we have passed a just eulogium, may be had, the first at the house of Pleyel, Boulevard, Montmartre, the others at Frey's, Place des Victoires.

Madame Mainville Fodor finished her engagement at Naples, the 8th of February. She then set out for Vienna, where she is to perform during the next six months. The Editor of the *Journal of the Two Sicilies*, exclaims upon this subject, "We must then lose this celebrated singer, and incomparable actress !" "This last epithet," says a French writer, "leads us to suppose that Madam Fodor has made an enormous progress."

The French papers mention in high terms a Mademoiselle Demari, who made her first appearance lately at the Italian Opera in Paris, in the character of *Amenaide*, in Rossini's *Tancredi*. A good intonation, great compass, strength, flexibility, taste, and all that the Italians call a *real voice*, are ascribed to this *debutante*. Madame Pasta, who was engaged at the King's Theatre a few years ago, performed the part of *Tancredi*. The latter is said to have become the finest *mezzo-soprano* in Europe. Let us not, however, forget our own charming Madame Vestris.

Mademoiselle Mori, so well known at the King's Theatre for her useful talents, is now performing in Paris. She made a début at the *Louvois* (the Italian Opera House,) on the 6th of last month, in the character of *Rosina*, in the *Barbiere di Siviglia* of Rossini, and was tolerably well received. She is engaged as *Seconda Donna*, at that theatre.

M. Garat, the most distinguished tenor singer that France ever possessed, died on the 1st of March, at Paris, in the sixty-third year of his age. He had long retired from public life, into which he entered in 1795.

Bernard Romberg, the celebrated performer on the violoncello, and brother to the late Andreas Romberg, so well known throughout Europe as a great composer, is now enriching the concerts at Paris by his talents. He is accompanied by his son, a boy of ten or eleven years, who is said to possess great musical abilities.

Caraffa, lately brought out at Marseilles, a new opera, called *Le Solitaire*. It has produced from an exclusive admirer of Rossini, the following epigram :—

Avez-vous vu le Solitaire ?
Vraiment, oui.—Tant mieux.—Mais pourquoi ?
C'est qu'on l'a trouvé, sur ma foi,
Presque glissant dans le parterre.

Monday evening the 24th, was devoted by the Philharmonic Society to the private trial of new compositions, offered for performance. Amongst them was a new sinfonia by Mr. Clementi, of which report speaks in terms of the warmest commendation.

THE HARMONICON.

No. V., MAY, 1823.

MEMOIR OF CIMAROSA.

DOMENICO CIMAROSA was born at Naples in 1754, and died at Venice the 11th of January 1801, having just completed his forty-sixth year. He received his first musical instructions from Aprile, and entered the Conservatory of Loretto, where he imbibed the principles of the school of Durante, and became a disciple of that admirable master. The general education of Cimarosa was carefully cultivated, and his amiable disposition, and sweetness of temper, gained him the affection of all who knew him. On quitting the conservatory, his talents became generally known and appreciated, and his works soon acquired a high popularity throughout Italy. His operas were chiefly of the comic class, but although composed expressly for buffa singers, his style is never grotesque or ungraceful; he displays considerable ingenuity in his accompaniments, which embellish the melody of the voice part, without too much occupying the attention of the audience.

His operas, *Il Pittore Parigino* and *L'Italiana in Londra*, were produced at Rome, and thence adopted in the principal cities of Italy; and their success was so complete, that Cimarosa received an order from Paris to compose a cantata for the birth of the Dauphin, which was performed by a band consisting of upwards of one hundred voices and instruments.

The reputation of Cimarosa spread more rapidly than that of any composer of the last century, except Piccini; and the fame of his *Italiana in Londra*, seems to have been as extensive as that of *La Buona Figliuola*.

In 1787, he was invited to Petersburg by the Empress Catherine II., in order to compose operas there. The following is a list of his compositions which have been performed in Italy, and received with enthusiastic applause on every stage in Europe:—

1779. <i>L'Italiana in Londra</i> ,	<i>Il Fanatico Burlato</i> ,
1782. <i>Il Convito</i> ,	1789. <i>Il Convitato di Pietra</i> ,
<i>I due Baroni</i> ,	1790. <i>Giannina e Bernadone</i> ,
<i>Gli inimici Generosi</i> ,	<i>La Villanella Riconosciuta</i> ,
<i>Il Pittore Parigino</i> ,	<i>Le Astuzie Femminili</i> ,
1795. <i>Artaserse di Metastasio</i> ,	1793. <i>Il Matrimonio Segreto</i> ,
<i>Il Falegname</i> ,	1794. <i>I Traci Amanti</i> ,
1786. <i>I due Supposti Conti</i> ,	<i>Il Matrimonio per Sussuro</i> ,
1787. <i>Volodimiro</i> ,	<i>La Penelope</i> ,
<i>La Ballerina Amante</i> ,	<i>L'Olimpiade</i> ,
<i>Le Trame Deluse</i> ,	<i>Il Sacrificio d'Abramo</i> ,
1788. <i>L'impresario in Angustie</i> ,	1797. <i>Gli Amanti Comici</i> ,
<i>Il Credulo</i> ,	<i>Gli Orazi</i> .
<i>Il Marito Disperato</i> ,	

The last opera buffa of Cimarosa is *L'imprudente Fortu-*

nato, performed at Venice in 1800. The *Artemisia* was left unfinished: the first act only is by Cimarosa; other composers have attempted to add the second and third, but they have not succeeded. It was condemned, and the curtain dropped in the middle of the second act.

All the operas of Cimarosa are distinguished for invention, and originality of ideas, as well as for the richness of the accompaniments and skilful stage effect. The greater part of his movements are *di prima intenzione*. We feel in listening to each passage, that the division has been made, as it were, in a moment of inspiration. The enthusiasm excited by *Il Matrimonio Segreto*, can scarcely be conceived. In short, this work fixed the wavering opinions of the Italians.

Cimarosa presided at the piano in the Neapolitan theatre, during the first seven representations, a thing unprecedented. At Vienna, the Emperor having attended the first performance of this opera, invited the singers and musicians to a banquet, and sent them back the same evening to the theatre, where they played the piece a second time!

Cimarosa, unfortunately for his success, manifested a partiality for the French during their possession of Naples, which occasioned his disgrace at the court of his patron; and he narrowly escaped the punishment which so many of his countrymen were doomed to suffer. He was, however, allowed to die in his bed in 1801, extremely regretted by the lovers of music, as an original and exquisite composer, and an amiable man.

Several traits have been recorded of the modesty which added to the merit of this great musician.

A painter, wishing to flatter him, told him that he considered him superior to Mozart. "I, Sir!" answered he, rather abruptly,—"What would you say to any man who should venture to assure you that you are superior to Raphaël?"

Amateurs were once divided between Mozart and Cimarosa, considered as dramatic composers. The Emperor Napoleon inquired of Grétry what difference there was between the two. "Sire," answered Grétry, "Cimarosa places the statue on the stage, and the pedestal in the orchestra; whereas Mozart puts the statue in the orchestra, and the pedestal on the stage."

Grétry had heard little of Mozart's music, and that little he did not understand. In his *Essais sur la Musique*, a work of merit and importance, published a dozen years after the death of the great German composer, he never mentions his name, nor alludes to any one of his works!

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE ESTABLISHMENT AND PROGRESS OF THE ITALIAN OPERA IN ENGLAND.

[Continued from page 49.]

IN our last, we gave an account of the rise and fall of the ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC; we now enter upon a new era in the annals of the Italian opera in England. The King's Theatre had been abandoned by its noble patrons, and was in possession of Mr. Heidegger, a person who made some figure at this period, under the title of the Swiss Count. With him Handel entered into a contract for five years, being resolved to carry on the musical drama at his own risk. Accordingly, in 1729, we see this great genius sustaining, like another Atlas, the whole weight of the concern, relying solely upon the resources of his own gigantic talents.

He set out immediately for Italy, where he engaged an entire new company of singers, who arrived the following autumn, and are thus announced in one of the journals of that period. "Mr. Handel, who is just returned from Italy, has contracted with the following persons to perform in the Italian operas:—*Signor Bernacchi*, who is esteemed the best singer in Italy.—*Signora Merighi*, a woman of very fine presence, an excellent actress, and a very good singer, with a counter-tenor voice.—*Signora Strada*, who hath a very fine treble voice, a person of singular merit.—*Signor Annibale Pio Fabri*, a most excellent tenor, and a fine voice. His wife, who performs a man's part exceedingly well.—*Signora Bertoldi*, who has a very fine treble voice, she is also a very excellent actress, both in men and women's parts.—A base voice from Hamburg, there being none worth engaging in Italy." The name of the last-mentioned person was *John Reimschneider*; perhaps, the appellation is suppressed as not being thought sufficiently musical for the company with which he was thus associated.

The first opera which he composed for his new company was *Lotharius*, and is another example of Handel's ready genius; for it appears by the MS. score, that it was finished, rehearsed, and brought on the stage, in the space of a single fortnight. But, unfortunately for the author, at so critical a juncture, it met with but little success; and he produced a second, entitled *Parthenope*, which met with a more favourable reception: indeed it merited every support as many judicious critics have not hesitated to rank it among the best of Handel's dramatic productions.

It is probable that Handel's first season was not very propitious, for, in the following year, we find that Heidegger had an active share in the concern, which is thus announced in one of the journals of that period. "*Signor Senesino*, the famous Italian singer, is engaged to come over during the winter, to perform under Mr. Heidegger, in the Italian opera;" and, in the autumn of the same year, the public are informed, that "grand preparations were making at the Opera-house, in the Haymarket, by new clothes, scenes, &c.; and that *Senesino* being arrived, the performances would begin as soon as the court returned to St. James's."

It thus appears, that, notwithstanding Handel's quarrel with this singer, he was induced to enter into fresh engagements with him; but the flame of their former enmity was only smothered for a time, and burst forth again, as will shortly be seen, with redoubled violence.

As the name of *Senesino* stands so conspicuously forward in the musical history of this period, we shall say a word *en passant* respecting him. He was a native of Sienna,

and had been singing with great applause in the opera at Dresden, when Handel first engaged him for the Royal Academy of Music. He was considered as a very finished *soprano*, with a voice of no great compass, but of wonderful flexibility. He was a graceful actor, and in the execution of the recitative had no equal in Europe. *Senesino*, after his quarrel with Handel, continued in the service of the nobility, singing at the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and afterwards in the Haymarket, till the year 1735, when, having acquired a fortune of 15,000*l.*, he retired to his native city, and built a noble mansion, which, with his whole fortune, he bequeathed to his relatives.

At the same time with *Senesino*, came over to this country, *Margarita Durastanti*, who enjoyed a considerable share of the public favour, till the engagement of her more successful rival *Cuzzoni*. She made a handsome retreat, and took a formal leave of the English nation, by singing the following song, which was written for her, in haste, by the celebrated Pope:—

Generous, gay, and gallant nation,
Bold in arms, and bright in arts;
Land secure from all invasion,
All but Cupid's gentle darts!
From your charms, oh, who would run?
Who leave you for another sun?
Happy soil, adieu, adieu!
Let old charmers yield to new.

In arms and arts be still more shining;
All your joys be still increasing;
All your tastes be still refining;
All your jars for ever ceasing;
But let old charmers yield to new,
Happy soil, adieu, adieu!

On this song the following burlesque was written by Dr. Arbuthnot:—

Puppies, whom I now am leaving,
Merry sometimes, always mad,
Lavish most when debts are craving,
On fool, farce, and masquerade!
Who would from such bubbles run?
Who leave such blessings for the sun?
Happy soil, and happy crew!
Let old sharpers yield to new.

All your tastes be still refining;
All your nonsense still more shining:
Blest in some Bernstadt or Boschi,
This more awkward, that more husky.
Happy soil, and simple crew!
Let old sharpers yield to new!
Bubbles all, adieu, adieu!

The season of 1731 opened with a new opera, by Handel, entitled *Alessandro*. It was from the pen of Metastasio, and *Senesino* performed the principal part. Though marked by few airs in a grand and elaborate style, yet this drama was of so pleasing a character that it sustained fifteen successive representations, and was revived again in the autumn with success.

1732 commenced with the opera of *Ezio*, the words, also, by Metastasio, and the music by Handel: but it was performed only five times, and was succeeded by *Sosarmes*, which sustained ten representations.

In the course of this season, a new and successful species of entertainment was introduced at the Opera House, in the sacred drama of *Esther*, which had formerly been composed for the celebrated Duke of Chandos, and performed in his chapel at Cannons. We shall reserve our account of these performances to a future article on Oratorios. Suffice it here to remark, that on this occasion tickets of admission to the pit were raised to the amazing price of one guinea, and half-a-guinea to the gallery, an arrangement that appears to have given considerable umbrage to the subscribers to the opera.

1733 opened with a new opera, by Handel, called *Orlando*, which was performed ten times. It was during this season that the quarrel between Handel and Senesino became serious. The following advertisement, in one of the journals of that period, shews to what an extent this rupture had proceeded:—"The subscribers to the opera, in which Signor Senesino and Signora Cuzzoni are to perform, are desired to meet at Mr. Pickford's great room in Panton-Street, on Friday next, at eleven o'clock, in order to settle proper methods for carrying on the subscription. Such persons as cannot be present, are desired to send their proxies."

Orlando was the last opera in which Handel composed songs for Senesino. Whether the quarrel which had been long fermenting between them, operated upon the composer's feelings in writing for this singer, or whether, as an intentional mark of resentment, he disregarded his own fame in order to diminish that of his enemy, is now beyond the reach of conjecture; but a judicious critic has remarked that, on a comparison of the songs composed for Senesino, in the earlier operas, with those intended for him in those of a later date, a manifest inferiority is visible both in design, invention, grace, and every agreeable quality.

The conclusion of this season was the expiration of the term for which Handel stood engaged with Heidegger; but entering into a fresh agreement with him for one season more, he made a second journey to Italy, in order to repair the losses he had sustained in his company. At Bologna he heard the celebrated Farinelli, whose wonderful talents excited the admiration of Europe, and also Carestini; and, what is very surprising, gave the latter the preference, entered into an engagement with him, and returned to England.

Meantime, the nobility and gentry, subscribers to the Opera, who had interested themselves in the disputes between Handel and his two principal singers, and taken offence at the terms and arrangements of the oratorios on opera nights, had entered into a subscription for the performance of Italian operas at Lincoln's Inn Fields; and invited the celebrated Porpora to come over as composer and conductor, and engaged Senesino, Cuzzoni, Bertalli, and afterwards the matchless Farinelli.

Handel, however, got the start of his opponents, and opened the Opera House in the Hay-market, with *Semiramis*; and on the 4th of December, brought out a new opera, called *Caius Fabricius*, in order to display the abilities of his new singer, Carestini, who made his first appearance in this character. Carestini was so

renowned a performer that some respect is due to his memory.

He was a native of Monte Filatrana, and at twelve years of age went to Milan, where he was patronised by several of the nobility. His voice was a clear and powerful *soprano*. In his person, he was tall, elegant, and majestic. He was a very animated and intelligent actor; and possessing a considerable share of enthusiasm, with a lively imagination, he rendered whatever he sung interesting, by the energy of his manner, and his judicious embellishments.

But with all his talents, the opera of *Fabricius* was represented but four times; such, indeed, was the influence of Handel's enemies, and Senesino's partisans, that it seems to have repressed nearly all curiosity as to what was passing at the Opera House.

The first opera performed by this rival company was *Ariadne*, the poetry by Rolli, written, as the preface expresses it, *per la Nobiltà Britannica*, the music by Porpora. Supported by the spirit of party more, perhaps, than by its intrinsic merit, it sustained nineteen representations.

Porpora was a composer possessed of judgment and experience. In the early part of his life he had been attached to the establishment of Augustus, King of Poland; but quitting that court, had made a temporary residence in different parts of Germany, and afterwards in the principal cities of Italy. His compositions are usually in good taste, and the melodies of his airs graceful and natural; his recitatives, particularly those of his cantatas, are still regarded in Italy as models of perfection for narrative music. In his airs, it is remarked, that he rather polished and refined the passages of other composers, than invented new, and his accompaniments are neither very picturesque nor ingenious. He was long esteemed the best singing-master in Europe, and was fortunate in the voices he had to form, particularly in that of Farinelli, his most distinguished pupil.

Besides *Ariadne*, Porpora also produced *Ferdinando*, but it sustained only four representations. *Astarto*, an opera by Bononcini, had five; *Belmira*, a pasticcio, four; and *Aeneas*, by an anonymous composer, six representations: this, with the repetitions of *Ariadne*, brought the season to a close on the 15th June, 1734.

In the January of the same year, Handel produced his *Ariadne*, one of the most brilliant of his compositions. Abandoned by his former singers, opposed by the nobility, and depending solely on the public at large for protection and patronage, he appears to have exerted his powers of invention, and to have called forth his talents in varying the accompaniments throughout this opera, with more vigour than in any other drama, since the dissolution of the ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

In the course of the year, it is remarkable that *Ariadne* had nineteen representations, being the exact number which Porpora's rival opera had sustained.

Handel's contract with Heidegger terminating at the conclusion of this season, he quitted the King's Theatre, and prepared to open the ensuing campaign in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

[To be continued.]

HISTORY OF MUSIC IN GERMANY.

[Continued from page 52.]

John Frederic Agricola, was born in Upper Saxony, in the year 1720. He studied music at Leipzig, under Sebastian Bach; and was, in the year 1751, appointed composer to the court, by Frederic. His compositions of all kinds are exceedingly numerous, and exhibit in their character a happy union of genius and facility. He was one of the best organists of Germany—that country whence the best performers on that instrument have proceeded. Agricola displayed more original talent in church music, than in theatrical compositions;—but he dared not venture to indulge his taste for the former. The King of Prussia could not endure that species of music: whenever he learned that a master had composed an *oratorio* or a *motet*, he considered it as a departure from taste, or a total want of it in the artist; and if he afterwards heard a piece by the same composer, he would exclaim, “It tastes of the church.” Agricola was the author of a short work in German, on the *Art of Singing*, which is much esteemed.

Charles Henry Graun was born in the electoral circle of Saxony, in the year 1701. He was first a singer in a church at Dresden. When he lost his soprano voice, he applied himself to composition, commencing with church-music. In 1723, he went to Brunswick to sing bass in the operas which were about to be given there. He made his debut in the opera of *Henri l'Oiseleur*: the airs allotted to him he did not approve; he therefore composed others, which he sang with the greatest applause. This success encouraged him to attempt the composition of an opera. He set to music a German poem entitled *Pandore*, which was attended with the most brilliant success, and was the beginning of his reputation. He remained attached to the court of Brunswick, till the year 1735, when Frederic, then prince-royal, took him into his service. He continued to sing in the operas, of which he composed a great number, as well as many pieces for the church and for concerts. He died in Berlin, in 1759. His character and that of his works, are thus given in a notice of his life printed at Berlin, in 1772, at the head of a collection of duetts and trios, composed by him. “As a composer he possessed perfect harmony, and all the minutiae of the art. His compositions are indeed purely harmonious, true, and easy to acquire;—his accompaniments, though full when they ought to be so, never overpower the voice. His concerted pieces are admirably composed. In all his works are found the most regular modulations, for he was annoyed by any that were extraneous. His melody is always agreeable, and he never failed in sweetness and tenderness. His *Adagios*, above all are master-pieces, and perfectly display the mildness, amenity, and affability of his character.”

All the composers we have named, formed themselves to a certain extent upon Italian masters, whose music was adopted in all the theatres of Germany; but they preserved, at the same time, the particular features of the national taste, because they had set to music German poems, before they attempted those of Italy. Hence these different masters constituted a species of mixed school, in which the Italian taste was modified by German sensibility. From it proceeded a man, who, born with rare talent and exquisite taste, formed himself, like the others, on the music of the most able masters of his country; but abandoning almost immediately his first manner, adopted

that of Naples, and is cited, even by the Italians themselves, as a model of the most pure and elegant style.

John Adolphus Hasse, was born about the commencement of the last century at Bergendorf, in Lower Saxony. He is scarcely known in Italy by any other name, than that of *Il Sassone*, (the Saxon.) It seems that Saxony is to Germany, what Naples is to Italy—the country in which was born, those who exhibited the greatest talents in music. Hasse commenced his career as an opera-singer. The cantatas of Keiser, which he had always so much admired, gave him a taste for composition; and he had scarcely attained his eighteenth year, when he composed the music for the opera of *Antigono*. The natural talent displayed by him was encouraged. Desiring to cultivate it, he went to Naples, where he studied first under *Porpora*, and subsequently under *Alexander Scarlatti*. On his return to Germany, he was appointed chapel-master to the Elector of Saxony, and composed a great number of operas, some of them German, but the principal part Italian. These operas, performed with great magnificence, on one of the finest theatres in Europe, with a most numerous and select orchestra, created for Hasse a great reputation. “It is on this theatre,” (says Algarotti, in an Italian epistle addressed to Augustus III.,) “it is here that the divine harmony of Italy resounds under the hand of Hasse; who, reigning over all hearts, excites or calms, by the sounds of his lyre, all the affections of the heart; and the new *Timotheus* excites, at his will, in the soul of *Augustus*, pity, anger, or love.”

Risuna d' Hasse sotto all' agil ditto,
Che gli affetti del cuor, del cuor signore
Irrita, e molce a un sol' toccar di lira
E pietà, com' ei vuol, sdegnò, o d'amore
Nuovo Timoteo in sen d'Agosto inspira.

(Op. del Conte Algarotti, Tome VIII.)

The principal part of the operas set to music by Hasse, were the works of Metastasio. It was rare when success did not crown the union of two talents so worthy of being united. The last of these works was the opera of *Ruggiero*, performed at Milan in 1771, on the marriage of the Archduke Ferdinand with the Princess of Modena.

Hasse married the celebrated singer Faustina. After passing with her a great number of years at Vienna, he went to finish his days at Venice.

We have now to mention an artist, infinitely superior to all those whom we have named. They possessed, in a great degree, knowledge, talent, and taste; he alone had a creative genius: he extended the limits of his art; he opened new paths, and gave to music a grandeur and an energy which not only did not belong to it from the time of the Greeks, but of which the professors themselves did not believe it susceptible. It is easy to recognise in those features, the author of *Alceste* and of *Orpheus*.

Christopher Gluck was born in the Palatinate, of humble parents, in the year 1716 or 1717. But Gluck is a composer of so high a rank, that we shall devote a biographical article exclusively to him; therefore we can only state here, that in 1736 he went into Italy to pursue his musical studies; where, four years after, he began to compose for the theatre.

We might also mention other theatrical composers, such

as Bach, who composed grand operas in England and even in Italy, in which amateurs discovered very beautiful airs ; as well as M. Naumann, *maitre de chapelle* to the Elector of Saxony, and M. Mislweseck, a native of Bohemia, both pupils of the Italian school.

What gives the Germans a distinguished place in the history of the art, is the rapid and astonishing progress which they have made in instrumental music ; and the infinite number of concertos, symphonies, quartets, trios, pieces for the harpsichord, and for other instruments, with which they have enriched all the concerts of Europe.

Different causes have originated and accelerated this extraordinary perfection of instrumental music in Germany. The principal is the great use which has always been made of the organ in the churches. This instrument in order to produce a grand effect, requires in the composer a thorough knowledge of counter-point, and great fertility and quickness of invention. From the earliest times, Germany has possessed celebrated organists, who have formed schools, and whose lessons and works have particularly contributed to extend the study of harmony and the taste for its enjoyment. The names of Matheson, Kuhnau, Handel, Bach and others, are still celebrated as organists, though the taste for the organ and the art of playing it, are now every where much diminished.

Another cause of the progress of instrumental music, is the encouragement given to this style, by the sovereigns of Germany, and the large assemblies of *virtuosi* which appeared at their concerts. Augustus II., King of Poland and Elector of Saxony, had, at the commencement of the last century, the most numerous and best composed orchestra that had ever been seen. From his example, arose that extraordinary emulation which has since produced the celebrated orchestras of Vienna, of Coblenz, of Mannheim, of Munich, of Stuttgart ; here were formed the Wanhalls, the Wagenseils, the Stamitz, the Haydns, and so many other symphonists, whose compositions are known to every amateur. Stamitz has perhaps contributed more than any other to form the present taste of German composition. He has given it that *chiaro oscuro*, that is to say, those happy contrasts of soft and powerful, which belong not only to the execution, but even to the essence of the composition. In the pieces of Wagenseil, though already old, there are specimens of expression, which will always have a fine effect, if executed with the taste with which they were composed. All these different symphonists have a character and a merit peculiar to themselves ; but it must be confessed, that they are all inferior to

the inexhaustible Haydn for invention and originality. He unites all the resources of science to the charms of taste : he is noble and gay, full of grace and strength, simple notwithstanding an infinite variety ; and combines the most exquisite warblings of song, to the grandest effects of the orchestra.

Germany has furnished Europe with a crowd of *virtuosi* of the first rank in every class. We shall content ourselves with mentioning Stamitz and Cramer, for the violin ; Quantz the master of Frederick the Great, and Benda, for flute ; Fischer, for the hautboy ; Schwartz for the bassoon ; Rodolphe, Punto, for the French horn ; Krumpholtz for the harp, &c.

We shall not speak of a crowd of excellent performers on the harpsichord and piano-forte. The talents of Hummel, Edelmann, Adam, Cramer, Dussek, Steibelt, &c., are well known every where.

Germany has also formed singers both male and female, in the Italian style, who have been admired even in Italy, and applauded in all the theatres of Europe. We need only mention the names of Graun, and Raffe, and Mesds. Mengotti, Mara, &c.

Amongst the benefits which the Germans have rendered to music, we must not forget the valuable and numerous inventions for the improvement of various musical instruments. We are indebted to them for the use of clarinets and horns in orchestras, as well as for the greatest improvements in the harpsichord, piano-forte, and harp. Many of our harpsichord manufacturers are Germans. The flute, called German, denotes its origin ; and Quantz has in our own time added a key to it.

The invention of characters for printing music has been attributed to Breitkopf, a music-seller at Leipsic, though it has been claimed also by a French printer.

Finally, we are indebted to the Germans for a great number of good works on the theory and practice of music. Without speaking of a multitude of treatises on ancient and church music, as well as on the controversies respecting counterpoint, which have divided and occupied learned men during two centuries, particularly in Italy and Germany, we shall only mention the *Gradus ad Parnassum* of Fux, which is still the elementary book in the schools of Italy ; the *History of Music* and instructive letters on different branches of the art, by Marpurg, *maitre de chapelle* of Berlin ; several treatises by Kirnberger, who has founded a school and reduced to a new system all the principles of harmony &c. &c.

[To be continued to the present period.]

ON "THE FREYSCHUTZ," OF CARL MARIA VON WEBER.

[From a Correspondent.]

THE public complain, and with some appearance of reason, that nothing truly original is offered to them by the dramatists of the present day ; every thing produced in the shape of novelty being a translation and amalgamation of two or three French vaudevilles, the incidents of which are thrown together with more or less skill. Without stopping to ascertain whether the paucity of native talent and of original productions be ascribable to the public or to the dramatists themselves, allow me to repeat that of which one of the *corps* has assured me—that the materials of most of the French pieces are taken from German productions. Every day exhibits some new step of the Germans

to perfection and celebrity in literature, as well as in the arts and sciences ; but the Harmonicon having reference to music only, I shall lay aside all other considerations, and introduce to your notice a composer who is not yet sufficiently known, yet whose compositions will, ere long, procure for him a brilliant reputation.

Leaving Rossini aside for a moment, allow me to direct my attention to the almost unknown WEBER, whom the dilettanti of this country so much and so shamefully neglect, but whose merits are sufficiently appreciated beyond the Rhine ; for his countrymen scarcely speak of any thing but this young composer, who "ravishes all ears." The

first question put to a foreign amateur on his arrival in Germany is, "Do you know the *Freyschutz* of Marie de Weber?" "No," they reply. "Fly then, and get rid of your culpable ignorance, and we promise you pleasure—admiration—delight—enthusiasm!"

"At first sight the music of *Freyschutz* strikes the amateur by the power of its true and original expression,—he proceeds and forgets that he has only a sheet of paper before him—the harmony sounds in his ears—he is witness of those scenes of which the music is only an accompaniment. The opera presents itself to the mind with a reality which the imagination of a musician only can conceive. No other music has power to produce an impression so profound."

In these words an admirer of Weber expresses himself, when speaking of his last opera, the subject of which is one of those romantic conceptions so familiar to German genius, and rests entirely upon a popular superstition. It has three titles, *Le Franc Archer, ou le Tireur Sorcier, ou les Balles Magiques*. Some Bohemian hunters assemble to fire at a mark*, the rewards of the victor are to be the situation of chief forester, and, according to immemorial custom in such cases, the hand of a beautiful village maiden. At the first attempt the favoured lover misses the mark; he is in despair at it. In the mean time, one of his comrades, who is his rival, had made a bargain with Lucifer, for certain magic balls which shall never miss their object, but the virtue of which is to expire at a certain hour on the morrow. The other high contracting party, (his Satanic majesty,) claims, as is most reasonable, an equivalent—it

* Was it from this opera, that M. Aumer borrowed the incident which he introduces in the first act of *Alfred*? for I can hardly believe, with all my conviction of his erudition, that the *Maitre du Ballet* extended his reading to *Joanhoe*. Query—did "the Great Unknown" himself borrow the incident?

is the soul of the wretched hunter, who imagines he can preserve his own by substituting in its place that of his favoured rival; he therefore accepts the terms of the fiend, and consents to the magical operation which is to procure for him the lucky and never-failing balls. He enters the lists against his friend. It is in this scene that the author has placed an aerial chase, (*Chasse aerienne*), which delights all the lovers of music on the other side of the Rhine. The party assembles to fire at a bird, but the time stipulated has expired, and instead of hitting the favoured and innocent lover, as the demon had promised, the magic ball rebounds and pierces the heart of the miserable sorcerer. Justice triumphs, and the lovers are united.

Such a plot could not succeed on our stage, but absurd as it may appear, it furnishes situations the most dramatic, contrasts the most striking, of which Weber has most successfully availed himself.

The style of Weber is strong and extended, his manner free and bold. The effects which he produces are various; his composition careful—none of his intentions are contrary to the sense,—none of his expressions vague or misplaced. The French critics say, that he unites the warmth of Spontoni, the pathos of Lesueur, the unaffected artless grace of the author of *Aline*. In Weber's composition are found the long and able periods of *Cherubini*, with all his harmony so new and so pure. The invocation scene is, above all, eminently beautiful. It has in its simplicity a character at once so appalling and eccentric, that it affrights and enchants at the same moment. This quality may be necessary to be known by any person who shall attempt its translation. It is, on the whole, a *chef d'œuvre*.

TEDESCO.

TRANSLATIONS OF THE ITALIAN PIECES IN THE HARMONICON.

"Vivere io non potrò." ROSSINI. In No. II.

The Italian Words.

Vivere io non potrò,
Mio ben, senza di te;
Fra l' ombre scenderò,
Pria che mancar di fè.

Literally translated.

I could not live,
My beloved, without thee;
I will descend to the shades,
Rather than fail in my faith.

Versified to suit the Metre.

I could not live, my love,
From thee if far away;
Ah, sooner will I die,
Than e'er my faith betray.

"Aurora!" ROSSINI. In No. III.

Aurora! ah sorgerai,
Avversa ognor per me?
D' Elena i vaghi rai
Mostrarmi oh Dio! perchè?
E poi rapirmi, o barbara!
Quel don ch' ebbi io da te?

Aurora! ah wilt thou rise
For ever adverse to me?
O Heavens! why show me
Ellen's beauteous eyes!
And then, O barbarous, to rob me
Of the gift I had from thee?

Aurora! wilt thou rise,
Thus adverse still to me?
Why show me Ellen's eyes
Of love, ye Powers! why?
And yet the prize ye showed,
So barbarously deny?

"Ah! non lasciarmi, no." ASIOLI. In No. IV.

Ah non lasciarmi, nò;
Bell' idol mio!
Di chi mi fiderò,
Se tu m' inganni?
Di vita mancherai,
Nel dirti addio;
Che vivere non potrei
Fra tanti affanni.

Ah, leave me not, ah no;
My beauteous idol!
In whom shall I trust,
If thou dost deceive me?
It would prove my death,
To say to thee adieu;
O, I could not live
Amidst so many woes.

Ah! leave me not, ah, no,
Dear idol of my love!
In whom shall I repose,
If thou inconstant prove?
The bitter thought were death,
To bid my love adieu;
No, no; I could not live,
If separate from you.

REVIEW OF MUSIC.

The Loyal and National SONGS OF ENGLAND, for one, two, and three Voices, selected from original Manuscripts and early printed Copies, in the Library of WILLIAM KITCHINER, M.D. Folio. London, printed for Hurst, Robinson, and Co., 1823.

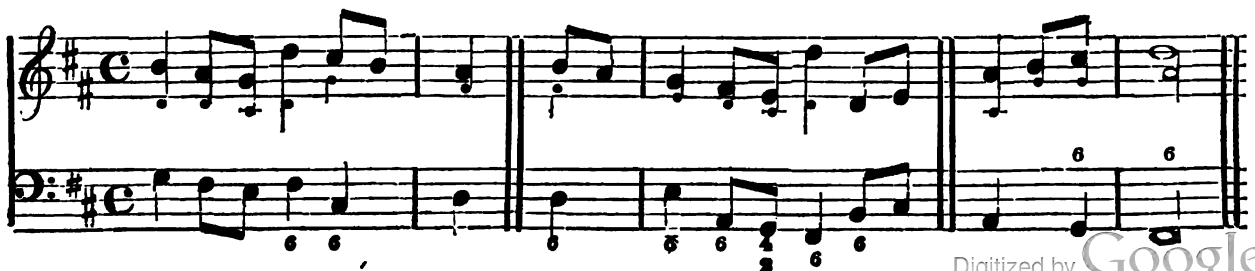
National Song is the most interesting of all musical subjects: it is so intimately connected with the history, morals, habits, and, we may almost venture to add, the politics of a country, that it has not been thought unworthy of serious notice by the greatest philosophers and ablest writers of ancient and modern times. Its influence over the people is too well known to be questioned, and is proved by facts both numerous and convincing. A certain moralist, speaking of the various modes of regulating the manners, and governing the opinion of the multitude, even went so far as to say, "It matters not who makes the laws, provided you take care who writes the songs."

Duly impressed, then, with the importance of a work of this kind, and apprized of the abundant materials for forming it, possessed by the compiler of the present volume, as also of his industry, we opened Dr. Kitchiner's book, full of hope that he had supplied an acknowledged desideratum. But with regret we confess, that its contents have disappointed us; and aware of the success which has attended the author's former publication, upon a subject rather more connected with his profession, we cannot but lament that he should have wandered so far from the road marked out for him by his education, in search of that fame or profit which we fear he will not reap from his present undertaking.

This volume consists of 186 pages of music, and twenty of letter-press. The first piece in the work is Handel's Coronation Anthem, "Zadok the Priest," and we must express our doubts whether, being composed by a foreigner, it comes properly under the term *National Music*: but not being disposed to cavil about trifles, we pass it without further observation. The next is a long, unmeaning, soporific, voluntary, composed upon four notes, by Dr. Bull, which though an organ-piece, and therefore without a single vocal attribute, is introduced here, because it is designated in the index to one of its author's organ books now in Dr. Kitchiner's possession, by the title of "God save the King." This however, is not altogether without its use, for it enables the author to put a direct negative to an assertion made, some two or three years ago, in a presumptuous and foolish publication,—that Dr. Bull was the actual composer of our national air, "God save great George our King," and this very "Organ-book," is there cited as an incontrovertible proof of the fact! though, as Dr. K. tells us, the voluntary is "no more like the anthem now sung, than a frog is like an ox." Then follows an old dance in six-four time, which is only inserted, as far as we can guess, because it is called "The King's delight." The next in succession is a copy of the real *God save the King*, as it appeared in the

Gentleman's Magazine, for October, 1745, which merely differs in about three notes from the melody now in use. But it next assumes a much more pompous appearance, being printed in a score of twenty-one parts, besides a piano-forte accompaniment; it thus occupies no less than eight folio pages, and is, after all, the exact air, with the common orchestral accompaniments, that are in daily use! "Come if you dare," by Purcell, and "Rule Britannia," are given in the same unnecessarily extended and expensive form; and for no other purpose, that we can divine, than to swell the size of the book. With the same intention, we must suppose, are "See the conquering hero comes," and "Disdainful of danger" introduced, both from Handel's Oratorio of *Judas Maccabæus*; for what connexion can be shewn between these chorusses and our English loyal or national music? As to loyalty, they are directly opposed to it, for Judas fought in defence of republicanism against the Syrian monarchy: and as Britons are not, either directly or collaterally descended from any of the leaders of Israel, it will require all Dr. Kitchiner's eloquence to shew our right to music, composed to a drama founded on the *Jewish history*, by a native of Germany. Were these pieces scarce, their rarity might plead some justification for republishing them: but they are in every body's hands, and were wholly uncalled for. We reluctantly proceed in a strain that is very painful to us, and in the discharge of our duty, must censure the insertion of many songs, &c., that only acquired a temporary popularity from passing events, and possess little, if any, merit in themselves. Why, too, fill eight other folio pages with the "Thanksgiving Anthem for the Victory at Waterloo?" If it were advisable to publish Thanksgiving Anthems among National Songs, why not have selected some of those written by Purcell, Croft, Aldrich, Greene, Boyce, Nares, &c.? All of which are excellent, and not likely to be equalled by any composer who is not in the habit of writing church music. For this work does not profess to be any thing but a compilation, and there are many anthems by the above celebrated musicians which few possess, and are just as applicable to the Battle of Waterloo, as the laudatory songs of Purcell, Eccles, &c., are to the persons and events of our period. Why thrust in Este's pastoral glee, "How merrily we live," composed in 1660?—merely, we conclude, because used in 1778 at Covent-Garden Theatre, when a few of the words were altered for a dramatic purpose? It is already in every collection of glees extant, and moreover is quite out of its place in this work.

We now proceed to examine the manner in which the other parts of this compilation are executed, and shall offer a few specimens of the accompaniments, &c. No. 6 is a song ascribed to Handel, from the *London Magazine* for 1745. The following passages and figuring, justify us in asserting, that this great composer could not possibly have sent out such a production:



No. 7, by an anonymous author, presents this extraordinary bar:



The composer might well be ashamed of his name! The accent, harmony, and figuring, can hardly be paralleled.

No. 12, is a glee for three voices, by Jer. Savage, 1672. The following extracts are, no doubt, in the original copy; but ought such music to have been revived, unless for the purpose of amendment or censure?



In song, No. 16, the harmonizer has struggled hard with the inner part, but ineffectually. If, in the 3rd whole bar, the second part had consisted of A, D, D, and C#, the difficulty would have been surmounted.

When writing in three parts, it is usual to preserve three *real* parts whenever possible; that is, to employ unisons and octaves very sparingly. This rule, so constantly observed by good harmonists, is too frequently violated in the present volume.

The following passage in No. 20, is one instance of this, amongst many; and exhibits also two very offensive consecutive octaves:—



(In this example, play the third, or lowest part, an octave lower than written.)

No. 23, page 49, in Purcell's beautiful air from *King Arthur*, "Fairest Isle," Dr. K. has, we think, acted judiciously in correcting the accent of some words, by a very slight alteration in the length of a few notes: but we cannot omit to point out a change from A flat, to A natural, which has destroyed one of the greatest and most striking beauties in it. In our edition of this masque, published we believe by Dr. Arne, the passage stands thus:—



Nothing less than shewing the original with an A natural in the second bar, will reconcile us to the rejection of the flat third.

Though we have now only got through about one third of the volume, our musical criticisms must terminate here, in order that we may have room for a few remarks on the introductory pages.

Dr. Kitchiner's style, in his present work, bears the appearance of precipitancy, and neglect of revision. It is defective in perspicuity, and his language is sometimes, to our dull understanding, very perplexing. His frequent use of the dash tends to confuse, and he often employs it erroneously in dividing the members of his sentence. The following short paragraph at page 8, will exemplify this:—

"Briefly—THE ART OF SINGING EFFECTIVELY,—is to sing every word with the same accent and emphasis, as you would speak it." Here the dashes, and not only these, but also the comma, and the conjunctive particle, "as," give a meaning to the sentence very remote from what is intended. He writes without precision; for instance,— "what country can boast more beautiful national songs than "God save the King,"—"To Arms,"—"Rule Britannia,"—"Hearts of Oak,"—and a hundred others, which are presented to the public in this work?"—Exactly fifty-seven pieces, including all kinds, are contained in this work! The Dr. tells us that "The musicians of England have been equal to her poets, and not inferior to those of any country." We are glad that he can "lay this flattering unction to his soul." With all our *amor patriæ* we cannot join in opinion with him, while the names of Handel, Haydn, Mozart, and "a hundred others," stare us in the face. Again he says, "no nation in the world has half so many loyal, nor half so many national, songs,"—and claims "the honour of being the first person who has made this assertion." He is most strictly entitled to this honour; and as he is the first, so we hope he will be the last to make the assertion. It is surprising that a man of Dr. K.'s knowledge and experience, will hazard such a declaration, without due reflection. Is he not acquainted with the history of French national song? We will undertake to affirm,

on the authority of documents that have come under our own inspection, that where England can produce one national or loyal song,—composed in the interval between the beginning of the seventeenth century, and the present period,—France can shew two at least. The French began to compose and sing them, even while the *Romanse rustique*, or rustic Latin, was the native dialect. Charlemagne got by heart the songs made to celebrate the wars of his predecessors. Abelard obtained the affections of Heloise, by his talent for song. “Two things,” says she, “gained you the hearts of all; a happy ease in writing the finest verses in the world, and an incomparable grace in singing them.” Dr. K. seems not to have bent much of his attention to this part of musical literature, or he would not have committed himself so rashly. M. de Querlon, the learned and elegant author of the *Mémoire historique sur la Chanson*, (p. 45) says, that “a library might be formed of historical songs only.” In the *Bibliothèque du Roi*, are to be found many of them, with the notes. Ever since the establishment of the *Académie Royale de Musique*, these national and loyal songs have been increasing in number. We never heard, or saw, a French opera without at least one of them. Lully, a great composer, to whom the English musicians at the end of the seventeenth, and commencement of the eighteenth, century, were not a little indebted, rarely composed an opera that had less than two or three of them. Rameau and Gretry the same; and during the period of the French revolution,—in the short space of eight or ten years, a multitude of national songs of great musical merit, were produced by the best composers of the time, including Gretry, Daleyrac, Mehul, &c.

Dr. K. tells us, page 4, that “the works of our musicians have been dispersed and lost.” Yet, at p. 5, he says, “that he has been twenty-five years endeavouring to collect complete sets of the works of our English composers, which now fill TWO HUNDRED and FIFTY FOLIO VOLUMES, and comprise every English opera which has been printed from the commencement of that kind of drama, up to 1810.” Here is a discrepancy which we cannot attempt to reconcile; but we beg leave to differ widely from the author respecting the lost works of our composers, because from our own knowledge we are enabled to state, that very little music, of which any account is recorded, has perished.

We heartily concur with Dr. K. in what he says concerning the manner of accenting syllables in many musical compositions, and the way in which “the genuine expression of words is [often] sacrificed in glees, to shew the science of the composer.” The exemplification of his doctrine of emphasis and accent, in *God save the King*, and other pieces is equally entitled to assent. But why, in his own glee, No. 57,—which, by the way, though not immaculate, is superior to some that he has selected;—has he been betrayed into one of the prosodial errors which he himself condemns? In the line, “All hail! Britannia, Queen of Isles,” the author makes the first syllable long, *all hail!* This is an iambus, surely, and we never knew it treated otherwise in scanning. It is thus noted;



which is manifestly wrong: the word “all” should have been placed on the unaccented part of a bar.

We lament not having been able to speak more favourably of Dr. Kitchiner's work, for we wish to encourage the rising inclination perceptible among men of education and general information, to turn their attention to music; an

art that stands much in need of their aid, and which is capable of being elevated far beyond its present rank, and of producing effects much superior to any yet known, by the assistance of strong and cultivated intellect.

The volume is brought out in a handsome manner, which indeed the high price,—two guineas—demands. Praise also is due to the editor for having gained permission to reprint some of Mr. Shield's deservedly popular compositions; and it would be unjust to close this article without acknowledging that, whatever our general opinion of the work appears to be, its author is worthy of every commendation for his patriotism and loyalty.

A Series of MORAL SONGS. The Words by W. F. COLLARD, and the Music by J. C. CLIFTON. Nos. I. to VIII. (Clementi and Co.)

In the examination of Mr. Clifton's Songs, though we have met with much to approve, we have been able to discover little originality in them. That pure style, however, of song writing, which so peculiarly characterized English compositions, from the great Purcel down to our present veteran Shield, has been, for so many years, abandoned and sacrificed to a vicious taste for foreign decoration, that we must not be too severe upon the little pieces before us; especially as they do not fall (with one or two exceptions which we shall presently notice,) into any violent irregularities either of modulation or melody, and are pretty much, it must be confessed, on a par with those airs which are now usually produced on the stage and in concert rooms, and are such as the public most applaud.

The prevailing faults of the generality of young composers of songs are, exuberance of accompaniment, and a too frequent repetition of enharmonic changes. We think that Mr. Clifton has, in a great measure, avoided these; but he is, generally speaking, deficient in appropriate and striking melody.

The song, “The prayers that are sent,” opens agreeably enough; but our career of pleasure is checked at once by a fall in the voice part from B natural to E sharp, not to mention the violence of the modulation; and where was the necessity of this? “The Sensitive Plant” is a far superior song, and one of the best in the collection; but we must regret that the composer did, not in the seventh bar of the third page, preserve the first G. in the treble natural; the glide afterwards into the sharp would have been beautiful. As it stands, the effect is unquestionably bad. We think this song would have been better concluded at the eleventh bar of the same page. “O the Eye that's bright” has nothing very brilliant in it. Another, “What can Wealth,” is only remarkable for having a passage in it beginning at the first bar third page, note for note, the same as in an air introduced in one of the old English Operas, but whether the *Maid of the Mill*, or *Lionel and Clarissa*, we have not had time to examine. We do not, however, accuse Mr. Clifton of intentional plagiarism. Mr. Bishop himself commences his popular air “Bid me discourse,” precisely in the same strain that opens the fine song in *The Duenna*, “Sharp is the Woe;” but we will venture to say, that Mr. Bishop was not thinking of that song at the time. As a further instance of the same melodies occurring to different fancies, to express diametrically opposite sentiments, we refer our readers to an old Vauxhall song by Mr. Hook, beginning “On Richmond hill there lived a lass;” then let him turn to the opening of Haydn's grand chorus in the Creation, “The Heavens are telling,” and he will find the same melody exactly. Yet here it would be as invidious as absurd to impute intentional plagiarism. The symphony to “The Wandering Minstrel” pleased us very much: the

modulation is ingenious without being pedantic ; and this is what we cannot always say of some modern composers, who may dispute Mr. Clifton's humbler pretensions. The chord of the sixth on the C sharp, to express the " Child of Sorrow" is introduced with great taste and feeling, though we should have preferred the proper pronunciation of sorrow short, instead of sorrow as it stands now. This is a very charming air altogether.

"Awake, Sleeper!" we pass over without comment, as it is one of those tunes which cannot offend, but makes no impression. The opening, and indeed the whole, of the first part of the song, "What makes the Moon's Fair Beam" is exceedingly sweet, but what can be said in defence of this?—



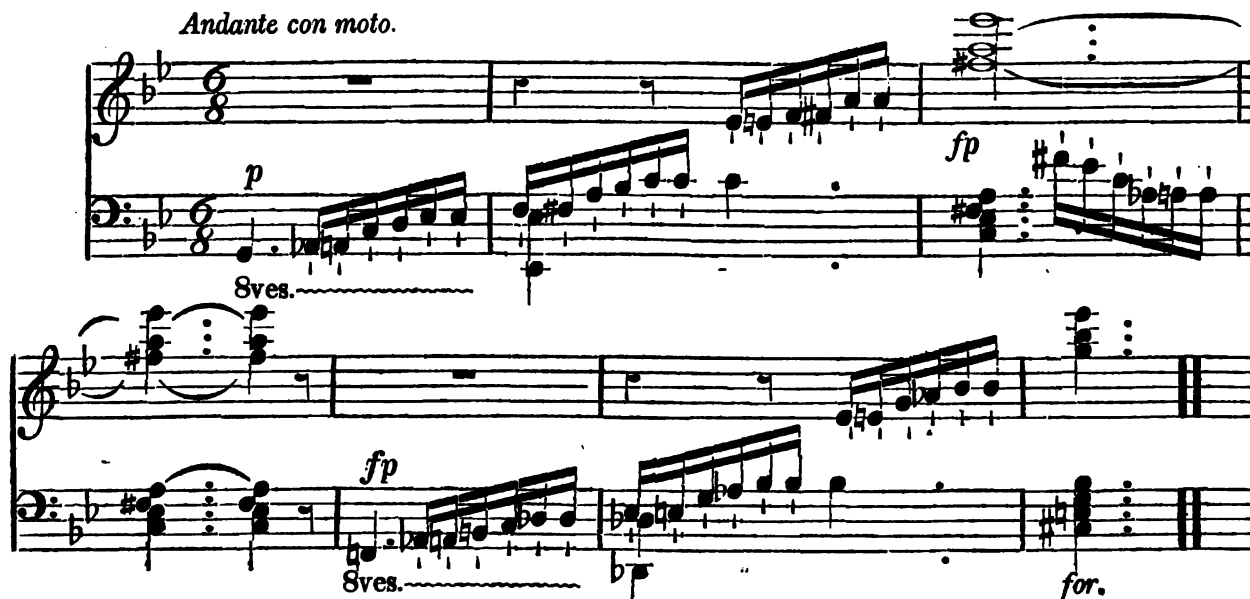
Neither the crotchet rest in the bass, nor the G in the

treble, can take off the grating effect of such a progression. The close of this song does not accord with the other parts of it—there should have been no flourishing whatever.

Come we now to the last, and certainly not the least of these *Moral Songs*, as Mr. Collard the poet denominates them. It is a beautiful little air, not deficient in originality, and though in its construction very light and simple, may, we think, fairly rank with any of the popular melodies of the day.

OVERTURE TO THE RUINS OF ATHENS, by BEETHOVEN,
arranged for the Piano-Forte. Published by Boosey and Co., Holles Street.

This adaptation has just appeared, and as we have never heard the overture performed, or seen the score, we must form a general opinion of the composition from the arrangement. It begins with an *andante* of nineteen bars, the seven first of which are so strange, that, with humility, we confess our inability to comprehend them. Perhaps our readers may be able to penetrate more deeply into their meaning ; we, therefore, extract them.



Genius has its eccentricities, and if they occur but seldom we are bound to respect them. The favourite cat of Domenico Scarlatti walked over the keys of his harpsichord, and sounded a few notes at most irregular and forbidden distances. Her master, however, pleased with her *débüt*, noted down the feline solo,—made it the subject of a fugue, and produced a composition that is delicious to the ears of all experienced harmonists. Some such accident may have suggested to Beethoven the commencement of this overture ; but he has not equally profited by the hint. A very short march follows this whimsical opening, and ushers in the principal movement, which consists but of five pages, and is in a more familiar style than we are accustomed to in this great composer's overtures. But the passages are very awkward for the hand, as is the case in most German adaptations, and difficult of execution. It is, nevertheless, a very animated piece of music, and by a tolerably skilful performer, may be made to produce a brilliant effect.

No. 1. LOVE HAS BEEN THERE ; a Ballad, sung at the English Opera House, &c., by Mr. PEARMAN. Words by THOS. BAYLY, Esq. The music by Sir JOHN STEVENSON. Published by Willis, Dublin.

No. 2. OLD ADAM, sung in the comic opera of THE VETERAN. Composed and inscribed to Dr. KITCHINER, by T. COOKE, Director of the Music to the Theatre Royal Drury Lane. Published by Williams, 2, Strand, and Mrs. Attwood, Dublin.

Sir J. Stevenson's ballad is pretty, and is of a kind that commonly succeeds in the theatres. In granting thus much, we have granted all that truth will permit, for we must say, that the mannerism of this air is too plain to be passed by without notice ; and the accentuation is quite painful : " on that young cheek ;" " Tho' o'er thy form ;" " Can one so young ;" " Hās falsehood," &c. &c. All this is as distressing to an ear that can distinguish between

right and wrong in prosody, as a series of consecutive fifths are to an ear that knows how to judge of good and bad in harmony.

Mr. Cooke's song is in a style that is sanctioned by the practice of many years, and is truly English, without any admixture of a foreign school. It is not displeasing, and though he has not expended much of his talent upon it, yet it is a melody of that easy, good-humoured kind, that will satisfy many people, and find friends, who will draw a short half-hour's amusement from it, and then forget it for some new acquaintance of the same quality and fashion.

"HERE'S A HEALTH TO ALL GOOD LASSES."
Arranged for the Piano-Forte as a RONDO, in the dramatic style, by AUGUSTUS MEVES. Clementi and Co.

This very sprightly and favourite air makes a remarkably good subject for a piano-forte rondo, and we rather wonder that its services have not earlier been divided between vocal and instrumental performers. Mr. Meves has arranged it exceedingly well, both for effect and general use, and has placed it within the reach of every player, while it will not prove derogatory to the best class; for it has much elegance in its *tourneur*, and though it requires but little power of hand, or rapidity of motion, yet it may be made to shew a good deal of taste and expression;—qualities, that will generally be preferred by cultivated and sensible people. We find in it two errors that must be imputed to the author, and as many for which the engraver is responsible. We shall point them out for

the benefit of both; and also to enable those who have not the assistance of a master, to correct the work for themselves. In the fourth bar of the *Introduction*, the A in the treble should fall to G, for the second in the chord of the sharp seventh, or $\frac{7}{4}$, must descend. Page 3, *third treble staff, third bar*, the two last semiquavers should be D and B, instead of C and A. Page 5, *last bar in the treble*, the E should be altered into G. At p. 9, *second bar in the last treble staff*, the two quavers, G and E natural, produce a wretched effect, and might advantageously be changed to A and G, the first line and first space above.

We confess our ignorance of what is meant by a rondo in the "dramatic style."

MILITARY MOVEMENT from Haydn's twelfth Symphony,
arranged for the Piano-Forte, Harp, and Flute, by J. G. GRAEFF. Clementi and Co.

An excellent adaptation of this admirable movement, and such as we recommend to all families, and societies, where performers on the three instruments are in the habit of assembling for musical purposes. It is within the compass of most players on the piano-forte, harp, and flute, and is a fine specimen, in a very practicable form, of Haydn's genius and knowledge of effect. It is such as the greatest connoisseurs will be pleased to hear, and will also be relished by those who do not easily enter into all the learned combinations of abstruse harmony.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

Since the election of ten boys and ten girls, as reported in our last Number, the following have been chosen as extra students, or scholars who contribute towards their maintenance and instruction:—

Girls.—Elected 9th of April. Atkinson, Eliza Mary; Dickens, Frances Eliza; Foster, Caroline; Goodwin, Alice; Morgan, Margaret; Price, Mary Ann; Shee, Eudocia; Watson, Eliza.

Boys.—Elected 5th of April. Cooke, Thos. William; Crawley, Hen. John; Daniell, William Martin; Fowler, Richard; Hill, Charles Gwatkin; Lucas, Charles; Smith, David.

Of the whole number now elected, we do not find that more than three are to be prepared for the orchestra, and that only one professor, in the extensive nominal list, will be employed in this most important department.

On Thursday the 24th of April, a Concert was performed at the King's Theatre, in aid of the funds of this academy, upon which occasion all the musical talent in London, both foreign and English, rendered their services gratuitously, forming a list much too long for insertion here. But, as a first performance of a Royal Academy, a programme of the Concert will not be uninteresting to our country readers, and may be a curious document in after times: we therefore annex it.

PART I.—Leader, Mr. F. CRAMER.

A selection from Dr. Crotch's Oratorio, PALESTINE. The words from a prize poem, by the Rev. R. Heber.

PART II.—Leader, M^{rs}. SPAGNOLETTI.

Overture, (*The Men of Prometheus*) Beethoven.
Venetian Air, Mrs. Salmon, (with variations by Bochsa.)
Duetto, Madame Vestris and Signor Begrez, "Ah se de mali miei!" Rossini.
Glee, for Five voices, (with a Double Choir), Mrs. Salmon, Miss Travis, Messrs. W. Knyvett, Evans, Vaughan, Elliott, Hawes, Duraset, Sale, and Kellner, "A generous friendship" Webbe.
Duet, Miss Paton and Miss M. Tree, "Sull' aria." (*Le Nozze di Figaro*) Mozart.
Chorus, and Quartet, Miss Goodall, Messrs. W. Knyvett, Pyne, and Kellner, "Gloria in excelsis" Beethoven.
Trio, Madame Ronzi de Begnis, Madame Vestris, and Mr. Sapio, "Cruda sorte." (*Riccardo e Zoraida*) Rossini.
Air, Mr. Braham, "Se all' impero amici Dei" Paer.
Quartetto and Chorus, Madame Camporese, Signora Caradori, Signor Carloni, and Signor Placel, "Cielo il mio labro." (*Bianca e Faliero*) Rossini.

PART III.—Leader, Mr. MORI.

Coronation Anthem, "I was glad;" (as performed in Westminster Abbey at the Coronation of His Majesty) Attwood.
Recit. and Song, Miss Stephens, "And Robin Gray" W. Leves.
Duetto, Mad. Camporese & Sig. Carloni, "Ah se puoi." (*Mose in Egitto*) Rossini.
Quartetto, Madame Ronzi de Begnis, and Signor Begrez, Madame Camporese and Signor Carloni, and Chorus, "Mi manca la voce;" (Harp Obligato) Rossini.
Trio, Mr. Sapio, Signor de Begnis, and Signor Placel, "La mia Dorabella." Mozart.
Duetto, Madame Ronzi de Begnis and Signor de Begnis, "Nella casa" Generali.
Sestetto, Signora Caradori, Miss Goodall, and Mad. Vestris, Sig. Begrez, Sig. Placel, and Mr. Kellner, "Alia bella Despinetta." (*Costi fan Tutte*) Mozart.
Solo, Mr. Terrall, & Chorus, "May God, from whom." Occasional Oratorio Handel.
Concluding with the National Anthem, "GOD SAVE THE KING."

The theatre, upon this occasion, was full; and, owing to the activity and personal influence of the committee, the boxes were all advantageously let. An orchestra was erected upon the stage, which was well filled by performers during part of the evening; but many withdrew before the concert was over. The performance was at least an hour too long, and for want of skilful management and sufficient rehearsing, great confusion prevailed. Dr. Crotch's oratorio of *Palestine* is not adapted to a theatre. It is a masterly and ingenious performance, and contains many pieces of the most distinguished merit—such as are a high honour to the English school; and it loses all its solemnity, and half its effect, when heard any where but in a church. The instrumental music was well performed; the chorusses all sacrificed; Attwood's fine Coronation Anthem in particular, either for want of efficient performers, or from the omission of the necessary drilling.

To the book of the Concert is prefixed an address, written in a tone of great moderation, in which the views of the academy are explained, and its proceedings defended. We wish success to this institution, and hope to see its errors, which are not irremediable, amended. But the first step towards amelioration must be, to eject from its lists any person whose profligate character is likely to contaminate the morals of the pupils, or to bring disgrace upon those to whom the general management is intrusted.

THE DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

Things are going on very ill this season, at the Italian Opera House, and the profits which have been made during the two preceding seasons will disappear, we suspect, before the books for the present year are finally closed. The affairs of the King's Theatre have always been an enigma to the public; they witness, every now and then, an eminently successful season, and wonder why all should not be alike; seeing how well disposed the upper classes are to support such an establishment, and how decidedly it might take the lead of all others of a theatrical nature. The solution of the difficulty is to be found in one word,—mismanagement. If any thing like a system of good government is introduced one year, it is sure to be overturned the next; and for a single season of order and prosperity, we have half a-dozen of confusion and loss.

Nothing new was attempted here till the 12th of last month, when *Elisa e Claudio*, a *buffa* (or comic) opera, as it is ridiculously called, was performed for the first time in England, composed by Sig. Mercadante, a Neapolitan, whose music had never before been heard on this stage.

It is impossible to describe any thing more stupid than this drama, (written by one Romanelli,) which may, in a degree, account for the dulness of the music. It is said that it was performed sixty nights successively at Milan; an assertion more easily made than proved: if true, it shews, as has been observed, the degraded state of taste and intellect in Italy. The whole opera does not furnish an original idea; it is borrowed chiefly from Rossini,—that is to say, his singularities are copied, not his beauties. Having several of the pieces in this work in our possession, we sought to give, at least, one that should shew something like novelty and invention. But though the *cavatina*, published in this number, is pretty, and is not without sentiment and musical expression, we cannot pretend to offer it as a very original composition. It is, nevertheless, the most attractive air in the opera; and was very agreeably sung by Sig. Caradori. After two performances, this

new instance of bad judgment in selection, met with a proper rebuke, and *Elisa e Claudio*, was withdrawn, under the pretence that its performance was suspended, on account of Caradori's indisposition; though that young lady was at the same moment, singing in public, with a vigour that put a flat contradiction to the uncandid and absurd excuse for abandoning such a mass of insipidity, "so potent a draught of cannui,"—as an able critic in the *Examiner* terms it.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

Nothing new of a musical kind has been produced at this theatre since our last, unless the revival of the *Castle of Andalusia* may deserve the title of novelty. Miss Stephens and Mr. Braham by their joint talents, have given a fresh popularity to this *pasticcio*; for such it is avowed to be, by Dr. Arnold, who was not a composer likely to assume any merit to which he could not make out a legitimate claim. The two fine songs, "Flow, thou regal purple stream," and "The hardy sailor," are undoubtedly his, and did not a little contribute to that popularity which he so largely enjoyed during his life as a composer, and to that fame which will long survive him.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

Except the appearance of Miss Paton, as *Clara* in the *Duenna*, we have had nothing to call our attention to this theatre lately. With all the appearance of success that attends this meritorious young performer, we see a danger of her falling into the bad habit of overcharging her airs with *broderies*, with gaudy ornaments, and finery, at which good taste revolts. Her extensive knowledge of music ought to lead to a better practice: but if her youth and inexperience tempt her to listen to those who advise her to sing to the galleries, she will sacrifice that permanent reputation which she may command, for a little temporary applause that will not establish her fame.

THE CONCERTS.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.

The fourth of these Concerts was given on Monday the 7th of April.

ACT I.

Sinfonia in D	Beethoven.
Quintetto, "Sento oh Dio," Madame Ronzi, Miss M. Tree, M. Begrez, Signors Placci and De Begnis, (<i>Così fan tutte</i> .)	Mozart.
Fantasia, Piano-forte, Mr. Neate, with orchestral accompaniments	Ch. Czerny.
Scena, "Dove Sono," Miss M. Tree—(<i>Le Nozze di Figaro</i> .)	Mozart.
Overture, to <i>Les deux Journées</i> , an opera by	Cherubini.

ACT II.

Sinfonia, No. 10, (of Salomon's set)	Haydn.
Aria, "Batti, batti," Madame Ronzi, accompanied by Mr. Lindley—(<i>Don Giovanni</i> .)	Mozart.
Quartetto, Two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello, Messrs. Spagnoletti, W. Griesbach, Daniels, and Lindley	Mayseder.
Quintetto, "Oh! guardate che accidente," Madame Ronzi, Miss M. Tree, M. Begrez, Signors Placci and De Begnis, (<i>Il Turco in Italia</i> .)	Rossini.
Overture, <i>Egmont</i> , a melo-drame, by	Beethoven.

Leader, Mr. MORI; Conductor, Mr. POTTER.

The *Fantasia*, executed with all the remarkable accuracy of Mr. Neate, is the production of a young Hungarian, the pupil of Beethoven, and reported to be one of the most brilliant piano-forte players in Europe. We cannot say much in favour of this specimen of his composition, which is nothing but an air with variations, though a mere dignified name has been given to it, and is destitute of both taste and sentiment: it is an assemblage of difficult passages that have no motive, but to shew the agility of the human fingers, and might be played as well by means of

mechanism, as by the most intellectual performer that ever lived. It also seemed interminable, and occupied, not the attention, but the time of the audience more than twenty minutes. Music will never rise to its proper place among the fine arts, till its professors in their compositions and performance, address themselves to the hearts of their auditors, and abandon all attempts to please, by exciting a little momentary surprise.

The quartett by Mayseder, betrays rather too much of this design to astonish; but we must allow that it possesses a clear and distinct melody, and an unwearied gaiety, that exhilarates the spirits, from the first note to the last. We never heard, Signor Spagnoletti to greater advantage: the whole room felt and acknowledged his undiminished ability.

The symphonies and overtures were given in the usual superior manner, unequalled any where else; and the vocal pieces were all excellent: though the last loses something when separated from the stage, and deprived of its scenic effect.

The fifth concert was on the 21st of April.

ACT I.

Sinfonia in G minor	Mozart.
Sextetto, "Alla bella despinetta," Mrs. Salmon, Signora Caradori, Miss Goodall, Mr. Sapio, Signor Placci, and Signor De Begnis, (<i>Così fan tutte</i> .)	Mozart.
Fantasia, Flute Obligato, Mr. Nicholson	Nicholson.
Scena, Signora Caradori, "Gran Dio" (<i>Romeo e Giulietta</i>)	Guglielmi.
New Overture, MS. (never performed in this Country)	Beethoven.

ACT II.

New Sinfonia, MS. (never performed)
 Romance, Mrs. Salmon, "Non, je ne veux pas chanter"
 Concerto Violin, Mr. Grund, (his first performance in this Country)
 Quartetto, "Mi manca la voce," Mrs. Salmon, Miss Goodall, Mr. Sapio, and
 Signor Placel. Harp, Mr. Chaloner, (*Mosé in Egitto*)
 Overture in D

Clementi.
 Nicolo.
 Spohr.
 Rossini.
 A. Romberg.

Leader, Mr. LODGE; Conductor, Mr. CLEMENTI.

The new overture, by Beethoven, has recently been composed for this society. It opens with a kind of *Marche religieuse*,—a divine piece of harmony, free from all violent modulations, and calculated to delight and soothe at the same time. The principal movement is a fugue of elaborate construction, in which the author appears inclined to shew his knowledge of the learned works that have issued from the great schools of Handel, Sebastian Bach, and the two Scarlattis. It is a very scientific production, and so well mixes the ancient and modern styles, that the partizans of both join in its applause. This overture is one of those compositions which, to understand thoroughly, requires more than a single hearing; and we hope to have an opportunity of entering further into its merits.

At seeing Mr. Clementi preside over this concert, and in witnessing the performance of his new symphony, under his own direction, we felt an indescribable pleasure, which we know will, through the medium of this work, be communicated to many, in all parts of the world. It is now between fifty and sixty years since this very celebrated composer's second opera appeared, and immediately stamped him as a man of the highest genius. It continues to this hour admired by all who know how to estimate fine music,—music that time cannot obliterate, though fashion may, for a moment, neglect. During the long period that has since elapsed, almost as many of his works have appeared, as years have rolled away; and to see their author still fresh,—to hear that his talent yet retains all its youthful verdure,—is not merely gratifying to his personal friends, and to those who admire him as a musician; but it encourages human nature, and invigorates those hopes which, without the occasional occurrence of such an instance, the casualties of life are too apt to depress, if not utterly extinguish.

Mr. Nicholson does as much with his flute, in point of execution, as we suppose can possibly be done; and a great deal more than ought ever to be attempted, beyond the precincts of the school, by a man of judgment and good taste. His rapidity necessarily injures his tone, and the delicious pathos which this instrument is capable of expressing, is thus sacrificed to those tricks that should take any name, rather than that of music. Let us, however, not appear to do injustice to Mr. Nicholson; he has shewn the full extent of his power sufficiently often; and as he can perform excellently well upon his instrument, we hope that he will let us begin to profit by his talent. The piece,—named, like M. Czerny's, a *fantasia*,—was not fit for these concerts: but here the managers, not the performer, is blameable.

Mr. Grund, a pupil of M. Spohr, the distinguished violin-player engaged at these concerts three years since, is a performer of extraordinary merit: his tone is clear and rich; his execution seems unlimited, and he is guilty of none of those absurdities, of which lovers of real music have so often to complain in solo players. He chose, for his first performance in London, an admirable concerto by his Master; thus, not only manifesting his own discrimination, but paying a respectful compliment to the judgment of his auditors. An example which, for the future, we would recommend others to follow.

CONCERT OF ANCIENT MUSIC.

To the Editor of the HARMONICON.

SIR,—I have read with great attention the strictures, signed CLIO, in your last Number, upon the present management of the concert of ancient music; and though I agree with the author generally, I differ from him in some particulars, which, with your permission, I shall endeavour to point out.

The writer of the remarks in question is evidently a very accurate observer, and a good judge, of musical performances; but he is a little too scrupulous in his notions of the proper mode of making out a bill of a concert. In a miscellaneous performance it is absolutely necessary to contrast the pieces performed, and after a solemn, devotional air, or chorus, something of a lighter nature is required, as a *relief*, using the word in a technical sense. Hence a secular song, or a cheerful glee, is properly placed after any thing taken even from a sacred oratorio; because a concert-room is not a place of worship, nor is the music of a concert intended to excite religious feelings. The music that is set to sacred words, being good in itself, is performed because it is good, and not because it is set to sacred words. Sacred music in a church, or a complete oratorio in a theatre, is intended to excite religious emotions; but it has no such object, when introduced incidentally in a mixed concert.

I am old enough to remember the ancient concert from nearly its commencement, having subscribed to it for nearly forty years; and I can take upon me to say, that the mixture which CLIO complains of, has been usual in these performances ever since I have had the pleasure to attend them; and that the "good old King," for whose memory none can entertain a higher respect than myself,—sanctioned such a miscellany, during the whole course of his attendance at the ancient concerts.

The neglect of the old masses, and of the fine music of the last, and even of the 17th century, I deplore as much as CLIO can do. Where can we expect to hear the works of Pergolesi, Leo, Astorga, &c., if it is not produced at a concert dedicated to music of ancient date? I also concur with him respecting the introduction of anthems, with a simple organ accompaniment, while the orchestral anthems of Handel, which are among the finest of his compositions,—are neglected. Psalm-tunes, too, lose all their effect in a brilliant, well-lighted saloon; they lose all that depends upon association, a very powerful agent in musical effect.

I beg leave to protest against any augmentation in the subscription; it is already higher than any other concert in London, and an increase is absolutely unnecessary, as the funds are beyond the expenses, and are in an accumulating state.

Why the compositions that are growing into years should not be performed, I cannot understand. The original intent of the concert was to exclude the works of living composers, and to avoid the effect of personal favour and patronage. But Haydn and Mozart have long been numbered with the dead, and their productions might now be admitted, without the directors being charged with the undue influence of friendship.

Before I conclude,—and I ought to ask a thousand pardons for occupying so much of your time,—I am anxious to exculpate the directors from any possible imputation of neglect of His present Majesty, when he honoured the ancient concert by his attendance. They followed, upon that occasion, the rule established by the late King; which was, that the *director of the night* should alone attend him. Such director was always in readiness to receive the Sovereign, and also waited upon him between the acts to take his commands. But the others, as a body, never entered in these nights into the royal presence.

SENEX.

BRITISH CONCERTS.

The third and last of those for the present season, was performed on Monday, April 14th. Mr. Mori led the band, and Sir G. Smart conducted. The following is the programme.

ACT I.

Glee, five voices, "Blow, gentle gales"
 Glee, (MS.) four voices, "Come, let us all a maying go"
 Song, Mrs. Salmon, "O softly sleep, my baby boy"
 Glee, (MS.) three voices, "Love like a bird"
 Quartett, (MS.) Piano-forte, Violin, Viola, and Violoncello, Messrs.
 Neate, &c.

Bishop.
 Jolly.
 C. Smith.
 Hewes.
 Origin.

Song, Mr. Vaughan, "Thou white-rolling sea"
 Glee, four voices, "Kitty Fell"
 Song, Miss Stephens, "Hapless Primrose"
 "Address to Hope," (M.S.) for a double choir

Horsley.
 Goss.
 Attwood.
 Horsley.

ACT II.

Glee, three voices, "The first of May"
 Canzonet, Mrs. Salmon, "Hither, fairy queen"
 Glee, four voices, "The Squirrel"
 Duet, (M.S.) Miss Carew and Miss Goodall
 Glee, four voices, "The Crier"
 Song, Miss Stephens, "Should he upbraid"
 Glee, five voices, "Beauties, have you a sean a toy"
 Catch, "Ah! how Sophia"
 Finale, "God save the King!"

Attwood.
 Rawlings.
 Sir G. Smart.
 Dr. Carusley.
 Horsley.
 Bishop.
 Evans.
 Colcott.

There was more of novelty in this concert than in the last, and it was better selected. Amongst the manuscript compositions were two or three of considerable merit, particularly the piano-forte quartett, by Griffin, which "bore the bell." Of those glees and songs, that were before known, "Blow, gentle gales," by Bishop; "The Squirrel," by Sir G. Smart; with Horsley's, Attwood's, and Rawlings' songs, produced the most effect.

A list of two hundred subscribers was added to the book of the

concert; and it was also intimated, that these concerts would be continued next year, with some probable alterations in their plan and number. As to the plan, the introduction of more instrumental music must already have been recommended, by all well-wishers to the undertaking. Who can hear, without fatigue, sixteen or seventeen glees, and songs in an almost unbroken succession? Round a dinner-table, the alternation of the glee and glass, with the *soulagemens* of fruits and preserves, enable us to pass three or four hours away very agreeably. But in a concert, where the only subsidiary comfort is a cup of cool tea, the attention cannot be kept alive, but by a mixed performance. We hope, too, that the exclusion-laws,—the Berlin and Milan decrees of the Concentores' society—will be repealed, and that our foreign friends may no longer be treated as Napoleon treated bales of broad-cloth, and pieces of printed calicos. It is bad policy, because it promotes smuggling. If Haydn, Mozart, and Rossini, are declared contraband, they will be stolen in, disguised as British; and then, our native artists may incur the risk of heavy pains and penalties.

MISCELLANEA.

A friend at Berlin, gives us an animated account of a new opera, named *Olympie*, which has recently been brought out there, by M. Spontini. "I never witnessed" he says "a spectacle so grand and imposing; and I never heard music produce so much effect." A Mad. Schultz, the *Prima Donna* of the grand opera there, performed the part of *Olympie*.

Concerts, both morning and evening, have been very numerous this year in Paris; but they have been deprived of the important assistance of the *artistes* of the *Théâtre Italien*, all of whom were forbidden, by the administration, to sing any where but on their own stage. This has not checked the rage for Italian music, for the French vocalists, it appears, cannot be persuaded to sing any other, except at the national theatres,

Bernard Romberg, is still at Paris. His concert took place in the *Luxembourg*, on the 16th of March, and was well attended. His son, a boy of eleven years, performed a divertissement on the violoncello, consisting of Austrian airs, and produced a strong sensation by his extraordinary talent. Madame Pasta, Sig. Garcia, and Pellegrini, were the singers.

M. Martin, the celebrated singer at the *Théâtre Feydeau*, bade his adieu to the stage, on the 22nd of March. His performance upon this occasion, excited the most enthusiastic applause.

A Paris correspondent tells us, that "the arts have lost, in the person of M. Delamare, one of the three performers who have shewn the greatest talent for the violoncello. This fine instrument is no more!"—we cannot help wishing that the British Lindley would make a short visit to Paris, and charitably relieve our French friends from the apprehension that M. Romberg is left quite alone, to support the burthen which the lamented death of M. Delamare has thrown on surviving *violoncellistes*.

Mrs. Glossop, (formerly Miss Fearon,) is engaged at the Theatre of St. Carlos, at Naples, to supply the place of Mad. Fodor, at a salary, it is reported, of 30,000 francs, (1,250*l.*) per annum.

Mr. Sinclair, formerly of Covent-Garden Theatre, is engaged at a high salary, as *primo Tenore* at Florence. The progress which he has made in his art, is, we are informed by a very good judge, quite astonishing.

We have been favoured with an extract from a letter from Amsterdam, by which we are not a little surprised and gratified to learn, that even the Dutch are become enthusiasts in music. M.

Lafont, has been giving concerts in the capital of Holland, where he has been overwhelmed by caresses; and in return, has charmed *les nymphes du Zuider-Zee* by the persuasive tones of his violin.

Mr. W. Knvyett's Annual Concert will take place on the 2d of this month, at the King's Concert Room, Hanover Square.

Mr. Vaughan has announced his annual Concert for the 9th of May, at the New Rooms, Hanover Square.

Mr. F. Cramer's will be given in the same rooms on the 12th.

Mr. J. B. Cramer has announced "Two Airs for the Piano-Forte, the Variations composed for, and dedicated by, permission to the Princess Augusta.

Mozart's celebrated symphony, newly arranged by Mr. Clementi, for the Piano-Forte, Flute, Violin, and Violoncello, after the plan of his well-known adaptation of Haydn's Symphonies, is announced for immediate publication.

A new Number of Mr. Moore's Irish Melodies is in the Press.

A volume of songs is on the eve of publication in Dublin, entitled *Miniature Lyrics*. The words are by Mr. Bayley, and the Music by Sir J. Stevenson, Messrs. Balfe, Barton, Horn, Lee, Smith, and Stansbury.

Messrs. Boosey and Co. have announced a considerable reduction in the price of Foreign Music. The following are among their most recent importations.

Rossini's Opera, *Il Coradino*, Air for Voice and Piano:
 ———— *Zelmira*, ditto.

Spohr's three Quartets, No. 1, 2, 3. Op. 58.

Romberg's (B.) eighth Quartetto.

Hummel's Gr. Quintett for Piano. Op. 87.

——— Variations with accompaniment of orchestra. Op. 97.

Beethoven's Overture to the Ruins of Athens, for orch. in parts.

——— Sonatas. Ops. 109, 110, 111.

Spohr's Overture to Faust, as a Duet for two performers on the Piano.

Romberg's one and two Symphonies; Air as ditto.

Weber's (C. M. de) brilliant Rondo for Piano. Op. 31.

Pixi's brilliant Rondo, for ditto. Op. 81.

Field's seventh Notturmo for Piano.

Moscheles's Introduction and Polonaise for Piano.



JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH.

THE HARMONICON.

NO. VI., JUNE, 1823.

MEMOIR OF JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH.

JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH was born on the 21st of March, 1685, at Eisenach, in Germany, where his father was composer to the court. As there was a natural singularity in the Bach family, we shall be excused by our readers, if we deviate from the strict line of our subject to relate it. John Ambrosius, the father of Sebastian, had a twin brother, named John Christopher, who was musician to the court and town at Arnstadt, and so exceedingly resembled him, that even their own wives could only distinguish the one from the other by the difference of dress. They were remarkable men, too, in many things besides their birth: they tenderly loved each other; their voices, dispositions, their tastes, dislikes, even the style of their music, were similar. If one sickened, the other sickened also; and they died within a very short time of each other. It was in 1695, when John Sebastian had not reached his tenth year, that he lost his father, and was left an orphan; for his mother died some years before. But an elder brother, who was organist at Ordruff, took him under his care, and gave him instructions on that ancient instrument, and parent of the organ, spinnet, and piano-forte,—the clavi-chord, or, as it is called by some, the clarichord, and by others the manichord. His musical powers were, even at that tender age, intense and wonderful; for the pieces which his brother gave him to practise, though by no means easy, were so soon mastered by the young musician, that he would often request him, with great eagerness, to furnish him with lessons much more difficult. He had seen in his brother's house, a book containing the most celebrated compositions of the old clarichord masters, Froberger, Pachelbel, Buxtehude, Bruhns, Fischer, and others; and he continually begged that it might be given him, but it was as continually refused. These denials, however, only increased his desire for that musical treasure; and he soon contrived to obtain it without his brother's knowledge. It was locked up in a cupboard which had a lattice door, through the chequers of which his hands were small enough to pass; and as the precious book was only stitched in a wrapper, when he had got his hands in, he contrived to roll it up, and draw it forth. For want of a candle, however, he could only copy it in moonlight nights; yet this did not deter him, and in six months, by these means, he had completed his laborious task. But it did not long remain in his possession, for the brother soon after discovered the copy, and with a pertinacity that almost amounted to cruelty, forced it away from him; and he did not recover it till his protector's death, which occurred in a few months afterwards.

John Sebastian, once more destitute and without a home, accompanied young Erdmann, one of his school-fellows, to Lüneburg, and engaged himself as soprano singer in the choir of St. Michael's school. Here his voice, which was fine and capable, procured him a good livelihood; but as it broke in a year or two after this, and a considerable time elapsed before another was formed, he began again to feel a want of means, and suffered much distress. Yet through all his forlorn fortunes, his love for music never abated, and he ardently applied himself to the clarichord and organ, hearing and seeing every thing that could contribute to his improvement; several times going on foot from Lüneburg to Hamburg, to hear Reinken, the celebrated organist; and sometimes to Zell, to get acquainted with the prince's band, (which was composed chiefly of Frenchmen) and with the French style in music, which was then a novelty and in high reputation.

Between this time and 1703, he left Lüneburg altogether for Weimar; for, in that year, he was appointed court-musician, although he was then only in his eighteenth year. In 1704, he vacated this situation for that of organist to the new church at Arnstadt, that he might the better indulge his love for the organ, which he could not do at Weimar, where he was engaged to play the violin. Here he studied the works of the most celebrated organ-composers of the day; and, still further to indulge his desire for instruction, journeyed on foot to Lubeck, to hear Diederich Buxtehude, the fine organist of that city. He remained there nearly three months incognito, and returned to Arnstadt greatly instructed and improved.

His name now stood so high, that he received, in rapid succession, several very tempting offers of places as organist; one which was tendered him in 1707, in the church of St. Blasius, at Mühlhausen, he accepted; but, in the following year, having made a journey to Weimar, to play before the duke there, he gave so much delight, that he was offered the situation of court-organist, an honour which he did not reject. Here it was that he laid the foundation of his fame, in acquiring a perfect mastery over the organ, and in composing his first fugues for that sublime instrument. In 1717, the Duke appointed him director of the court-concerts, for which he composed and executed many of his noblest works.

Zachau, the famous organist of Halle, who was Handel's master, dying about this time, Bach was invited to fill his place. He immediately repaired to Halle, to exhibit a specimen of his skill; but, for what reason is now unknown, he never entered upon the office, but left it to

Kirchhof, a pupil of Zachau, and a very able performer.

Bach was now in his thirty-second year; and having made the most economical use of his time, and studied, played, and composed so much, as, added to his genius, rendered him a perfect master of his art, he stood like a giant among the dwarfs of music, able to crush all around him by the might of his hand. He had already won the regard and admiration of the greater part of the lovers of music in Germany, when, in the year 1717, Marchand, a celebrated player on the clarrichord and organ, visited Dresden, where he so much delighted the King, that he offered him a great salary if he would join his service. His merits consisted in a very elegant and brilliant style of performance: but his ideas were said to be poor and feeble, and not original, for he had taken Couperin as his model. The style of Bach was allowed to be equally brilliant and elegant, but he added to it a wonderful fertility of invention, and in richness and originality of thought far surpassed Marchand. Yet such was the rage for a "foreign wonder," that native merit narrowly escaped being overlooked. Fortunately, however, Volumier, the director of the King's concerts, knew the powers and genius of Bach, and endeavoured, for the credit of his country, to produce a contest between the German and the French artist, that the King, hearing both, might judge where the superior merit lay. A royal message was, therefore, sent to Bach, at Weimar, inviting him to this musical struggle. He accepted the challenge, and set out directly for Dresden. Upon arriving there, he had, through the influence of Volumier, an opportunity of hearing Marchand secretly. Bach was not alarmed; but wrote a polite note to his rival, proposing to him a trial of skill, and offering to play at sight whatever his antagonist should place before him; but demanding, at the same time, similar terms on his part. Marchand accepted the challenge; the time and place were fixed by the King; and on the appointed day, a large assembly of the higher ranks in Dresden met at the mansion of Count Flemming. Bach was to a moment true to his time; but Marchand did not appear. The noble company waited in anxious suspense for some time; and at last it was deemed necessary to send to his lodgings after him, when it was discovered, to the surprise of all Dresden, that he had left that city in the morning privately. Bach, therefore, was left master of the field, and proved to his delighted hearers that he merited it. He received praise in abundance; but it is said that, by some mal-administration, he did not gain what was far more acceptable,—a hundred louis d'ors, which the King had designed as a present for him.

He returned once more to Weimar, when Prince Leopold of Anhalt-Cöthen, a great lover of music, invited him to the office of chapel-master, which he filled during six years, leaving his post but once, to visit Hamburg and the veteran Reinken, at that time nearly a century old; before whom he played to his great delight, and the admiration of all who heard him. One of the pieces which he performed was the celebrated Chorus, "*An Wasserflüssen Babels*," which he varied for half an hour in the true organ style; and the old master paid him the compliment of saying, that he had believed that part of the art to be extinct, but was happy to find it revived with so much splendour in Bach. Reinken, himself had composed that chorus, and esteemed it his master-piece; his praise was, therefore, the more valuable to Bach.

On the death of Kuhnau, in the year 1723, Bach was appointed music-director and chanter of St. Thomas's school at Leipzig; when he left the service of Prince Leo-

pold with mutual regret, the prince loving the musician, and the musician the prince. The latter dying soon after this, Bach saw that he had not acted unwisely; yet he felt his death severely, and to shew his respect for his memory, composed a funeral dirge, with many remarkably noble double chorusses in it, which he procured to be performed at Cöthen.

While he held this situation at Leipzig, he received the title of chapel-master to the Duke of Weissenfels; and in 1736, that of court-composer to the King of Poland, Elector of Saxony.

Having married early in life, the olive-branches of his table became so numerous, that they almost overshadowed it. His first wife died, leaving him seven children. He then married a second, who blessed him with thirteen more; making him the proud father of twenty children, or eleven sons and nine daughters. The sons were all remarkable for their talent in their father's art, though it was not so carefully cultivated as to produce the same fruits; yet they all rose to eminence as players. His second son, Charles Philip Emanuel, entered the service of Frederic the Great in 1740. The name of old Sebastian, and his reputation, were at this time so widely spread over Germany, that that monarch was curious to hear so great an artist, and hinted to the son his royal wish, that his father would repair to his court at Potsdam. The invitation being frequently repeated, in 1747, he took this journey with his eldest son, William Friedemann. It was the custom of Frederic to have every evening a private concert, in which he himself generally played concertos on the flute. He was one evening getting his flute ready, and his band were assembled about him, when an officer entered with a list of the strangers who had lately arrived at his court. With his flute in his hand, he ran down the list; at last he came to the name of old John Sebastian. His countenance brightened up with delight; and he announced with a pleasant agitation, "Gentlemen, old Bach is come!" He laid down his flute, and old Bach was immediately summoned to the palace. In that day, it was the fashion of courts to make rather prolix compliments. The first appearance, therefore, of Bach before so renowned a monarch, and singular a man, who would not even allow him time to change his travelling dress for a chanter's black gown, was necessarily attended with many apologies. The King received him very graciously, and, suspending his usual concert, invited him to try the forte-pianos made by Silbermann, of which he had collected fifteen, and had placed them in as many rooms of his palace. The company followed the monarch and the musician from room to room, where the latter was requested to try the several instruments, and play extempore compositions. He requested the King to favour him with a subject for a fugue; the King complied, and was delighted to hear the learned manner in which he executed it. The King then gave him a second theme for a fugue with six obligato parts. As every subject is not fitted for such full harmony, Bach chose one himself, which he executed immediately, in the most learned and brilliant manner, to the wonder of the whole court. Frederic now felt curious to witness his powers on the organ; and the next day Bach was taken to all the organs in Potsdam, the King and court accompanying him. He left the King loaded with honourable praise and distinctions; and upon returning to Leipzig, composed the subject which he had received from the monarch, in three and six parts, added a few artificial passages, in strict canon, to it, and published it under the title of a "Musical Offering," dedicating it to Frederic.

This was Bach's last journey. His labourious life,

and especially his nocturnal studies in youth, had brought on a painful disease of the eye. He submitted himself to the hands of an oculist that had lately arrived at Leipzig from England, who twice operated upon him, and twice failed. His sight was now entirely lost, and his health undermined by the use of baneful medicines, administered by the operator. He continued to decline during half a year, and expired on the night of July 30, 1750, in his sixty-sixth year. A few days before his death, he was instantaneously able to see again, and to bear the light; but in a few hours afterwards he was seized with an apoplectic fit, which was succeeded by an inflammatory fever, that his worn-out body was unable to resist.

He was not only great as a musician, he was an excellent father, friend, and citizen. His acquaintance was a source of pleasure to all. All lovers of the art, whether foreign or native, could visit his house, and were sure of a smiling reception. He was uncommonly modest. When asked how he had become so great, he answered,—“I was obliged to be industrious; whoever is equally industrious, will succeed as well.” The absurd stories that are told of him, such as that he sometimes would dress himself like a village schoolmaster, and entering a church, would request the organist to suffer him to play a psalm, that he might enjoy the general surprise and admiration of the audience, and hear the organist assert that he must be either Bach or Belzebub, &c., must have been mere fables, for he always denied them.

He was fond of hearing the music of other composers. He particularly esteemed Handel as a musician; and often wished to be known to him. Handel was a wonderful performer, and many lovers of music at Leipzig wished to hear him and Bach together. But the latter could not find

time to give him a meeting. He was, however, visited by many eminent persons, and among others by Hasse, and the celebrated Faustina, his wife.

Bach did not make what is called a brilliant fortune. He had too many children, and too little ambition of travelling. If he had shewn himself in foreign countries, he would have drawn forth the admiration of the whole world; but he loved the quieter pleasures of home, and the better honours of a beloved parent; and having received from the breath of Fame all that he sought, was more contented than if he had arrived at the equivocal honours of a gold chain, or the fluttering vanity of a bit of ribbon.

Of Bach's sons, the eldest, William Friedemann, approached nearest to his father in originality of thought. He died at Berlin, in 1784, in extreme indigence.

C. Ph. Emanuel, the second son, commonly known by the name of Bach of Berlin, after becoming, under his father's instructions, a thorough master of music, studied jurisprudence at the university of Leipzig, and Francfort-sur-Oder. In 1767, he succeeded Telemann as director of music at Hamburg; and died in 1778, at the age of 74 years. His works are as numerous as they are excellent.

John Christopher Frederic, the third son, was master of the concerts at the court of Buckeburg.

John Christian, called Bach of Milan, and afterwards of London, being the youngest son of the second marriage, had not the good fortune to receive instructions from his father. The original spirit of the Bachs is, therefore, not to be found in any of his works. He became a popular composer, and was universally admired in his day. He was master to Queen Charlotte of England, and composed some operas for the King's Theatre in London, as well as oratorios, sinfonies, quartetts, &c.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE ESTABLISHMENT AND PROGRESS OF THE ITALIAN OPERA IN ENGLAND.

[Continued from page 63.]

OUR attention is now claimed by the exertions of two rival theatres, the one supported by the powerful influence of the nobility, the other upheld by the gigantic efforts of a single composer. The following lists of the respective companies will also serve to shew that Handel had fearful odds against him. For the King's Theatre, occupied by the nobility,—Senesino, Farinelli, Montagnana, Cuzzoni, Bertolli, and Segatti. For Lincoln's Inn Fields, occupied by Handel—Carestini, Beard, Waltz, Stopelaer, Strada, Negri, and Young. Nothing but the intrinsic and high value of Handel's productions could have enabled him to make head, not only against four of the greatest singers that ever trod the stage, but also against party prejudices, and the power and resentment of the principal patrons of music among the nobility and gentry of the kingdom.

1735. *Alcina* was the first opera performed, and with this Handel seems to have vanquished his opponents, and to have kept the field a month longer than his rival Porpora. Not to fatigue our readers' patience with a long parallel narrative of these opposing performances, it will be sufficient to observe, that the contest was continued till the year 1737, when the nobility, losing Farinelli, abandoned the King's Theatre; and Handel, being unable any longer to secure the services of Carestini, relinquished his undertaking, and went to Aix-la-Chapelle for the recovery

of his health, which had suffered by the double trial of exertion and disappointment. We cannot let this opportunity pass without saying a few words of the celebrated Farinelli. This renowned singer, whose voice and abilities far exceeded the limits of all anterior vocal excellence, was born in Naples, in 1705. At the age of 17, he accompanied his master Porpora to Rome, where he contended with a famous performer on the trumpet. Every night during the run of an opera, this struggle was repeated. After severally holding out a note, in which each manifested the power of his lungs, and tried to rival the other in brilliancy and force, they both commenced a swell, and then a shake together, by thirds, which continued so long that the audience imagined them both exhausted. In fact, the trumpeter, wholly spent, gave up the contest, supposing that his antagonist was as much tired as himself, and that it would be a drawn battle. At this moment, Farinelli shewing, with a smile, that he had been only sporting with him all this time, broke out suddenly with fresh vigour, and not only swelled and shook upon the note, but ran the most rapid and difficult divisions, and was at last silenced only by the overpowering acclamations of the audience. On his arrival in England, in 1734, at the first private rehearsal at Cuzzoni's apartment, Lord Cowper, the principal manager of the opera, observing that the band did not follow him, but were all

gaping with wonder, as if planet-struck, desired them to be attentive, when they all confessed that they were unable to keep pace with him, being quite overcome by astonishment and delight. He seemed to unite all the perfections of every celebrated singer. His voice was equally eminent for strength, sweetness, and compass; and his style equally excellent in the varied expression of the tender, the graceful, and the majestic. His powers were irresistible; he subdued every hearer; the learned and the ignorant, the friend and the foe.

The truth of the following anecdote is supported by testimony that cannot be denied. Senesino and Farinelli, being engaged at different theatres, and on the same night, had no opportunity of hearing each other, till the quarrel of Handel with the former brought about a stage-revolution, in consequence of which they were employed to sing in the same piece. Senesino had to personify the part of a furious tyrant, and Farinelli, that of an unfortunate hero in chains; but, in the course of the first song, he so softened the obdurate heart of the enraged tyrant, that Senesino, forgetting his stage character, ran to Farinelli and embraced him in his own. At the conclusion of his engagement in England, he went to Spain. It happened, at this time, that Philip the Fifth was labouring under so great a dejection of spirits, as to be rendered incapable of transacting affairs of state. Every common expedient had been tried without effect, when the queen determined that an experiment should be made of the effects of music upon the King, who was extremely sensible of its charms. Her majesty contrived that Farinelli should execute one of his most captivating songs, in a room adjoining the King's apartment. Philip at first appeared surprised, then affected, and, at the conclusion of the second air, commanded the attendance of the singer. On Farinelli's entering the royal apartment, the delighted monarch overwhelmed him with compliments, demanding how he could reward such talents. Farinelli, previously instructed, only entreated that his majesty would permit his attendants to dress him, and that he would appear in council as usual. The King complied; his usual spirits returned, and Farinelli had the whole honour of the cure. Such was the favour to which he rose at court, that he was regarded as little short of prime minister. But what is still more extraordinary, and highly indicative of a superior mind, Farinelli, never forgetting his humble birth, behaved to the Spanish nobles attendant upon the court with such unaffected humility and propriety, that, instead of envying his good fortune, they honoured him with their esteem and confidence.

The true magnanimity of soul which marked this extraordinary person's character, is placed in a still more striking light by the following anecdote. Going one day to the King's closet, he heard an officer of the guard curse him as he passed, and say to another who was in waiting, "Honours can be heaped on such scoundrels as these, while a poor soldier, like myself, after thirty years' service, is unnoticed." Farinelli, without seeming to hear this reproach, complained to the King that he had neglected an old servant, and actually procured a regiment for the person, who had spoken so harshly of him in the ante-chamber. On quitting his majesty, he gave the commission to the officer, telling him he had heard him complain of having served thirty years; "but," added he, "you did wrong to accuse the King of having neglected to reward your services."

Farinelli, after residing during two reigns and upwards of twenty years at the Spanish court, was obliged, in consequence of a new state of politics, to quit Spain, and after visiting his native city, settled at Bologna. In the environs of this city he built a splendid mansion, where he

passed the remainder of his days, respected by the inhabitants of the place, and visited by illustrious travellers. Among others, the Marquis of Caermarthen honoured him with a visit, and on Farinelli's being told that he was the son of his patron and friend the Duke of Leeds, he embraced him and shed tears of joy. This extraordinary musician, and blameless man, died in 1782, in the 80th year of his age.

The opera, in the Haymarket, now fell once more into the hands of Heidegger; and Handel, returning from the continent with renovated health, but without the courage or inclination to undertake an opera at his own risk, engaged to supply and superintend the representations at the Haymarket. Accordingly, January 17, 1738, the opera-house opened with *Faramond*, a piece of infinite merit, and which introduced to the public, a singer, who afterwards obtained great renown. This was Caffarelli, who, in his best days, was considered by many as a superior singer in some respects to Farinelli. Garrick, speaking of this singer, who was then upwards of sixty, in a letter dated Naples, 1764, says; "yesterday we attended the ceremony of making a nun; she was the daughter of a Duke; and the whole was conducted with great splendour and magnificence. The church was richly ornamented, and there were two large bands of music of all kinds. The consecration was performed with great solemnity, and I was much affected: and to crown the whole, the principal part was sung by the famous Caffarelli, who, though old, has pleased me more than all the singers I have heard. He touched me, and it was the first time I have been touched since I came to Italy." Caffarelli was prudent enough to provide for his old age during youth. He resided in a sumptuous house of his own building, in the neighbourhood of Naples, upon which was this inscription, *Amphion Thebas, ego Domum*—'Amphion built Thebes,—I, this house!' At his death he bequeathed his fortune to his nephew, who became Duca di Santi Dorato.

Handel composed three other operas for Heidegger, the last of which was *Xerxes*. Far from bearing a comparison with his best productions, it carries with it evident marks of a disturbed and dispirited mind. Indeed, Handel had been so great a loser by struggling against the stream of fashion and opposition, that to pay his performers, he was obliged to sell out of the funds the savings of many former years, and was still in danger of being arrested by the husband of Strada for the arrears of her salary. The season closed unpropitiously, and Heidegger finding it impossible to complete his subscriptions for another opera, abandoned the undertaking.

In 1741, we find the King's Theatre under the direction of the Earl of Middlesex, with a new company of singers, but none of very surpassing excellence. Signora Visconti was the prima donna; she possessed considerable powers of voice, but was disgustingly corpulent. Lord Chesterfield and the noble director were in the pit together, on her first appearance. The latter wishing to make the best of his first singer, observed that though appearances were against her, the Signora was but two and twenty—"stone, I presume you mean," said Chesterfield, dryly. This season introduced to the public notice the talents of a new composer, Galuppi, the first effort of whose genius and taste was a pasticcio called *Alessandro in Persia*, a composition whose beauty and variety supported it through twelve well-attended and highly-applauded representations. But in his other operas this composer was not so successful; the airs were of too light and flimsy a texture, to satisfy ears accustomed to the solid productions of Handel.

[To be continued.]

REVIEW OF MUSIC.

OTHELLO, ossia L'AFRICANO IN VENEZIA, Opera-Tragica, in tre atti, del Sigr. GIOACCHINO ROSSINI. (*Othello, or the African in Venice, a tragic-opera, in three acts, &c.*)

THE Marquess Berio, a nobleman well known, and greatly respected at Naples, having persuaded himself that he could give much more consistency and force to Shakspeare's tragedy, by certain curtailments and alterations, and by causing it to be sung instead of said, had the courage, about eight years ago, to reduce it to a lyric drama of three acts,—to alter the plot,—omit some of the characters,—modify others, and to put it, thus metamorphosed, into the hands of Signor Rossini, to be set to music. The composer, who had previously read *Othello* in a tolerably correct translation, was startled at the proposal, and wished to decline the task: but the *Marchese*, proud of his literary achievement, would take no denial; and the Moor of Venice was shortly after heard to utter his rage in recitative, and plan his deadly revenge in song, in every principality and city, from the base of Vesuvius to the foot of the Alps. The opera then made its way, but very slowly, to Paris, where it was performed by Madame Pasta two years since; and reached this country last season, when it was brought out for the benefit of Madame Camporese; and was revived on the 14th of last May, at the benefit of Signor Curioni, for the purpose of introducing Signor Garcia in the character of *Othello*.

The tragedy, as re-modelled after the fancy of the Neapolitan Marquess, opens at Venice, with the return of *Othello* from his conquests over the Turks. He is secretly married to *Desdemona*, the daughter of his enemy *Elmiro*, a Venetian noble, who has promised her in marriage to *Roderigo*, son of the Doge. *Iago* is converted into a rejected lover of *Desdemona*, and therefore an enemy, in secret, to *Othello*. In order to revenge himself for his disappointment, he pretends to favour the suit of *Roderigo*; and, by means of a letter and a handkerchief sent to *Othello* by *Desdemona*, but which is conveyed to *Roderigo*, accomplishes his object, and *Desdemona* falls under the dagger of her husband; who, when he discovers the trea-

chery of *Iago*, and the innocence of his wife, plants the weapon in his own breast. Thus the *Cassio* and *Roderigo* of Shakspeare are melted into one character; *Emilia* is nobody's wife; *Iago* is only half a villain, and the nobleness of *Othello's* nature, which is the sole cause of the sympathy excited by his sufferings, is entirely suppressed, along with many of the finest scenes in the original drama; particularly that wherein he defends himself before the Senate.

Desdemona and *Emilia* are sopranos; the latter is a subordinate part, and has little to do in the opera. *Othello*, *Roderigo*, and *Iago*, are all tenors, and principal characters. *Elmiro* is the bass, and only employed in the recitatives and concerted pieces.

The overture is a very inferior composition; trifling in its subjects, and careless in the management of them, and partaking so little of the serious nature of the drama, that it could hardly have been written for it. Rossini, as is well known, condemns the usual practice of commencing operas with this kind of musical prologue. The opening chorus, "*Viva Othello*," is not very remarkable. The air that follows, by *Othello*, "*Ah! si per voi*," has much melody, and is an animated composition. The second movement of it, an *andantino*, is elegant; but a few interlocutory bars, given in the midst of the air to *Iago*, is hurtful to its effect; and as a whole it is too long. The duet that follows soon after, between *Iago* and *Roderigo*, "*No, non temer*," is the favourite piece in Italy. It is full of energy, and contains some bold modulations and novel accompaniments. It is, past all denial, a close imitation of a duet in *Tancredi*, and has been used, in its turn, by Rossini in many of his subsequent compositions. This also is too much spun out for any hearer out of Italy. The duettino, "*Vorrei, che il tuo pensiero*," for *Desdemona* and *Emilia* is the most pleasing thing in the opera: it very much resembles a duet by *Martini*, in his *Cosa Rara*, and another in the *Elfrida* of *Paisiello*; but we pardon the plagiarisms for the sake of the new and beautiful colouring which the original designs have received. It begins thus:—

Vor - rei, che il tuo pen - sie - ro a me di - ces - se il ver.

ANDANTE GRAZIOSO.

The first finale succeeds to this, which opens with a peculiarly appropriate hymenial chorus, sung by the relatives and friends of *Elmiro*, who are assembled to witness the expected nuptials of *Roderigo* and *Desdemona*. The agitation of the latter, who perceives that the time is arrived for the disclosure of her marriage, together with the solicitude of *Roderigo*, and the anxious doubts of *Elmiro*, are well depicted; though the accompaniments

to a short duet between the father and daughter, are, it must be allowed, quite foreign to the words, and exhibit one of those failures in propriety of which Rossini is too often guilty. The *terzetto*, *Ti parli l'amore*, which follows this, is eminently beautiful; the tender persuasion of *Roderigo*, the paternal solicitation of *Elmiro*, and the gentle, but firm constancy of *Desdemona*, are expressed with all the force that music can add to language. The

entrance, at this moment, of Othello, whose suspicions are suddenly excited by the scene before him, and the immediate avowal of his marriage, produce an instantaneous change in the emotions of all present, and the character of the music is as suddenly altered. The time is accelerated, the transitions are abrupt, and the accompaniments are loud and rapid. At length, as if exhausted by the

violence of passion, the tumult of the voices and instruments subsides at the words

Che giorno d' orror!—(What a day of horror!) and the movement terminates with the following fine and impressive piece of harmony, in which two most masterly enharmonic modulations are introduced, with the happiest effect:—

(All the Voices in unison, or in octaves.)

ALLEGRO.

Che gior - no d'or - ror!

Che gior - no d'or - - ror!

The three latter bars of the above are, we are well aware, to be found in the church composers of the last century; in Graun's *Te Deum*, for instance: but these occasional allusions to what is termed ancient music, shew Rossini's true taste and reading, and they always pro-

duce a powerful effect. Then immediately succeeds one of those fine *morceaux d'ensemble*, for which this author is so deservedly celebrated. The annexed are its principal subjects:—

Otello.

Tenors,
an 8va.
lower.

MAESTOSO.

In-cer-ta l'a-ni-ma va-cil-lae ge - - - - me; la dol-oe

Roderigo.

spe - - me fug - gi dal cor! In - cer - ta l'a - ni - ma va - cil - lae

ge - - me la dol - ce spe - - - me fug - gi dal cor

(The mind, uncertain, fluctuates and throbs: sweet hope flies the heart.)

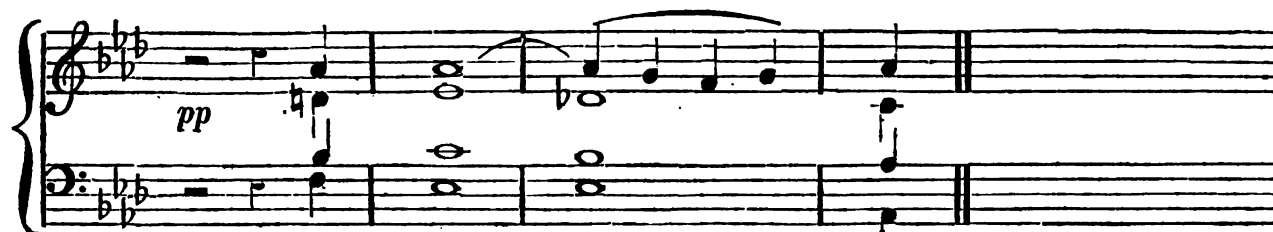
The words—*La dolce speme—Fuggi dal cor*—are repeated by the same *personæ dramatis* to the following most passionate notes, which we have been obliged, very unwillingly, to compress into two lines.

AFFETTUOSO.

The composer, not yet having exhausted his stores, reiterates the last words in this very expressive passage:—



Fug - gi dal cor, fug - gi, fug - - gi dal cor—



fug - - - gi dal cor.

The latter is sung without any accompaniment whatever. The remainder of the finale is indicative of the fear, anxiety, jealousy, and anger, of the various characters, and is loud, quick, and confused, in the ordinary manner of this species of composition.

We have dwelt long on this finale, because it is, without comparison, the finest part of the opera, and that which has given to *Otello* its reputation. Rossini has bestowed on this part, nearly all the imagination and skill that he meant to afford to the whole work, and his success is proportioned to his effort.

The second act is very inferior to the first; it com-

mences with a boisterous air, for Roderigo, the performance of which is, very properly, suppressed at the King's Theatre. Two duets follow, much in the same common ranting style. In one of them, the tenor is actually carried up to D! The *terzetto*, "*Che fiero punto*," however, must not be denied the praise due to it; though the following extraordinary and unprecedented example of sevenths resolved by sevenths, and of five outrageous fifths, in regular succession, which it contains, will not escape universal censure. It is a striking proof of Rossini's bold licentiousness; for it is not written inadvertently, but with design:—



The second finale is quite out of character. To a person unacquainted with the language, and uninformed of the subject of the scene, it would seem to represent only hilarity and pleasure.

The third act is almost wholly divided between Othello and Desdemona; it is confined to the chamber where he perpetrates the murder, and is infinitely too long, the greater part of it being quite unfit for musical recitation. But we must confess that the commencement of it is not without considerable dramatic effect. The short air printed in this number is sung by Desdemona, before the entrance of the Moor, and is a brief history of the sorrows of her deceased friend, *Isaura*, whose fate she views as an emblem of her own. Its simple, ballad-like beauty, prompts us to give it entire. In our next, we shall also introduce another *arietta* from this act, "*Deh, calma, oh ciel!*" in the key of A flat, which we hope and believe will be acknowledged to possess great merit.

Otello is, upon the whole, a heavy, fatiguing opera in

representation; partly because the composer has expended too much of his strength upon a particular portion of it; but chiefly because it is one of the worst subjects for the musical drama that could have been chosen. Jealousy is a passion that can find no corresponding notes in the widely-extended circle of harmony, but amongst its harshest discords; and with melody it is at open war. It broods over real or supposed injuries, and is prone to silence. When it speaks, it utters short, abrupt, mysterious sentences, and has nothing vocally continuous in its mode of enunciation. How then can such a passion be imitated by musical sounds, which depend for effect upon their connexion with each other, and upon a rigid adherence to measure?—Love, Hope, Joy, sing naturally. Grief, when the violence of its first emotions have subsided, indulges in plaintive melody. Even Anger and Revenge, which are clamorous, may be expressed by modulated sounds. But Fear, Envy, and above all, Jealousy, are not within the reach of musical expression; and to this cause we must impute

the inferiority,—for inferior we consider it, notwithstanding our high praise of some of its parts,—of the serious opera of *Otello*, when compared to the four or five greater works of its distinguished composer.

MOZART'S celebrated *Symphony*, THE JUPITER, newly adapted for the Piano-Forte, with Accompaniments for a Flute, Violin, and Violoncello, ad libitum, by MUZIO CLEMENTI. No. 6. Published by Clementi and Co., Cheapside.

This splendid symphony derives the name of *Jupiter*, now first publicly given to it upon any thing like an authority, from a very distinguished orchestral performer, who, unpremeditatedly, in conversation remarked, that such a title would well denote its majestic grandeur. We record this little anecdote for the purpose of saving Mozart from any future charge of vanity that might be advanced, should it ever be supposed that he himself gave so high-sounding an appellation to one of his own works.

Mr. Clementi has arranged for the piano-forte, with ad libitum accompaniments, many of the best symphonies of Haydn and Mozart, with that judgment and scrupulous care by which all his publications are so distinctly marked. It is evident that he has not calculated any of them for inferior performers; and, indeed, we do not see how such compositions can, with the slightest propriety or effect, be adapted to the powers of those who have not a considerable practical knowledge of music, and the physical advantage of a commanding hand.

The present symphony is the sixth of Cianiottini and Sperati's edition of Mozart's Symphonies in score, and is the most popular of them all, except, perhaps, that in E flat. It consists of an allegro, an andante, a minuet, trio, and finale, each of which is remarkable for some pre-eminent and striking beauty. The finale, a fugue with four subjects, is alone enough to immortalize its author. We have examined carefully this adaptation, with the score before us; and, admitting that it is, necessarily, rather difficult of execution, are, nevertheless, surprised to find so many obstacles to its general performance removed, while so much is preserved of the original fifteen parts, and so very little sacrificed in order to bring it within the compass of two hands. The accompaniments added to this arrangement, though not absolutely necessary to it, improve it much, and render it a very interesting quartett.

THREE AIRS from HAYDN'S CREATION, arranged for the Piano-Forte, with a Flute Accompaniment, by JOSEPH DE PINNAINA. Clementi and Co.

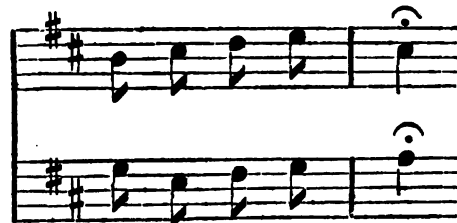
These airs are, "*The marv'ous work*," "*With verdure clad*," and "*In native worth*," three of the most beautiful and admired in this great oratorio. They are all extremely well arranged, and though none of the spirit of the original has been suffered to escape, they are so contrived as to be generally practicable; and they would have been still more extensively useful, had fewer octaves been introduced, most of which might very well have been spared, as the airs have the addition of a flute accompaniment. We must, however, object to the price, four shillings, which, for an adaptation, where no original genius is required, or to be remunerated, is quite unreasonable. The foregoing symphony, brought out under all the influence of Mr. Clementi's high name, and containing fifty pages, is charged eight shillings; while the present publication, of only fifteen pages,—little more than one-fourth of the quantity,—is marked at half that sum.

The FAIRY QUEEN, a Duet, sung by Miss CAREW and MR. J. B. SALE, at the British Concerts, with a double or single Accompaniment for the Piano-Forte. Composed, and respectfully dedicated to LADY ROBINSON, by Dr. WILLIAM CARNABY. London, Mitchell, New Bond-street.

Dr. Carnaby is a composer we turn to with great respect; his compositions have more of science and originality about them than can be said of those of many of his contemporaries. Unfortunately, like the author of "*Shakspeare's dramatic Songs*," he has consulted his own, rather than the public taste, which may be a little attracted by Irish Melodies—Scotch Melodies—Welch, or even Hindoo Melodies; but, poor Old England! Her honest, simple, neglected, melodies will never, we fear, be in fashion again.

The "*Fairy Queen*" of Dr. Carnaby, is playful, is English, and, in subject at least, original;—the accompaniment, too, very suitable.—Here and there, the author might better have sustained the character of his compositions. The fourth and fifth bars at page 8, would, in our opinion, have been better expressed if the tripping measure had not have been interrupted.

The minor is, upon the whole, well expressed.—We think we catch a glimpse of our old friend Purcell, at the close in triple time, but we are not disposed to find fault with that; and, by the way, this triple time had better have been adhered to throughout. We do not approve of the sudden and unnecessary change to common time, which should have been reserved for the return to the subject in the major; and, moreover, we think the passages trite and unequal to the rest of the duet. In the passages, "*Drop a tester in her shoe*," the repetition of the word "*drop*" should have been retained in the treble; the echo, "*her shoe*" is ludicrous, and the composer means to be sportive only. These remarks may appear trifling, but, in fact, it is by an accurate attention to niceties such as these, that the general effect of the whole is to be produced. The substitution of even one note for another, or one note in addition, will give a different character to a passage, as, in painting, one slight touch of the brush will alter the expression of a feature. We should have preferred the following manner of coming to the first pause in page 14, as leading more effectually to the second.



The close of the air might have been much better managed; it is meagre and coarse, and the *rallentando* has no business there. Why "*drop the tester*," in slower time in the last bar, than in the first?

The Doctor, by the by, has taken very extraordinary liberties with the original poetry; in which will be found,

Light tripping o'er the green,
Come follow *Mab* your queen.

and not as he has unnecessarily altered it,—

And circle round this green,
Come follow me your queen.

Again, it is "*snoring*," not "*snorting*, in their nest." We hear of horses, but never of human creatures, snorting. It is

"none us hears," not "none escapes," which latter is certainly not so appropriate a phrase. In the original it is the "household maid,"—"praise the house and maid," sounds very like nonsense. It should be "Every night before we go." "Pinch their eyes," is still more abundantly absurd; the real word, "thighs," is, undoubtedly, not very fit for either public or private vocal performance; the stanza should have been omitted.

Upon the whole, this is a pleasant little duet, fancifully imagined, and, as far as the music is concerned, tastefully executed.

AMUSEMENT POUR LES DAMES. *Recueil Périodique de pieces choisies pour la Harpe.* No. 1. (Cocks and Co., Princes-Street, Hanover Square.)

The present is the first number of a periodical work for the harp, and contains three pieces,—a *Walse Autrichienne*, by the Count de Gallemberg; an Alsatian melody and waltz, by Scherzer; and a French air, by Spohr. All of them are well arranged for the instrument, and are not difficult to execute. The first is full of gaiety; but the nominal composer is wholly obliged to Weber for his subject. The last, by M. Spohr, is a genuine production, and is a very sweet melody.

1. THE LILY, *Fanfare, and French air, for the Piano-Forte, with an accompaniment for the Flute, (ad libitum),* by G. A. RAWLINGS, No. 5. (Harmonic Institution.)

2. THE EGLANTINE, *Polacca, and Italian air, for the Piano-Forte, with an accompaniment for the Flute, (ad libitum),* by the same. No. 6. (Harmonic Institution.)

These divertimentos are a continuation of that series, the four first of which we noticed in a former number. THE LILY has nothing but great ease to recommend it: the *Fanfare* is in a very common, not to say vulgar, style; and the French air that follows, will not be likely to redeem the character of the piece.

THE EGLANTINE merits a widely different report; it is a very lively, pleasing, and indeed elegant, bagatelle; one that nearly all performers may venture to play, and that none need be ashamed to produce. The polacca is gay and brilliant, and the Italian air,—which Mr. Rawlings ought to have announced as the second movement of Caraffa's *Fra tante angoscie*,—succeeds in any form, and

will be sure to please in that which it now assumes. We ought to add, for the benefit of those who are learning the flute, that the accompaniments to the above divertimentos are so easy, that the merest tyro may venture to undertake them.

1. "QUEEN OF EVERY MOVING MEASURE," the words by WARTON; composed by J. F. DANNELEY. (Chappell and Co.)

2. "GOOD NIGHT," a song, written by T. BLAKE; the music by AUGUSTUS MEVES. (Clementi and Co.)

3. "WHEN LIBERTY FIRST," a Ballad, sung by Miss Carew, written by G. PATRICK ESQ., composed by R. TOPLIFF. (Clementi and Co.)

4. "GO, FICKLE HEART," a song, sung by Mr. Pearman, written by G. PATRICK ESQ., and composed by R. TOPLIFF. (Clementi and Co.)

Previously to setting Dr. Warton's beautiful words to music, Mr. Danneley seems to have read them with attention and feeling, for he has expressed them in a soothing agreeable strain, and has not offended the poetical ear, by the too-common disregard of accent. In the sixth bar of the symphony, in the bass, is a misprint, we conclude, for the two Gs should precede the two Bs: and at page 2, fourth line of the accompaniment, 2nd bar, we recommend the performer to alter the second and third lower Bs into C sharp and D natural. The passage at the words, "and with some softly whisper'd air," is beautiful in its harmony; but we should have treated the first three syllables as a dactyl, not as an amphibrach.

Mr. Meves's song, if not abounding in new ideas, shews much elegance and sentiment in its general structure, and is a very pleasant composition. The repetition of the words, "and all the friendship we have sworn," rather breaks the sense, by delaying the fourth line. The very first two words, "Give me," are set as an iambus, though they most clearly are intended, by the writer, as a trochee. Why will not musicians devote a little of their thought to prosody? a branch of grammar so necessary to be understood by all who compose vocal music.

We cannot bestow the praise of originality upon Mr. TopliFF's two songs; nor are they distinguished in any way, from the thousands that have been hastily sent into the world, and as speedily sent out of it, during the last thirty or forty years.

ROSSINI'S MAOMETTO.

Extract of a Letter from Venice.

10th April, 1823.

* * * * * Signor Rossini has surprised his friends by the most striking failure that a composer ever experienced.

I shall not here undertake to give a full history of this great event; in the details of which we find, diplomacy in music, insurrection in the pit, intrigue behind the scenes, tumult, scandal and pamphlets; in fine, every thing that marks great agitation among the people. You must rest satisfied with a slight, impartial sketch. If my report is not very circumstantial, it is at least true; and that is a quality of some value, as times go.

Let us try to discover the source whence this most dismal of all occurrences has sprung. Signor Rossini had made an engagement with the King's Theatre in London; but he annulled it, in right of that power, which all monarchs and great men possess, of adhering to their promises

as far as suits their convenience or fancy, and entered into a contract with the *Fenice* (Phoenix) Theatre in this city. Six thousand francs were ensured to Signor Rossini, and four thousand to Madame Rossini Colbran, upon condition that he should bring out two operas during the Carnival; one old, and one new, and Madame was to perform in both. All Venice waited for these operas with that patriotic fervour which a great people feel for great things. *Zelmira*, performed at Vienna, had long been promised; the Direction of the *Fenice* was already occupied in rehearsing it, when the rival theatre of *St. Benedetto* announced the representation of the same piece.

The two theatres immediately disputed the right to this opera; our Austrian protectors interfered. A long tempest ensued, at the close of which it was decreed that *Il Benedetto* had the legitimate right to *Zelmira*; and it was represented at this theatre, to the great detriment of the

Venice, which had reckoned upon it, and found all its hopes frustrated.

Rossini heard the complaints of the disappointed managers. To remedy an evil, which it appeared impossible not to impute, in some degree, to him, he proposed the representation of his *Mahomet*, condemned at Rome, but, of which he promised to re-compose the whole second act. This promise given, he departed for Verona, remained there a considerable time, occupied himself about nothing, and did not re-write a note of the second act. The managers recalled, and reproved him; the public took a part in the business, and a report was spread that Madame Colbran had lost her voice. The rehearsals became scenes of discord. One day, Galli, (*the celebrated bass singer*.) fatigued, retired in the midst of the first act: Rossini broke up the meeting and withdrew. The managers appealed to the Austrian bayonets, and Rossini was placed under arrest!

Under all these terrible auspices the fatal day approached. An irritated public filled the theatre at an early hour: from all sides resounded a cry, that the managers had re-produced an old, condemned opera, and that Rossini was at least a blockhead, very culpable in not ful-

filling his engagements. The overture was hissed,—the first scene hooted; the second was drowned by the impromptu accompaniments of the pit. Silence was only obtained when the clamorous became tired. But, when it was discovered that Signor Rossini had only altered one miserable trio, and had simply introduced some shreds of his other works, a clatter was re-commenced, of which no real tempest can convey any idea. The singers could scarcely be heard, who all, by their out-of-tune notes, manifested their fear or their humiliation. Galli and Madame Colbran drank the bitter cup to its lees. A poor English tenor, * * * * * partook of these attentions, and drew upon himself hisses and outrages. To be brief,—from seven in the evening until three the next morning, this tempestuous scene lasted; and the eight hours of musical war have left the Venetians in a terrible rage against their idol, Rossini; they will have no more of his music, and go every night to hiss it. The management loses by it 7000 francs; Madame Colbran her reputation, and Rossini a little of his glory. I expect him to recover himself by his *Semiramis*; if he is not re-established by that, farewell to his hopes, his fortune and his triumphs!

THE DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

During the month of May, an opera produced last year has been revived, and a new ballet brought out. Of the former, Rossini's *Otello*, we have said so much in our Review, that we have but little left to add here. This season it is thus cast:

Otello	Sig. GARCIA.
Desdemona	Mad. CAMPORESE.
Elmiro	Sig. PORTO.
Roderigo	Sig. CURIONI.
Iago	Sig. REINA.
Emilia	Sigra. CARADORI.
Doge	Sig. RIGHI.

It will thus be seen that, in the language of the theatre, the opera is strongly got up. Madame Camporese's *Desdemona* is equally great, both in acting and in singing. Signora Caradori has not much to call forth her talents in the part of *Emilia*, though she gives an importance and respectability to it. Signor Curioni's *Roderigo* is an excellent performance; but Signor Reina has neither person nor power enough to enable him to represent and support the character of Iago. Signor Porto, as *Elmiro*, sustains the various concerted pieces admirably well, with his deep, commanding voice. But that which claims our chief notice in the opera, as now re-produced, is the *Otello* of Signor Garcia. This performer was engaged here during the seasons of 1818 and 19, and was by all admitted to be, in many points, a singer of great talent. His voice has extensive compass, considerable power, is round and clear. Its flexibility is remarkable, but betrays him into that which we shall always consider as an error of the first magnitude, namely, a continual departure from the *sostenuto* style of singing; or in other words, an exuberance of ornament, an almost unbroken succession of *roulades*, which metamorphose the air into a vocal exercise.

The new Ballet is named *Aline, Reine de Golconde*, composed by M. Aumer, the ballet-master. The music by *anonymous*, is a collection of the most insipid of all the dull dancing tunes that we were ever condemned to hear. *Aline* is originally the subject of a French opera, written by Boufflers, and set to music by Boieldieu, for the French theatre at St. Petersburg, and by Berton, for Paris.

On the 8th of May, the night of Signor Curioni's benefit, Signor Vimercati, who was just arrived from Paris, performed an air with variations on the mandolin. This instrument is strung with wire, and is played with a plectrum, or piece of wood, held between the thumb and fore finger. The tone has not the sweetness that is yielded by catgut strings, but is more penetrating, and therefore better calculated for a capacious theatre, or large room. Signor V. has obtained great mastery over his instrument, and does won-

ders with it: the French accounts which we have received of him, are therefore not exaggerated. But in this, as in all cases of a similar kind, we cannot help regretting that so much labour and talent should have been bestowed upon so ungrateful an instrument.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

The re-production of *The Travellers*, on the 13th of last month, has been uncommonly successful. The managers have spared no expense to give it effect; much of the music is excellent; and performed by the united powers of Miss Stephens and Mr. Braham, it possesses a charm, that, in spite of the almost unparalleled absurdity of the Drama, and the miserable appeals to vulgar minds, in which it abounds, draws together large and applauding audiences. Some new pieces are introduced into it, which throw an air of novelty over the Opera, and upon the whole, are satisfactory in a musical sense.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

On the 8th of May, a new Opera was produced at this house, entitled, *Clari, or, the Maid of Milan*. A few years ago, M. Milon brought out a Ballet under this name at the *Académie Royale de Musique*, in which Madlle. Bigotini performed the principal part, so as to affect the spectators even to tears. Mr. Howard Payne has taken the trouble to convert a very fine Pantomime into a very indifferent Opera; and Mr. Bishop has set the music to it. The chief character, *Clari*, is assigned to Miss Tree; and it could not have been placed in better hands; her performance of it will please even those who have witnessed the amazing effect produced by the celebrated French *danseuse*, or *actrice*, as she would be much more appropriately termed. To the interest which Miss Tree always excites by her feeling and gentleness, may be ascribed, in a great measure, the salvation of the piece. But our immediate concern is with the music. We should be surprised were Mr. Bishop to execute any task allotted to him, in such a way as to expose himself to censure. His present production, so far as we can judge from a single hearing, is free from blame; but it is also unentitled to praise, for it possesses nothing that is distinguished by originality of conception, ingenuity of adaptation, or elegance of effect: it bears every appearance of having been composed at an unfavourable moment, when the Muse would not be propitiated. This is, every now and then, the fate of the most brilliant geniuses, and instead of wondering that such should ever be the case, we ought rather to feel astonished, that it does not more frequently happen to those who are obliged often to make ill-timed demands upon their imagination, and compose, *Apollo being unwilling*.

THE CONCERTS.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.

Sixth Concert, 5th May.

ACT I.

- Sinfonia Pastorale - - - - - Beethoven.
 Aria, Miss Goodall, "*Una Voce al cor mi parla*," Clarinet
 Obligato, Mr. Willman - - - - - Paër.
 Concerto, Piano-forte, Mr. Kalkbrenner - - - Kalkbrenner.
 Scena, Madame Camporese, "*Berenice oed sei?*" (from the
 opera of *Lucio Vero*) - - - - - Jomelli.
 Overture, M.S. (composed for this society) - - Cherubini.

ACT II.

- Sinfonia, No. II. (of Salomon's set) - - - Haydn.
 Duetto, "*Ah, se puoi così lasciarmi*," Madame Camporese
 and Mr. Sapio, (*Mosè in Egitto*) - - - - - Rossini.
 Quartetto, two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello, Messrs. Mori,
 Watts, W. Griesbach, and Lindley - - - Beethoven.
 Sestetto, "*Eccovi il Medico*," Madame Camporese, Miss
 Carew, Messrs. Sapio, Kellner, and Signor De Beg-
 nis, (*Così fan tutte*) - - - - - Mozart.
 Overture, Zauberflöte - - - - - Mozart.
 Leader, Mr. SPAGNOLETTI; Conductor, Sir G. SMART.

Opinions are much divided concerning the merits of the Pastoral symphony of Beethoven, though very few venture to deny that it is much too long. The *andante* alone is upwards of a quarter of an hour in performance, and, being a series of repetitions, might be subjected to abridgment without any violation of justice, either to the composer or his hearers. In saying this, we do not mean to undervalue the work, but range ourselves on the side of those who think that it abounds in traits of singular genius, and in beautiful effects; though we certainly never heard it through, without rejoicing, on account of its prolixity, at its termination. Mr. Kalkbrenner's Concerto is a fine composition, and his performance of it was a grand display of the most brilliant execution. Some of the effect of this excellent piece was diminished by a want of accuracy in the band; in the accompaniment, the orchestra seemed to be at fault: nevertheless, it was received with the most marked approbation. Haydn's symphony, No. 11, is less in use than most of the others; indeed, it is that one of the celebrated twelve composed for Salomon's Concerts, which has the fewest claims to admiration. The *Scena* by Jomelli, is a master-piece of dramatic music; its effect on the stage, as a part of the opera by Apostolo Zeno, must have been sublime. But the meaning of the words, and the relation of the scene to the drama, should be well understood to give to the composition its full power. Madame Camporese is particularly excellent in this most affecting *scena*. The Concert was too long by half an hour, and was, altogether, rather heavy.

Seventh Concert, Monday, 19th of May.

ACT I.

- Sinfonia, No. 4. - - - - - Beethoven.
 Aria, Signor De Begnis, "*Madamina*" (*Il Don Giovanni*)
 - - - - - Mozart.
 Quintetto, two Violins, two Violas, and Violoncello, Messrs.
 Spagnoletti, Watts, Mountain, W. Griesbach, and
 Lindley - - - - - A. Romberg.
 Quintetto, "*Quanto a quest' alma*," (*Donna del Lago*) - - - - - Rossini.
 Overture to Alruna - - - - - Spohr.

ACT II.

- Sinfonia, No. 6 - - - - - Mozart.
 Aria, Madame Ronzi De Begnis, "*Una voce poco fa*," (*Il
 Barbiere di Siviglia*) - - - - - Rossini.
 Fantasia, Clarinet Obligato, Mr. Willman - - - Baermann.
 Sestetto, "*Sola, Sola*," Madame Ronzi De Begnis, Signora
 Caradori, Miss Carew, Signor Curioni, Signor De
 Begnis, and Mr. Sale, (*Il Don Giovanni*) - - - Mozart.
 Overture to Zaira - - - - - Winter.
 Leader, Mr. MORI; Conductor, Mr. CRAMER.

The first act of the seventh concert was involved in some little confusion, owing to a delay in the commencement; and one or two pieces were not performed with the accustomed accuracy of the Philharmonic band. The second part, however, made amends for the deficiencies of the first. The symphony of Mozart,—sometimes named *Jupiter*,—was executed with admirable spirit and precision; so was Winter's magnificent overture to *Zaira*. Madame De Begnis's *aria* was delightfully sung, and encored from every part of the room. "*Sola, sola*" was well performed; but the quintett, from *La Donna del Lago*, was sacrificed for want of rehearsing. If our English audiences would imitate those abroad, and shew their displeasure at errors arising from pure negligence, managers in general would be more active in the discharge of their duty. Mr. Willman is the most delicate and finished clarinet player we have ever heard; but a clarinet concerto is quite out of its place at these concerts, which, at their first institution, professed not to admit performances of this nature. The quintett of Andreas Romberg is a beautiful composition; though the almost unbroken continuance of the minor mode, gives a melancholy to it that will prevent it from ever becoming very popular. Spohr's overture to *Alruna* is one of the best productions of this excellent composer; if he proceed as he has begun,—and he has plenty of time before him, according to the usual chances,—he will become one of the great musical ornaments of Germany; the country that has risen so far above all others in every branch of the art, except as singers.

AN EISTEDDVOD, OR MEETING OF WELSH BARDS AND MINSTRELS.

Was held at the Freemasons' Tavern, London, on the 29th of May, under the auspices of the Cymmrodorion, or Royal Metropolitan Cambrian Institution.

The Welsh national meeting, entitled Eisteddvod or Session of Bards, had its origin in those remote times, when the Bardic or Druidical institution prevailed in this island in its primitive purity. The most ancient notices on this subject, now extant, occur in the Triads of Dyfnwal Moelmud, a British lawgiver, who is thought to have lived about three or four centuries before the Christian era. In these early records the meeting in question is minutely described, under the name of Gorsedd y Beirdd, or Congress of the Bards, and is numbered among the national privileged assemblies of the Cymry. The Gorsedd was not originally confined to the cultivation of music and poetry: but had, an ulterior and more important aim in the preservation of the bardic traditions, the commemoration of illustrious and praise-worthy deeds, and the general promotion of religious, moral, and scientific instruction. Such was the primitive character of this ancient convention, which was held, at stated periods, in some central part of the country. Among the

places in this island, which were selected for the occasion, Salisbury Plain is conspicuous, as the stupendous Druidical remains, still to be found there, abundantly testify.

How long the Gorsedd continued to retain its original constitution and purpose, there are now no means of ascertaining with any degree of precision; but it is probable, that the wars and intestine feuds, consequent on the successive invasions of the Romans and Saxons, tended materially to the interruption, if not to the entire suspension, of a practice, that was peculiarly founded in principles of public peace and tranquillity. For some centuries, therefore, we are without any particular records of these national meetings. However, as the ancient Welsh poets have frequent allusions to them, and, as the important privileges of the Bards are recognised as well by the Saxon writer, Bede, as by the laws of Hywel, compiled two centuries later, we may conclude, that the right of holding these national congresses was, in these times, frequently exercised.

The first meeting of the kind in London, at least on any extended scale, was that on the 22d of May, 1822, when this Institution held its first annual Eisteddfod. This meeting was not professed to be an exact type of the ancient congress; the change of times having made it impossible to adhere to the primitive customs, that formerly prevailed in this respect; but the society, in ingrafting upon the original stock such alterations as the progress of modern improvement may have suggested, have probably not departed from the true spirit of these meetings. The avowed aim of the Cymmrodorion, in the revival of this national custom, is more immediately, to cultivate the music peculiar to Wales; and, by that means, to foster the patriotic feeling, by which the natives of the principality have, of late years, been animated, as well as to excite the interest of strangers in so praiseworthy a cause. The alliance of music with some of the best impulses of our nature cannot be denied; and when the cultivation of this fascinating art is directed, moreover, to the promotion of public objects, it acquires still higher claims on our patronage. Under such circumstances has the Eisteddfod of the Cymmrodorion been instituted; and they, who feel any delight in the national airs of the Cymru, will hail its establishment as being, at once, auspicious to the interests of the society, and to the promotion of rational pleasure.

The chief novelty of the day was the *Penillion* singing, in which the singer is obliged to follow the harper in *extempore* stanzas, in the Welsh language, while the harper may change the air, and perform variations at pleasure.

The meeting was attended by a highly respectable audience, consisting of about 500 persons, among whom were many of the most distinguished characters of the Principality.

SIGNOR PISTRUCCI.

The art of composing and chanting poetry *extempore*, is one of the most ancient that we are acquainted with. That the Jews knew and practised it, is evident from many passages in the Scriptures; and the history of every country enjoying much of the sun's influence, furnishes authentic accounts of the existence of the art in such favoured regions, at all periods. But it is, so far as our information extends, chiefly confined to warm climates, and Italy, in later times, has been the scene of its greatest triumphs.

Those who possess this talent are called *Improvvisatori*, from the verb *improvvisare*, which signifies to sing, or recite verses, *extemporaneously*, upon any subject that may be unexpectedly proposed; and if the theme be of a fertile nature, the poem sometimes extends to a very considerable length.

This art is so much connected with music,—indeed, music almost invariably constitutes a part of it,—that we consider Signor Pistrucci, who is the most able *Improvvisatore* that we ever heard, entitled to some notice in our work.

On Friday, the 2nd of May, this artist gave a public proof of his wonderful ability, at the Argyll Rooms, to a large company of fashionable and literary people. In order to remove any doubt as to his productions being *bona fide*, without any premeditation, the purchasers of tickets had been previously invited to furnish Signor Pistrucci with subjects; and, in consequence, several were communicated to him during the evening, upon many of which he recited without the slightest hesitation, or the least apparent effort. His first topic was *Orestes*; on this he declaimed, in a succession of smooth stanzas, for upwards of ten minutes. He described the first self condemnation of the parricide, his flight, the vision of the furies, their aspects, the despair and final madness of "the son of Clytemnestra," and depicted all, in the most glowing colours, amid frequent interruptions of applause. The next subjects were *the Battle of Waterloo*, and *Count Ugolino*. *Orestes* and *Ugolino* he delivered in a chant, accompanied by a few simple chords on the piano-forte; *Waterloo* he recited. Besides these, and two or three other minor pieces, he gave a pastoral interlude of two shepherdesses and a shepherd, with songs, duets, and chorusses; a dialogue which he managed with great adroitness.

In order to vary the performance, and to relieve both the poet and his auditors, several favourite pieces of music by Mozart and Rossini, were charmingly sung by Mesdames Camporese and Vestris, Signors Curioni, Reina, and Placci. The time which the whole performance occupied, did not exceed two hours and a half; and every body retired pleased, astonished, and without any of that weariness which our long performances are too apt to produce.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES.

The Benefit Concerts have been, as usual at this season, very abundant during the last month, and the latter part of April.

On Friday the 25th of April, Mr. Grotto had his concert at the Hanover-square Rooms, which was attended by a long list of people of the highest consequence; who derive as well confer honour, by patronizing so highly respectable a gentleman and professor, as the Conductor of the Concerts of Ancient Music.

On Friday the 2d of May, Mr. W. Knyvet's concert, consisting chiefly of favourite vocal music, took place at the same rooms, where he was honoured by an immense crowd of fashionable people: and on Friday the 9th of May, Mr. Vaughan's concert was also given at the same place.

On the 7th of May, Mr. Pio Cianchetti's benefit concert was performed at the Argyll Rooms. He was ably supported by the greater part of the Italian corps, and other distinguished artists.

On Monday the 12th, Mr. F. Cramer had his annual benefit at the Hanover-square Rooms. The concert was an excellent mixture of vocal and instrumental music, performed by a very powerful band.

Mr. Bellamy's Concert was given early in May, at the Hanover-Square Rooms.

On Thursday the 15th, Mr. Spagnoletti's concert took place at the Argyll Rooms, when he was assisted by all the performers of the King's Theatre.

On the 19th, the elegant mansion of Mrs. Hughes was opened, for the purpose of allowing Mr. Begrez to give his annual concert to a more select circle than is generally found in public rooms. A large portion of the fashionable world was assembled upon this occasion.

On Wednesday the 22d, Mr. Sapio's concert was given at the Argyll-Rooms. Nearly all the musical talent in London assisted at it, and so many persons were collected together, that even the ante-rooms were half filled by the overflow of the great saloon.

On Monday the 26th, Mr. Mori took his first benefit at the Argyll-Rooms, when we were happy to see this excellent and rising performer so well supported, both in the orchestra and by his patrons and friends. The whole of the Philharmonic band, and all the operatic vocal corps, assisted on this occasion.

Mr. Cramer has announced a Morning Concert for the 6th of June, at Willis' Rooms.

Mr. Moscheles has announced a concert, to be given at the Argyll Rooms on Monday, June 16th.

Signor Pistrucci, the *Improvvisatore*, intends to exhibit his wonderful talents again, at the Argyll-Rooms, on the 9th of June.

Sig. Viganoni, who for some years occupied so distinguished a situation at the King's Theatre, as first tenor, died lately of apoplexy, at Bergamo, his native city.

M. Schicht, director of the Opera at Leipsic, a man distinguished by his learning, talent, and character, died in that city, a few days ago, in his 70th year.

During the Carnival this year at Berlin, has been given the *Olympie*, *Fernand Cortez*, and *La Vestale* of M. Spontini; the *Didon* of M. Klein; *Oedipe* of Sacchini; *Alceste* of Gluck, and also his *Iphigénie*.

La Rosa bianca, e la Rosa rossa, a serious opera, by Mayer, was performed at the Italian Opera in Paris, on the 6th of May, with some success. Bonoldi, a *debutant*, was rather favourably received in the part of *Vanoldo*. Mad. Pasta and Madlle. Cinti represented the other principal characters.

A very curious cause is now before the French tribunals. It is nothing less than the trial of right to the *Heart of Gretry*, the celebrated composer, and author of the *Essais sur la Musique*. Gretry, when he died, left his heart to Liege, his native city. His nephew, Flamand Gretry, had never executed the will of his uncle; and, after a lapse of years, the inhabitants of Liege, who have long, but in vain, sighed for the heart of their own dear townsman, have brought the question into the courts of law. M. Flamand Gretry states in his defence, that, on the demise of his uncle, he wrote to the burgomaster of Liege, desiring him to send for the heart, which was carefully preserved; but the magistrate, possessing none of those refinements of sentiment, which ever distinguish a true Frenchman, replied, by letter, in these terms: *Be good enough, Monsieur, to send us, carriage paid, the heart of your uncle, by the stage-coach.* This letter filled M. Flamand Gretry with such indignation, that he vowed the heart of his uncle should remain in France, and it was deposited by him in an urn, in the garden of the hermitage of J. J. Rousseau, at Montmorency, now the property of M. Flamand.

It appears that the *Liégeois* have been once defeated in their attempt to recover so precious a relic, and are renewing their efforts. In the mean while, M. F. Gretry has been accused of making an exhibition of his hermitage and its valuable contents; a charge which he has disdainfully repelled, in a very manly letter to the editor of a French Journal, wherein he gives the lie direct to his calumniators.

The music of the *Académie Royale*, or Grand Opera, is rapidly falling into disrepute; while the Ballet is daily rising in reputation. A Parisian wit, the other day, proposed to place the following inscription on the *Façade* of the theatre, — *This is the Paradise of the Eyes, and the Hell of the Ears.*

Sir Walter Scott's novel, *Kenilworth Castle*, converted into a grand ballet, is now actually performed at *La Scala*, the great Theatre of Milan.

A prodigy has lately sprung up in Germany, in the person of Franz Liszt, a boy only eleven years of age, whose wonderful powers as a piano-forte player are mentioned in a very recent letter from Vienna, communicated to us by a correspondent, in the following terms: — "On Sunday, April 13th., the Hungarian boy, Franz Liszt, eleven years old, gave at noon a concert, which was very well attended. He performed three times during the

morning. His chief piece was Hummel's Concerto in B minor, one of the most difficult compositions extant, which he played with so much precision, correctness, and execution, united to such taste and elegance, that he is already placed by the side of the greatest piano-forte players of the present day. As to physical powers of hand, he leaves us nothing to wish for; and he indeed seems destined to attain the highest rank in the art."

It gives us much pleasure to understand, that the *REQUIEM* to the memory of the late admirable Glee Composer, Mr. SAMUEL WEBBE, written by Mr. LINLEY, and severally set to music, for a prize medal, by the composing members of the Noblemen and Gentlemen's Catch Club some time ago, is, at length, on the eve of publication. We will not interfere, by any remarks of our own, with the explanatory preface, which we have authority to say will be annexed to this interesting work; but we may confidently state, in general terms, that the admirers of a pure style of vocal harmony will be abundantly gratified by the examination of so many different displays of judgment, knowledge, and pathos, upon the same subject. We heartily wish success to an undertaking so laudable, and so well calculated to promote the cause of true feeling and science.

The first number of Mozart's six symphonies, arranged for the piano-forte, with accompaniments for the Flute, Violin, and Violoncello, by the celebrated Hummel of Vienna, is just published. The others will follow immediately.

A collection of Dr. Calcott's Works will be published during the present year, by his family, under the superintendence of Mr. Horsley; who will also supply a life of that most excellent musician, and valuable man. The portrait intended to accompany the work, is already engraved; and is not only a fine specimen of the art, but an incomparable likeness.

Most of the songs in Bishop's New Opera of *CLARI*, or the Maid of Milan, are already published, and the remainder are expected to appear in a very few days.

Mr. George Ware has announced, for immediate publication, a Dictionary of Musical Chords.

Mr. Nathan's Essay, on the History and Theory of Music, has appeared since the publication of our last Number.

A subscription has been opened for the purpose of placing a Tablet to the memory of the late MR. BARTLEMAN, in Westminster Abbey. The subscriptions are not to exceed one guinea each, and the surplus (if any, after defraying the expenses of the Tablet), is to be applied in aid of the fund for the relief of the family of the late Mr. Bartleman.

Dr. Crotch has just finished a course of six lectures, which he has been delivering, during a part of the months of April and May, at the Royal Institution, in Albemarle-Street. They were chiefly practical, and consisted of some sensible and useful remarks on the art, intermixed with many excellent examples from the works of the various composers who came under his notice. These the professor gave on the piano-forte, in his own peculiarly neat and comprehensive manner. In playing from score, we know of no performer who can embrace so many notes, and contrive to give so accurate an idea of the effect of all the parts, as Dr. Crotch. The following is a syllabus of his lectures.

- 1st Lecture, April 11. Introductory. Music defined as a Science, and as an Art. Plan of the Present Course of Lectures. The Study of the Theory of Sound, and of the Rules of Composition, recommended both to the Young Composer and to the Lovers of Music in general; also an attention to Consistency of Style and Connexion of Ideas.
- 2nd Lecture, April 18. Various Causes assigned for the obvious Improvement of Music since it was at its lowest ebb, and, consequently, of the Public Taste.
- 3d Lecture, April 25. Remarks on the First Act of Mozart's Comic Opera of the *Zauberflöte*, or *Flauto Magico*.
- 4th Lecture, May 2. The same subject concluded.
- 5th Lecture, May 9. Remarks on the *Stabat Mater*, by Haydn.
- 6th Lecture, May 16. General Observations on the Sublime Style as compared with the Beautiful and the Ornamental. Remarks on the Dittingen *Te Deum* by Handel. Conclusion.



HENRY PURCELL.

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MEMOIR OF HENRY PURCELL.

AMONG the many great names that press themselves upon our notice, as claiming an early place in the biographical department of our work, there is none we hail with more unmingled pleasure, than that of HENRY PURCELL. While the Frenchman is loud in the praise of a Lulli and a Rameau; the German in that of a Handel and a Bach; and the Italian of a Palestrina and a Pergolesi; not less is the pride of an Englishman, in pointing to a name equally dear to his country: for Purcell is as much the boast of England in music, as Shakspeare in the drama, Milton in Epic poetry, Locke in metaphysics, or Sir Isaac Newton in mathematics and philosophy. As a musician, he shone not more by the greatness than the diversity, by the diversity than the originality, of his genius; nor did the powers of his fancy prove detrimental to the solidity of his judgment. It is true, that some musicians of eminence had appeared in this country previously to him, but the superior splendour of his genius eclipsed their fame. We hear with pleasure of Tallis, Gibbons, and Blow; but upon the name of Purcell we dwell with delight, and are content to identify with his, the musical pretensions of our country.

Henry Purcell may be said to have possessed an hereditary genius for music, as both his father and uncle were musicians, and gentlemen of the Chapel Royal, and have left us several specimens of their composition. He was born in Westminster, in the year 1658. It was his misfortune to lose his father when he was only six years old. From whom he received his first instructions in music, cannot now be ascertained with any degree of certainty; all that is known is, that at the time of his father's decease, Cook was master of the children of the chapel; and therefore, it is probable that, as he was brought up in that choir, he received the first rudiments of his musical education from Cook. He afterwards received lessons in composition from the celebrated Dr. Blow; a circumstance, which was thought of such importance, as to be inscribed on this composer's tomb, where, among other titles to praise, it is said, that he was

"Master to the famous Mr. Henry Purcell."

Like another Mozart, he was gifted with an extraordinary precocity of talent: and for the honour of our musical character, it was fortunate that he profited by the liberality of nature, and seconded her gifts by the zeal and diligence with which he prosecuted his studies. Even during the time he was a boy in the King's Chapel, singing only, he produced several anthems, that are still sung, to de-

lighted congregations. In 1676, though only in his eighteenth year, he was found qualified for the situation of organist of Westminster Abbey, one of the first cathedrals in the kingdom, for choral compositions and performance. When only in his nineteenth year, he set to music the drama of *Dido and Æneas*, which had so little appearance of a puerile essay, that any musician in England at that time, would not have thought it an honour to be the author of it. It was not likely that talents like these would remain stationary: the world is, perhaps, more partial to promising youth, than accomplished age, and accordingly at twenty-four, he was advanced to one of the three places of organist of the Chapel Royal, on the death of Edward Low, who was the successor of the celebrated Christ. Gibbons, in the same situation.

Purcell, in the year 1683, published twelve sonatas, in which; as he himself says, he imitated the Italian masters, at the head of whom, in this particular style of music, stood Bassani and Torelli, for the works of Corelli were not yet known in England. Though these indicate no great knowledge of the bow, or of the powers and genius of the violin, yet they contain many ingenious, and, at the time they were composed, many new traits of melody and modulation, and in fancy, design, and contrivance, are infinitely superior to most of the music of that kind anterior to Corelli. That this collection was well received, may justly be inferred from his shortly after giving to the public a set of ten others, in four parts, the great excellence of one of which, procured it the name of the *GOLDEN SONATA*.

Having been educated in the choir, Purcell was early addicted to church composition; his anthems, in consequence, were so numerous, and so admirable, that his fame was soon extended to the remotest parts of the kingdom. Of these, the one beginning "Blessed are they that fear the Lord," the other commencing with the words "They that go down to the sea in ships," arose from very extraordinary occasions. In 1687, James the Second, flattered with the supposed pregnancy of his Queen, issued a proclamation for a thanksgiving, and Purcell, who was called upon, partly in consequence of his situation, but more in quality of England's unrivalled composer, produced the first of these, written for four voices, and with instrumental accompaniments, which excited and gratified the highest expectations. The other was composed to commemorate the King's escape from a tremendous storm, when at sea in the Fubbs yacht. It is one of the most striking of his works.

But of his church productions, the principal is the *Te Deum* and *Jubilate*, in which the genius and science of a great master are conspicuously displayed.

This admirable composition was constantly performed at St. Paul's, on the feast of the sons of the clergy, from the decease of the author, in 1695, till the year 1713, when Handel's *Te Deum* for the peace of Utrecht was produced by order of Queen Anne. From this period till 1743, when his second *Te Deum* for the battle of Dettingen was composed, they seem to have been alternately performed. But we regret to add, that since that period Purcell's composition has been but seldom used, even at the triennial meetings of the three choirs of Hereford, Worcester, and Gloucester.

Had the genius of Purcell been limited to the church alone, still he would have stood unrivalled among his countrymen; but with equal facility he applied his talents to the church, the stage, and the chamber. Among the letters of Tom Brown from the Dead to the Living, is one from Dr. Blow to Henry Purcell, in which it is humourously observed, that persons of their profession are equally attracted by the church and the playhouse; and that, therefore, they are in a situation resembling that of the tomb of Mahomet, which is said to be suspended between heaven and earth. His first theatrical attempt was for private performance. Josiah Priest, a dancing-master of celebrity, who kept a boarding-school in Leicester-fields, having got Tate to write a little drama for his pupils, called *Dido and Æneas*, prevailed on Purcell to supply the music. This led to a public display of his powers in dramatic composition. Banister and Locke were at this time in possession of the stage; the one famed for his music to Davenant's Opera of *Circe*, the other for his chorusses and recitatives to *Macbeth*, the latter still most deservedly holds its place in our theatrical music. The music of *Dido and Æneas* drew the eyes of the managers towards Purcell; and, persuaded by his friend, Priest, he listened to their proposals.

Here a new and extensive field opened itself to the excursion of a mind, prompt to the freest and adequate to the boldest flights. The dramas illustrated and adorned by his genius, were *Theodosius*, or *the Force of Love*, written by Nathaniel Lee; *King Arthur*, by Dryden; and *Dioclesian*, or *the Prophetess*, an opera altered from Beaumont and Fletcher; memorable, as first giving to the world those two spirited and popular productions, "Britons, strike Home," and "To Arms." To these succeeded the *Fairy Queen*, altered from Shakspeare's *Midsummer-Night's Dream*; *Timon of Athens*, *Bonduca*, the *Libertine*, the *Tempest*, and D'Urfey's *Don Quixotte*; as well as overtures and airs in a variety of other operas and dramatic productions.

The remainder of Purcell's compositions, in print, are chiefly posthumous publications by his widow, consisting of a collection of ayres; ten sonatas; lessons for the harpsichord; the *Orpheus Britannicus*, in two books; rounds; single songs; ballad tunes, part songs and catches; Sunday hymns, and four anthems in the *Harmonia Sacra*.

In this catalogue, we observe the wide range of which his imagination was capable. No subject, it appears, was too light, or too dignified; too tender or too sublime, for the extent of his genius.

Of Purcell's private history but little remains upon record; but that little represents him as a man of social manners, and possessed of a fund of mirth and good humour. It is said, that this disposition led him to form intimacies below his dignity as a man of science and genius; but it is also known, that he had many distinguished and honourable con-

nexions*. The Lord Keeper North, Lady Howard, and others of their rank, were his personal friends. Among the warmest admirers of Purcell was our great Dryden, who was attached to him, not only from his genius and from the success with which he had set many of his poems, but also from the circumstance of Purcell having professionally instructed his lady, the Right Hon. Lady Elizabeth Howard, daughter of the Earl of Berkshire, to whom afterwards the widow of Purcell dedicated the *Orpheus Britannicus*. Purcell died on the 21st of November, 1695, of a cold, occasioned, as commonly reported, by his being kept too long at his own door, on his returning home late one night; but the cause of his dissolution was more probably a consumption, the progress of which, it is to be feared, he accelerated by free living and irregular hours. Purcell has been styled the English Mozart; and the comparison holds not only in the kindred nature of the genius of these great men, but in the singular coincidence of the circumstances that marked the latter end of both. They were both taken off in the prime of life, Mozart at thirty-six, and Purcell at thirty-seven years of age. Mozart died almost in the act of completing his sublime Requiem, and Purcell in the composition of that sweetest and most affecting of all his melodies, "From rosy Bowers."—They both seem to have realized the poetical fable of the swan, and to have sung more sweetly as the moment approached when they were to sing no more. He was buried in Westminster Abbey. On a tablet fixed to a pillar, is the following inscription, believed to be from the pen of Dryden, which is not less remarkable for its simplicity, than its elegance:—

Here lies
HENRY PURCELL, Esq.,
Who left this life,
And is gone to that blessed place,
Where only his harmony can be exceeded.
Obiit 21 mo. die Novembris,
Anno ætatis sue 37 mo.
Annoq. Domini, 1695.

Thus was cut off, in the flower of his age, a man whose talents would alone have been sufficient to give his country a rank in the scale of musical nations. What a longer life might have enabled him to achieve, had opportunities been afforded him of travelling, in order to enlarge his mind, and variegated his ideas; or had he lived to witness the exertions of the great performers who shortly after visited this country,—is left to conjecture alone. We can only regret that he was not blessed with sufficient longevity, to allow the powers of his genius fully to expand, and to enable him to found a more determinate and characteristic school of English music†. His genius not only outstripped his years,

* Among the least worthy of his festive companions, was the celebrated poet and humourist, libertine and bon vivant, Tom Brown. This eccentric genius spent his life in taverns and ale-houses; the Hole-in-the-Wall in Baldwin's Gardens was the citadel where many a time and oft he baffled the assaults of creditors and bailiffs, at the same time that he attracted thither such as imagined his wit a sufficient atonement for his profligacy. The house of one Owen Swan, a vintner** in Bartholomew Lane, called Cobweb-hall, was also a place of great resort for the musical wits of that day; as also a house in Wyck Street in the Strand, which even till a late period, was known by a sign of Purcell's head, a half length; the dress a brown, full-bottomed wig, and a green cap, and which was well execrated.

† Of him, we may exclaim with Æneas:—
"Ostendit terris hunc tantum fata, neque ul tra
Esse sinent."
"Him shall the jealous Fates but shew to earth;
A short, bright flash between decease and birth."

** This Swan, failing in his trade as a vintner, in his latter years, took to selling tobacco, trusting to the friendship of a numerous acquaintance. On his tobacco papers was the following epigram, supposed to be the production of Tom Brown:—

"The aged Swan, oppressed with years and cares,
With Indian sweets his funeral pile prepares.
Light up the pyre; thus he'll ascend the skies,
And Phoenix-like, from his own ashes rise."

but anticipated, in many instances, the excellencies of future times; among others, we will name the short scene in *Bonduca*, beginning with the words, "Hear, ye Gods of Britain," where he has employed a species of dramatic music which we have been taught to consider as an improvement introduced at a much later period. He was also the first musician (English, at least,) who composed songs with accompaniments and symphonies for that noble instrument, the trumpet; an example which Handel, shortly after, successfully followed.

In order to form a just estimate of the abilities of this extraordinary musician, we must take into calculation the state of practical music at the time he lived, as well as the abilities of the singers for whom he had to write. His melodies are so easy, as to induce a belief that the singers possessed considerable powers of execution: but the fact was far otherwise. It was not till the introduction of the Italian Opera among us, that the capacity of the vocal organ was understood. A fine *portamento*, the *sustenido*, the *crescendo*, the *diminuendo*, the varied shake, the turn, and many other refinements in manner, and perfections in expression, familiar to modern performers, were unknown to the vocalists of his day. Purcell, therefore, had to struggle against formidable impediments; he was even obliged to write these graces at length, and make them form a part of his composition. Instead, therefore, of wondering that Purcell, with his brilliant talents, did not effect more, it should rather be a matter of astonishment that he achieved so much.

The premature death of this illustrious master was sincerely and deeply regretted by all lovers of music. His widow and friends, anxious to raise a permanent monument to his fame, selected many of his first and most popular songs, duetts, &c., and by the aid of a munificent subscription, published, in the year 1698, the far-famed *Orpheus Britannicus*. This first edition of a work, still sought after by musicians with eagerness, was brought out too hastily to be perfect; but four years afterwards, a second appeared, and also another volume, edited by Playford, which contained songs in the *Fairy Queen*, the *Indian Queen*, Birth-day Odes, that noble song *Genius of England*, and other incidental compositions. Much as we have descanted upon Purcell's merits as a composer of sacred music, yet we would venture to assert, that it is upon these secular vocal compositions that his fame will permanently rest, and render his name dear to the British nation, as long as the language they are written in, and the melodies in which they are clothed, shall continue to be understood. Here are treasured up the songs, from which the natives of this island received their first great delight from the vocal music of a single voice. Before that period, we had cultivated madrigals and songs, in parts, with diligence and success; but in all single songs, till those of Purcell appeared, the chief effects produced were by the words, not by the melody. As for the airs, they were, till this time, in general, as unformed and mis-shapen, as if they had been made of notes scattered about by chance, or ground in the mill of Laputa. Exclusive admirers of modern symmetry and elegance may, in their fastidiousness, call Purcell's taste, barbarous; yet, in spite of superior civilization and refinement, in spite of all the vicissitudes of fashion, the original genius, feeling, and passion, that pervade his works, will still continue to claim admiration, and more than atone for their occasional rudeness.

A living writer has expressed his fears lest his *Italianized* readers should find fault with the eulogiums he bestows upon our English musician. For our part we have no such alarms. If Purcell made the Italian masters his models; if sometimes even we can discern his obligations to Pale-

trina, Carissimi, or Stradella, as far as regards his *manner*, yet provided his *matter* be truly English, it appears to detract nothing from his fame. He has thus expressed his own sentiments with respect to the models which he selected for imitation: "For its author, he has faithfully endeavoured a just imitation of the most far-famed Italian masters, principally to bring the seriousness and gravity of that kind of music into vogue and reputation among our countrymen, whose humour 'tis time now should begin to loath the levity and balladry of our neighbours. The attempt he confesses to be bold and daring; there being pens and artists of more eminent abilities, much better qualified for the employment than his or himself, which he hopes these weak endeavours will, in due time, provoke and inflame to a more accurate undertaking. He is not ashamed to own his unskilfulness in the Italian language, but that is the unhappiness of his education, which cannot justly be counted his fault; however, he thinks he may warrantably affirm, that he is not mistaken in the power of the Italian notes, or the elegance of their compositions;" nothing, we think could be a better testimony than this both of the soundness of his judgment, and the correctness of his taste. He imitated the Italian masters, because, like all good judges, he was satisfied that the system of harmony and melody which they had reduced to practice, was founded on just principles. He imitated the Italian masters, but he imitated them only as Tasso imitated Homer and Virgil, or Milton, in his turn, Dante and Tasso. It was no servile imitation, for he possessed those inborn energies, and those inexhaustible resources, that made him scorn to be a plagiarist. We may, therefore, justly affirm, that if the imitation, which Tasso thought himself privileged to employ, does not tend to destroy his character as a genuine Italian poet, neither does the imitation of Italian masters, which Purcell considered himself justified in adopting, detract from his full merit as an English musician. It is true that much both of his sacred and dramatic style, is to be traced in the *manner* of foreign models, but there is a power and force in his expression of English words and sentiments, whatever be the subject, that will make an unprejudiced native of this island feel, more than all the elegance, grace, and refinement of modern music, less happily applied, can do. This pleasure is communicated, by his having tuned to the true accents of our mother tongue, to those notes of passion which an inhabitant of this island would breathe in such situations as the words he has set describe; and these indigenous expressions of passion, Purcell had the power to enforce by an energy of modulation, which was varied to suit every modification of feeling, by turns bold, tender, pathetic, and sublime.

SPONTINI, ROSSINI, MAYER.

(From the French.)

THE musical empire is, at the present period, divided between three great composers, each of which may be regarded as the chief of a school.

Rossini has introduced the romantic style in music: indefinite expression, bold effects, and a lavish use of instruments in all his accompaniments, answer well enough to the profusion of incoherent images and daring epithets with which the new school enriches, or rather impoverishes, literature. In one we find arpeggios without end; in the other, descriptions that distract by their number: in one, abrupt transitions; in the other, violent contrasts: on both sides little sense, but much sound; small relief, but high colouring: often a fortunate temerity; clearness almost

always sacrificed to surprise the mind or the ear; a momentary impression preferred to permanent good sense, and gaudiness to order.

These floods of brilliant harmony,—these showers of notes, if we may venture thus to express ourselves,—these *motivos*, reiterated in all keys, and in all measures; these unexpected beauties, and multiplied faults; these lucky hits, and everlasting repetitions, render Rossini a composer more shewy than classical, whose merit, nevertheless, is not easily appreciated. He has erected a monument of the composite order, sparkling with beauties, which, without satisfying a refined taste, pleases even by its irregularity, and by the original lightness of its design.

If it may be permitted to judge of Mayer by the only great work of his with which we are acquainted, we should place him between Mozart and Rossini; rather below both. He has less enthusiasm, less gaiety than the latter; but his music, better constructed, is more dramatic: an innovator, but with more correctness; he seems stopped in his career by an unaccountable professional timidity. He shines principally by his admiration of that beautiful harmony which so essentially characterizes the great German composer. Mayer is, in the technical language of music, a diminished Mozart.

That which distinguishes Spontini from the two composers whom we have just mentioned is, that in judging of Mayer and Rossini, it is too often necessary to forget the words, nay even entire verses, to which their notes are set.

Spontini, on the contrary, is conspicuously the musician of the poem upon which he labours. His melody is always the true expression of the passion or sentiment that the character is supposed to feel, and his accompaniments but serve to enforce this passion. Spontini attaches himself to his poem as the serpent in Dante fastens himself on the damned, in order to transform them to himself. The thoughts of this poet pass unchanged into his innermost mind, and become stronger, and more active, by his partition of them. A profound sensibility, a rare union of sweetness, grace, and energy; a command of the best of all the resources of harmony,—noble musical design, compact, clear, passionate, and pure;—such is Spontini. Coming very young into France, he there obtained all the success upon which his reputation is founded: he ought then, along with Cherubini and Gretry, to rank among the most celebrated French composers.

In allowing to Rossini the merit of novelty; to Mayer, harmony, science, and correctness; to Spontini, sensibility, vigour, and truth of expression, we believe that we have awarded to each his just praise; and we leave to an enlightened public the task of judging which of these three celebrated dramatic composers approaches nearest to perfection in his art. We must, however, confess that the question appears to us to be resolved in France, in favour of the author of *La Vestale*, of *Fernand Cortez*, and of *Olimpie* *.

* q. d. Spontini.—Ed.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE ESTABLISHMENT AND PROGRESS OF THE ITALIAN OPERA IN ENGLAND.

[Continued from page 78.]

THE year 1745 is a memorable æra in the annals of our country; it proved at once fatal to the career of the Stuarts, and to that of the votaries of Apollo. The fact is, a great degree of popular prejudice was excited against the performers of the Opera, who being foreigners, were chiefly of the Roman Catholic religion, and on this account, the Opera House was kept closed the whole season. But, in January 1746, it was re-opened, and a new drama, set by Gluck, entitled *La Caduta de Giganti*, (*The Fall of the Giants*), was performed before the Duke of Cumberland, in compliment to whose victory over the Pretender, the piece was composed. The genius of the youthful Gluck, naturally great, was yet immature and unregulated; and it sustained but five representations.

The season of 1747 opened with a new opera, called *Fetonte*, or *Phæton*, from the pen of Paradies, a new composer, who had just arrived in this country. Its excellence was not of a nature to excite any expectations of the talent that afterwards shone forth so conspicuously in this composer's admirable lessons for the harpsichord. The month of March produced the opera of *Bellerophon*, by a new composer of the name of Terradellas. The music had nothing very striking in it, but the opera is remarkable as being the first in which the happy employment of the *crescendo* and *diminuendo*, was resorted to. It must be allowed, that the noble director of the Opera had spared no expense to render the performances worthy of general patronage. This season, however, and the two succeeding ones, were heavy and discouraging, and Lord Middlesex found himself a considerable loser by the undertaking. Many new operas, some of considerable merit were tried, but in vain—the singers were indifferent: and experience

abundantly proves, that without vocal talent, no music, however excellent, can exclusively support an opera.

Serious operas being discontinued, a new company of COMIC singers arrived from Italy, for the first time, in 1748, under the management of a Signor Croza. The celebrated Guadagni, then very young, was first man: upon the whole they were a very good troop, pleased the public, who are ever alive to novelty, and filled the theatre during the whole season. Of the *opere buffe*, that were represented by this company, that of *Don Calascione*, the music by Latilla, a Neapolitan master, was by far the best. It was so truly characteristic and charming that, till the *Buona Figliuola*, nothing equal to it was produced.

This comic company was, however, divided by so tragic a schism the season following (1749), that Signor Croza retired from the King's Theatre with the principal singers, and erected his standard of defiance over against the enemy, at the little theatre in the Haymarket. But a burletta, on which his great reliance was placed, entitled *Madama Ciani*, which had been composed by Latilla for Venice, where it had an uncommon success, was withdrawn on the second representation. This disappointment has frequently happened in transplanting favourite operas of the comic kind; for frequently productions, which have obtained the greatest applause and celebrity in their own country, have had the least favour shewn them here. This may be partly ascribed to a difference of taste in things of humour; but more to a general want of knowledge of the language.

1750. The spring of this year is remarkable in the history of instrumental music in this country, being marked by the arrival of the celebrated Giardini in London. His first public performance was at the benefit concert of

the celebrated Cuzzoni. This was her *third* visit to England. She was now old, poor, and deprived of her vocal attractions by age; and consequently, as might have been foreseen, there was but little company: yet, when Giardini played a solo, the applause was so long and loud, that Dr. Burney, who was present, informs us, that he never heard such unequivocal marks of approbation at any performance before.

Meantime, the Opera continued to languish, and, as usual, proved a losing concern. Signor Croza, the manager, after having a personal benefit, ran away, leaving the performers, innumerable tradesmen, and others, his creditors. A reward of £30 was ineffectually offered by one of his victims, an indignant dealer in gunpowder and bohea in Covent-garden, of the name of Gibbs, for the apprehension of his person.

In 1753, we find the King's Theatre under the management of Signor Vaneschi. Various *pasticcios* were produced, and operas revived, but they were performed by a company of singers, for whom the public manifested but little partiality. The fate of Croza was staring the new manager in the face, when the timely arrival of Mingotti, in the autumn of 1754, restored for a while his broken fortunes, and revived, to a considerable extent, the former splendour of this theatre. *Ipermestra*, the joint production of Hasse and Lampugnani, was the opera chosen to introduce her to the public. This, with the powers of Giardini, who lead the band in a style hitherto unknown, and a new opera entitled *Ezio*, composed, in his happiest manner, by the celebrated Perez, carried the manager handsomely through the season.

The following year, 1755, opened with the *Andromaca* of Jomelli, a production that exhibited the best manner of its original and masterly composer, and in great part eclipsed all contemporary productions. The air "*Eccotti il figlio*," as sung and acted by Mingotti, was truly dramatic and affecting. A damp was, however, thrown upon the success of this drama, by the sudden indisposition of the *prima donna*; and suspicions arising that Mingotti's was a mere theatrical cold, the public were much out of humour, till she resumed her station in Metastasio's admirable opera of *Demofonte*, in which she augmented her dramatic consequence in a tenfold degree. Her style was always grand, and such as discovered her to be a perfect mistress of her art. She was a most judicious actress, extending her intelligence to the poetry, as well as the music of the drama. The point in which she appears to have been deficient, was in that winning female grace and softness, for want of which, no other qualifications can atone. Aware, perhaps, of this defect, she was ambitious to perform in male characters; and here every objection that her greatest enemy could make, was obviated.

Unfortunately for Vaneschi, differences arose between him and the favourite of the town, which gave rise to as many public and private quarrels, as the disputed talents of Faustina and Cuzzoni had done thirty years before. His frequent contentions with Mingotti, while they shook his throne, prejudiced the public against both. When will managers and actresses learn this important truth, that in contests like these, both parties suffer in the dispute; and that to address the town is to make bad worse, since not a word that either party says will be believed?*

These squabbles ended, in 1756, in Vaneschi's being a bankrupt, a prisoner in the Fleet, and at last a fugitive.

* Mrs. Jane Fox, afterwards Lady Bingley, a zealous partisan of Mingotti, applied to General Crewe for a decided opinion as to the disputes between that singer and Vaneschi, taking great pains to state the case very minutely in a long detail of facts. The General, after listening a long while with seeming attention, and awakened interest,

His slight left the operational supremacy to the combined abilities of the leader Giardini and the singer Mingotti. The exertions of these new directors gave an improved aspect to the lyrical drama; and success for a considerable time seemed to crown their enterprise. The profits, however, were so far from solid, that they were glad to resign their short-lived honours, and retire to a private station. The mobility had already paid too dear for their experience, to wish again to resume the direction of so expensive and harassing a concern. The post of danger, if not of honour, therefore, remained vacant, till Mattei, and her husband Trombetta, made interest for the chance of speedy ruin, and obtained the management of the Opera House.

For some time past, no master had been invested with the title of opera composer. Mattei, however, during her administration, engaged Cocchi of Naples, in that department, and a pasticcio, arranged and conducted by him, opened the season of 1756. Not to fatigue the reader's attention by monotonous remarks on the limited and little varied productions of this composer, or rather compiler, we shall proceed to notice the charming opera of *Il mondo della Luna*, from the pen of Galuppi, who again made his appearance in this country. It was marked by such genius, taste, and animation, as to be rewarded with crowded houses during a great part of the season of 1760. The following year, the same master brought on the stage his *Il Filosofo di Campagna*, a comic opera, the merit of which surpassed that of every other burletta performed in England, till the appearance of the *Buona Figliuola*. The principal character was sustained by the celebrated Paganini, who was usually encored in every song. This performer, though not young when she came hither from Berlin, increased in reputation so much during the run of this burletta, that on her benefit night, the crowd in the Haymarket was so great, that not one third part of the company could obtain admission. Caps were lost, and gowns torn to pieces without mercy, in the struggle to get in. Ladies, in full dress, who had sent away their servants and carriages, were obliged to appear in the streets, and walk home without attendants. It was broad day-light too, which added not a little to the confusion of these splendid street-walkers, and to the amusement of the un pitying mob.

The autumn of 1762, memorable for the arrival of her late majesty, the royal nuptials, and the coronation, attracted more company to the capital, than had, perhaps, ever been assembled there. Nothing could exceed the national curiosity, to see a young prince and princess, of whose dispositions fame had published so favourable a description, and which were hailed as omens of a happy and prosperous reign. The favourite drama of *Il Filosofo di Campagna* was performed by command of their majesties, and this first visit of the royal pair to the Opera, occasioned an immense pressure for admission.

The season of 1763 opened with the pasticcio of *Il Tutore e la Pupilla*, which introduced a new favourite to the public, in Anna de Amicis. The figure and gestures of this performer were in the highest degree elegant and graceful; her countenance, though not perfectly beautiful, was extremely interesting, and her voice and manner of singing exquisitely polished and sweet. During the whole season, she delighted the town on Tuesday nights as the representative of Thalia, and equally on Saturday as that of Melpomene.

At the close of this season, Signora Mattei left England;

not a little disconcerted the lady, when she had finished her eloquent dissertation, by asking, with perfect absence of mind; "And pray, My Lady, who is Signora Mingotti?" "Out of my house," cries the indignant lady, "you shall never hear her sing another note at my concerts as long as you live!"

and Giardini and Mingotti again undertook the administration of the Opera, but with no better success than before. After an inauspicious reign of one year, they finally abdicated the throne; they had been twice the victims of an overweening ambition, and finding only "a barren sceptre in their grasp," resigned the reins into the hands of Messrs. Gordon, Vincent, and Crawford.

1766. The new managers were fortunate in availing themselves of the talents of the famous Manzoli, by whose exertions, the serious opera acquired a degree of favour, which it had seldom obtained since its first establishment in this country. This performer's voice was the most powerful and voluminous soprano that had been heard on our stage since the time of Farinelli, and his manner of singing was grand and full of dignity. During the summer of 1766, a new plan was formed by the managers for the ensuing season, which was the means of involving future *Impressarii* in great difficulties and expense. The theatre having been much neglected on Tuesdays, yet crowded on the Saturday, it was judged expedient to stimulate curiosity by a new system of operations; to have a serious company for Saturdays, and a comic one for Tuesdays. The third piece brought forward this season was performed by the latter company. That piece was the *La Buona Figliuola* of Piccini. Its excellence both as a drama, being founded on the story of Pamela, and as the vehicle of some of the finest music, had already saved the Opera at Rome from ruin, and been hailed with delight by most of the principal cities of Italy. Several of the original performers were now in London, and its success was most complete. This may be attributed not less to the originality of the music, than to the drama itself, which has more character, and much less buffoonery than is usually found in Italian operas.

The season of 1767, introduced a new singer of considerable talent, Signor Guarducci. The tide of prejudice ran high against him on his first arrival in London, but he had the good sense to discover before it was too late, that a singer cannot captivate the English by tricks or instrumental execution; and many years afterwards, he assured Dr. Burney, that the gravity of our taste had been of infinite service to him. "The English," said he, "are such friends to the composer and to simplicity, that they like to hear a melody in its primitive state, undisguised by change or embellishment; or if, when repeated, graces are necessary, the notes must be few and well selected, to be honoured by their approbation." It were to be wished, that some of our modern artists would take a hint from the good sense of Guarducci, and learn this simple truth, that the best effects in singing are produced by expression and high finishing, not by flights of execution.

1768. As *La Buona Figliuola* had done such wonders for the treasury, equal, if not greater, miracles were expected from its sequel, *La Buona Figliuola Maritata*; but expectation had been injudiciously raised to such a pitch, as to spoil the feast: to gratify the hopes raised was impossible, and the piece wholly failed.

[To be continued.]

THE MINOR SCALE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HARMONICON.

Sir, Grove House, 29th May, 1823.

If it will not be deviating too much from the plan of your work, you will greatly oblige me by inserting the following query, a rational solution of which I have not been able to find in any books that I have read upon the theory of music.

Why, in the minor scale, are the sixth and seventh major when ascending, and minor when descending?

Perhaps, through the medium of the Harmonicon, I may obtain some information upon this point; which is, to me, not a little perplexing. I am, &c., G. P.

A PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY IN PARIS.

[It will be seen by the subjoined article, which we have received from Paris, that a Philharmonic Society has this season been established in that city. It is curious to observe that, while an insignificant club in a remote corner of Europe, Stockholm, is thought worthy of notice, the celebrated association in London, which has extended its fame, and spread its benefits, every where, is not even alluded to; though the writer shews that he is not unacquainted with the prospectus issued by the Philharmonic Society of London ten years ago, and though he must have learnt that many French artists, among other foreigners, have been, at various times, engaged upon most liberal terms to contribute to the matchless concerts which it has given. The French it appears then, are just beginning to find out the merits of Beethoven: but they were duly appreciated in this country from the moment the Philharmonic Society was formed; and in no country, have his admirable works been so well executed and so enthusiastically admired as in England.]

Société Philharmonique de Paris.

There are several Philharmonic Societies in Europe. The most ancient is that of Bologna, into which no person is admitted who has not previously written some counter-point, or a short canon in the octave. It appears, however, that the jury of this academy, has not always been severe, for Grétry was received as a member, though every one who has read his book on music, is acquainted with the little imitation, which he gives with so much simplicity, for a fugue. There is also a Philharmonic Society at Stockholm, of which Prince Oscar, who is a distinguished amateur, and also a composer, is the most zealous and the most useful member.

An association of this kind was wanting in Paris, where the taste for music is every day rapidly extending. The present society, is not formed with very ambitious views: it is not an academy, intended to decide with infallibility on the merit of composers, or to dispense the honours to which music is entitled: its intentions are much more modest. It will confine itself to the performance of works which appear worthy of being heard, and in doing this, it will contribute much more efficaciously to the progress of the art; for we do not hesitate to say, that it is not the decisions of the academy, but the decision of the public, which will advance the art. The public taste must first be satisfied; that is the idol to which all artists, all composers, must sacrifice if they wish to succeed.

In this view, the object of the new Philharmonic Society is truly useful. How many fine works remain buried in obscurity, simply, because they have never once been performed in a style suitable to their merits, nor before an auditory capable of appreciating their worth? How many *chefs d'œuvre* of foreign composers are still unknown to us, while we begin to be rather tired of those which we have admired full thirty years?

This reflection occurred whilst listening to the first piece of the concert, which is the subject of this article, an admirable, a most extraordinary, and astonishing symphony by Beethoven. No person can admire more than the author of these remarks does, the richness, purity, and variety of Haydn's genius,—the classic of symphony;—but all the forms of his musical language are now known to us,—his style is familiar to us,—his passages and his movements are fully impressed on our memories, not only by frequent repetition, but because they have, in an imperfect disguise, been so often produced by others. The ear fatigues with reiterated excellence; it requires novelty. Beethoven affords the mind those strong and sudden emotions, those delightful surprises, which are absolutely necessary to rouse it from the dullness it acquires amongst its old enjoyments. What an original and brilliant style! What an extraordinary freedom, yet at the same time, so conformable to the rules of the art! What unexpected transitions, and absolutely created! What lively

and animated melodies! What a profound knowledge of all the resources of harmony! You, who love novelty, come and hear Beethoven, you will be completely satisfied. He is sometimes wild, it has been said, but what does that matter? Admirers of Mozart, enthusiasts of Rossini, you will unite your admiration and your enthusiasm in Beethoven, for in him you may find both Mozart and Rossini.

I have nothing but praise to bestow on this concert, one of the best of this year, in which there have been so many. The most cheering anticipations may be encouraged respecting the future progress of an association of artists and amateurs, who can already bear a comparison with the best orchestras. The whole performance was characterized by precision, and expression. A concerto on the violoncello, by M. Benazet, a concerto on the contra-basso, by M. Barizel, both members of the society; an air

sung by Mlle. Prévost, whose voice is remarkably clear; the beautiful air in *La Clemenza di Tito*, sung by Mlle. Demeri, who promises to unite the talents of Mme. Fodor and Mme. Pasta; lastly, a fantasia and a military air composed and executed by M. Fontaine, all received great approbation. In the last instance the applause was united in the composer and the performer, a tribute to which M. Fontaine has long been accustomed. His talent is so well known, and his rank amongst the professors so permanently fixed, as to render any further observations respecting him needless. It is, in a great measure, to his activity, perseverance and love of his art, that the Philharmonic Society is indebted for its existence, and the happy results of his labours. A great number of names, honourably known in the musical world, appear in the list of the members, and there is every reason to hope much from their zealous and combined exertions.

TABLES OF HARMONY.

[We feel great pleasure in giving insertion to the following communication and tables, because they may direct the attention of our youthful readers to the important study of Harmony. We, however, recommend those who play the chords, to add a sharp to every F in each common chord of B, and its inversions, in order that the 5th may be perfect; and to distribute flats or sharps in the chords of the 7th, so that every 7th may consist of exactly eleven semitones, inclusively, and that each 5th may be perfect, and every 3d, major. It follows, that the various inversions of the 7th must be affected by the accidents of the generating chord.]

TO THE EDITORS OF THE HARMONICON.

Gentlemen,

Rochdale, June 9, 1823.

Never having seen harmony exhibited in the subjoined manner, I beg to submit my tables to your notice; and shall be happy if you think them worthy of insertion in your valuable publication.

The chords being first read straight forward to the end of the staff, then turned upside down and read in the new position, produce the common chords, and chords of the 7th, together with their inversions, to every note in the octave; the first and last being duplicates.

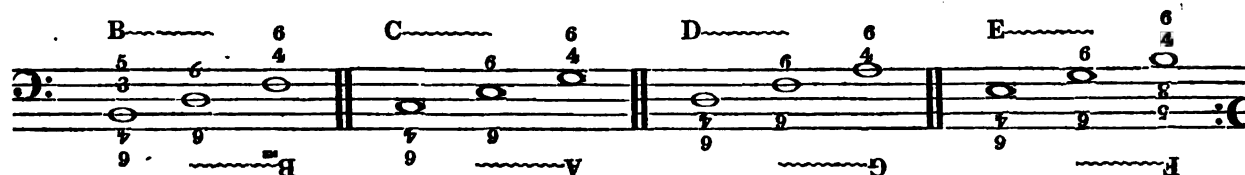
I am, Gentlemen,

Your constant reader, CH. M.

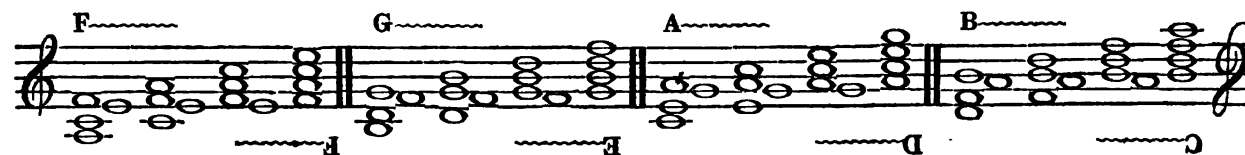
Concords with their different Positions.



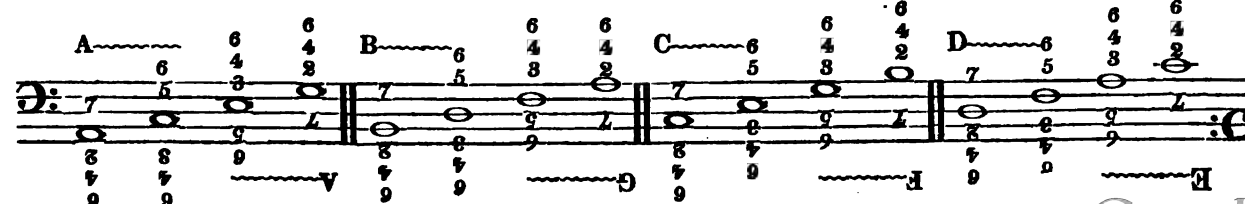
Fundamental Concords with their Derivatives.



Discords with their different Positions.



Fundamental Discords with their Derivatives.



REVIEW OF MUSIC.

PRACTICAL HINTS for acquiring THOROUGH BASS.
By F. J. KLOSE. (C. and J. Olier, Vere Street, Bond Street,) 1823.

A moderate knowledge of the principles of harmony, united to a degree of skill, easily acquired, in the practical part of it, increase, in a surprising manner, the pleasure derived from combined sounds, and remove many of the difficulties that occur in the performance of every description of musical composition. Hence treatises on the subject are continually called for, and frequently published; nine-tenths of which are produced by those who, though they may be masters in the art, have not the talent of writing with clearness; and about one half of the remainder proceeds from those who, though they can write, are not sufficiently acquainted with the matter upon which they treat, to express themselves with perspicuity.

To which of these classes Mr. Klose belongs, or whether he appertains to either, we shall not decide, but enable our readers to judge for themselves, by laying before them specimens both of his musical and literary composition. By way of preface, however, to our examples, we must state, that he is entirely free from the bigotry of system,—he swears neither by Rameau nor Kirnberger, nor by their champions, Marpurg and Kollmann. Indeed, we believe that he has been too independent in his notions to condescend to read, or at least to digest, any of their works. His plan is his own, and we do earnestly hope that none will be found so unjust as to question his sole right of promulgating it.

The author begins by defining the term **INTERVAL**, which he tells us

“— is the distance of one note (on the book, or on the piano-forte,) from another; in ascertaining which the pupil must reckon the note or white key counted from as 1, the next note or white key 2, the next 3, and so on.”

The black keys are left to shift for themselves: if the student, therefore, should wish to gain any preliminary knowledge concerning major and minor intervals, and the construction of the scales, he must extend his reading beyond this book; though the writer “hopes” that it may prove useful, “even to those who purpose carrying their studies to the utmost extent of musical knowledge.”

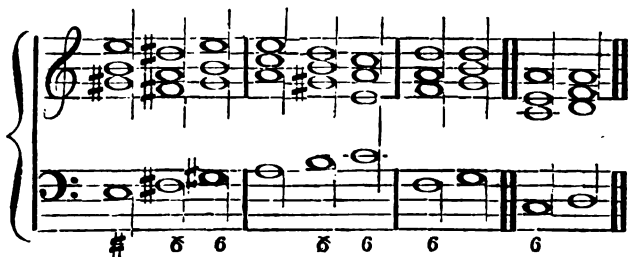
On the origin, or derivation, of the various chords, Mr. Klose does not bestow a single syllable. All classification of them, which hitherto has been thought so useful and necessary, he rejects. On the accompaniment of the scale, or *règle de l'octave*, which till now we have held, and supposed that every body else held, to be of primary importance, he is perfectly silent. But he leaves the pupil at full liberty to find out all for himself, if he can; and should he, peradventure, succeed, the facts will, by dint of industry, be more firmly rooted in his memory. At page 7, the following harmony is pronounced to be “good:”



If the scholar be early accustomed to such, his ear will certainly be cured of all excessive nicety. Page 18, lesson 9, the novelty of a 7th rising, to be resolved, occurs twice, in the 3d and 6th bars. Example—



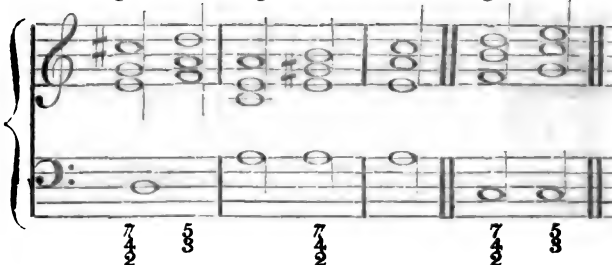
We never before witnessed so courageous a defiance of all rule, and of all practice, as is here presented. The repetition of the passage is, we conclude, for the purpose of shewing a parallel to the first. Page 25 exhibits the following progressions:



This is the most luxuriant crop of consecutive octaves that we ever gathered from a didactic work.

Chapter xi., page 83, introduces the chord of the sharp 7th, or 7th, 5th, 4th, and 2d. In this combination, all theoretical writers, and all practical musicians, who have pretended to any knowledge of composition, are agreed that the 4th *must* descend. But Mr. Klose has *changé tout cela*; undeterred by law and by precedent, he boldly causes the 4th to ascend; and we fear that our auricular nerves will have to sustain many a shock before they are reconciled to the method. Examples—

Page 35. Page 36. Page 36.



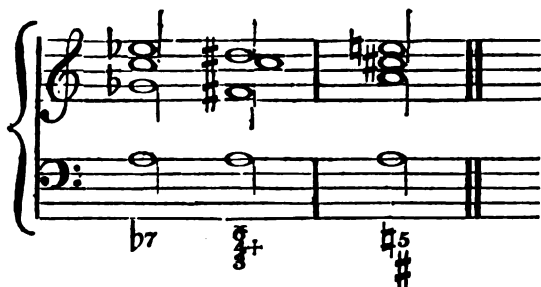
The 5th he omits, because its presence increases the difficulty of the performer. The motive is a kind one.

By chap. xiii. p. 39, we are taught that the chord of the 9th and 7th, is the same as the chord of the 9th “taken

fall!" At p. 46, the second inversion of the 7th or 6, 4, 2, is thus resolved,—



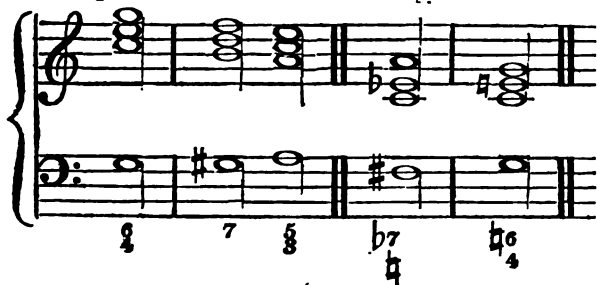
Here again we find the discord rising to its resolution. But the subjoined passage, p. 54, which is intended as an enharmonic modulation, though the term is not once used, will most of all astonish those of our readers who have the slightest knowledge of harmony, or the least sensibility of ear:—



It is necessary here to assure our readers, solemnly, that the above, and all the other extracts from this book, are faithfully made. They might otherwise be justified in doubting their authenticity. A few other examples we have yet to give of Mr. K.'s harmony; but we have no room left for much comment on them.

Page 55.—No. 1.

No. 2.



No. 1 of the above shews a charming progression of three false fifths. In No. 2 the chord figured with a flat 7th is equivocal, and most good musicians would have written the E flat as a D sharp, because it rises, and have made the chord a sharp sixth and fifth. Mr. K., it seems, thinks otherwise.

Page 56.—No. 1.

No. 2.



No. 1—The 7th vanishes! No. 2, the fourth rises again; but this occurs so often, that it is to be understood as the author's established practice.

Mr. K. introduces the fine chord of the 9th and 7th in a most forbidding form: Ex. from P. 60.



In so doing perhaps he is quite right, for the same reason that old women are wont to prescribe the nastiest physic. But that this chord may not leave our readers with wry faces, we will endeavour to prove how very palatable it is as compounded by Haydn.



We have given three times the length to the present article that we at first proposed, and can only add, that the language of this book is quite equal to the musical citations which we have made from it. As instances of clear definition and accurate grammar, we offer the following paragraphs.

"These three notes struck at once with the right hand, the left at the same time playing the bass note, constitute the common chord of that bass note C, and is called Thorough-Bass." p. 8.

Again we have at p. 60,

"The above example, and one instance of it (which is given in lesson 36,) is considered sufficient."

We have now redeemed our promise, and, offering no opinion ourselves, have, we trust, enabled our readers to form their own of these "Practical Hints."

1. RONDO, with an INTRODUCTION, for the Piano-forte, composed, and dedicated to Miss ESTCOURT, by J. B. CRAMER. Op. 66. (Goulding, D'Almaine, and Co.)

2. TWO AIRS, for the Piano-Forte; the Variations composed for, and dedicated to, HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS AUGUSTA, by J. B. CRAMER. (Birchall and Co., New Bond-Street.)

The first of these pieces, *The Rondo*, is formed upon the air, *Go, my love*, in the opera of *The Maniac*, by Bishop, a subject well suited to this species of composition, being rather of a gay character, and having nothing lingering in its melody. Mr. Cramer has managed it with great spirit, and converted it into a very lively, brilliant, piano-forte Rondo, adapted to the superior class of performers; but by

no means presenting any difficulty of an alarming nature. If played with the distinctness and animation that it requires, it will not fail to please the great majority of hearers.

The *Two Airs* are written in a more familiar manner than the Rondo, and are within the compass of a greater number of performers. The melody of the first is remarkably pretty, and the manner in which it is accompanied indicates the author. The second Air is of a commoner kind, and the variations to both have little of novelty to recommend them. In truth, it is more difficult now to write new variations, than to create new melodies. Many years ago, Dibdin, the admirable lyric poet and musician, published an excellent receipt for composing an Italian *bravura*: had he lived till the present day, he might have furnished an equally good formula for making any number of variations to any given air. The art is quite reduced to a mechanical rule; and we candidly avow, that the word variation in the plural number, when it appears in the title-page of a new publication, always costs us a sigh.

UN' OFFERTA ALLE GRAZIE, Introduction and Air, with Variations for the Piano-forte, by G. F. HARRIS. (Clementi and Co.)

The title of this publication led us to expect that we should find it replete with all the elegancies that music could offer at the shrine of the Paphian queen's lovely daughters; and although it might not, upon close examination, prove to be equally abounding in science, yet we did believe that it would be free from all those faults that are most opposed to gracefulness of effect. But our hopes were repressed at the very commencement of the air, by the skip of a 2d, in the chord of the sharp 7th, to a 5th; and by a B natural, in the chord of G, against a B flat. Our expectations were not revived by the notes below:—



and were extinguished by the following passage:—



We should have been inclined to pass over these, grating as they are to the ear, had there been any redeeming qualities in the whole piece; but we must say, that it is altogether a very common-place, insipid, composition, with an air of pretence about it that exposes it to closer observation than it will bear. The latter is particularly apparent in the profusion of Italian words employed, which amount almost to burlesque; especially as they are not always used grammatically.

MOZART'S SIX GRAND SYMPHONIES, arranged for the Piano-Forte, with Accompaniments of Flute, Violin, and Violoncello, [ad libitum] by J. N. HUMMEL, Maître de Chapelle to the Duke of Saxe Weimar. Nos. I and II. (Chappell and Co., New Bond-Street.)

The celebrated piano-forte player, Hummel of Vienna, has lately employed himself in adapting many of Mozart's orchestral compositions. Some time ago we examined the overture to the *Zauberflöte*, as arranged by him, (republished here by Boosey), and for the first time found nearly all the essential notes of the score brought within the compass of two hands on a keyed instrument. We have now before us two symphonies by Mozart, well-denominated *Grand*, forming part of a series publishing here, which is intended to embrace the whole of them. The first in D, is No. 2 of Ciani and Sperati's edition in score; and the second is the beautiful *chef d'œuvre* in G minor. Were we here to enter into the merits of these works, we must necessarily devote a large portion of the Number to them: but our present duty is to state the manner in which, according to our opinion, they are adapted to the piano-forte. Of Hummel, as a musician, it is unnecessary to say much; his scientific skill is every where acknowledged, and some persons go so far, as to rank his compositions with those of the three great geniuses of Germany. His arrangements, forming our judgment from those now under notice, shew his perfect knowledge of the instrument, and his nice discrimination in selecting the most effective parts from the score, in those passages where the whole could not be taken. When the latter case occurs, the accompaniments for the flute, &c., are exceedingly serviceable: with these, the symphonies become most excellent quartetts; but even where they are omitted, the arrangement is so managed, that the pieces are still sufficiently complete in themselves. In the present day, when difficulty seems in itself to be considered as a merit, we may perhaps, be thought a little old-fashioned in wishing that M. Hummel had contrived to render his adaptations rather more easy. They are certainly only calculated for performers of a superior order; and, though we have always been persuaded that this is not a species of music for general use, yet some of the passages will, we fear, exclude from attempting these splendid and beautiful symphonies, many who are far advanced as practitioners. Nevertheless, by a little prudent management, and the occasional omission of a note or two that may prove beyond the performer's reach, it is very possible to facilitate their execution: and few will deny that such music will always repay any trouble or industry bestowed upon it.

The work is brought out with great care, and in a liberal manner; and if finished as begun, will be a most valuable addition to any musical library whatever.

HANDEL'S OVERTURES, arranged for the Organ or Piano-forte, by THOMAS KILICK, Organist, Gravesend. (Clementi and Co.)

This first Number contains the Overture to the *Occasional Oratorio*. As the work, if continued, may prove very useful to those who wish to gain some knowledge of this noble and pleasing class of Handel's compositions, we strongly recommend the adapter to *thin* the parts, where the introduction of all the notes found in the original work is attended with a difficulty that many can never surmount. The double semiquavers in the third and fifth bars of page 4, for instance, are not at all necessary to the effect, but will make most performers stumble in their progress. We bear testimony to the "fidelity and correctness" with

which Mr. K. has adhered to the score, and hope that he will pursue the task which he has so laudably undertaken; pressing upon his attention the prudence of retrenching such notes as the composer himself would, most likely, have omitted, under similar circumstances.

A FAVOURITE THEME, with Variations, for the Flute; with an obligato Accompaniment for the Piano-Forte, by W. GABRIELSKY.—Op. 37. (Rudall, 7, Tavistock-street, Covent Garden.

M. Gabrielsky has the reputation of being one of the finest flute-players in Europe; he is also reported as a good composer. The present work is the first we have met with of this author, and it would not be just to judge of his abilities by a mere air with variations; upon which it is not to be supposed that he employed much of his talent. It makes a brilliant display for both instruments, particularly the Flute; and is quite in the rapid and difficult style at present prevailing. We discover in it none of those tender notes that "the soft, complaining Flute" is so peculiarly adapted to express, and to which we cannot help wishing it were chiefly confined; but in lieu of these, we find quick, extensive arpeggios, and skips as wide and as unnatural, as they are, for the present fleeting moment, fashionable.

"HITHER, FAIRY QUEEN," Canzonet, with Flute ad libitum, as sung with distinguished approbation, by MRS. SALMON, for whom it was composed by T. A. RAWLINGS. London, Royal Harmonic Institution.

Mr. Rawlings's Fairy Flight is quite of a different family from Dr. Carnaby's, noticed in our last, but it possesses great merit. There is, however, more of Italian about it than English; but, as it was composed "for Mrs. Salmon," who "sung it with distinguished approbation," we must be "with caution bold" in our comments. In truth, when a composer has to write for such a singer as the lady in question, we know full well, that, however judiciously he may wish to treat his subject, and to keep within the proper bounds, her voice, and plenty of it too, must be heard; hence, we may fairly make some allowance for the want of connexion and compactness, which is apparent in this air throughout. The subject, which is very good, is kept too much in the back ground to make way for modulations, and passages that are not analogous to it. That Mrs. Salmon can echo back these passages, we admit; but who else, at least, like her, can? And then comes the question,—Is it the difficulty of execution, or the soul, the expression, the *speaking in song*, that we ought most to admire?

The opening of the air is striking, certainly; but how beautiful, and how just, is Mr. Sheridan's observation: "Faded ideas," says he, "float in the fancy like half-forgotten dreams; and the imagination, in its fullest enjoyments, becomes suspicious of its offspring, and doubts whether it has created or adopted." Mr. R. has very probably been, on some occasion, no matter when, or how often, struck with the following opening of an old song, which has been erroneously given to Purcell,—



The similarity is obvious; but Mr. R. is unquestionably innocent of intentional plagiarism, and the likeness does not detract one atom from his merit. The finest composers, have fallen into the same delusion, and such will continue to be the case to the end of time.

In the 10th bar of the second page, we should have preferred a more simple modulation.

We come, soon after this, to a *minore* in A, descending by a little ladder of semi-tones in the accompaniment, to the *major*, where we are left to gambol for a short time, pleasantly enough, and naturally curious to know by what magical contrivance we are to be brought back to the original key of F. This is, however, presently done, and not unskilfully; though we prefer, we confess, this sort of surprises in a symphony of Beethoven. Were we meditating a fairy fantasy like the present, we would rather court the sylph Simplicity, than the more artful enchanter Modulation.

The strain from the 9th to the 24th bar, page 8, is exceedingly sweet and soothing; then we come again to the Italian school, and the winding up of the song is nothing but a repetition of flights and divisions to exhibit the voice. It should have been brought to a close as soon and as simply as possible, after the sweet pause on C, which we have before noticed.—As it is, we have "Fairy Queen,"—"Fairy Queen," flying up and down, first with the voice, and then with the accompaniment, through a whole page and a half.

Before we conclude, we would recommend to Mr. Rawlings to be more attentive another time, in preserving, in his vocal music, the proper pronunciation of the words. The word "sultry" might have been set as it ought to be spoken, had Mr. R. made two pointed crotchets instead of the tie; and the tie upon the "butterflies" is still worse. These little inaccuracies are easily avoided, and trifling as they may appear, they make for a nice and discriminating mind, a very disagreeable impression.

The words "Empresses and state that see," are quite unintelligible; perhaps it was meant to be *Empresses and states that be*, which does not, however, mend the matter much.

After all, Mr. Rawlings has evinced, in his composition, great ingenuity. We only wish him to bring, in future, as much vocal judgment as fancy into the field; we shall then have no cause of complaint left.

1. **PSALMO-DOXOLOGIA**, a new and complete collection of PSALM and HYMN TUNES, set for three or four voices, with an accompaniment for the Organ or Piano-forte. (Sinpin and Marshall, Stationers' Hall Court.)

No. 2. **EIGHT PSALM TUNES in Score**, adapted to the metres generally in use, with an accompaniment for the Organ or Piano-forte. By NICHOLAS HEINEKEN. (Goulding and Co. Soho Square, and T. Inkersley, Bradford, Yorkshire.)

The first of these works is a collection of between three and four hundred psalm tunes and hymns, containing all the established old melodies, and a great many new ones, including several of the best and most popular airs of Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Pleyel, Beethoven, &c., &c., arranged for either three or four voices; with an accompaniment for the organ, in small notes, instead of a figured bass. This is the most copious collection that we have ever seen, for the price; and, musically speaking, is better executed than works of this kind generally are. The introduction of the delightful airs of the great German composers, must relieve congregations from the fatiguing reiteration of the old tunes, which, though certainly excellent in themselves, become, like

any other good thing; extremely dull if too often repeated, and unless relieved by an admixture of novelty. A slight biographical sketch of each composer, and a brief history of psalmody, are prefixed to the collection. The former is in some few instances erroneous, but it gives a considerable share of interest to the work. Some corrections may be made in the harmony, in a subsequent edition of this book, that will much improve it; though, upon the whole, it is published in a very creditable manner.

Mr. Heineken's eight psalms do him infinite credit, as a harmonist. We have not often met with sacred music of this description, the inspection of which has afforded us so much pleasure as this modest, meritorious work. The sweetness of the melodies, the skilful arrangement of the parts, and the unexampled moderation of the price (three shillings), ought to recommend them, not only to all congregations that promote devotional singing, but to every private family that wishes to cultivate serious music.

The astonishing progress made by music in this country,

may, in some manner, be estimated by the importance which books of psalmody begin to assume the variety and superiority of the melodies, whether English, Italian, or German, which are adapted to the versions of the psalms, and to the numberless hymns. Of these works, we cannot resist naming GABRIEL's *Sacred Melodies*; though it is certainly going a little our way, to remark upon any book published so long after the commencement of our labours; but it is a collection made with so much taste, knowledge of harmony, and intimate acquaintance with the best composers of all nations, it shews so correct a judgment, and is so devoid of prejudice, that it not only merits all the patronage which it has received, great as it has been, but deserves to be often mentioned, in order to secure to it a continuance of that encouragement, which, in this instance, cannot fail to prove beneficial to the public, and may stimulate the author to fresh exertions.

THE DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

ROSSINI's semi-serious opera of *Ricciardo e Zoraide* was got up by Madame Camporese, for her benefit, and performed for the first time in this country, on Thursday, June 5th.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Agorante, an African Conqueror	Signor Garcia.
Ricciardo, Lover of Zoraide, Friend to Ernesto	Signor Curioni.
Ernesto, a French Ambassador	Signor Reina.
Ircano, Father of Zoraide	Signor Porto.
Zoraide, a Captive, in love with Ricciardo	Madame Camporese.
Zomira, intended Wife to Agorante	Madame Vestris.
Fatima, a confidant	Madame Graziani.

Attendants, Soldiers, Scouts, &c.

The argument of the drama, as prefixed to the translation of it published by the theatre, is this:—

Agorante, an African conqueror, has fallen in love with *Zoraide*, one of his captives, who has pledged her hand to *Ricciardo*, a Christian chieftain. *Ricciardo*, in order to obtain a sight of his mistress, and, at the same time, to avoid all suspicion, pretends to be one of the suite of the French ambassador. *Ernesto* gains admittance to the palace of *Agorante*, and succeeds in persuading him, that *Ricciardo* has taken away his wife by force. This induces *Agorante* to give him his confidence, and to engage him to persuade *Zoraide* to accept his hand. But *Zomira*, who has claims upon the heart of *Agorante*, succeeds in discovering the plans of *Ricciardo*, and, in his rage, *Agorante* condemns both the lovers to death, together with *Ircano*, the father of *Zoraide*. At the moment of the execution of the sentence, *Ernesto* rushes in with his soldiers:—*Agorante* is overpowered, and obliged to yield up *Zoraide* to her lover.

This is one of the heaviest of the many tedious Italian lyric dramas that we have toiled through, and was not very likely to inspire

Rossini with a profusion of brilliant thoughts; the present opera, therefore, as a whole, is to be ranked amongst his least interesting productions: not an air can we mention that impresses itself on the memory, nor can we speak more favourably of the duets. A Terzetto, "*Cruda Sorte*," certainly is excellent; the first movement of it is new—the second part not so original, but quick and exciting. The *Introduzione* is of a very popular nature; and so likely is it to please, that we have printed it, arranged for the piano-forte, in the present Number. A vocal sextett, without any accompaniment, in the first *finale*, beginning "*Confusa! smarrita!*" and a quartett, also without instruments, towards the end of the second act, "*Qual inateso fulmine*," are in a style that Rossini never unsuccessfully adopts; he writes in it *con amore*, and thereby manifests his predilection for harmony. The first is in A flat, his favourite key for *morceaux d'ensemble*; the second is in G. Of the two pieces, the latter is the best, and may profitably be added to the library of all those who love that social and agreeable species of music, the English gleec.

DRURY-LANE AND COVENT-GARDEN THEATRES.

There has been a dearth of novelty of all kinds at the two winter theatres, during the last month. Mr. Braham took his benefit at Drury-Lane on the 3d, and immediately departed for Ireland; the musical corps, therefore, was put into disorder, if not quite broken up. At Covent-Garden, the managers defer all their operative hopes to the next season; for which Mr. Sinclair is engaged at a great salary; and very sanguine expectations are formed of his improved manner of singing, after so long a residence in Italy.

THE CONCERTS.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

The eighth, and last, of these Concerts for the present season, took place on the 2nd of June.

ACT I.

Sinfonia, No. 7	Beethoven.
Duetto, " <i>Scendi nel piccol legno</i> ," Mrs. Salmon and Mr. Begrez (<i>La Donna del Lago</i>)	Rossini.
Quartetto, two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello, Messrs. Mori, Watts, Lyon, and Lindley	Spohr.
Canone, " <i>Perfida Clori</i> ," Madame Camporese, Mrs. Salmon, and Mr. Begrez	Cherubini.
Overture to <i>Calypso</i>	Winter.

ACT II.

Sinfonia, No. 7	Haydn.
Aria, " <i>Parto</i> ," Madame Camporese; Clarinet Obligato, Mr. Willman (<i>La Clemenza di Tito</i>)	Mozart.
Trio, two Violoncellos and Contra Basso, Messrs. Lindley, W. Lindley, and Dragonetti	Corelli.
Recit. ed Aria, " <i>Di tanti palpiti</i> ," Madame Ronzi De Begnis, (<i>Tancredi</i>)	Rossini.
Finale to the 1st Act of <i>Don Giovanni</i> , Mrs. Salmon, Madame Ronzi De Begnis, Madame Camporese, Signor Placci, Mr. Begrez, Mr. Kellner, and Signor De Begnis	Mozart.
Leader, Mr. H. SMART;—Conductor, Mr. POTTER.	

The vocal part of this performance was remarkably strong and efficient; the *fiasco* to *Don Giovanni* was never before got up with these such asperities, and, allowing for the absence of scenic effect, it never went off with more *éclat*. Madame Camporese, in the rich and passionate air, "*Parto, me tu ben mio*," always shows the greatness of her powers as a singer; it is exactly suited to her style and means. William's accompaniment is not less excellent; he is, without exception, the best clarinet player we have ever heard. Madame De Begnis gave a novel effect to the beautiful, but hackneyed, air, "*Di tanti palpiti*," of which we could hardly have believed it susceptible. The audience were cruel enough to enquire it, to which she consented with the utmost good humour. The elegant canon, by Cherubini, in such hands could not fail to charm every hearer; but if it had been performed by three equal voices, by the three ladies who were present, it would have been perfect. The symphony by Beethoven, in A, is indebted for its reputation to the movement in A minor, which is one of the brightest gems in the author's diadem. The other parts of the composition are without any settled design, confused, full of harsh combinations; and, what is worse than all, the time occupied by the whole is at least fifty minutes! Haydn's symphony, one of the twelve composed for Salomon, is beautiful, and came very opportunely after the other. Mori played the masterly quartett by Spohr in an exquisite manner; we have heard the composer himself perform it, and, of the two, rather prefer our own countryman in it. Corelli's trio would have been better disposed of, had it been given to two violins and a violoncello, for which it was written. But Lindley and Dragonetti are such extraordinary performers, that they "can make the worse appear the better cause," and they filled the room with admiration.

Many complaints have been made of the management of these concerts during the last and present seasons, and we have received some letters upon the subject; one of which is written in an able manner, and should have been inserted this month, but that it contains some asperities and personalities, to which we cannot give publicity, and have therefore returned it to the author, requesting his own emendations, in conformity to the plan upon which we set out, and from which we cannot depart. Should he, —(for we presume our correspondent to be of the masculine gender)—comply with our wishes, his communication shall appear next month.

CONCERT OF ANCIENT MUSIC.

AGREEABLY to the intimation given in our Fourth Number, we now pursue the consideration of the Concert of Ancient Music, with reference more particularly to the performers and the performances.—The Concerts for the present season are now over, and without having left the slightest impression upon our mind, that there is any intention, or wish, on the part of the Noble Directors, to restore to them their former interest and dignity. The same frivolity has been exhibited, with scarcely any variation as was witnessed last year; the same noisy chorusses have been preferred to those sublime strains that so eminently distinguish Handel in his devotional pieces:—he has introduced no drums and trumpets in "*Hear us, O Lord!*" "*O never bow we down!*"—or that unequalled emanation of his genius, "*For unto us a Child is born*;" but, will it be believed, that because he has, and judiciously enough, employed them in "*Aloud let acclamations ring*," and "*Break his bands of sleep asunder*," these very inferior chorusses are most applauded?—and, unhappily, in that quarter where the influence is strongest.

The instrumental band of these Concerts is in perfect order;—with such a conductor as Mr. Grestorex, and such a leader as Mr. F. Cramer, how should it be otherwise? We must, however, observe, that with all his excellencies, the latter gentleman has one defect, (which, after all, when we consider the animation

he displays, and the feeling he evinces of the merits of the composition before him, we can readily excuse,) and this is an unsteadiness in the time.—He is too apt to hurry it, especially in his Concertos, and frequently so much so, as to make it difficult for the band to accompany him.—This is probably a nervous affection, proceeding from that awakened interest and anxiety which a mere mechanical performer would never feel;—still, if by caution and recollection it could be subdued, it would complete the peculiar delight we never fail to experience, not only when we hear, but when we see, this admirable player.

Mr. Grestorex, the able successor of Joah Bates, on the noblest of all instruments, guides us through the chorusses, even the most complicated ones, with unfailing judgment and accuracy, and is decidedly the finest conductor of this kind of music in England, if not in Europe. We would, however, recommend to him a closer attention to the distribution of his chorus-singers. The trebles are too many and too loud for the other parts of the choir; the latter, consequently, in their efforts to preserve an equilibrium, make, occasionally, a sad clamour. Now, with all due deference to the Lancashire ladies, who sing, however, with mathematical precision, we should be better satisfied if the boys of the Chapel Royal and Westminster Abbey were left to themselves.—Boys' voices unite, too, better with men's, because they are of a mellow quality than women's. Mr. Grestorex has introduced his pianos and fortes with great effect; but we do not agree with him in thinking that drums and trumpets are any improvement to the anthems of Gibbons and Croft; the exquisite harmony is lost in the noise, and all our finer feelings instantly suppressed. His additions, however, generally speaking, are very skilfully made;—we would mention, in particular, his excellent adaptation, for a full band, of Handel's movement from his lessons; the tenor part which he has added to Purcell's "*Hark, my Dorinda!*" and also to Dr. Calcott's pathetic little epitaph, "*Forgive, blest Shade*." They are introduced with great delicacy, and give richness and variety to the originals, without interfering in the least with their subject and sentiment. We cannot take leave of this fine instrumental band, without expressing our deep regret for the loss of Griesbach and his unrivalled oboe—lost, we fear, for ever. His place is supplied by Mr. Ling, and it is but doing justice to that performer, to say that it could not be more ably supplied. The first trumpet, too, is admirably sustained, but he is woefully seconded. This is not just dealing by a first-rate player on this most difficult of all instruments; he ought either to be left to himself, or to be at least *decently* supported. We come now to the vocal corps. The merits, respectively, of each individual engaged, are too generally known to require much comment from us. We would rather, we confess, see Madame Camporese in her proper place upon the Opera stage. When we see and hear her there, animated as a singer, and graceful and interesting as an actress, we cannot be satisfied with our recollection of her cold, and laboured performance, in the Ancient Concert orchestra. But, indeed, actors and actresses in general appear there to a disadvantage; as a barrister who can make a very eloquent speech before a judge and special jury, with the advantages of his tie-wig and silk gown, often makes a poor figure in the House of Commons.

Of Mrs. Salmon and Miss Stephens we dare not say all we think, considering them as *English* singers. The style of English singing is, indeed, so completely changed, owing to the prevailing taste of the Public for what is flourishing, and ornamental, and foreign, that we cannot fairly draw comparisons between these ladies and their predecessors. Mrs. Billington and Mrs. Crouch belonged to a totally different school; it is for the Public to decide which has the preference, we choose to be silent on this very delicate point. Thus much, however, we will venture to declare, that we are always better pleased with Mrs. Salmon in the bravura, than in the loftier strain of Handel; and with Miss Stephens when she lets Purcell alone, and remains constant to "*Auld Robin*

Gray." In Miss Travis we recognise something of the old school ; and in glees and madrigals, the subdued manner in which she accommodates her voice to, and mingles with, the others, entitles her to the highest praise. This lady is a scholar of Mr. Greateorex, and does him infinite credit. With Messrs. Vaughan, Wm. Knyvett, J. Sale, and Bellamy, we feel ourselves also at home ;—we would, however, recommend to Mr. J. Sale to borrow some of Mr. Bellamy's fire, and that gentleman to take, in return, a little of J. Sale's steadiness. Mr. Bellamy should endeavour too to get rid of a certain imitation of poor Bartleman, which was almost the only defect of that incomparable singer ; it is a sudden and guttural break in some of the upper notes of the voice. Vaughan is delicious ; he is chaste, animated, mellifluous, and correct ; and he is English, pure English ;—but, "*hinc lacryma.*" We shall be laughed at, probably, by the cognoscenti, when we say, that we would rather hear Vaughan open the "Messiah" than Braham ; but we should more deserve to be laughed at, if we said that Vaughan could give effect to a Cantata of Mozart's like Braham ;—we hold them to be both fine singers in their different schools ; but hundreds would run after Braham, who would not stir an inch out of their way to hear the chastened elegance of Vaughan. W. Knyvett possesses delicacy and purity of style to perfection, but the *vis animæ* is wanting in him for a song singer. In madrigals and glees, or in any pieces where his co-operation with others is required, he has none to compete with him.

We now proceed to notice the performances of the past season, which, with the exception of a new *Irish melody*, and, we believe, a new *harmonized air*, were precisely the same as their predecessors for the last twelve years. Nay, not satisfied with giving to the Subscribers these same performances *once only*, the Directors have this season indulged them with a repetition, as we shall presently shew. We were not, however, present at all the Concerts ; upon those which we were able to attend, we shall now offer a few remarks.

At the four first Concerts we were absent ; but, from what we have been able to collect from others, no novelty of any importance was brought forward, if there was any at all. The Fifth Concert was under the direction of the Archbishop of York, and a strange medley it was. First, we had the anthem, by Kent, which every chorister in the United Kingdom can sing by heart ; "Hear my Prayer ;"—and which the Public have had *doled* out to them in cathedrals and concert-rooms from time immemorial, as if it were the only thing of the kind fit to be heard. Then, by way of contrast we presume, the "Hail-stone" chorus was thundered in our ears, to be again soothed by a "Hymn on the Nativity ;" then we had "Fair Aurora," and an *Irish Melody*, winding up with *Rule Britannia !*—The fine chorus from Dryden's Ode, "As from the power of Sacred Lays," (for the *second* time, by-the-by,) and Purcell's animated strain from King Arthur, made some, but very little, amends for such a *melange*.

The Earl of Derby presided over the Sixth Concert, and the selection was certainly more judicious. Two very fine pieces, a part of a Mass of Jomelli, and a Gloria Patri of Leo : that marvellous production of learning and genius, the concluding chorus of the Messiah, "Worthy is the Lamb," and Stafford Smith's exquisite Ode, "Blest pair of Sirens," were uninterrupted by any thing trite or frivolous. We should, however, have been better pleased, if his Lordship had not chosen that most difficult of all difficult songs to sing, "Haste thee, Nymph." It was really any thing but a laughing matter, from Mr. Bellamy to the humblest voice in the chorus, unless that noise can be called laughing, which does not move a risible muscle in the countenance. We have heard an *ancient friend* say, that there was only one singer that ever gave any thing like a natural expression to this song, or conveyed it to his Chorus, and that was John Beard.

The Seventh Concert, under the direction of Lord Fortescue, was a very fine one ; but this, indeed, is generally the case when

his Lordship presides, for he is really fond of, and understands not only what is good in itself, but what is appropriate. Would that *all* the performances were under his direction. The scene from Handel's Belshazzar, opening with the Chorus, "By slow Degrees," and ending with "Sing, O ye Heavens," is of too sublime a description to be often brought forward. But Lord Fortescue *will* have what is good when he can, cold as its reception generally is, and was on the present occasion. "Righteous Heaven beholds their Guile," another magnificent Chorus from Susannah, shared the same fate. The opening Chorus in Solomon was followed by a very fine Anthem of Travers's, "Ascribe unto the Lord." But the heathen Chorus from Athaliah, we could have dispensed with. These gentle Chorusses have a good effect when they are introduced, as Handel meant they should be, as contrasts to that style of devotion which he preserves for the worship of the true God :—thus the Chorus in Deborah, "O Baal !" most judiciously introduces the fine prayer, "Lord of Eternity ;" and, again in Samson, how effectively is that sublime supplication, "Hear Jacob's God," (which we never heard at the Ancient Concert, by the way,) contrasted with the sportive Chorus of the Philistines, on a ground bass, "To Song and Dance ;" but they are not Chorusses to stand by themselves as specimens of Handel's power of effect and richness of harmony. The noble Director was obliged to have something like a Glee in his selection ; but how excellent his choice :—Lord Mornington's delicious little Elegy, "O Bird of Eve !" and Webb's "To Love I wake the Silver String." Thank heaven, we escaped both a *harmonized Nanny*, and an *Irish Melody*. Lord Darnley's selection, on the Eighth Concert night, had nothing remarkable in it ; the music in *Macbeth*, and a part of *Acis and Galatea*, are the established favourites of this noble Director, who favours us with them regularly every year. We wish his Lordship would condescend next season not to *forget* one of the finest Chorusses in the *Serenata* ; *viz.*, "Mourn, all ye Muses ;"—we say forget, for we will not suppose it was purposely omitted. One of the prime favourites was this night introduced,—"Break his Bands of Sleep asunder," and Mr. Jenkinson and his double drums did their duty manfully. We were not greatly struck with the selection from Marcello, and would rather have heard Mr. Shield's pretty Glee, "O Happy Fair !" any where else. Lord Derby made his second appearance at the Tenth Concert, with "Peace to the Souls of the Heroes," for the *second* time ; and an Anthem by a Mr. Reynolds, which we never heard before, and sincerely hope may never hear again. Then came the fine Chorus, "O Father, whose Almighty Power," which we would rather have heard ten times repeated than the trickery that followed ;—one of Corelli's *Tries* for two violins and a violoncello, turned into a trio for two violoncellos and a double bass ; and for what purpose, unless to please Mr. Lindley and Mr. W. Lindley, it would be difficult to guess ; for as to poor Dragonetti, it was as much as he could do to prevent his noble instrument for taking a downright *nap* ! Then followed a sad meagre composition ; a Trio, beginning "Fallen is thy Throne, O Israel !" to which the composer has very prudently, or his noble Patron for him, withheld his name. Miss Stephens's "*O worse than Death, indeed,*" succeeded ; it was, to be sure, a most unlucky successor.

In the second act we had, "Let not rage," a song from Artaxerxes, *harmonized* ; and, "Shepherds have I lost my Love," *harmonized* ; and deeply did we regret that this nonsense came *before* a delightful Concerto of Ricciotti's. "Their sound is gone out," from the Messiah ; and the concluding Chorus of Negri's, "Quoniam tu solus ;" they were all completely lost in the bustling and whispering of the retiring company, for after the dear "Shepherds," there was an almost general rise.

Lord Fortescue appears again to the Eleventh Concert, though not quite so well attended as before. We had the 100th Psalm, which we would rather have heard from the charity children ;

Linley's incomparable Madrigal, "Let me careless," and Lord Mornington's beautiful Glee, "Come, fairest Nymph," we can never hear too often, even at the Ancient Music; but "Love in thine Eyes," and "Water parted," are better confined to the drawing-room and stage. The Chorusses were, as usual, all judiciously chosen—"This is the Day," from Dr. Croft's Anthem, lifted us to the skies; had we heard it in Westminster Abbey, it would have lifted us to heaven itself.

The Twelfth and last Concert was under the direction of Lord Darnley; and a selection from Saul was repeated. It is, however, so very fine a one, that, for the honour of our great master, we must not complain. The *whole* of this Concert would have done his Lordship's judgment great credit, but for a vulgar Irish melody, that came at last, like "a mildew, blasting the wholesome fruit." It is impossible to speak too highly of the style and precision with which the Overtures and Concertos are executed; but they are chiefly confined to Corelli, Handel, Geminiani, and Martini—and admirable compositions though they are, we should not be displeased with a sprinkling, now and then, of Haydn and Mozart. What a rich variety would be added to the instrumental department, at least, of these Concerts, if these two great masters were taken into the class.

We must not conclude our observations without expressing our full acquiescence in the sentiments of our Correspondent, Senex, as contained in our Fifth Number, in regard to "the absolute necessity of introducing contrast" in the pieces to be performed, not only at these, but all other Concerts of the kind; but we must stipulate for *proper* contrast. "A devotional air or chorus" would be, with sufficient cheerfulness, relieved by one of Wylbye's or Weelks's madrigals; or, to come to later times, Lindley's or Jackson's elegies. But, while we should delight in such relief, and admit the full propriety of such a secular song as "Softly rise, thou Southern Breeze," or such a glee as "Come, fairest Nymph," we are disgusted with mere prettinesses: with such trols as Irish melodies, and harmonized love songs. We would have cheerfulness, by all means; but we would have cheerfulness on a rich and classical ground. A few of Handel's orchestral anthems are performed, but we wish, with Senex, that more of them were revived. As we must have anthems, orchestral anthems are decidedly the properest to be performed out of a cathedral. He will see that we concur with him, too, in what he has observed about Haydn and Mozart. In regard to what we advanced in our former article, of the non-attendance of the noble Directors, as we did not advance the assertion from our own knowledge, we readily admit that our authority, good as it was, might be mistaken, and Senex right; but we never heard that his late Majesty established any rule for such non-attendance.

We have now concluded what we have, *at present*, to say concerning this establishment; which, if it is to be carried on in the same manner next year, will require from us no further comment. Most happy shall we be, if the noble Directors give us an opportunity, by adopting some of the alterations, at least, that we have suggested, of resuming our pen on the subject.

CLIO.

MR. CRAMER'S CONCERT.

On Friday, June 6th, Mr. Cramer gave a morning concert at Willis's Rooms; and, of course, drew together not only as many as the place would conveniently hold, but several who were content to be crowded into corners, or remain in the ante-chambers, rather than lose the opportunity of hearing this very celebrated performer. The concert consisted of the following pieces:—Symphony, Mozart; song, Carafa, sung by Mr. Sapio; Concerto, piano-forte, Mr. Cramer, composed by himself. (His 6th, in E flat, dedicated to Mrs. Francis George Smyth.) Song, Signa. Caradori; grand duet, piano-forte, Hummel—performed by Messrs. Cramer and

Kalkbrenner. In Part II. a new quintett, MS., for piano-forte, violin, tenor, violoncello, and contra basso, by Messrs. Cramer, F. Cramer, Lindley, Morale, and Dragonetti; Madrigal, Ford, sung by Miss Stephens, Messrs. Vaughan, W. Knyvett, and Sale; Fantasia, harp, &c. by Messrs. Dizi, &c.; song, Miss Stephens; and grand duet, piano-forte, by Messrs. Cramer and Moscheles, composed by the latter. We did not think the Concerto well chosen for general effect. The duet, by Hummel, is full of science, and is much extolled; nevertheless, we must consider it rather as the work of a learned musician, than a man of genius. The quintetto is a melodious, graceful composition, the simplicity of which, after the complicated contrivances in the duet of M. Hummel, operated as a grateful relief. The duet, by Moscheles, is the work of a superior and original mind, and was executed *à merveille*, otherwise it would have been thought too long.

Of Mr. Cramer's talents, there is but one opinion, which was so well expressed, three or four years ago, in a daily paper, that we cut out the paragraph, and having fortunately preserved it, cannot do better than reprint it as the concluding part of this notice. "As a performer on the piano-forte, Cramer is unrivalled, and, we may perhaps venture to assert, every professor unreluctantly yields to him the palm. His brilliancy of execution is astonishing; but this quality, which is, in fact, purely mechanical, amounts to little or nothing in the general estimate of such merits as his: in taste, expression, feeling, the power that he possesses of almost making the instrument speak a language, are the attributes by which he is so eminently distinguished. The mere velocity of manual motion,—those legerdemain tricks which we are now and then condemned to witness, may entrap the unwary; the physical operation of sounds, whose rapidity of succession is incalculable, may be necessary to stimulate the indurated tympanums of some few dull ears; but those who love to have their sympathies awakened by the 'eloquent music' which this instrument may be made to 'discourse,' who derive any pleasure from the most social and innocent of the fine arts, and who would gain the practical advantages of an instructive lesson by listening to a delightful performance,—such persons should seize every opportunity that is afforded them of hearing Cramer."

MR. MOSCHELES'S CONCERT.

The Concert of M. Moscheles took place at the Argyll Rooms on Monday the 16th of June. Mr. F. Cramer led the band, and Mr. Cramer sat at the piano-forte as conductor. A strong vocal phalanx assisted on this occasion, amongst whom were Mesdames Camporese, and Ronzi de Begnis; Maddles. Caradori, Paton and Goodall, Signors Begrez, De Begnis, Mr. Welsh, &c. The rooms were all full, and the performance was excellent. M. Moscheles played a new concerto, in which deep musical knowledge and fancy were happily blended; in his finale he introduced the well-known English tune, the Grenadier's March, and put every head, and almost as many hearts, into motion. In the second part he performed a fantasia, *extempore*, and excited as much astonishment by the readiness of his invention, as by the indescribable rapidity of his execution, and power of hand. The two principal airs, of which this piece consisted, were the romance from *La Donna del Lago*, given in our Third Number, and the Scottish air inserted in the present. The applause he gained was almost tumultuous, and it was really deserved.

SIGNOR PUZZI'S CONCERT.

Signor Puzzi had his annual concert at Mrs. Cox's elegant house in Grosvenor Place, on the 4th of June, when all the vocal performers from the King's Theatre attended, and a large party of fashionable people were assembled.

MISCELLANEA.

At Elbing, a remote town of Prussia, on the shores of the Baltic, a regular set of concerts, of a first-rate order, are carried on every winter. We are enabled to judge of the present state of music in Germany, by learning that during the last season the performers residing in a city of no great importance, were, fifty sopranos, thirty-two contraltos, thirty tenors, and twenty-four basses: the orchestra being composed of twenty-four violins, and the usual proportion of other instruments. Amongst other classical compositions, were given, in a very accurate manner, the Messiah of Handel, with the additional accompaniments of Mozart, and a new oratorio by Shrierder, entitled *The last Judgment*, which enjoys a very high reputation all over the north of Europe. These two sacred works were performed at the Catholic Church of St. Nicolas, under the direction of M. Urban, councillor of state, and the solo-parts were executed by amateurs.

Mad. Mainvielle Fodor is singing at Vienna, with great applause in the *Zelmire* of Rossini, an opera very popular in that city.

Mad. Pasta and Madlle. Cinti are performing the two principal characters in the serious opera of *Romeo e Giulietta* by Zingarelli, with considerable effect in Paris. The former was engaged in London in the year 1817, and possesses a fine contr' alto voice, with great personal beauty. The latter was much admired here last year.

Mr. Ebera has certainly assigned over his lease of the King's Theatre for the two next years, for a very valuable consideration. The other arrangements are not yet sufficiently completed to enable us to speak of them.

An opera by ROSSINI, entitled *Matilde e Corradino*, or the Triumph of Beauty, quite new to this country, is to be produced

on the 3d inst, for the benefit of Madame Ronzi de Begnis. We understand that Signor de Begnis has been unremitting in his exertions to produce this opera with every possible attraction; the whole of the principal singers of the establishment, except Mad. Camporese, have characters in it, and an unusual degree of care has been employed to render the chorus perfect.

The Haymarket Theatre opened on Monday, the 23rd, but nothing new has yet appeared, except a Miss Johnson, whose vocal acquirements do not invite much attention. We have, therefore, not given this house a place under the head of Drama, in the present Number. We hope that, either in the shape of a new opera, or a new singer, that we shall have some notice to take of this elegant and well-situated theatre next month.

The English Opera-House opens on the first of July. It has undergone a thorough repair, and has been richly embellished by Mr. Beazley, the architect under whose orders Drury-Lane Theatre was last fitted up with so much splendour and taste. The *Marriage of Figaro* is chosen to commence with, in which Miss Dance is to make her first appearance on any stage, in the character of Susanna. Miss Kelly is to be the Page.

The Oxford Music-Meeting was well attended, and a large sum was received for the charities in behalf of which it took place.

The ensuing Grand Musical Festival at York is intended to be on a scale of extraordinary magnitude. No performance of any consequence has ever taken place in the ancient and magnificent cathedral of that city, and the most sanguine hopes are entertained of its success.



CHRISTOPHER GLUCK.

THE HARMONICON.

No. VIII., AUGUST, 1823.

MEMOIR OF CHRISTOPHER GLUCK.

AMONG the many illustrious names that adorn the annals of German music, that of Gluck stands conspicuous, and deservedly does he merit the title of one of the most extraordinary geniuses of the age in which he flourished. He was a native of the Upper Palatinate, on the frontiers of Bohemia, and born in 1714, or, according to Laborde, in 1712. His father, a man in poor circumstances, removed during the infancy of his son into Bohemia, where he died, leaving young Gluck without any provision, so that his education was wholly neglected. But nature had endowed him with an instinct for music. This taste, so common in Bohemia, is fostered by the national education; for both in towns and villages, in the streets and churches, men, women, and children, sing in concert, and play upon musical instruments. Having acquired this knowledge, he rambled from town to town, supporting himself by his talents, till he had worked his way to Vienna. Here he earned a sum sufficient to enable him to acquire a little of that education, which his poverty and state of abandonment, had hitherto placed it beyond his power to obtain. He afterwards had the good fortune to meet with a friend in a nobleman, who became his patron, took him into his service, and carried him into Italy. At Milan he received lessons of the celebrated Martini, by whose instructions he profited so well, that before he quitted Italy, he had composed several operas for different theatres.

The celebrity which he had acquired by his four years' residence in Italy was such, that he was recommended to Lord Middlesex, as composer to the opera, at that time under his lordship's direction. But he arrived in England at an unfortunate moment. The rebellion of 1745, broke out; all foreigners were regarded as dangerous to the state; the opera was shut by order of the Lord Chamberlain; and it was not without great difficulty and address, that Lord Middlesex obtained permission to re-open it with a political performance, which it was hoped might, from its subject, conciliate favour. It was entitled *La Caduta de' Giganti*, (the Fall of the Giants,) which was intended as a compliment to the Duke of Cumberland. This subject Gluck worked upon with fear and trembling, not only on account of the few friends he had in England, but from an apprehension of riot and popular fury, at the opening of the theatre, as prejudices ran so high against all of the Roman Catholic persuasion.

In addition to this opera, which sustained but five representations, and another entitled *Artamene*, he was requested to compose a *Pasticcio*. He accordingly selected from all his works those airs which had been most ap-

plauded, and interwove them into a poem entitled *Piramo e Tisbe*. At the representation, he was astonished to find that the same airs which had been attended with the greatest success in the operas for which they had been originally written, produced none of those transports on their adaptation to other words and to other action. This convinced him that airs, in music well constructed, lost by transplantation, or at least, that their character and movement were not capable of being transferred to words of a meaning different from the first. He, therefore, drew this wise conclusion, a conclusion which influenced his future character as a musician, that he could not hope to impart to music all the energy and expression of which it is capable, unless he united it to animated and simple poetry, full of natural and well-defined sentiments; that music was capable of awakening all the affections of the human heart, but that, in order to produce this effect, it was necessary that the air should follow the rhythm and accents of the words, and that the accompanying instruments should concur in strengthening the sentiment, or in contrasting themselves with it.

His failure in England induced him to return to Italy, where he found leisure to cultivate his taste, as well for poetry as for music. He associated with the most distinguished literary characters, and derived from his intercourse with them, and from reading the best works, more just ideas than had yet been conceived of the effects that might be produced by the union of poetry with music. He felt that those airs to which the Italians and their admirers attributed the principal influence of music, and of which the whole charm consisted in the elegance of the manner, and in the sweetness of the melody, possessed no further power than to please the ear, or at the utmost, to impart weak and vague emotions to the soul, instead of arousing it to sentiments more vivid and profound. When people spoke to him of certain celebrated airs which they called pathetic, he replied, "Oh yes; all very charming;" but, adopting a very energetic Italian expression, "*questo non tira sangue*," (this does not draw blood).

His own operas up to this period had been rapidly put together, according to the usual manner of the musicians of Italy, and formed a series of ill-connected airs, rather than a regular dramatic poem. A celebrated critic used to say, that an Italian opera was nothing more than a concert, for which the title of drama served as a mere pretext. Gluck saw this defect. He found the necessity of acting in conjunction with some man of true poetic talents, who, quitting the beaten path of hackneyed senti-

ments and worn-out imagery, would trust to the native energies of his own mind for the production of something new and solid. Gluck had the good fortune to find such a man in the person of Calzabigi, whom he met at Vienna. This poet undertook to compose dramas, of which all the parts should be in unison, and regularly lead to the unfolding of the plot; in which the interest should go on continually increasing, without being interrupted by unmeaning episodes, or ridiculous buffoonery; in which, in fine, the *aria* should not serve the singer as a mere vehicle for the introduction of capricious ornament or laboured decoration, but should be rendered expressive of simple and native passion. Guided by these views he composed the operas of *Orfeo*, *Alceste*, and *Armida*, which stimulated the genius of Gluck, and elicited that sublime and powerful music, which has ensured immortality to its author.

But let us allow this great master to speak for himself, and explain the plan he had traced out for his guidance.

"When I undertook" says he, in the dedication of *Alceste*, "to set this poem, it was my design to divest the music of all those abuses with which the vanity of singers, or the too great complacency of composers, had so long disfigured the Italian opera, and rendered the most beautiful and magnificent of all public exhibitions, the most tiresome and ridiculous. It was my intention to confine music to its true dramatic province, of assisting poetical expression, and of augmenting the interest of the fable, without interrupting the action, or chilling it with useless and superfluous ornaments; for the office of music, when joined to poetry, seemed to me to resemble that of colouring in a correct and well-disposed design, where the lights and shades seem only to animate the figures, without altering the outline. I determined, therefore, not to stop an actor, in the heat of a spirited dialogue, for a tedious *ritornel*; nor to impede the progress of passion, by lengthening a single syllable of a favourite word, merely to display agility of throat; and I was equally inflexible in my resolution, not to employ the orchestra to so poor a purpose, as that of giving time for the recovery of breath, sufficient for a long and unmeaning cadence.

"I never thought it necessary to hurry through the second part of a song, though the most impassioned and important, in order to repeat the words of the first part regularly four times, merely to finish the air, where the sense is unfinished, and to give an opportunity to the singer, of shewing that he has the impertinent power of varying passages, and disguising them till the air shall be no longer known to the composer himself; in short, I tried to banish all those vices of the musical drama, against which good sense and reason have in vain so long exclaimed.

"I imagined that the overture ought to prepare the audience for the action of the piece, and serve as a kind of argument to it, that the instrumental accompaniment should be regulated by the interest of the drama, and not leave a void in the dialogue between the air and recitative; that it should neither break into the sense and connexion of a period, nor wantonly interrupt the energy or heat of the action.

"And lastly, it was my opinion, that my first and chief care as a dramatic composer, was to aim at a noble simplicity; and I have accordingly shunned all parade of unnatural difficulty, in favour of clearness; nor have I sought or studied novelty, if it did not arise naturally from the situation of the character, and poetical expression; and there is no rule of composition which I have not thought it my duty to sacrifice, in order to favour passion, and produce effects."—We have been induced to quote thus largely, as the sentiments contained in this passage

breathe a fine philosophical spirit, and may stand as a lesson to all composers.

The most brilliant success attended this system adopted by Gluck. *Orfeo* was first performed in Vienna, in 1764: the first representation excited more astonishment than pleasure: the ear, accustomed to the routine of the recitative, and to the form of the airs of the Italian opera, found itself disconcerted by a species of composition so new and unusual. Nevertheless, the great musical beauties with which the work abounded, struck the connoisseurs; the simple and affecting beauties of situation and expression, imparted new emotions to all souls of sensibility, and they abandoned themselves to their own impulses. At the fifth representation all objections had died away; the opera was universally applauded, and its success increased and confirmed by each succeeding representation.

In the following year Gluck was called to Parma, to assist in the fêtes given there on the marriage of the *Infant*. He wished to have his *Orfeo* performed, but all the court opposed it. They did not consider the applauses of Vienna as at all binding on Italian amateurs, and could not imagine how any one could pretend to write a better poem than Metastasio, or compose finer music than the Jomellis, the Sacchinis, and the Piccinis. When Millico, the first singer, was spoken to about undertaking the character of *Orfeo*, he said they wished him to forfeit his reputation. But Gluck succeeded in vanquishing all opposition. He knew the people with whom he had to deal, and rightly imagining that they possessed more sensibility than vanity; that they were more influenced by their sensations than by their opinions, he persevered and took upon himself all the risks of the event. The opera was performed, and universally applauded on its first representation, and when, after a certain time, another was about to be substituted in its place, *Orfeo* was demanded with acclamations.

It was afterwards produced in the theatre *Della Corte* of Naples, in 1778, when an attempt was made to substitute for the duet in the third act, one written by another composer. When the opera was afterwards given at the public theatres, the new duet was not to be listened to, and the whole audience unanimously called for that of Gluck.—Henceforward the whole of Italy concurred in applauding with transport, songs so new to ears that are reckoned naturally effeminate, and unable to bear the more masculine melodies of the north. Parma, Naples, Rome, Milan, and Venice, were the successive theatres of his glory. It is said that the city of Bologna was enriched, during a single winter, by the receipt of nearly fifty thousand pounds, in consequence of the concourse of strangers, attracted thither by the fame of *Orfeo*. Yet, what will appear almost incredible, notwithstanding the splendour of his fame, which always draws around it a crowd of copyists, he found no imitator in a nation so sensible to the charms of novelty, particularly in music, with the solitary exception of Salieri. The true cause of this must be ascribed to that masculine and energetic character which marked his compositions, and which kept aloof those who had never ventured beyond the lighter efforts of Italian composition.

But another field was now opened to his ambition. It was reserved for him to solve a problem which was long thought insoluble:—"Whether the French language was capable of receiving Italian melody?" This he effected by careful studying it; by a minute observation of its characteristic traits; and by a precision in marking both its logical and metrical accents, which no previous musician had shewn. The first opera he undertook for the French theatre, was *Iphigénie en Aulide*, altered, with as few variations

as possible, from the classic drama of Racine. It is evident that he was impressed with the importance of the undertaking, and was resolved to make an effort worthy of his genius; for he spent a whole year in composing the music for this work, though he had been known to set an Italian opera in the course of little more than a fortnight. The moment arrived to offer to the Parisians a composition, undertaken to suit their natural taste. He had conquered the difficulties of their language—he had built upon its less flexible rhythm the melodies of Germany and of Italy; but obstacles of a more formidable nature presented themselves. The mere announcement of such an attempt as setting to foreign music the sublime strains of their modern Euripides, raised in arms against him the whole body of musicians, and, what was still more numerous and untameable, the whole host of amateurs. Nothing less was necessary, than an order of the afterwards unfortunate Marie-Antoinette, who had been a pupil of the Chevalier, and continued to be his constant patron, to command that *Iphigenie* should be received at the opera. These circumstances tended to give an additional interest to the piece: the concourse of spectators was prodigious, and the success of the work complete. The overture itself was *encored*, a circumstance unknown to the annals of the opera.

In 1776 appeared *Alceste*. This composition is full of the most sublime pathos; but although nearly an exact copy of Euripides, it required all the genius of Gluck to sustain, through three whole acts, a drama that is formed upon two such passions as sorrow and fear. "Ah! this will never do after *Iphigenie*," said a critic to one of the admirers of Gluck, "*Alceste* has fallen."—"Yes; from the skies!" was the reply. The invocation of the priests to Apollo, and the chorus *Caron l'appelle*, obtained loud and merited applause. It was, however, objected that this piece contained too many weak passages, and that there was a sameness in the strains of uninterrupted lamentation. After witnessing a representation of this piece, the Abbé Arnaud exclaimed, that "the true expression of the grief of antiquity had been revived by this musician."—"It may be so," said the Neapolitan Ambassador, who sat in the same box, "but, for my part, I cannot help preferring modern pleasure to ancient grief." It is said that an amateur complained to Gluck of the monotony of the air *Caron l'appelle*, which had one single note only for its *motivo*. The answer of the musician is striking, and gives us an insight into the peculiar train of his thoughts: "My friend, the reason of my doing this is, that in hell the passions are extinguished, and the voice loses its inflexions."

He also caused his *Orfeo* to be translated into French, and adapted it to the Parisian stage, where it excited the greatest enthusiasm. Rousseau says he was so much charmed with it, that he did not miss a single representation; "for," said he, "if so much exalted pleasure can be enjoyed in the space of two hours, it serves to convince us that life is really good for something."—*Iphigenie en Tauride* closed the lyric career of Gluck. It is full of beauties of the higher kind. The public were divided in their admiration of the tempest scene, *Iphigenie's* dream, the chorus of the Furies, and the adieux of Orestes and Pylades. When after a paroxysm, the exhausted Orestes exclaims, "*Le calme rentre dans mon cœur*," (calm returns to my heart:) a person inquired of Gluck why, at the expression of these words, he had introduced such deep murmurs of the bass and agitation of the violins? "Don't you observe that Orestes lies?" said the composer: "he has killed his mother." How well does this answer display the workings of this great musician's mind!

The revolution thus effected in French music, was the

signal of a war, almost as furious, though happily not so sanguinary, as that which has lately desolated Europe. Gluck had become, as it were, the national musician of France. Since the best days of Lulli and Rameau, no dramatic composer had excited so much enthusiasm; each of his operas, according to the journals of that period, sustained from two to three hundred representations. The French, who feel very enthusiastically whatever music they like, heard with rapture the operas of Gluck. The universal cry was, that he had recovered the dramatic music of the ancient Greeks; that no other was worth hearing; that he was the only musician in Europe who knew how to express the real language of the passions. These and other encomiums, preparatory to his apotheosis, were uttered and published in the journals of Paris, accompanied with constant and contemptuous censures of Italian music,—when Piccini arrived! This admirable composer, the delight and pride of Naples, had no sooner erected his standard in France, than the scene was changed, and the fickleness proverbial to this nation was strikingly displayed. Multitudes enlisted in his service. The war began. Pamphlets and epigrams innumerable were lanced forth by both parties. The young pretenders to musical knowledge affected to despise the music of Gluck, because it was too learned for their comprehension. The old amateurs, the *laudatores temporis acti*, defended their ancient and favourite music with a vigour even beyond their years. All Paris was upon the *qui vive*? No door was opened to a visitor, without the question being asked previous to his admission,—“Monsieur, êtes vous PICCINIST, ou GLUCKIST?” M. Suard and the Abbé Arnaud figured among the defenders of the Chevalier, while La Harpe and Marmontel took the part of Piccini, and covered themselves with ridicule by the ignorance they displayed of the art they had undertaken to discuss. Indeed, there was one important fact, of which neither party was aware: a comparison was obstinately instituted between things that had no real resemblance. The genius, style, and manner of Gluck and Piccini were essentially different, so that the praise of the one was in reality no detracting from the merits of the other. The operas of the latter possess many beauties, brilliant melodies, passages of great felicity, and scenes of considerable pathos; but they are deficient in unity, and without this no dramatic music can be perfect. It was this unity that Gluck made it his particular study to restore. This contest continued for several years; but at length the exhausted public, as if conscious of the impossibility of deciding on the respective merits of these musical champions, resolved to terminate all dissensions by dividing the palm between them.

After composing two other operas, Gluck quitted Paris, and returned to Vienna about the year 1779. On his departure, a subscription was raised for erecting a statue in his honour. It was executed by Houdon, and placed in the saloon of the opera; and it has been recorded as a singular circumstance, that this statue was the only thing preserved from the ravages of the fire that consumed the building. At his residence in Vienna, he had the honour, in 1782, of being visited by the Emperor Paul Petrowitz of Russia and his Empress. Two years afterwards he was rendered incapable of writing by a paralytic stroke, under the effect of which he lingered till the 15th of Nov. 1787, when he died at the age of seventy-five, leaving behind him a fortune of nearly thirty thousand pounds, the produce of his talents.

Dr. Burney paid him a visit at Vienna, and describes him as much pitted with the small-pox, and very coarse in figure and look. The Doctor prevailed upon him to sing

and accompany himself on the piano, and says that, "with as little voice as possible, he continued to entertain and even delight the company in a high degree; for, with the richness of his accompaniment, the energy and vehemence of his manner in the *Allegros*, and his judicious expression in the slow movements, he so well compensated for the want of voice, that it was a defect which was soon entirely forgotten. He was so good-humoured as to perform almost his whole opera of *Alceste*. I reminded him of his air *Ras-serena il mesto ciglio*, which was in such favour in England, so long ago as the year 1745, and prevailed upon him not only to sing that, but several others of his first and favourite airs."

In his character, Gluck was frank and open, but hot and choleric. His impatience knew no bounds, when his airs were not executed in the style and expression in which he composed them: "You sing that air *very loud*," said he one day bluntly to the *prima Donna*; "but don't flatter yourself that you sing it *very well*."

Gluck has been denominated the Michael Angelo of his art; he has founded a school of music, as that great master did of painting. He is as happy in portraying difficult situations of the mind, as that painter was of the body. It is in scenes of great distress, in which the human heart is rent by complicated misery, or in situations where it is torn by the tempestuous fury of unbridled passions, that Gluck, transported beyond the bounds of ordinary genius, shews such energy, and colouring of passion, as to become at once poet, painter, and musician. It may be that his expression of passion is sometimes too strong for common hearers; but

"Il échappe souvent des sons à la douleur,
Qui sont faux pour l'oreille, mais sont vrais pour le cœur*."

DORAT.

He has caught the inflexions of Nature herself, and by forming, after the manner of the ancients, a happy unison of song and declamation, seems to have determined the true point where the one should finish and the other begin. It has been urged against him, that he is defective in song; but Rousseau, whose opinion in this point will not rashly be called in question, declares in emphatic language, "*Que le chant lui sortait par les pores*," (that the song flowed from his very pores.) But what answer is to be made to those who can find no song, but in insignificant airs—who limit music to a mere combination of sounds, and who are but little solicitous whether they be moved or not, provided their ear be satisfied? This is to prefer the jig in *Berenice*, to the march in *Judas Maccabeus*. To convince ourselves of the superiority of his talents, we need only examine his works with a reference to the principles of the art. Sounds should be only the *matériel* of the musician, as marble is of the sculptor, or colours of the painter. Hence Gluck was frequently heard to say, that, before sitting down to compose, he strove to forget that he was a musician. To imitate the accents of the passions—to paint the objects which are either described, or present on the scene—such ought to be the two-fold aim of the musical artist. Of these two kinds of colouring, the second belongs to the orchestra; and who in his day so skilled in the powers and characters of instruments, and in the art of combining them to produce their full effect, as Gluck? In his compositions, they are made to depict images the most terrible. It is in his orchestra that you will find the imposing pomp of sacri-

* From grief such forceful sounds will oft-times part,
As though they wound the ear, can touch the heart.

fices, the alarms of war, the mighty energies of winds and tempests, and the crush of elements in commotion; the gloomy horrors of the infernal regions, and the unalterable calm of the Elysian abodes; the fondly intermingling sighs of enraptured lovers, and the awakening voice that summons the enamoured and inglorious Renaud to arms and glory. Gluck was the first musician who made any extensive use of the trombone in the theatre, which when judiciously employed, as Mozart above all other composers has done, tends to give so powerful a colouring, and such depth of shade to the pictures of the orchestra.

Another of the great and prominent merits of Gluck's compositions is, that though all the parts are connected together with the most perfect symmetry, yet they present such an inexhaustible fund of variety, that attention is never fatigued. His song is simple and natural, and never overloaded with superfluous ornaments; his recitative is rapid, but always dignified; his chorusses, though almost continually in action, are so far from weakening the interest of the piece, that they always tend to increase the interest and heighten the pathos of the scene: in a word, his works are the result of profound study and meditation. He employed a whole year in preparing and digesting his subject; and it was not till he had arranged all its parts, and entirely embodied it, that he committed a single note to paper. Dr. Burney visited him during the time he was thus *mentally* composing his celebrated *Iphigenie*, and observes that Gluck's memory was so wonderful, that he sung it nearly from the beginning to the end with as much readiness as if he had had a fair score before him. Devoutly is it to be wished that many of our modern composers before profit by the example of Gluck, and keep always before their eyes that axiom of Epicarmus: Πάντα χάρις τὰ καλὰ.—"The Gods sell to mortals all that is great and beautiful at the price of immense labour." The more perfect a composition, the more sensibly felt is any violation of the unity of the piece, any alteration in the expression, any change in the natural and appropriate situation of the melody. It is for this reason that scarcely a single air of his operas can be taken out of its niche, and sung singly with much effect. This is the best possible test of the truly dramatic character of Gluck's music, that the airs and scenes which have the greatest effect on the stage, are cold and spiritless in the concert room; that it was the situation, the context, and the interest gradually excited in the audience, that gave them their force and energy. He himself observed, "Let the least change be made in my air *Che farò senza Euridice*, whether in the movement or the turn of the expression, and what would it become?—a tune fit for puppets to dance to."

In Yriarte's celebrated poem on music, Gluck is mentioned in the following elegant and highly flattering terms:—

"All hail to thee, immortal Gluck! whose fame
Admiring nations swell with one acclaim;
Whose genius, mocking death, shall soar sublime,
Till the last period of recording time.
Matchless composer! whose sweet strains disclose
Alceste's sufferings—Iphigenia's woes—
Fair Helen's sorrows—and the griefs that melt
O'er the sad tale of all fond Orpheus felt;
Whose wondrous genius by all ranks adored,
The golden age of music has restored.
Oh! while the world shall harmony revere,
Thy name to music's votaries shall be dear;
Long shall her sons thy bust with laurels crown,
Adore thy memory, cherish thy renown;
And while all low-born jealousies they spurn,
Worship the myrtles that o'ershade thy urn.

ON SPANISH MUSIC,

Extracted from *A Visit to Spain*, by Michael J. Quin, Esq., Barrister at Law.

It would lead to an interesting as well as a useful disquisition, to inquire how it has happened that different musical instruments have become allied with the customs of different nations. The harp may be said to belong to Ireland, the bagpipes to Scotland, the flute to Germany, the violin to Italy, and the guitar to Spain. The high-born Spanish maiden still delights in this harmonious instrument; the soldier takes it with him on his march, and into the camp; the muleteer cheers his way over the mountains with its sound; the carriers take it with them in their covered waggons; the barber has one hung up in his shop, with which he amuses himself while waiting for a customer: through every class, from the highest to the lowest, it is preserved with affectionate feelings; it is the symbol of love, the consoler of care, and equally suited to the movements of the fandango and the bolero, as to the sweetness of Spanish song; or rather the dance and the ballad have followed in their figure and tone, the genius of the guitar.

Hence the music of Spain bears a character quite original. The simple air, heard without the harmonies in the chords of the guitar, would seem to a foreigner to possess little merit. There are, indeed, some old airs of Spain which every nation must admire; but, generally speaking, they are pretty, rather than powerful, and they depend a good deal upon the spirit and taste of the performer for their effect. The fandango, boleros, and rigadoons, are gay, and peculiarly pleasing when well executed on the guitar, and the time marked by the motions of the dancers, and the blithe sound of the castanets. These observations, however, chiefly apply to what may be called the ancient music of Spain, as compared with recent compositions. Beautiful as many portions of that music may be, there are none of them superior, nor perhaps equal, in point of melody, to some of the new patriotic compositions. There is a fire, and at the same time a tenderness, in the best of these pieces, which, whatever becomes of the constitution, promise them immortality.

I was detained a full hour one day in the streets, listening to two itinerant musicians performing a war song. One of them sung the air and played it at the same time on the violin, while his companion sung also and performed the accompaniment on the guitar. Both were blind, and neither sung nor played with much skill, and yet it was surprising how much effect they threw into the words of the song. The air had occasional bursts of grandeur, which animated their sightless countenances with a flush of inspiration. In the intervals between the verses, the leader recited passages from a prose rhapsody, the object of which was to rouse the Spaniards to the remembrance of those injuries which France inflicted on the peninsula during the late war, to flatter them with the event of the contest, and to bid them bind on their swords for the extermination of the approaching invaders. One would be surprised at the attention with which these two bards were listened to. Tears glistened frequently in the eyes of those who were crowded around them.

MUSICAL WAR.

(From the French.)

THE history of the arts has preserved an account of three celebrated quarrels that have had music for their object. The first in chronological order, as well as in im-

portance and duration, is that which concerned Italian music, and which took place under Charlemagne. This great monarch condescended to sit as umpire in the important contest, and, though incontestably a good Frenchman, he decided in favour of Italy*. After many ages of inaction, the quarrel was renewed with more violence than ever, at the commencement of the eighteenth century; and, during its continuance, it aroused into fury, it inundated with ink, and even sprinkled with blood, the whole republic of notes, all the different provinces of which, with the exception of Italy, took a more or less active part in the dispute. Italy remained a tranquil spectator of the contest; nay, it is doubted whether she had any suspicion of such a struggle, for this nation has always had the ridiculous vanity to think that there exists no other music in the world than her own. On this occasion, too, the question was decided in favour of Italian music; not, it is true, by the sentence of any potentate, or self-delegated tribunal, but by what is infinitely better, the judgment of the public, and of enlightened connoisseurs; and this too, in spite of the opposition of all the ancient musical authorities, of musicians *à cordon*, of musicians *à brevet*, of musicians of the chamber, of musicians of the court, of *intendants*, *sur-intendants*, directors of academies, and of privileged concerts, *maîtres de chapelles*, &c. &c., who in vain united their efforts to arrest the execution of the sentence. This is a kind of quarrel ever ready to spring up under a hundred different forms, and which, to all appearance, and as far as we may be allowed to judge, will always be decided in the same.

The second quarrel, which broke out in the very heart of French music, was that of the Lullists and the Rameists, that is to say, of the partisans of Lully and Rameau. We deem it necessary to explain the terms, as the names of these great men are falling so rapidly into oblivion, that, doubtless, there are many who will not understand the derivation of the words. This quarrel terminated by a compromise, and these two musicians held peaceable possession of the stage, till the commencement of the third dispute, which arose on account of the same persons being too peremptorily set forth as the greatest musicians of the age.

The third quarrel was that of the Gluckists and the Piccinists†, which was very animated, though not of so long a continuance as the former, its duration being limited to the term of success which these individuals enjoyed. Now the period during which an artist's fame is in bloom rarely exceeds half a generation, France only excepted, where the spring-time of his renown is eternal, it being the custom, nor can such a custom be too faithfully preserved, to consider that to be in the bloom, especially in what regards music, which has long been matured into fruit.

But, as if it were impossible for mankind to live in harmony, a fourth quarrel has broken out in a nation whose whole existence depends upon its perfect concord. This is the quarrel of the Rossinists and the Anti-Rossinists. But now, it is not Paris—it is not France, that is the theatre of war; it is Italy itself, that heretofore, or at least for a length of time, has been a stranger to dissensions of this kind,—in a word, it is Venice that has become the *champ clos*, into which the combatants have descended. It is there, as in the rest of Europe, that artists and amateurs are divided on the subject of the new music; there, as every where else, we see the best of people, both in rank and

* See further particulars of this contest in our Second Number, page 23.

† For further particulars of this dispute, see the life of Gluck in the present Number.

character, enlisted on either side. In one party are ranged those who are determined to amuse themselves at all events—and in the other, those who seek, I do not say to annoy and torture themselves, but who care not how much they annoy and torture other people. The latter have chosen as their champion the *Maestro di Capella* of one of the churches of the above city, named M. Perrotti; who has descended into the arena, clad cap-a-pie in all the armour of erudition, furbished with rhythmus, and bristling with counterpoint. This M. Perrotti, as far back as the epoch when M. Paër was the delight of southern Italy, published a long dissertation in reply to a question proposed by the academy of Leghorn, as to the causes of the decline of the art, and which was crowned by this learned body. This dissertation was translated into French, without any restrictions, by a director of the Customs,—who would have done much better had he treated it as a contraband article; for the absurdities with which it abounds prove, beyond a contradiction, that the author, the judges, and the translator, stood equally in need of a course of reading on the history of the art, of which they appear to have possessed not even elementary notions. But however this may be, M. Perrotti has undertaken the task of showing that neither Rossini nor his music possess common sense; and that all amateurs, and the public who have the folly to be delighted with it, possess still less than either. He has just finished a bulky memoir upon this subject, by which he proves, upon the authority and testimony of very grave authors,—of Boetius, Guido d'Arezzo, I. de Muris, Tincorius, Gafforio, Ormito Parchus, P. Aron, Froschius, Lossius, Nacius, Adr. Coclicus, and Glareanus; of Rocco Rodio, Ceretiti, Cerone, Zarlius, Artusi, and above all, of Zacconi of Pesaro,—that the compatriot of the latter, Signor Maestro Gioacchino Rossini, himself of Pesaro, is nothing but a

———Musicien barbare,
Ignorant par bémol ainsi que par bécarre*;

and that every person who prides himself upon any respect for the rules of art, ought to shut his ears to music such as his. But to make amends to the dilettanti for the privation imposed upon them, he presents them, in return, with the talents and master-pieces of art of Signor Maestro Francesco Morlacchi, of Perugia.

This Signor Fr. Morlacchi, whose name is not yet very familiar to the public†, enjoyed in Italy, several years ago, the reputation of very respectable mediocrity, obtained by a great quantity of compositions. He now holds a place at the court of Saxony, as *Maestro di Capella*, and director of the royal concerts; a situation in which he succeeded M. Pau. Such is the person whom these classic musicians seek to oppose to a romantic composer.

In compliance with this plan, M. Perrotti heaped the most encomiastic eulogiums on an opera, entitled *Teobaldo ed Isolina*, which the Sieur Morlacchi lately brought out at Venice. He proposes him as a model of classic beauty, destined to restore the reign of good taste in an age of universal depravity. The journals of this party laud even to the skies the success which this piece has obtained. We should have distrusted these accounts altogether, had we not remarked that the opposition journals, at the same time that they decried the opera in general, allowed that it contained some pieces of merit, which were candidly pointed out; and had we not been aware that at Milan, where it was represented the season following, it equally obtained a considerable share of success.

* A mere barbarian, ignorant of what
The difference is between B sharp and flat.

† In our next Number, we shall give some account of Morlacchi and of his works.

ON THE MINOR SCALE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HARMONICON.

“Why in the minor scale are the 6th and 7th major when ascending, and minor when descending?”—HARMONICON, p. 94.

SIR,—Your querist seems to consider it as admitted, that the 6th ascending is necessarily sharp, which I presume to view as a mistake. Suppose I prefer to make it minor; let your correspondent shew me how it would then be incorrect, and he will answer his own query concerning the 6th.

The 7th is necessarily sharp, because that note is the real 3d of the dominant chord proceeding to its tonic in the final cadence, which 3d *must* be major. Why *must* it be major? This is a question which I hope you will permit me to propose for solution. But for the present purpose I conclude it will be fully granted, that when the fundamental bass proceeds, as in this case, from the dominant to the tonic in a final close, the dominant chord *must* have a major 3d, which explains the reason of the 7th of the scale being sharp. The same reasoning will not apply to the 6th of the scale: I know not why that chord should be major in a minor scale; by making it so, indeed, a great part of the effect of a minor scale is lost; there will be four major chords and only three minor.

Were the 6th of the scale allowed to be flat, there would be an interval of three half tones between that and the 7th, which is objected to by many; nevertheless it is mere matter of taste. I confess that I like it much—if classical authority be necessary, your own recollection will supply instances in abundance.

Suppose the scale to be thus harmonized:—



The three first notes are complete in themselves, the first and last being minor chords, and the second being the dominant chord proceeding to its tonic, is *major*.

The three next notes if harmonized in the same manner,



are similarly complete in themselves, if the first and last are minor, and the second major for the same reason as in the former case. I cannot see why the last of these three should be major. There would be just as much propriety in making the last of the former three major, and then there would be only two minor chords in the scale; indeed there would be more propriety in making the last chord of the first three major, as the fundamental bass proceeds from a dominant to tonic, which it does not in the other case. Thus I conclude, that the 6th being *sharp* is an arbitrary arrangement of the minor ascending scale, and that it may be flat. That the 7th is sharp, because it

is the 3d of the dominant chord proceeding to its tonic at the close.

In the descending scale, the fundamental bass at the 7th does not proceed from the dominant to the tonic, consequently, the 3d of the chord is not necessarily required to be sharp: if then it is allowed to be flat, there will no longer exist the alarming interval of three half tones between that and the 6th, which may be in such case flat also.

I like this well enough, as we have no more major chords than are absolutely forced upon us; still it is an arbitrary arrangement, and if any one should choose in ascending to have the 6th flat and the 7th sharp, and in descending, to preserve exactly the same scale, i. e., with the 7th sharp and the 6th flat, it might be a difficult matter to prove him wrong. Moreover, you will find sufficient classical authority for such a practice.

I am happy to see you admit a discussion of such subjects; it must lead to some beneficial result, even though each of your contributors may be in error; for my own part, I profess myself only anxious so far to promote discussion as to elicit truth, and am ready to embrace any opinion that may appear more correct than my own. As materially connected with this subject, and as perhaps the most momentous question that can be asked relating to the science of music, allow me to repeat to your philosophical readers, the query I have already briefly put.—

When the dominant chord proceeds to its tonic, as in a final cadence, why does a musical ear feel grossly offended if the 3d of the dominant chord be not major, and made to resolve ascending by the smallest interval? Or (which is the same question in another form,) what is it that occasions the satisfaction experienced when this progression properly takes place? And how is it that we can scarcely admit any progression of harmony to be concluded without being thus terminated?

The same answer will most probably explain why the dominant 7th *must* be resolved descending.

I am, Sir, Your's very obediently, J. G.

[The musical example, in No. VII. of this Work, that follows the passage here quoted by our Correspondent, betrays a serious error of the press: in the second bar of it, instead of the second E, a D should have been printed.—EDITOR.]

THE STATE OF MUSIC IN CALCUTTA.

THERE is only one theatre in Calcutta, which belongs to the town, and is of considerable dimensions. It is, at present, leased to Colonel Young and Dr. Wilson: a performance is given every Friday evening, from seven to twelve, which however is not, properly speaking, an opera, but rather a kind of connected concert, which consists of a selection of English, Irish, and Scotch melodies. During the acts, symphonies, concertos, &c., are performed by the orchestra. Regular concerts are not given in this theatre; and therefore, when an artist wishes to have one, it can only take place in the Townhall, which is also appropriated to the public balls.

The theatre has only one row of boxes, unenclosed. This part is very brilliantly lighted.

The orchestra consists, besides the violins, of a double bass, two violoncellos, two bassoons, two flutes, two clarionets, two horns, two trumpets, and kettle-drums, and is under the direction of Mr. Delmar, who is first violin-player, and who frequently performs solos between the acts of the opera. Mr. Scheitelberger, a violin-player, has lately arrived in Calcutta from Madras.

* "All theoretical writers, and all practical musicians, who have pretended to any knowledge of composition, are agreed that it *must* descend."—HARMONICON, No. 7, page 96.

The most distinguished among the singers, are Dr Wilson, (one of the lessees of the Theatre,) Mr. Bianchi-Lacy, Mesdames Bianchi-Lacy, Cooke, Kelly, and Miss Williams.

There is but one music-shop in Calcutta, that of Mr. Greenwallers; but the natives also import music, and retail it out as an article of commerce. The piano-fortes which are found here, are almost all of the manufacture of either Messrs. Broadwood, or Clementi and Co.

Many quartettos are performed here, and the compositions of Haydn are the greatest favourites. There is no cathedral music in this city: the psalm-tunes are accompanied by the organ. Concerts are frequently given here, sometimes by foreign artists, but chiefly by Englishmen. Tickets of admission are sixteen rupees*. A person who comes well recommended, and is liked, may easily obtain subscribers for five or six concerts. At that given by the music-director, Mr. Kuhlan, before his departure for Europe, he cleared 4,500 rupees. The Calcutta Gazette, makes the following mention of this performance: "Mr. Kuhlan's concerto upon the basset-horn was full of power and execution, and was composed by himself for this instrument, which has but lately been introduced, and combines the higher and more tender tones of the clarionet, with the deeper sounds of the horn. The execution of the concerto upon this difficult instrument was so perfect, that it would have gained the applause of the fullest and most critical audience in Europe. The performance of Mr. Kuhlan's son, only nine years of age, upon three different instruments in succession, viz., the violin, the flute, and the piano, was admirable.

The better sort of professors of music, receive from eight to sixteen rupees for each lesson.

IMPROVEMENT OF THE VIOLONCELLO.

A CONSIDERABLE improvement has been made in the violoncello by Stanfer, an instrument-maker at Vienna. By means of a new arrangement of the neck and finger-board of the instrument, the former apparatus is rendered unnecessary, and the constant reparation formerly requisite is now obviated. The neck is not permanently fixed to the body, but united to it in such a manner, by means of a groove and a screw, that it can be moved backwards and forwards at pleasure. By this simple, and yet very solid, structure, the whole finger-board is rendered more secure, so that should even the instrument get a fall, it would suffer comparatively less damage. The neck is rendered much more firm by this foundation upon the body of the instrument, by which the durability of the screw is secured, and the due gravity of the distended strings more carefully preserved. By means of a gentle movement of the fine-wormed screw, the player can instantly move the finger-board backwards or forwards a degree at pleasure, by which the strings are altered and rendered either sharper or flatter: a most important advantage, which enables the player to give his instrument that modification which a more delicate performance demands; or again, in an instant, to give such a tension to the strings as is suited to a fuller and more energetic performance: hence the artist, in playing concertos on this instrument, is not obliged to have recourse to the higher shifts, by which the fingers become so fatigued; but is enabled to effect the fingering in a manner comparatively commodious, and instantly to give a passage in either a more delicate or

* A Rupee is equal to about half a crown.

a more forcible style. But, though this neck is separable from the instrument, yet it is so nicely fitted to the groove, and so firmly fastened to the body of the instrument, that it will not be affected by any change of temperature; at the same time that the separation of the

neck from the instrument can be effected without difficulty, and thus preserved from damage. By means of these improvements the violoncello has acquired such a degree of perfection, that this excellent invention may be regarded as a complete epoch in the history of this instrument.

REVIEW OF MUSIC.

GRAND SONATA, composed for the Piano-Forte, and dedicated to MADAME ANTONIA DE BRETANO, by L. V. BEETHOVEN.—Op. III. (Clementi and Co.)

EVERY genuine lover of music, every real admirer of genius, owes to the great composer, whose work is now before us, a large debt of gratitude, for his vast contributions to an art of so much importance to society, the influence of which, seems to be gaining strength, and spreading wider every day. Beethoven is not only still numbered amongst the living, but is at a period of life when the mind, if in *corpore sano*, is in its fullest vigour, for he has not yet completed his fifty-second year. Unfortunately, however, he is suffering under a privation, that to all who endure it is sufficiently afflicting,—to a musician is intolerable,—he is almost totally bereft of the sense of hearing; insomuch, that it is said, he cannot render the tones of his piano-forte audible to himself. This, if true, at once accounts for some of the combinations,—the *crudities*, as Dr. Burney would have called them—which appear in his later publications; for though the design of a composition ought to be formed in the mind, without any aid from material sounds, yet its effect should be accurately heard upon some instrument, before final adoption.

This sonata consists of two movements: the first, in C minor, begins *Maestoso*, and then passes into an *Allegro*. It betrays a violent effort to produce something in the shape of novelty, is scientifically written, rather in the fugue style, and is very difficult to execute, particularly for the left hand. In this are visible some of those dissonances above alluded to, the harshness of which may have escaped the observation of the composer. We insert one example of them.

Page 2.



The second movement is an Arietta, *adagio*, and extends to the extraordinary length of thirteen pages. The subject of this is not inelegant, but its ramifications are noted down in so unnecessarily perplexing and discouraging a manner, that, we may without hazard foretel, only a few very dauntless, persevering enthusiasts, will ever attempt it. It opens thus:



The greater portion of it is written in the same time; but a part is in $\frac{6}{8}$, and about a page in $\frac{3}{4}$. All this really is laborious trifling, and ought to be, by every means, discouraged by the sensible part of the musical profession. Too many difficulties are already thrown in the way of those who wish to acquire practical skill in the art; it is the true policy of musicians to lessen, not to multiply, obstacles. But if it be for a moment granted, that the introduction of such unprecedented times is attended by advantages that counterbalance the evils arising out of their strangeness, how even then, shall we be able to understand them, as employed in this sonata? In the six-sixteen time, for instance, we find all the bars thus composed, in respect to measure.



We have devoted a full hour to this enigma, and cannot solve it. But no sphinx ever imagined such a riddle as the twelve-thirty-two time presents. Here we find twelve demisemiquavers, and eight double-demisemiquavers in one bar; twelve demisemiquavers, and twelve double-demisemiquavers, in another; ten demisemiquavers, nine double-demisemiquavers, and two semiquaver rests, in a third, &c., and all without any appearance of a misprint! The general practice of writing notes apparently very short, then doubling their length by the word *adagio*, is one of the abuses in music that always increases the difficulty of performance, often produces confusion, and loudly cries for reform: but the system of notation pursued in this *Arietta* is "confusion worse confounded," and goes on, as we have before stated, to the extent of thirteen pages; and yet the publishers, have, in their title, deemed it necessary to warn off all pirates, by announcing the sonata as "copyright." We do not think they are in much danger of having their property invaded. Let us, however, do them justice, and acknowledge the spirit with which they embark their capital in works, the circulation of which must be very limited, and that, consequently, promise no great return of profit. The connoisseurs are indebted to them for many, which, but for their enterprise, they could only have obtained in a very circuitous and expensive manner; and it is in the very nature of speculation now and then to meet with disappointments.

33 *Veränderungen über einen Walzer, &c., or, THIRTY-THREE VARIATIONS on a Waltz by DIABELLI, composed and dedicated with the greatest respect to MADAME ANTONIA VON BRÉNTANO, by L. VAN BEETHOVEN.*—Op. 120. (Vienna, published by Messrs. Cappi and Diabelli, and at Leipzig, by C. F. Peters.)

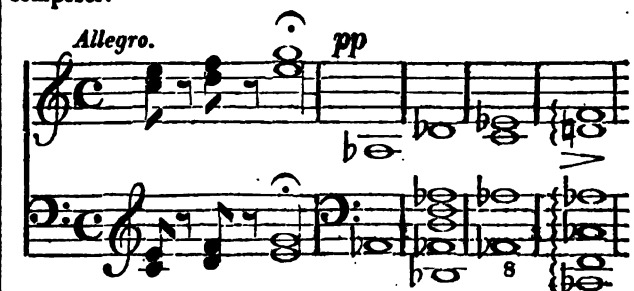
We had scarcely finished the foregoing article, when we received, through an obliging friend, a copy of this air with variations—which is Beethoven's latest work. It fills forty-three pages, and is, we fear, confirmatory of the report which we reluctantly alluded to above, of this great composer having, from deafness, lost some of that discriminating judgment, which he possessed in so striking a degree before his sense of hearing was impaired. We pass over several unaccountable singularities in this work, and can only allow ourselves to observe, generally, that while it manifests either an entire loss of that sense so needful to a musician, or a degree of neglect in the engraver, unparalleled and incredible, it shews that its author has not yet quite exhausted the fund of ideas, exclusively his own—upon which, for the benefit of mankind, he has been drawing nearly thirty years. Amongst the music published in our present Number, will be found the subject, by Diabelli, upon which these variations are written.

The air in itself is very pleasing, and derives additional interest from having been selected as a theme by the greatest musical genius of this century.

EIGHTH FANTASIA for the *Piano-Forte*, on favourite Themes from ROSSINI's new opera, *ZELMIRA*; composed and dedicated to MISS ELEONORA GOODLAD, by FERD. RIES.—Op. 121. (Cocks and Co., Princes-street, Hanover-square.)

In that species of unrestrained musical composition, known by the name of *Fantasia*, Mr. Ries particularly excels; his *Dream* and *Swedish Airs*, both of which come under this title, have always appeared to us to be the best of his piano-forte works; they abound in imagination, in the poetry of music, and shew him to be a true-born native of that country to which, says Richter, belongs the *empire of the air**. If, as a performer, he were viewed in this light, his style of playing would be better understood; there is something extremely romantic in it, and the greater part of his public auditors have never, according to our notion, seemed to comprehend thoroughly the peculiarity of its character.

We do not mean to compare the *Fantasia* now under notice, with either of the above-mentioned compositions; it is intended for a more general purpose, and therefore is more familiarly written. We recognise in it two of the favourite airs in *Zelmira*—"Ciel pietoso," which is transposed from F to C; and "Sorte! secondami!" transposed from D to C: these, which are in very opposite styles, are well arranged, effectively amplified, and joined in an easy, natural manner to the other parts of the piece. Not having the opera at hand, we cannot trace and compare any other airs that are taken from it. For the introductory part we give credit to Mr. Ries himself, though he does not claim it in his title-page; it corresponds well with the rest of the *Fantasia*, and contains a passage of such original modulation and powerful harmony, that, in transferring it to our pages, we feel assured that we shall gratify our readers; while, at the same time, we shall be doing justice to the composer.



We only recommend this *Fantasia* to those who have acquired a certain command of the piano-forte; it calls for executive powers of no humble degree: but, at the same time, we beg to be understood that it contains no passage which will not yield to the industry of a numerous class of performers in this musical age.

* "The empire of the seas belongs to the English; that of the land to the French; and that of the air to the Germans."—See *Madame de Staël's Germany*, vol. I. chap. 2.

INTRODUCTION, and VARIATIONS for the Piano-
Forle, on HENRY R. Bishop's admired air "Home!
 sweet home!" composed and dedicated to MISS M. TREE,
 by T. A. RAWLINGS. (Goulding, D'Almaine, and Co.)

The popularity gained by this air, will lead it through the tortuous paths of Rondos, Fantasias, Variations, &c., though it depends for effect mainly on its dramatic situation, and on the moral tendency of the words to which it is set. To us it appears as an unfruitful theme for anything in the shape of new variations, so many subjects, similar in general character, having already been worked threadbare in the same service. But novelty, if not in fact, at least in name, is constantly demanded, and willingly purchased; the market therefore is, and ought to be, regularly supplied with articles that satisfy those, whose only labour in life is, to ward off satiety by "something new."

The Introduction to this, the favourite air in *Clari*, is brilliant, and lays well under the hand, though it shews no very laborious search in quest of originality. The first and second variations are written with considerable taste, in a *cantabile* style. The fifth is marked *Larghetto cantabile*; but if Mr. Rawlings reflect upon the nature of the skips and reiterated notes which he has here used, he will, we think, candidly acknowledge that this variation is not composed in a very *singing* manner. The third, fourth, and sixth variations are loud and quick, for which we do not attach any blame to the author, however, they may militate against the quiet, easy nature of the melody; for if the public will have airs with six, eight, ten, or a dozen variations, they must have of these some slow, and some quick; some pathetic, and some gay; one must be *à la militaire*, another *alla Polacca*, &c.; in short, they must bear with a great deal of inconsistency, and submit to the frequent violation of common sense: the fault,—though possibly they may stoutly deny the existence of any,—is in themselves; for the composer, like a wise man, will endeavour to produce that which his experience tells him will have the best sale: he writes, in three cases out of four, to replenish his purse, not to strengthen his reputation.

1. (The same air).—Arranged with VARIATIONS for the HARP, and dedicated to Miss CAROLINE NEWCOMEN, by N. C. BOCHSA. (Goulding and Co.)
2. (The same air).—Arranged with an INTRODUCTION and VARIATIONS for the HARP, and dedicated to Miss M. TREE, by T. P. CHIPP, Professor of the Harp at Covent Garden Theatre. (Goulding and Co.)

After an Introduction of two pages, M. Bochsa has certainly given the air, composed by Mr. Bishop, in a reasonable and simple manner; but the four variations of which this piece consists, do indeed vary the original melody; inasmuch that the auricular powers of the renowned *Finecar* himself, would be strained to discover their relation to it, if they were detached from the subject, and from the title-page. We have here eight engraved music-plates, and the price marked, is three shillings and sixpence. If Mr. Bishop had charged in a fair proportion to this for his own song and the author's words, he would have fixed at least double the sum demanded by M. Bochsa, the merit of whose publication is confined to the few notes that belong to an air to which he has no claim.

Mr. Chipp has supplied us more liberally with the melody of Mr. Bishop, and so far is entitled to commendation; but his variations are prepared after the receipt that has been in use from the days of our childhood, and to crown the whole, the last is *alla polacca*. Good heavens! an air of so sober, so religious a cast to be converted into a Polish dance! How would men of sense exclaim, if an actor were to deliver a fine moral soliloquy as rapidly as he could utter

the words, and dance a hornpipe during his recitation. And yet the cases are nearly similar.

"MOURN WE HIS LOSS," *Elegy, to the memory of SIR CHARLES WARWICK BAMFYLDE, BART.; the words and music by WILLIAM LINLEY, Esq. (Royal Harmonic Institution, 246, Regent-street.)*

The violent and melancholy death of the worthy baronet to whose memory this elegy is inscribed, excited a very strong and general sensation; he was known to every body, and was remarkable for his good-humour and social qualities. Ardent in his love of music, he subscribed to every concert, and frequented every society where the art was promoted; he was, therefore, a member of the celebrated Catch-Club, established in 1762,—in which the urbanity of his manners, and the cheerfulness of his disposition, made his loss severely felt, and produced a wish that some tribute, characteristic of the club, should be offered to his memory. Mr. Linley, an active member, who possesses an hereditary genius for music, undertook the task, and soon presented to his associates, the work that now engages the reader's attention. It is for four men's voices, and consists of one movement, composed with a great deal of taste and strong feeling. The melody is pure and soothing, the inner parts sing well, and supply a full, well-contrived harmony. At page 2, in the first bar of the third staff for the upper tenor, the B is an ambiguous note; it may certainly be natural—but we conclude that the engraver has omitted the flat. Page 3, at the words "and adding warmth," we wish, for the sake of prosody, that, instead of the first minim, a crotchet, preceded by a crotchet-rest, had been written; for, if we read the line correctly, "and" should be a short syllable.

This composition reflects great credit on its author; it is not the first work from the same source that has shewn to the world, how possible it is for a *dilettante* to rival the most experienced professors.

1. COUNTY GUY, the poetry from QUENTIN DURWARD; the music by H. R. BISHOP. (Goulding & Co.)
2. COUNTY GUY, from Quentin Durward, composed and dedicated to MISS STEPHENS, by ROBERT BEALE. (C. Geroock, 79, Cornhill, and 76, Bishopsgate-Street.)

Sir Walter Scott, or the author of Waverley, or the Great Unknown, or by whatever name the admirable writer is to be designated, whose novels are sought with avidity, and read with delight, by nearly all who understand either the English or French language,—in the first volume of his last work inserted a song, called *County Guy*, and in the following sentence invited Mr. Bishop to set it to music.—

"—as the tune is lost for ever,—unless Bishop happens to find the notes, or some lark teaches Stephens to warble the air,—we will risk our credit, and the taste of the lady of the lute, by preserving the verses, simple and even rude as they are."

A challenge of this kind, from such a quarter, was, as a matter of course, immediately accepted, and could not fail to excite all Mr. Bishop's wishes to meet it in a manner commensurate with the fame of the inditer. The compliment is flattering and deserved, and the praise conveyed in it will be lasting. But genius, though perhaps richer in its own coin, than even Messrs. Drummond are in theirs, cannot, like them, always honour a draft at a moment, and when its treasures are most wanting, is often the least able to command them. Something like this we apprehend to have been the case in the present instance, for the melody has not been derived from those stores that have so often supplied its author's demands, nor does any part of the song bear his usual impress. The "trilling" of the lark is one of those musical *concetti* that we shall always condemn, and is remarkably unfortunate in this air; for at

the very point where it is introduced, the verse distinctly describes the *silence* of the bird:—

The lark, his lay
Who trill'd all day
Sits hush'd, his partner nigh.

Mr. Beale, in the title to his song, only quotes a short part of the sentence from the novel:—"or some lark teaches Stephens to warble the air." He suppresses Mr. Bishop's name, and may probably consider himself as the lark alluded to. He certainly is not the "Lark" that "at heaven's gate sings," for his warblings have their birth near Bishopsgate; and there is no less difference in the note, than in the *local* of these two songsters. We really did not expect to find any person possessing so much self-complacency, and so little politeness, as to snatch verses given to Mr. Bishop by name, out of his hands at so early a period, and in so public a manner.

1. MORAL SONGS, written by W. F. COLLARD; composed and adapted by J. C. CLIFTON.—Nos. 9 and 10.
2. "A BUMPER OF SPARKLING WINE," a convivial song; words by W. F. COLLARD; music by J. C. CLIFTON. (Clementi and Co.)
3. "IL BIANCO, IL ROSSO, IL PALLIDO," *Canzonetta*, composed by SIG. MORRONI, of Rome. (Mitchell.)
4. "MARY, LOVING THEE," a favourite song, written by L. H. CONE, Esq.; composed, with an accompaniment for the Piano-Forte, by G. F. HARRIS. (Clementi and Co.)

The two moral songs are a continuation of that series which we have before noticed, and are not at all inferior to any of the eight that have preceded them. The cadence at the words "His smooth neck finely bending," in No. 9, is trite, and not altogether free from vulgarity. The rest of the melody is pleasing, flows easily, and is within the compass of every soprano voice. We just beg leave to mention, that the moral of the song is not a rigorous corollary to the fable; the one inculcates the ancient maxim, *Fronti nulla fides*—the other teaches "the gay and young" to be on their guard against sirens' songs. "The Nightingale," No. 10, is a beautiful and expressive air, judiciously and elegantly accompanied: the little imitation of what is more commonly than correctly supposed to be the note of "this sweet bird of night," is modestly introduced, and quite in unison both with the poetry and melody. The progression of the bass, at the words "strange and sweet," is erroneous and disagreeable; a very slight alteration here would remove the only objection that can be offered to this charming production.

The Bacchanalian song shews, that the poet, and the musician who have furnished so much lyric morality, are not absolute ascetics. This convivial air is not unlike most others of its class, and is appropriately set. We heartily join in the following opinion:—

It is true that our joys are but brief,
But sad faces will not make them long;
And the right way to shorten our grief
Is to lengthen our joys with a song.

The Italian *Canzonetta* by Sig. Morroni, (whose name is quite new to us,) is very easy, and composed in an exceedingly good taste. The verses too are worthy of notice, as possessing more meaning than most of these bagatelles can boast. At the word "*comprenderai*," are two offensive fifths, between the voice part and the accompaniment, which may easily be corrected.

Mr. Harris's song expresses the words accurately and well, and his accents are throughout correct; but his symphonies are too long and elaborate, and will please none but the accompanist, who loves to display himself at the expense of good effect.

THE DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

ON Thursday, July 3d, *Matilde di Shabran, e Corradino*: ossia, *Il Trionfo della Bellezza**, an opera not sufficiently serious to be called *semi-seria*, or comic enough to be called *buffa*, but something between the two, was performed for the first time in England, for the benefit of Madame Ronzi di Begnis: the poetry by Giacomo Ferretti; the music by Rossini.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

<i>Matilde di Shabran</i> ,	Madame Ronzi di Begnis.
<i>Corradino Cuor-di-Ferro</i> , (the Iron-hearted.)	Signor Garcia.
<i>Isidoro</i> , the wandering Poet,	Signor di Begnis.
<i>Raimondo Lopez</i> ,	Signor Reina.
<i>Edovardo</i> , son of Raimondo,	Madame Vestris.
<i>Contessa d'Arco</i> ,	Signora Caradori.
<i>Aliprando</i> , physician and confidant of Corradino,	Signor Placchi.
<i>Girando</i> , goaler,	Signor Porto.
<i>Egolo</i> , a countryman,	Signor Righi.
<i>Roderigo</i> , head of a band of soldiers.	Signor di Giovanni.
<i>Adolpho</i> , (a goaler,) peasants, soldiers, &c. &c. &c.	

Corradino, a military chieftain, has a mortal aversion to the fair sex, and in order to prevent their entrance into his castle, prohibits the admission of all unbidden persons, under the severest penalties. *Matilde*, however, being the orphan daughter of a most beloved brother-soldier, is suffered to enter the unsocial palace, and to be once in the presence of its iron-hearted possessor. She has made up her mind to soften his ferruginous organ, and, through the agency of the usual female arts, aided by great courage and perseverance, succeeds. This is the story; with something of an underplot it might have been very tolerable—as it is, we found it dramatically heavy.

This opera places all its reliance upon the many concerted pieces—of trios, quartets, &c.—in which it abounds; some few of which, had they been new, would have gained applause; but they had already been heard in other works by the same master, and now only appeared a little disguised. The consequence is, that they only give a very faint pleasure to the unprejudiced hearer, and are applauded chiefly by those who must have a temporary favourite, whose compositions, whatever may be their quality, they always vote to be supremely excellent, during the three or four years that the author himself has the good fortune to be in vogue.

The merits of Rossini are becoming a question every where, even in Italy. This is always the fate of those who are so injudiciously applauded, and whose productions are indiscriminately extolled. Rossini composes with a view to profit; he, therefore, writes often in a hurry, and five out of six of his operas are not intended by him to be addressed to posterity. They are mostly got up for those Italian cities where novelty alone has any charm, and where the same thing is out of date in two seasons. Were he to bestow his time, and exhaust his stock of ideas, upon works produced to satisfy such tastes, he would betray an indifference to his pecuniary interests, and he is too much a man of the world to be guilty of any such imprudence. Let him be judged as a musician, not by such things as are liked at Pisa or Pesaro,—not by what Lady So-and-so, or the Countess of Such-a-one, admires for a month or two—but by those operas that have received the stamp of universal approbation; such as his *Barbiere di Siviglia*, his *Tancredi*, his *Gazza Ladra*, and his *Turco in Italia*: if he be estimated as a composer by these, his fame is in no danger, it may bid defiance to the caprice of fashion.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

An uncommonly strong company has been engaged by Mr. Morris for the present season, and full houses every night shew the policy of such a measure. In the operatical department we find Madame Vestris, Miss Paton, Miss Love, &c., though a good tenor to support these ladies is certainly at present a desideratum. On July the 7th, a new musical drama, under the title of *Sweethearts and Wives*, written by Mr. Kenny, was produced for the first time. It is full of irresistible drollery; or, in other words, it is full of LISTON, who converts into exquisite humour whatever he performs, as Midas turned into gold all that he touched.

The music to this play is composed by Messrs. Perry, Nathan, and Whitaker, and upon the whole is well liked. An air by Mr. Nathan, sung with admirable archness by Madame Vestris,—"Why are you wandering here, I pray?"—gains a nightly encore; it is appropriately set, and is a very good theatrical song.

* *Matilde di Shabran and Corradino*; or, the Triumph of Beauty.

ENGLISH OPERA-HOUSE.

This theatre opened for the season on Tuesday the 1st of July. The whole internal part of it has been repaired, and very elegantly embellished and fitted up, under the superintendence of Mr. Beazeley. The fronts of the boxes are painted fawn colour, and decorated with massive but simple raised scrolls of rich burnished gold. Over the principal circle is a drapery of dark olive-green cloth, with an imitative bullion fringe, producing the effect of a superb canopy; and these boxes are lighted by wax candles, in handsome cut-glass lustres; while the whole theatre is illuminated by means of a handsome chandelier, suspended from the centre, which is supplied with gas, and diffuses a very agreeable light all around.

A new short piece was produced on the first night, called *The Swing Bridge*; a mere bagatelle of the melo-dramatic genus.

On the 5th, Miss Louisa Dance appeared for the first time in London, as Susanna, in *The Marriage of Figaro*. This young lady possesses those decided features, and intelligent eyes, which, if they do not constitute positive beauty, produce all its effects on the stage. Her figure is elegant, and her carriage is easy and genteel. To appear in this character was at once to announce her intention of occupying the first vocal place in the theatre; a situation in which a little time and increased experience may establish her. Miss Dance's voice has no defect, but she does not at present appear to have gained a perfect control over it; but that will be acquired by practice, and by the habit of singing in the theatre. She sings perfectly in tune, her taste is correct, and she appears to be a very good musician. The *Cherubino* of Miss Kelly is truly excellent; the original song, "Ah! well-a-day, my poor heart," by Shield, which she wisely restored to the opera, was sung by her, if not in the first style, critically speaking, at least in the most touching manner, speaking from our feelings. The melody is beautiful, and one of the many by this sweet and sensible composer, that are unknown to more than half of the present generation.

The *Knight of Snowdon* has been revived, in which Miss L. Dance appeared in the part of Ellen, and was much applauded. This opera, our readers may recollect, is *The Lady of the Lake* dramatized, and has always been a great favourite with the public. Some pieces from Rossini's opera have now been introduced into it, particularly "*Aurora*," the air given in our third Number. They have very much enriched the *Knight of Snowdon*. This theatre has had a most successful season, so far as it has gone: it has been filled every night hitherto.

THE CONCERTS.

On Monday, the 30th of June, Signor Torri had a concert at the house of Lady Borough, in Portland-place, which was most fashionably attended. The whole of the principal performers of the opera contributed their assistance; Spagnoletti led the band, and Scappa conducted.

—Mademoiselle Caradori's private benefit-concert, took place on Monday, July 7th, at Mrs. West's in Bryanstone Square, where a very elegant company was assembled. The performers consisted of all the strength of the King's Theatre, with the addition of Miss Stephens, and M. Moschelles. Mori led, and Signior Coccia sat at the piano-forte as conductor.

—Mademoiselle Schauröth, a young musical prodigy, said to be only nine years of age, had a concert at the Argyll Rooms, on Wednesday, July 2nd. At which she exhibited her truly surprising powers, on the piano-forte. She performed Beethoven's Quintett in E flat, written for the piano-forte, flute, clarinet, bassoon, and horn, with a strength, and exactitude, that would have reflected much credit on even the most experienced professor. She also played an air, with variations, MS. by Kalkbrenner, which exhibited the neatness and rapidity of her execution, and her steadiness when unsupported by other instruments. Mori led, and Sir G. Smart conducted.

MISCELLANEA.

Rossini's popularity seems also on the wane in his own country. A Milanese Journal commences some severe strictures, as follows: "The Rossinian compilation of *Ricciardo e Zoraida*, composed in 1818 for the Theatre Royal of San Carlos at Naples, has for the first time appeared on our stage; it has not produced much effect on those who have nevertheless enjoyed many productions of the same composer. It is made up of reminiscences from *Mosè* in

Egitto, *La Gazza Ladra*, &c. Rossini, we allow, has composed many pretty things, but he never could help copying himself, and often most awkwardly; whereas he has been much more successful while copying the masters of his art."—*Corriere delle Dame*.

MILAN. *Amletto*, (Hamlet) a new tragic opera, the music by Mercadante, was produced here early this year, but was hissed. A total want of new ideas, and of music of a tragic character, were the causes of this failure. There is indisputably a vast deal of common-place in this piece, but, at the same time, it is but justice to acknowledge, that there were a few good things among the great mass of bad. The movement in C minor, in the first *finale*, is of a character to do the composer honour.

VIENNA. On the 17th of April, at the Kärnthnerthor Theatre, during the second representation of *Otello*, Madame Fodor, while singing the duet with *Emilia*, was seized with a fit, and the performance was suspended for the evening. A few days after, however, she appeared again in the same opera, and sang to the general satisfaction of a numerous audience.

—*Maometto*, after a decided failure at Venice*, has been produced at the above theatre. The subject of the Opera, like the greater part of those Rossini has been condemned to work upon, is made up of very poor materials. In the music we are again supplied with the hackneyed and threadbare passages, full of well-known canons and roudades; these are like the faded charms of a decayed beauty, which once enchanted, but have since lost all their magic, and every power of attraction. It, however, had the good fortune here to escape the louder severity, with which it was visited by the inhabitants of the Banks of the Laguna. But the cold and obdurate silence which prevailed, was almost as unequivocal a testimony of the general disapprobation. The house was but thinly filled; no very favourable prognostic of the very long duration of Rossini's reign of idolatry; it, however, began tolerably well. The introduction pleased, though it must be confessed, this composer gives himself but little trouble in this part of his operas, as he borrows from himself without mercy. It is cut out of the *Preghiera* in *Mosè*, even to the least detail. Some parts of the first act, however, obtained applause, particularly a *terzetto*, and a very beautiful, though often employed, *largo* in the *finale* which brought many hands into action. The miserable second act, with its unmeaning emptiness, produced the most benumbing effects, which augmented as it dragged along to a close. In vain did *Maometto*'s janissary bands strive with their noise to keep attention awake; it was all to no purpose. The only thing that excited a momentary interest was, the farewell trio between the father, daughter, and rejected lover.

STUTTGARD. A new opera appeared here, entitled *Æsop in Lydia*, the music by C. Kreutzer. As a whole it is excellent; the characters are well discriminated; the instrumental part is admirable in its plan; it is full of charming melody, and impressive harmony. The airs are simple, but for the most part declamatory. Many of the fables of *Æsop* are interwoven in the piece, which rendered the composer's a difficult task; but he has managed to express them with characteristic truth and spirit.

—It is said that the Capellmeister, M. Lindpaintner, a gentleman of most industrious character, is engaged in the composition of a grand opera, which is intended for the Theatre of Munich.

DRESDEN. *La Preciosa*, has been presented here, the music by Baron von Weber, which was received with great satisfaction. The music, particularly the overture and a romance, are of that character and interest, which we had a right to expect from the genius of this elegant composer.

—The collection of the Works of Beethoven made by M. Haslinger, to which a further addition of two large folios has been made, and which is unique in its kind, is said to have been purchased, and to be on its way to England. Is there then in the whole of Germany, not a single Mecenas to be found to dispute with the proud Briton the possession of one of the greatest of musical rarities? Shall he have the glory of spending his guineas in the purchase of productions of art, while the German turns over his dollar again and again, before he parts with it? Happy Albion! When posterity shall have formed a due estimate of the merits of Beethoven, it will be necessary to journey to thy shores, in order to survey with astonishment the numerous creations of the genius of this sublime master, united in one handsome and masterly collection. Yet, worthy art thou to call excellences like this thine own; to thee is it known how to ennoble true merit:—does not Handel rest by the side of thy kings?—

* See HARMONICON, No. VI., p. 81.



G. F. HANDEL.

THE HARMONICON.

No. IX., SEPTEMBER, 1823.

MEMOIR OF GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL.

GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL, the son of a physician by a second wife, was born on the 24th of February, 1684, at Halle, in Upper Saxony. His father had designed him for the profession of the law; but by nature he was qualified and destined, even from his earliest years, for a profession sometimes more admired than honoured, more extolled than rewarded. Sensible perhaps of this, the physician beheld with concern the early propensity of his son, and took all the means in his power to check this rising passion for music. He therefore avoided all musical connexions, and banished from his house every kind of musical instrument. The child, however, notwithstanding the caution of his father, found an opportunity of hearing some performer on the harpsichord, and the pleasure he received, urged him to seek the means of practising what he had heard; he therefore contrived, by means of a servant, to get a little clavichord secreted in one of the attics of the house. To this he resorted every evening as soon as the family had retired to rest, and thus aided by the force of simple nature, his hand found the compass of the key-board, and his ear directed it to the production both of melody and harmony.

When Handel was about seven years of age, his father determined on a journey to see his son by a former wife, who was then living with the Duke of Saxe-Weissenfels, and the young amateur pressed to be permitted to accompany him. On being refused, he watched the departure of the carriage, when, as if governed by a foresight of the influence which this journey was to have upon his future fortune and fame, he followed some way on the road, and adding tears to his solicitations, the tenderness of a father prevailed, and he was taken up. Arrived at the court of the Duke, and being suffered to wander about several of the apartments, he could not resist the temptation of sitting down to a harpsichord wherever he saw one. This escaped particular notice; but a morning or two afterwards, finding means, just after the service, to steal to the organ in the chapel, and touch the instrument as the Duke was quitting the chapel, he attracted his Highness' attention by the unusual style of his performance. He inquired who it was he heard; and his attendant replied, that it was his half brother, a boy about seven years of age. The Duke then commanded both Handel and his father to be sent for into his presence. His Highness expostulated seriously with the father, who still remained firm in his prepossession in favour of the civil law. He allowed that every father had a right to dispose of his children as he thought most expedient; but declared that

in the present instance he could not but consider it as a sort of crime against the public and posterity to rob the world of such a rising genius. The result of this conversation was not only a toleration for music, but a consent that a master should be called in to assist and forward his studies.

On his return to Halle, the future prince of modern musicians had the happiness to find himself placed under Zachau, a sound musician, and organist of the Cathedral church of that city. After instructing his pupil in the general principles of the science, he put into his hands the works of the greatest Italian and German composers, and without directing his attention to any of them in particular, left him to form a style of his own. From these pure sources the young enthusiast drank so abundantly, that he soon became familiar with the secrets of composition, and when only nine years of age actually composed some *motets* which were adopted in the service of the church, and for three years continued, with scarcely any intermission, to compose one every week.

At thirteen years of age, Handel felt himself raised above any instruction that Halle could furnish, and his father was recommended to send him to Berlin. At this city he found the opera flourishing under the direction of Bononcini and Attilio; who afterwards came to England, and were at the head of a formidable opposition to him. His precise talents soon attracted general notice, and the King proposed to send him to Italy. This favour, however, his friends were advised to decline, though the motive is not apparent, and he returned to Halle. Shortly after, he had the misfortune to lose his father, and, in consequence, he meditated a change of residence. Several places offered themselves to his choice, but as Hamburgh, next to Berlin, was then the city most renowned for its operas, he determined upon going thither.

Mattheson, an able musician and writer on music, who resided at Hamburgh the whole time that Handel remained there, gives us the following account. "Almost his first acquaintance here was myself; I met him at the organ of St. Mary's Church, whence I conducted him to my father's house, where he was treated with all possible kindness and hospitality. I afterwards attended him to organs, choirs, operas, and concerts; and recommended him to several scholars. At first he only played a *ripieno* violin in the opera orchestra, and being naturally inclined to indulge in a kind of dry humour, pretended unusual ignorance, in a manner that made the most serious people laugh, though he preserved his own gravity. But his superior abilities

were soon discovered, for it happened that the harpsichord player of the opera was absent for a time, and he was persuaded to take his place; on which occasion he shewed himself to be a great master, to the astonishment of every one except myself, who had frequent opportunities of knowing his abilities on keyed instruments."

Mattheson and Handel lived much together, and frequently had amicable contests and trials of skill; in which, it appearing that they excelled on different instruments, the latter on the organ, the former on the harpsichord, it was mutually agreed not to invade each other's province; which compact they faithfully observed for five or six years, till the following circumstance occurred. Mattheson composed an opera, called *Cleopatra*, which was performed on the Hamburg stage, in which he himself acted the part of *Anthony*, and Handel played the harpsichord. It was customary with Mattheson, upon the death of *Anthony*, which happened early in the piece, to preside at the harpsichord as composer; but, one evening Handel took it in his head to dispute the point, and would not relinquish the place he filled. This occasioned so violent a quarrel, that, as they were going out of the house, Mattheson gave him a slap on the face; upon which both immediately drew their swords, and a duel ensued in the market-place, before the door of the opera-house. Luckily the sword of Mattheson broke upon one of his antagonist's metal buttons; or, as others relate, it snapped against the scene of the opera, which Handel was conveying away under his coat. If the latter version be true, he might indeed have exclaimed with Horace: *Sic me servavit Apollo!*

This rencounter happened on the 5th of December, 1704; but as a proof how speedy and sincere their reconciliation was, Mattheson informs us that, on the 30th of the same month, he accompanied his young friend to the rehearsal of his first opera, entitled *Almeria*, and performed the principal character in it; and that they became more attached than ever. This production of a youth of fourteen proved so great a favourite with the public as to be performed thirty nights successively. After composing three other operas, *Nerone*, *Florinda*, and *Daphne*, which had each their share of success, Handel quitted Hamburg. Having acquired a sum sufficient to enable him to visit Italy, he set out for that seat of the Muses. To this journey he was determined by an invitation from the Prince of Tuscany, brother to the Grand Duke, John Gaston de Medicis, who had heard his operas at Hamburg, and was ambitious of having such a genius at Florence. Shortly after his arrival there, he composed the Opera of *Roderigo*, for which he was honoured by the Grand Duke with a purse of a hundred sequins and a service of plate. The Duke's mistress, *Vittoria*, sang the principal part. Handel was a handsome young man, and if report say true, she conceived a passion for him, which, had he been disposed to encourage, would probably have caused the ruin of both.

From Florence he proceeded to Venice, where he composed the Opera of *Agrippina*, which ran twenty-seven successive nights. Here he formed an acquaintance with Dom. Scarlatti, Gasparini, and Lotti. He next visited Rome, where he had an opportunity of hearing compositions and performers of the first class. In this city the elder Scarlatti had brought vocal music, and Corelli instrumental, to great perfection. At the celebrated Cardinal Ottoboni's, by whom Handel was greatly caressed and patronised, he had frequently the advantage of hearing the natural and elegant Corelli perform his own compositions. Here the young German produced a Serenata, entitled *Il Trionfo del Tempo*. After this he proceeded to

Naples, where he set *Acis* and *Galatea* in Italian, but totally different from the English composition which afterwards added such honours to his name. Having seen as much of Italy as his curiosity or his profession required, he returned to Germany.

On his arrival at Hanover, he found the celebrated Stefani holding the place of first musician to the court. The account which Handel gave to Sir John Hawkins of the manner in which one great genius received another, known to him only by his talents and his fame, is not less honourable to the learned *Kapellmeister* of Hanover, than to the illustrious native of Halle. "When I first arrived in that city," said Handel, "I was a young man under twenty. I was acquainted with the merits of Stefani, and he had heard of me. I understood somewhat of music, and could play pretty well on the organ. He received me with great kindness, and took an early opportunity of introducing me to the Princess Sophia and the Elector's Son; giving him to understand that I was (as he was pleased to call me) a *virtuoso* in music. He obliged me with instructions for my conduct and behaviour during my residence in Hanover; and being called from the city to attend to matters of a public concern, he left me in possession of that favour and patronage which himself had enjoyed for a series of years."

The growing connexion between the Courts of Hanover and London, raised in the mind of the scientific German a desire to visit England. Impelled by his inherent curiosity, and the natural restlessness attending it, he was not long resolving on the journey: though before he left Germany, he paid all due filial attention to his blind and aged mother at Halle; visited his preceptor, Zachau, and took leave of some other of his friends. But while preparing to set out, Baron Kilmansegg, whose notice he had attracted in Italy, was soliciting for him from the Elector, afterwards George the First of England, a pension of fifteen hundred crowns per annum. The Baron succeeded; but Handel's desire to go to England was too strong to be conquered. This being made known to his Highness, the musician was permitted to be absent for a twelvemonth, or even more, without either delay or reduction of the grant. On these conditions he accepted the Elector's bounty. When he arrived in England, in the winter of 1710, the opera was under the management of Aaron Hill. The story of *Rinaldo*, from Tasso, formed into an opera by Rossi, was put into his hands, and its success corresponded with the high expectation raised by the name of the composer. This justification of the terms in which fame had announced his merits to the British public, drew from our amateurs the warmest and most pressing solicitations to make London the place of his future residence. But he resisted their importunities, and after a twelvemonth's stay in England, returned to Hanover. On taking leave of the Queen (Anne) she made him some valuable presents, and intimated a desire to see him again.

On his return to Hanover, he found that Stefani had resigned to him the mastership of the chapel. He shortly afterwards composed for the electoral Princess, Caroline, afterwards Queen of England, twelve chamber-duets, less simple, but quite as clear and unembarrassed in their texture as those of Stefani, whose style, in these compositions, he avowedly and very successfully imitated. After remaining two years with the Elector, he was permitted to revisit England; his salary still remaining the same. He arrived in England about the latter end of the year 1712, at which time the negotiations for the peace of Utrecht were carrying on. In the ensuing year the treaty was concluded; a public thanksgiving was ordered for the oc-

casion, and Handel received a command from the Queen to compose a *Te Deum* and *Jubilate*. These were performed at St. Paul's Cathedral, the Queen herself attending the service. On the death of the Queen, in 1714, when the Elector of Hanover came over to assume the government of England, he had two strong grounds of resentment against Handel. One of these was, the breach of his engagement to return within a reasonable time to Hanover; and the other, his having assisted towards celebrating, as happy and glorious, an event which by many was considered as detrimental to the interests not only of this kingdom, but of all the Protestant Powers of Europe. In order to avert the King's displeasure, his former friend, Baron Kilmansegg, contrived an expedient, which nothing but the sincerest friendship for Handel could have suggested. He arranged a party of pleasure on the Thames, in which the King condescended to share a part, and having informed Handel of his design, advised him to prepare some music for the occasion. This counsel he followed, by producing those movements which constitute his celebrated *Water Music*; and which were performed under his own directions, in a barge attendant on that wherein were the King and his party. Upon hearing this music, which has since been so justly celebrated, his Majesty, equally delighted and surprised by its excellence, eagerly inquired who was the composer. The Baron acquainted the King, that it was the production of a faithful servant of his Majesty, who conscious of the cause of displeasure he had given to so gracious a protector, durst not presume to approach the royal presence, till he had received an assurance of pardon, which he trusted his future devotion and gratitude would merit. This intercession having been accepted, Handel was restored to favour, and honoured with flattering marks of royal approbation. As a ratification of this peace, his Majesty was pleased to double the pension of 200*l.* a year, previously settled on him by Queen Anne; and not many years after, when he was employed to teach the Princesses, another pension of 200*l.* was added to the former grants by Queen Caroline.

His recovery of the royal favour determined Handel to make England the country of his residence. His acquaintance was courted by several of the nobility and gentry, and among others by the highly-cultivated and tasteful Earl of Burlington, in whose mansion in Piccadilly he took up his settled abode. Here he was left at liberty to follow the dictates of his genius, and freely pursue the course of his studies, which can scarcely be said to have been interrupted by his occasional direction of that nobleman's evening concerts, in which his own music generally formed the most prominent part. At this hospitable mansion he resided three years, during which period he published three operas, *Amadis*, *Thesus*, and *Pastor Fido*, besides a variety of detached pieces, vocal and instrumental.

In the year 1718, he received an invitation from the celebrated Duke of Chandos, to undertake the direction of the chapel at his superb mansion of Cannons. It did not accord with his Grace's ideas of magnificence, to have any other superintendent of his chapel than the greatest musician of the kingdom. Settled with this nobleman, he composed those anthems that soon became so celebrated, amounting to about twenty in number; of which Dr. Arnold published twelve, in his voluminous edition of Handel's works. During his two years' residence at Cannons, he produced also the chief part of his hautbois concertos, sonatas, lessons, organ fugues, *Acis* and *Galatea*, and the oratorio of *Esther*. These are all so masterly, and exquisite in their several kinds, that had the efforts of his genius been limited to them, his name would have been held in

reverence so long as the characters in which they are written continued to be understood.

We are now arrived at the busiest, the most glorious, and yet the most anxious, period of Handel's life. This great musician had reached that stage of existence which Dante calls,

Il mezzo del cammin di nostra vita*;

when the faculties have attained their utmost vigour. He was endowed with extraordinary natural powers, highly improved by cultivation; with a hand which no difficulties could embarrass; a genius original and inexhaustible. Such was Handel, when he entered into his engagement with the principal nobility and gentry as composer and conductor of the new establishment, entitled the *Royal Academy of Music*. But though it would seem that the views of the Academy were at first almost exclusively directed towards Handel, yet the institution was scarcely established before Bononcini and Attilio were invited from the Continent. The arrival of these masters was the commencement of a contest, which raged for a long time with fury, and would have continued much longer, had not the belligerent parties come into close action, by bringing their powers into opposition and contrast in a single piece. The great question respecting the comparative abilities of Handel, Bononcini, and Attilio, was determined by their conjunction in *Masio Scavola*. Of this opera, Attilio composed the first act, Bononcini the second, and Handel the third; and the public judgment, by universally awarding the palm to the latter, terminated the competition, and left him without a rival. The victory, however, did not produce all the consequences that were anticipated; though it humbled the adversaries of Handel, it did not reduce them to the necessity of a precipitate retreat, or even leave the conqueror in possession of the field. After the decision just mentioned, some of the best compositions of Bononcini and Attilio were produced, and performed with that applause, which candour cannot but allow they justly merited. Handel, however, continued to fulfil his engagements with the opera subscribers till the year 1726, when his employment of Signora Faustina, and refusal either to compose for the principal singer, Senesino, or have any farther concern with him, in spite of the determination of the noble directors to the contrary, laid the foundation for a dispute, which, with other untoward circumstances, terminated in the subversion of the whole undertaking.

The particulars of this long protracted and eventful contest with the nobility, having been detailed in another part of our publication†, it only remains to sum up this melancholy part of Handel's history, by stating that, after a struggle which lasted more than three years, during which time he was obliged to draw out of the funds the whole of that property, amounting to above 10,000*l.*, which in his prosperous days, he had accumulated, he gave up the matter entirely, and discovered to the world that, in this dreadful conflict, he had not only suffered in his fortune, but also most seriously in his health, both bodily and mental.

At length so serious a dejection of mind was brought on, that he was advised to try the waters of Tunbridge. Here, however, his complaint increased to such a degree, that his mental faculties became affected; and to complete his distress, the palsy seized his right arm, and the whole of the limb was rendered incapable of performing its natural functions. Medicines having been found ineffectual for the re-

* In the mid passage of our life's career.

† See Historical Sketch of the Establishment and Progress of the Italian Opera in England, page 77, &c.

lief of his disorder, he was, but not without much difficulty, prevailed upon to resort to Aix-la-Chapelle. There he received so much benefit from the waters, that at the end of a few weeks, he went immediately from the bath to the organ of the great convent of the city, and performed in such a manner, that the good nuns imputed his restoration to nothing less than a miracle. He returned to London perfectly reinstated in his health; and such was his high and intrepid spirit, and such the unbending firmness of his character, that the same year he actually made another effort at Covent Garden to regain the public favour by the performance of *Atalanta*, *Justin*, *Arminius*, and *Berenice*. But these did not at all answer his expectations; and the indifference of the town towards Handel and his productions, now became evident in the fruitless attempt of his friends, to render the above compositions beneficial to him by their publication: the subscriptions proved scarcely sufficient to defray the expense of printing. Convinced at length by severe experience, he gave another and more fortunate direction to his studies, better suited, as he was himself heard to declare, to the circumstances of a man now advancing into the vale of years. He determined to adopt that species of composition so common in countries where the Roman Catholic religion prevails, called, *Concerto Spirituale* or *Oratorio*. He was well acquainted with the sacred writings, and was sensible that the sublime and affecting sentiments with which they abound, would afford opportunities of displaying his talents to the greatest advantage. He felt assured, too, that a London audience, struck with the dignity of such music as he felt conscious he could produce, and feeling the propriety of a sacred drama during the Lent season, would not fail to encourage the annual performance of oratorios in the metropolis. Of this, the recollection of the applause excited by the performance of his *Esther* at the Academy of Ancient Music, in 1781; and, of the same oratorio and that of his *Deborah* at Covent Garden, in 1782, made him the more confident.

He accordingly put his plan in execution, and in 1788, *Israel in Egypt*, *Saul*, and the *Messiah*, followed each other in splendid succession. As another novelty, he also introduced between the acts of these oratorios a species of music, of which he may be said to be the inventor,—the organ concerto. Few, except Handel's intimate friends knew that on this instrument he had scarcely an equal in the world; and he was himself well aware that he had a style of performing on it, which, at least, had the charm of novelty to recommend it. The full harmony of the instrumental parts in these compositions, contrasted with those elegant solo passages with which he interspersed them, had a most wonderful and striking effect.

Strange as it may appear, that most transcendent effort of Handel's genius, the *Messiah*, on its first performance at Covent Garden, in 1741, met with an unfavourable reception. It is suspected, that its ill-success was owing to cabal and faction, for a portion of the old leaven of discord still remained. Aware of this, our spirited composer, whose judgment of its superior merit could not be shaken by the ill-will and injustice of an English audience, determined to try its effect on the unbiassed and more susceptible feelings of a Dublin auditory. Pope, in his *Dunciad*, alluding to this circumstance, addresses the following well-known lines to the Goddess of Dulness:—

"Strong in new arms, lo! Giant Handel stands,
Like bold Briarion with his hundred hands;
To stir, to rouse, to shake the soul, he comes,
And Jove's own thunders follow Mars's drums,
Arrest him, Goddess! or you sleep no more:—
She heard; and drove him to th' Hibernian shore."

On his way to Ireland, he was detained at Chester by contrary winds. Wishing to try some of his music, he inquired if there were any choirmen or others in the place, who could sing at sight. Some of the most likely persons were mentioned to him, and among the rest a printer of the name of Janson. A time was fixed for the rehearsal, but alas! on trial of a chorus, poor Janson failed so egregiously, that Handel, after swearing in four or five different languages, cried out, in broken English; "You shcauntrel! tit not you dell me, dat you could sing at soite?"—"Yes, Sir," said the printer, "and so I can, but not at *first sight*!"

On his arrival in Dublin, he, with equal judgment and humanity, began by performing the *Messiah* for the benefit of the city prison. All was admiration and applause, and the whole was hailed as a wonderful effort of art. Handel was assisted by the famous Mrs. Cibber, and by Dubourg, who was leader of the band. One evening the latter, having a close to make *ad libitum*, wandered about so long, that he seemed uncertain of the original key; but at length coming to the shake, which was to terminate this long close, Handel, to the great delight of the audience, cried out loud enough to be heard in the most remote parts of the theatre,—“Welcome home, welcome home, Mr. Dubourg!”

After remaining eight or nine months in Ireland, where he extended his fame, and began to repair his fortune, Handel returned to London, and recommenced his oratorios. Taught by the warmer criticism of the sister kingdom, England discovered the excellence to which she had been so wilfully blind, and lavished her praises on what she had before dismissed with indifference. His next sacred production was *Samson*, which the London amateurs, rendered wise by their former error, received with all merited applause. The same season they also made an *amende honorable* to the merits of the *Messiah*, which, for the honour of the public at large, and to the confusion of cabal and faction, was received with universal enthusiasm; and from that time to the present hour, this great work has been heard in all parts of the kingdom with increasing reverence and delight. It has fed the hungry, clothed the naked, healed the sick, and promoted religious feeling, more than any single musical production in this or any other country. As this oratorio had now raised him so high in the estimation of the public, Handel, actuated by motives of the purest benevolence, formed the laudable resolution of performing it annually, for the benefit of the Foundling Hospital, which he persevered in to the end of his life. The organ in the chapel of this hospital was likewise a present from the benevolent musician; and he presented the charity with a fair copy of the original score of the *Messiah*. This act of bounty was so ill-understood by some of the governors, that, imagining this deed gave them an exclusive right to its performance, they formed the singular resolution of applying to Parliament to legalize their claim. But, first of all, it was deemed necessary to obtain Handel's concurrence, and accordingly a deputation of these gentlemen waited upon him with their strange, though well-meant, requisition. But the Musician, bursting in a rage, which the music he has put in the mouth of Polypheme would but faintly express, exclaimed: "Te deivel! For vat sal de Foundlings put mein oratorio in de Parlement? Te deivel! mein music sal not go to de Parlement!"

But though the *Messiah* increased in reputation every year, yet to some others of his oratorios the houses were so thin, as not even to defray the expenses. On these occasions he was wont, as pleasantly as philosophically, to console his friends, when, previously to the curtain being drawn up, they have lamented that the house was so empty,

by saying; "Never mind, de moosic.vil sound de petter." *Theodora* was one of the oratorios thus unfortunately abandoned, and he was glad if any professors who did not perform would accept of orders for admission. Two gentlemen of this description having applied to Handel after the disgrace of *Theodora* for an order to hear the *Messiah*, he cried out: "Oh! your sarvant, mien-herrein, you are tamnable tainty! you would no go to *Theodora*—der was room enough to tance there, when that was perform."—George the Second, was a steady patron of Handel during all his calamities, and constantly attended his oratorios, even when they were abandoned by his court.

Handel, late in life, like the two greatest of poets, Homer and Milton, was afflicted with blindness. This, however it might dispirit or embarrass him at other times, had no effect on his nerves or intellects in public. Unable to conduct his oratorios, he called in the aid of Mr. Smith, the son of his faithful copyist and friend; a young man of considerable abilities, and not inadequate to this new and honourable station. He, however, continued to play concertos and voluntaries between the acts, with the same vigour of thought and touch for which he had ever been so justly renowned; and, placed at the conductor's elbow, still assisted in the general direction of the performance. Nothing could be more affecting than to see this venerable musician, now upwards of seventy, led forward to the front of the stage, to make an obeisance to that public, which he had for so many years charmed and instructed. When *Samson* was performed, and Beard sang with feeling the words,

Total eclipse—no sun, no moon,
All dark amid the blaze of noon,

the association of ideas, and the view of the sightless musician seated beside the organ, affected every body to tears. Handel continued not only to perform in public after this affliction, but also to compose in private. The duet and chorus in *Judas Maccabeus*, *Sion now his head shall raise*, were dictated to Mr. Smith, after the total privation of sight. This composition, so late in life, and under such depressing circumstances, confirms an opinion of Dr. Johnson, "That it seldom happens, to men of powerful intellects and original genius, to be robbed of mental vigour by age; it is only the feeble-minded and fool-born part of the creation, who fall into that species of imbecility, which gives occasion to say that they are superannuated: for these, when they retire late in life from the world on which they have lived by retailing the sense of others, are instantly reduced to indigence of mind." Dryden, Newton, Dr. Johnson himself, and our admirable Musician, are striking illustrations of this doctrine. He was Handel to the last, for he assisted and performed at one of his oratorios on the 6th of April, and expired that day week, Friday, the 13th of April, 1769.

He was buried in Westminster Abbey, where a monument, designed by the celebrated Roubiliac, marks the place of his interment. The ingenious sculptor has placed a scroll in his hand, bearing the words, *I know that my Redeemer liveth*, containing the subject of the melody to which these words are so admirably set in his *Messiah*.

As a man, Handel may justly rank with the moral and the pious; as a scholar, with the general class of the well-educated; but, as a musician, he is above all rank; for when we consider the wide range of his powers; when we reflect that the church, the theatre, and the chamber were equally adorned by his talents; that every species of voice, and every kind of instrument, owed new charms to the fertility of his imagination; that, in a word, the lovers of any particular style of music, found in him the

subject of their admiration;—where is the musician that can rank with him? He united the depth and elaborate contrivance of his own country, with all of elegance and facility of the Italian school. In his instrumental compositions there is a vigour, variety, learning, and invention, superior to every other composer: in his organ fugues, a science that is always free from pedantry, and in his chorusses, a grandeur and sublimity that have never been equalled. Many excellencies he might possess in common with other great musicians, but in the latter qualification he stands altogether unrivalled; he has given us feelingly to know that there is a sublime in music, as well as in poetry and painting. This sublimity, by which Handel's works are particularly characterized, will continue to engage the admiration of the world so long as the love of harmony itself shall exist.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE CHEVALIER MORLACCHI, AND OF HIS PRODUCTIONS, TO 1822.

FRANCESCO MORLACCHI was born in Perugia, in 1784. In his 7th year he began the violin; at twelve *solfing*, and the piano-forte, under Caruso. Without any previous study of counterpoint, he composed songs, sonatas, masses, and even a little oratorio; at fifteen he studied thorough bass; and at eighteen, counterpoint, under Zingarelli, at Loretto. At twenty, he went through a regular course of all the different species of composition, but particularly of church music, under Padre Mattei, of Bologna; and, at the same time, studied the clarionet, flute, bassoon, basset-horn, and violoncello, in order to acquire a familiar acquaintance with the different characters of these instruments.

In 1806, after a regular probation, he was admitted a member of the Philharmonic Academy, at Bologna. About this period he composed, on various occasions, three hymns, a *Pater-noster*, a *Te Deum*, three cantatas, and several airs and duetts—the latter of which were performed at different theatres. His cantata, in praise of music, was given in the Lyceum of Bologna.

In the year 1807, he composed his first *Intermezzo*, *Il poeta in campagna*, for the Florentine theatre, Locommero; afterwards his first Opera Buffa, *Il Ritatto*, for the Philharmonic theatre at Verona: in addition to these, he composed the thirty-third canto of Dante's *Inferno*, various pieces of church music, and a *Miserere* in sixteen parts.

In 1808, *Il Corradino* and *Oreste*, for the theatre of Parma; *Enone e Paride*, a serious opera, for Leghorn,—the greater part of which was composed on board a man-of-war that lay off the port, in order to escape from the alterations of the singers; and a mass and vespers for the church of St. Cæcilia, in Parma.

In 1809, *Rinaldo d'Asi*, an *Intermezzo*, for Parma; *La Principessa per ripiego*, an Opera Buffa, for Rome; *Il Simoncino*, an *Intermezzo*, for the same city; *Le avventure d'una giornata*, a drama, for Milan; *Saffo*, a lyric scene, composed for the Donna Marcolini, and a concerto of considerable length.

In 1810, *Le Danaide*, a serious opera, for Rome. This year he composed his first mass for the royal chapel of Saxony, to which he was appointed as composer.

In 1811, *Raoul di Crequi*, an opera, for the royal theatre of Dresden.

In 1812, the oratorio of *La Passione*, for the same city.

In 1813, *La Capricciosa penita*, an Opera Buffa, for the same.

In 1814, *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, an opera, for the same.

In 1816, *La villanella rapita di Pirna*, an opera, for the theatre of Pillnitz.

In 1817, *Isacco*, an oratorio, with rhythmical declamation instead of recitative, for Dresden; afterwards, *Lo-dicea*, a serious opera, for the theatre of *San Carlos*, at Naples; and *Gianni di Parigi*, for the *Scala*, at Milan.

In 1818, the *Carmen Sæculare* of Horace, composed on occasion of the jubilee for his Majesty the King of Saxony.

In 1821, *La Morte d'Abele*, an oratorio, for the royal chapel of Dresden, also composed with rhythmical declamation; afterwards, *Donna Aurora*, an Opera Buffa, for the *Scala*, in Milan.

In 1822, he composed the serious opera of *Teobaldo e Isolina*, for the theatre *Fenice*, in Venice.

Besides these numerous compositions, he has also produced, for the royal chapel of Saxony, six masses, thirty-three psalms, twelve antiphonies, ten offeraries, and a *Miserere* in three parts. In addition to these, he is the author of twenty cantatas, which were performed on various occasions; six sonatas, for the organ; six ariettas, with piano-accompaniments; six songs, and six anacreontics.

LA MUSICA MEDICA.

A POEM has lately appeared at Milan, from the pen of Giuseppe Pasta, a physician of eminence, entitled, *La Musica Medica*. The author displays in elegant verse the various effects of music upon mankind. The following eulogium, of German and Italian authors, may serve as a specimen of the Poet's manner.

Alma gioconda, Dea de' canti e suoni,
Possente musicale incantatrice!
Attorniate tuttor da vaghi geni,
Altri de' quai t' afforzano di carte
Dal profondo Mozart effigiate
D' inimitabil anfonie note;
Altri aggiungon d' Haydn, del Istro il grande
Inventor, sinfonista inarrivabile,
Le nuove forme ed i senori tratti
Che prendono sul alma un dolce impeto;
Altri di Pergolese e Cimarosa
Ti porgon i tesori armoniosi;
E di Rossini dal odierna fama;
E di Mayr sublime, alle cui cifre
Sentimentali e numerose tutta
Stupisce Italia, fatto Italo ei stesso.

TRANSLATION.

Spirit of joy, Goddess of song and sound,
All powerful mistress of the magic lay!
By smiling geni encircled round,
Of whom a part present thee with the page
Of the great Mozart, in his art profound,
Inimitable master of the lyre;
Others of Haydn, he from Ister's banks,
The great improver of symphonic lore,
He whose inventive lay and matchless song,
With such sweet power can bind the captive soul;
Of Pergolese, Cimarosa too
The rich harmonic treasures they present,
And of Rossini, he of living fame;
Of Mayr, too, sublime, at whose sweet lay
Of sentiment so full e'en Italy
Wonders, and wondering claims him as her own.

ON THE MUSIC OF THE MODERN GREEKS.

WHILST we are tranquilly enjoying the musical productions of our predecessors and contemporaries, and, rich in the discoveries made before our time, are seeking only to bring them to perfection, we may be allowed to cast a rapid glance on the state of music amongst a people of whom we know but little, except by the glorious recollections of their illustrious ancestors. We know the extraordinary effects produced on the ancient Greeks by music composed chiefly, if not solely, of melody, the energy of which was capable of exciting the strongest passions, and inflaming the most heroic courage.

Music, like all other arts, emigrated from Greece, with this difference however, that of all the others, some portions have reached us, whereas of the enchanting melody, nothing remains to us but two or three very doubtful pieces, and some scattered movements which Gregory the Seventh thought proper to insert in the chants which he composed for the church, and which the musical Pope has not failed to mutilate so as to render them unintelligible. I do not think that any more remains in the church music of the modern Greeks. As long as these unhappy people continue under the dominion of petty tyrants, subordinate to the Grand Seignior, and under the immediate direction of priests and monks who endeavour to maintain ignorance, because their influence and authority solely depend on it, we shall hear no Greek music*; for can we with propriety apply the term to the drawing psalmody of the most melancholy ecclesiastical tones? The modern Greeks have only church music; it must indeed be confessed to their shame, that they possess scarcely any of those old national airs which are usually found even amongst the least civilized people.

Nevertheless, they have made an effort in this art lately, which inspires some hope; they have attempted to sing in time, of which they were ignorant until now; and they have adopted a method of representing sounds which, although still bad, is infinitely superior to the plan they formerly pursued. The ancient mode of noting music consisted in the use of a number of hieroglyphical signs, which each master explained in his own way. The pupils could not acquire a knowledge of music, without labouring incessantly, for thirty or forty years; and then they only knew it according to the plan of the master who taught them; for the interpretation of the signs was nearly arbitrary.

The simplification of the musical system is due to three Greek professors. Thanks to their labours, music is now taught in two years, and the pupil may occupy himself in other studies at the same time. Another advantage of the new method is, that they can avail themselves of the assistance of typography; and by this means avoid the immense loss of time occasioned by copying. Like all other good and useful innovations, it has met with a great number of enemies. The old professors are not willing to have the period of musical instruction reduced to two years. They

* The climate, and even the government, has an influence on music, and music has an extraordinary influence on manners: the true music of a nation is in harmony with its climate and manners.—(Gretry, *Essai sur la Musique*, III. 10.)

† Several professors as well as myself have heard the Greek church-music, and I can assure the reader that it produced on us an effect totally the reverse of that of the ancient Greek music; for if we had continued to listen to it, it would infallibly have sent us to sleep.

have defended the old routine with the more ardour, because it was favourable to their own views; although some of them have ended by submitting to conviction.

When we consider our own musical system, and complain of its imperfections, we have only to examine that of the Greeks, and observe how much it is still inferior to ours, since we learn in two months what they are obliged to study two years. Unfortunately, the Greeks have scarcely any knowledge of European music. We ought not only to wish them to apply themselves to this study, but to hope that they will do it; and to encourage their efforts, all the enlightened Greeks have formed the same wish: M. Anastasius Thamyris, mentions it in his Preface to the new Method of Greek Music.

At a moment when literature and the arts appear to cast a gleam on their native land, we cannot too strongly recommend to its inhabitants the culture of an art which at once polishes and refines the mind, and softens the manners*. Is it not deplorable, to see the people who possess the most musical language that ever was spoken, destitute of music? If the arts should become familiar to this nation, all its hope of liberty would not be wholly annihilated. Perhaps new Tyrtaeuses will arise amongst the descendants of Pericles! Perhaps they will conquer, emboldened by the recollection of the glory of their forefathers! May the arts assist in bestowing their invaluable benefits on this oppressed and unfortunate people!

MAYER,

A YOUNG RUSSIAN PIANO-FORTE PLAYER.

[The following is from a recently-published French bibliographical work on music. As it gives some account of a very young, but, according to many concurring reports, a very clever, performer, we have inserted nearly the whole of the article in a translation almost literal; retrenching very little of its *verbiage*, and not attempting to amend any of those defects which will not pass unobserved in this country, though they are not generally detected in the neighbouring kingdom.]

WHENEVER a French professor has travelled in Europe, he has always received in the places he visited, that tribute of welcome and regard, which men love to pay to the talent by which they have been, either occasionally or permanently, delighted. Foreign professors ought to find in France a similar reception; the most polished, ought also to be the most hospitable country. Without disparaging the merits of our *various*, we ought to render justice to those of other countries. The Fine Arts are cosmopolites; their country is the world; they are not accustomed to be imprisoned within the boundaries of territory; the barriers raised by politics fall before them; they contribute to the happiness of mankind, for they dispose men to associate together for a laudable object, and thus promote the amelioration of society.

If, as it sometimes happens, great foreign talent appears desirous of taking up its residence amongst us, our interest, if we understand it properly, dictates, that we should encourage a design which does us honour. This naturalization is perfectly accordant with the national *amour-propre*, when the professor who desires it is capable of acquiring certain qualities, and when he has not passed the age in which hope may be safely cherished; for his new acquirements will be partly our work, and we shall enjoy the honour of them; a talent which is per-

fected amongst us becomes in some sense our property. I might cite more than one example of these happy conquests; chance has furnished me with one in particular, in the well-merited success of M. Mayer, a young Russian piano-forte player, who has been residing for some time in Paris, and has performed at several concerts.

The piano-forte is in every respect worthy of the favour it receives. This instrument is a complete substitute for a whole orchestra. Under a skilful hand it produces sounds which we may suppose as connected as those elicited by the bow, and it is capable of developing the whole system of harmony. The sound of its strings is delightful to the ear, which is also captivated by the precision resulting from the unity of the means employed.

The higher notes have the softness and sweetness of the flute; the remainder seem to rival in energy the violin and violoncello. Although each sound taken by itself, cannot be sustained, yet several, when connected together and managed with skill, may be made to appear but a prolongation. The celebrated Dussek rendered the sound, (*pétrir le son*.) This effect may be assisted by the well-combined action of pedals; but the use of these requires great judgment; for improperly employed, they introduce nothing but confusion in the harmony; and the soft pedal should very rarely be brought into action. Skilful masters wish, if I may be allowed the expression, that that pedal may be found only at the ends of their fingers.

Brilliant, harmonious and expressive, the piano is of all instruments the most favourable to inspiration. It seems to receive a soul from the hand of the performer, whose mind it in turn inspires; it answers to all that he asks, feels as much as he desires, and utters nothing but what he wishes. I have heard Cramer abandon himself to the impulse of his genius, and produce the most sublime extemporaneous effusions; I have also heard the preluding of young Mayer. It is far from my intention to establish, with respect to composition and expression, a parallel between rising and matured talent; but I may at least judge by this comparison, that the performer of seventeen years of age, is walking in the steps of the greatest masters: indeed he has had for an instructor one of the first players in Europe: he is a pupil of Field.

The young artist has been singularly favoured by nature; he has an excellent head, and an excellent hand. The latter is remarkable for the length of the fingers, which can reach the interval of an eleventh—for the suppleness of their joints, and at the same time for their strength. A conformation so happy, enables M. Mayer to execute with facility a number of passages, which to other performers, would be impracticable, or exceedingly difficult. In consequence, his execution is enriched by several new forms of expression, which distinguish him from all other performers; his playing is extraordinary: it exhibits an address, an energy, an ardour, of which nothing can convey an idea; animated by a kind of fury, which however, he knows when to moderate, his fingers seem to burn the keys.

So many valuable qualities leave, notwithstanding, something to desire; he must add to them grace, but without affectation, and elegance without apparent labour; he must likewise have contrasts, just expression, and deep feeling. But is it possible that a performer of seventeen years of age, can unite all these qualities? What M. Mayer possesses, he derives from the favour of nature, improved by a good education: this excellent basis will remain with him; age, reflection, experience, the passions, that fever of the

* On this subject see Aristotle's Politics; Plato's Republic, and Gæstry, book and chap. before cited.

† An English master, established at Petersburg.

soul which awakens genius whilst developing sensibility, will give to the young artist what he still requires.—Let a few years pass by, and this extraordinary talent will have received the impress of maturity, as generous wine loses, as it grows older, all its rawness, but preserves its strength, increases its flavour, and becomes nectar.

SIGNOR CARPANI VERSUS THE AUTHOR OF THE "LETTERS ON HAYDN."

Joseph Carpani, a literary man, as well as a musician, was born at Milan, in 1752. He afterwards resided at Vienna, where for the amusement of the court, he translated several German lyrical poems, into his native tongue, and particularly distinguished himself in 1799, by the skill with which he adapted Italian words to the oratorio of the Creation by Haydn. Having been personally acquainted with this composer, he published a volume of very judicious, biographical letters respecting him, which was dedicated to the Conservatory of Music at Milan, and printed at that town in 1812. Louis Alexander Cæsar Bombet, made a translation of them which he published as his own work, and which Didot printed under that impression. Bombet made some changes in the text; and stated that, being at Vienna in 1808, he wrote these letters to a friend at Paris, and that he decided on publishing them collectively, because several copies were already in circulation, and appeared to be acceptable to the public. But in the changes which he made in the text, he reasoned like a man little acquainted with music, and was often mistaken respecting facts. Joseph Carpani, exclaimed loudly against the plagiarism, in a pamphlet printed at Vienna in 1815; and supported his assertions by a testimonial from M. M. Salieri, Weigl, Frieber, Grissinger, and Mlle. de Kurzbek, stating that they had never seen nor known Louis Alexander Bombet; that they had never given him any information, although he affirmed in several parts of his book that they had, and that they had only made their communications to Joseph Carpani, whom they acknowledged as the real author of the Letters respecting the Life of Haydn, published at Milan, under the title of *Haydine*. This testimonial, as well as the autograph MS. of Carpani, are deposited with M. Salieri, the first *maître de chapelle impériale*, at Vienna. All the journals of Italy, and amongst others that of Venice, *Notizie del Mondo*, 3 September 1815, as well as several of the French journals, noticed the pamphlet by Carpani. The *Journal de Paris*, however, of September, 1816, inserted an answer by M. Bombet's brother, which did not appear entirely devoid of argument, and at least rendered justice to M. Bombet, as an author of talent and feeling.

MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS ON MUSIC.

(From the German.)

Whence does music derive its charm to delight mankind?—Whence its magic power in effecting such wonders on the soul?—It may be answered, that music produces all this, as being a feeling sense and expression of the symmetry and rhythmical power that reign in the creations of genius. May it be traced to the pure enjoyment which the ear finds in the concord of sweet sounds?—In part, certainly. Is it the pleasure experienced in perceiving dissonances unfolded and resolved, and in the power to divine and anticipate the ideas of the composer,—is it this that

delights the connoisseur?—Assuredly it is so in part.—But the principal effects of music are magnetic. We are woven together of fibres tremblingly alive to a sense of what is delightful, and are therefore strongly affected by sweet tones. These are found to vibrate differently, according to the different character of the individual upon whom they act; hence, the same music does not please all alike; for the degree of pleasure must be proportionably greater according to the susceptibility of the nerve. Music is the art of youth. It is the spontaneous growth of the soul; it perishes if forced to put forth its blossoms in an atmosphere not congenial to its nature. In manhood, the fibres become less susceptible; the sensibility is blunted, and, at last, instead of the ardent, enthusiastic admirer, we find the cold, calculating connoisseur, who criticises where he ought to feel. The present rage for being regarded as a *virtuoso*, will, it is to be feared, tend to drive the very Muse from her sanctuary.

Music is the art of youth. The true musician ought already, as a boy, to have charmed the public, and obtained applause. If his labours have not secured him patronage in his youthful days; if it is only in his riper years that he enters upon the paths of science, it may be pronounced almost impossible that he should ever attain to true greatness in his profession. If he begins later in life, his very acquaintance with those great masters, who have already secured immortality, will prevent his finding any true relish in his own labours, or having the necessary confidence in his own talents. He will know too well the value of the plaudits of the public, to covet them too greedily. He will feel the want of that spur of youthful ambition, which stimulates to the most daring attempts, and impels the mind to reach the heights of art. He can make money. He can write as well as any of those who have studied hard: but he will never become a great master. Did Purcell, did Handel, did Haydn, did Mozart begin late in life to study to be proficient in their sublime and ethereal art? No; they were musicians from the very cradle.

Many opinions concerning melody, taste, and even harmony, which were current half a century ago, would now only excite contempt and laughter. Imagination, which had been manacled by narrow rules, formed in Gothic productions, at length broke loose, and thus liberated, flutters and flies from flower to flower, sipping, like the bee, its native food wherever it can be found.

Formerly many things were regarded as mortal sins in composition, and prohibited under the severest pains and penalties; and yet, in spite of such a prohibition, we frequently find the more eminent among the ancient composers bold enough to dare to offend the ear by such combinations. But what shall we say of a host of modern composers who have employed them, even to a surfeit, in the midst of the most abject poverty and emptiness?

Genius may sometimes gloriously offend,

And rise to faults true critics dare not mend;

while mediocrity must be content to keep humbly within bounds, and never attempt any thing without the rule and compass. Half a century ago Domenico Scarlatti dared to explore new ways to fame, and hazarded notes and passages of taste and effect, at which the musicians of his time were startled, and to which the public ear is but lately reconciled. Neither he nor Beethoven, transgress when they take such liberties; their imitators do.

How various are the resources to which writers have recourse when invention begins to flag! A composer finds that he must fill a certain number of sheets, and to effect it he spins out, and repeats passages in different keys without end. The French and Italians have a term for this tediousness, which is wanting in our language, they call it *Rosalie* or *Rosalia*; a term derived from a female saint who was remarkable for the unwearied pertinacity with which she repeated her *Pater-noster*, and strung her everlasting

ing beads. Upon hearing a string of repetitions of the same passage or modulation, either a note higher or a note lower, an Italian exclaims, *Oh, Santa Rossini!* Such a species of reiteration indicates a want of invention in a composer, as much as stammering and hesitation imply a want of wit or memory in a story-teller.

If, as it is generally allowed, mathematical treatises upon music are frequently full of abstruse matters that are useless even to men of science, how is it to be expected that minds of refinement and genius will ever submit to the toil of studying them? It is a species of learning that is naturally apt to degenerate into pedantry; and it is remarkable that from all the learned and operose calculations of professed mathematicians, not a single piece of practical music has ever been produced, that is supportable to the ear of persons of taste: so true it is, that the operations of cool and deliberate reflection have less power over our feelings, than those of passion and enthusiasm. The ear, says a German critic, is the highest musical authority to decide upon all harmonic processes; it is the province of the mind and of the fancy, to pronounce upon the life or death of the musical offspring. The mathematical composer may cudgel his brains as he pleases, he will never produce any thing for immortality:

Eternally I constant will remain,
E'en should the axis of the world give way,
And night and chaos hold their sway again.

It is even so with the language of music. It is found more easy, more gratifying to vanity, or whatever else may be the motive, to sing passages full of art and difficult execution, than a few simple tones, full of soul, energy, and pathos. Bombast becomes but too often the cloak for poverty, and is made to form a miserable substitute for genius and originality.

It were well if certain composers could be taught to know, that it frequently demands more effort to *hear* music, than to *compose* it. To have attention kept long upon the stretch, and after all not to be gratified, is as hard work as hewing wood, or drawing water.

Music, like language, no longer expresses by its modulation the same original sentiments that it did in its first and primitive state. Its radical meaning is lost. In order, now-a-days, to express the simple sentiment "I love you," "I sigh for you," "I am faithful to you," the drums and the trumpets must be set to work, till the very players are in a perspiration. Both music and language have become rich, and with their riches have grown dainty and fastidious. Formerly, the lover assured his fair one of his constancy in three simple words. Such an assurance must, now-a-days, be paraphrastic and affected: it must be forsooth;

You knock your head and think (Music) will come,
Knock as you will, there's nobody at home.

Enthusiasm is an indispensable requisite in all the arts, but particularly in music, which so much depends upon fancy and imagination. A cold, sedate and calculating disposition, but ill suits the profession of such an art: though it sometimes happens that, when enthusiasm is ungovernable, and impels to too frequent and violent efforts, the intellects become endangered. But as slightness in an artist is sometimes nothing more than an ebullition of genius, when that is the case, he may cry out to the physicians who cure him,

— *Fel! me occidite, amici,
Non aurodetis.*

— Now, by Apollo! my good friends,
You are the death of me, and not the life.

STATE OF THE OPERA IN ITALY, TO APRIL, 1833.

MILAN.—The novelty here is *La Vestale* of Giovanni Paccini, which, though it awakens constant recollections of Rossini, has, however, many new ideas and passages of merit. The part of the Vestal, which is of considerable power, was well performed by Mad. Bellochi. This opera pleased so much, that Paccini was called for on the three first representations. Its principal defect is a want of finish in the parts, and an extraordinary mis-employment of wind-instruments.

After this was produced the *Medea* of Sim. Mayer. This opera has passages which bespeak the experienced and great master. The recitative and cavatina of *Medea* in the second act, the subject of which is an invocation of the infernal spirits, is the masterpiece of the Opera, and not unworthy of being placed by the side of some of the happiest efforts of Gluck and Mozart.

A new opera was brought out at the Theatre *Del Re*, entitled, *Chi fa così, fa bene*, by Feliciano Strapponi, and on the first representation was received *con furore*. The bills announced with much pomp, *la tanto applaudita opera* (the so-much-applauded Opera.) The people ran in crowds to the theatre, when the deception was discovered, and the indignant lovers of good music went no more; they wisely judged that *Chi fa così, fa bene*. (He who does so, does well.)

The principal piece at the Theatre *Carcano* has been the *Tebaldo ed Isolina* of Morlacchi. The principal part was sustained by Sig. Crivelli. Whoever wishes to form a just idea of the former great Italian singers, must hear Crivelli, whose *forte* however consists in certain passages; but in the power and feeling with which he gives these passages, he far outweighs a whole host of modern pretenders in the art.

VENICE.—The principal singers here are, the prima donna, Mad. Colbran Rossini; prima soprana, Signora Rosa Mariani; primo tenore, John Sinclair; primo basso, Filippo Galli.

After the failure of *Maometto*, of which an account has been given, as well as that of Madame Colbran Rossini herself, one act of it was given*, together with *Zoraida*, itself compressed into one act. This did not mend matters. In short, Colbran met altogether with a very unfavourable reception, and was unanimously voted upon the superannuated list. This but ill accords with the praises bestowed upon her in the *Osservatore Venetiano*; but the venal applause of a few Lazaroni and getters up of small articles, does not weigh much here. On the 2d of February, was brought out the new Opera of Rossini, entitled *Semiramide*. The first act, which lasted two hours fifteen minutes, was received very coldly, with the exception of one passage in the overture, which overture was, however, unconscionably long. The second act, which lasted two hours and a half, began to please in an air of Mariani, but the applause was rather directed to this favourite singer. After this, a duet between her and Colbran, together with an air of Galli, and particularly a *terzetto* between him and the two above-named ladies, were well received. Rossini was also called for at the end of the second act. These are all the particulars we have been able to collect, and are uncertain as to the reception it met with on a second representation. Every thing is influenced here by the *on dit*. But we have heard it reported; that the applause diminished after a few representations, and that at last all was coldness and indifference. The greater part of it, and particular the choruses, is said to have contained much learned music. Rossini is said to have quite departed from his usual style; in consequence of which, this opera, which is said to have more of the *baggage* than the *series* about it, and to contain many reminiscences and repetitions, can boast of few, if any, melodies flattering to the ear. Perhaps I may shortly be able to give you more positive information. But it must be said, that Rossini was but ill supported in this opera, as he had no other talent to depend

upon than that of Mariani and Galli. It is all over with Madame his own wife; and the insipid and unmeaning tenor, with his Anglo-Italian pronunciation, only excited the ridicule of the public. Rossini and his wife received for this carnival season 26,000 francs, (about £1080 English.)

MANTUA.—The company here consists of, primo soprano, Sig. Velluti; prima donna, Signora Teghil; tenor, Sig. Crivelli.

The only new Opera given here was the *Alfonso ed Elisa* of Mercadante, which obtained but a very moderate success; indeed it was found to be nothing else than his old Opera of *Andronico* furnished up under a new title.

TURIN.—The company here are, prima donna, Sgra. Passerini; prima soprano, Signora Fanny Ekerlin; primo tenore, Signor Tachinardi; primo basso, Signor Benedetti.

An opera by Gandini, entitled *Il Ruggero*, entirely failed. It was followed by the *Didone* of Mercadanti, which was received *con furore*. It is said that this is one of three Operas which this composer had in hand at the same time, for Milan, Turin, and Mantua. Our age is wonderfully prolific. It is, however, whispered, that Mercadanti is indebted to the assistance of others, and that in the present instance he was under considerable obligations to Donizzetti.

FLORENCE.—The principal singers here are, prima donna, Signora Grassini; primo soprano, Signora Morandi; primo tenore, Signor Bianchi.

The principal performances here were the *Orazj e Curiazj* of Cimarosa, which was frequently performed with great applause, and the *Fedra* of Orlandi, which completely failed.

ROME.—(*Teatro Argentino*.) Principal singers, prima donna, Signora Ferlotti; primo soprano, Signora Pisaroni; primo tenore, Signor David; bass, Signor Botticelli.

A new Opera by Carafa, called *Eufemio di Messina*, met with little or no success. It was followed by the *Donna del Lago* of Rossini, which pleased much here.

(*Teatro Valle*.) This company consists of, prima donna, Signora Casagli; primo buffo, Signor Picini; primotenore, Signor Winter.

The first new Opera, entitled *Il Corsaro*, by Filippo Gelli, as well as the second, called *Armi ed Amore*, by Francesco Ciacciarelli, both of Rome, entirely failed.

PERUGIA.—A new Opera, entitled *Guardatevi da un Falso Amico*, (Beware of a False Friend,) by a composer of the name of Geroalmo Ricci, met with great success here.

PARMA.—The company here is composed of, prima donna, Signora Schira, (from the Conservatory of Milan); primo soprano, Signora Contini; primi tenori, Signori Sirletti and Boccacini.

The Operas that have had the principal run here, have been the *Ricciardo e Zoraide* and the *Donna del Lago* of Rossini; but the latter was the greatest favourite.

THE DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

ON Tuesday, August 5th, this theatre concluded the season, with Rossini's serious opera, *Ricciardo e Zoraide*. According to the custom which prevails here, the performers all, at the end of the Opera, came forward, and "God save the King," was sung, by Mesdames Camporese and Vestris. Its effect was monotonous and heavy, for want of the contrast which a male voice makes. After the curtain had fallen, a loud call was made for Madame Camporese, who, it was understood, would certainly not re-appear in this country. She was, in consequence, handed on the stage, and in three graceful and respectful obeisances took her final leave of a British Public, amidst the plaudits and cheerings of every individual present. Madame Camporese first appeared on

this stage, in 1817, a year memorable in the annals of the Italian Theatre, for the production of *Don Giovanni*, and for the appearance of Mesdames Fodor, Camporese, and Pasta, together with Signora Crivelli, Ambrogetti, and Agrisani. At the termination of that season, Madame Camporese went into Italy, whence she returned to London in 1821, and has remained in England ever since. The talents of this Lady are too well known in all parts of Great Britain to require any encomiums now: the opinion that we have always entertained of her has been corroborated by all amateurs and judges of music, from the hour of her first appearance, up to the present period. She retires to her birth-place, Rome, to enjoy an easy, but not a large fortune. Her high talents and excellent private character will long be remembered with respect in this country,—the country where she has gained her fame, and secured her independence.

This theatre has passed into other hands for the next two years. The ostensible lessee for that term is Signor Benelli. It is said that it is to be under the management of a committee, consisting of the Marquess of Hertford, the Earl of Glengall, the Honourable H. De Roos, and Colonel Cooke. Great charges are talked of, but nothing is yet settled. Sigr. and Mad. De Begnis, together with Signors Garcis and Curioni, remain.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

The musical play of *Sweethearts and Wives* keeps possession of this stage, and, without the aid of any other novelty, draws a full house every night. We unwillingly omitted in our last number the name of one of the composers of the music: they ought to have been thus stated,—Messrs. Whitaker, Nathan, T. Cooke, and Perry.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

On the 28th of July, a new Dramatic Romance, or, in fact, a Melodrame, was produced at this theatre, and has excited no little curiosity by the singularity and boldness of its subject. It is entitled *Presumption, or the Fate of Frankenstein*, and is taken from a novel, called *Frankenstein, or the Modern Prometheus*, written by Mrs. Shelley, widow of Byshe Shelley, Esq., and daughter of the celebrated Mr. Godwin. The story is, in brief, of a philosopher, (*Frankenstein*), who devotes day and night to his laboratory; not in order to learn the art of transmuting metals, or to discover the formula of the *elixir vita*, but for the purpose of creating, — without the assistance of any companion in his labours,—a man, a full-grown, vigorous, intelligent man! This great work he at length accomplishes; but he has not had the power to endow this being with speech, who, in consequence, is treated by all as a monster, and is even shot at, and wounded, while performing a humane act. This excites in the creature the passion of revenge, which is not satisfied till he has killed the betrothed of him by whom he was formed, and caused the death of Frankenstein himself.

A great sensation has been made by this piece, and a ridiculous placard was posted all over the town, to call down the censure of the public upon so "immoral a drama," as it was therein termed. But as the Lord Chamberlain,—(a sensible, prudent man,)—has thought fit to license it, the public, very discreetly, consider that they can only with profit to themselves meddle in the affair, by going to hear the piece, if they approve the principle of it, or by staying away, if they think its tendency irreligious.

There are two or three agreeable duets in this melodrame; but as a whole, the music is heavy and common. The overture, as we presume it is called, is a very humble affair indeed.

Miss L. Dance supports her situation well. She will prove a very useful performer, or we are much mistaken. She has the important advantage of having been bred up amidst good music, and her taste has been formed upon a basis that is immutable. As an actress, she is modest, graceful, and interesting.

REVIEW OF MUSIC.

CLARI, or THE MAID OF MILAN, an Opera in three acts, as performed at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden; composed by HENRY R. BISHOP, Composer and Director of the Music to the Theatre. (Goulding, D'Almaine, and Co.)

In a former number we offered our opinion of this opera, after hearing it once; and our readers may, perchance, recollect, that it did not make a very favourable impression on our minds. A more deliberate examination of *Clari* in its published state, has not, on the whole, worked any material change in that opinion, though it has undoubtedly placed some of its parts in a more favourable light, while it has exposed blemishes in others that were not so easily discovered at a single representation, and without the aid of a book of the words, which we could not obtain on the night that we witnessed its performance.

The purely musical part,—by which we mean to signify whatever relates to melody and harmony—rather improves upon inspection; but the prosodial part, and the setting of the words, betray, when closely viewed, great faults, arising, we are willing to believe, from the hurried mode in which theatrical pieces are so commonly got up.

The overture is a spirited composition, *à la* Beethoven, consisting of a short *adagio*, a quick movement in C minor, in which the prevailing air of the piece is introduced, and a *coda* in C major. In the few bars of *adagio*, we find an extreme minor third employed in a manner that is new, and somewhat foreign to our present feelings.



The first half of the introductory trio and chorus is very elegant and dramatic; the remainder is in a bustle, and quite *à la* Rossini. The duet that follows is in a commonplace style; the repetition and quick utterance of the words, "smiles more bewitching," are unnecessary, and altogether hostile to musical effect. The "Description of a Play," is a comic song, written for the purpose of shewing Mr. Pearman's talent for imitation. The air that succeeds this, "Home! sweet Home!" is the *cheval de bataille*, the most popular thing in the opera, and that to which much of its success may be attributed.

This air is announced as "Composed, and partly founded on a Sicilian air," by Mr. Bishop. Now we were led, by that spirit which always influences critics,—whether they acknowledge it, or not,—to compare these two songs

together; and upon bringing them into juxtaposition, could not keep exclaiming with the Duke of Ephesus,

—stand apart; I know not which is which—

for, with the exception of half a dozen notes, they appeared to us—perhaps very obtuse—senses, as one and the same thing: only that the repetitions in the Sicilian air, are retrenched in that part of the opera. This matter is, doubtless, to be explained by supposing that the engraver has made a mistake in the title-page of one of the songs. That, however, which is sung on the stage, is a beautiful air, whether it was born under the serene sky of classic Sicily, or brought forth beneath the dense clouds that overhang Covent Garden Theatre. Come whence it may, we know not any land, however favoured by Phœbus, that can produce a chauntress to sing it with the same feeling and taste, that so highly distinguish its performance by our charming countrywoman, Miss M. Tree.

The song "O! light bounds my heart," has, surely, been adapted, or attempted to be adapted, to the present words, and not originally set to them. It runs thus,—

O light bounds my heart! through sorrow's night that drearily

Closed o'er my hopes, the sun of joy is breaking!

Freed from suspense, my jocund spirit cheerily

Is from its mournful dream to life and rapture waking.

The wild and unaccountable metre of these lines, convinces us that they were written to the air, and that the air was not composed to them. But the poet and musician might, with a moderate exercise of patience and ingenuity, have managed better than to make pauses at the words "drearily" and "cheerily," by which what little meaning the verses possess is completely obscured. The rest after the latter word, and the long note, upon the accented part of the bar, given to "is," produce the following notable violations of sense and prosody;—

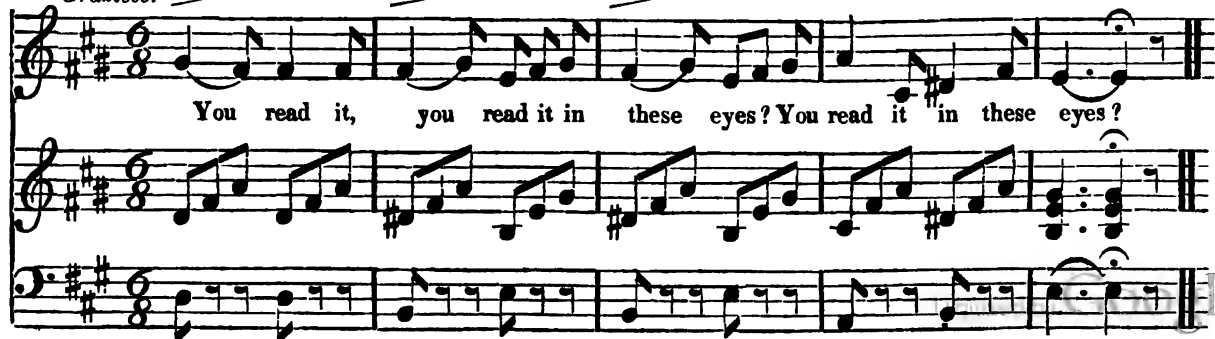


my jo-cund spi-rit cheerily, Is from its

The trio, "Jocoso! make haste," is very clever, so far as relates to the music; though here, again, the words do not seem to belong naturally to it.

The great success of the duet in *Maid Marian*, "Come hither, thou little foot-page," has produced an imitation of it in the present opera, and though the latter is, perhaps, not equal to the model, it is nevertheless exceedingly pleasing. At the commencement of this, the rhythmical accent has, with great propriety, been made to yield to the oratorical, and as the case is of a peculiar nature, it may not be uninteresting to extract the passage. The *Page* tells *Vespina*, that he reads the state of her heart in her eyes. She replies,

Grazioso. >



The song, "For flowers which we twine for the temples of Love," if not very original, is at least extremely pretty. The annexed bars, which we select from it, are full of taste.



A serenade, for four men's voices, follows this, beginning "Sleep, gentle Lady!" which is popular, because all music of the glee-species is now in great request at the theatres. We cannot in any other way account for the applause that it receives, for it contains nothing new, and exhibits errors in prosody, which are remarkably flagrant and reprehensible. The subjoined examples of these will probably astonish the reader, as much as they surprised us.

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Who, that understands the language, can tolerate such barbarous accent as is here displayed?—and it is less pardonable, because it might so easily have been avoided. We repeat what we have said before,—and fear that we may often feel ourselves called upon to reiterate the same opinion,—that the art of music will never arrive at its proper rank, nor be held in general esteem, till its professors will condescend to comply with the rules which horn-book learning supplies, and common-sense prescribes. The air, "Little Love is a mischievous boy," is a lively kind of dance-tune; and the *Pastorale* in the third act also has gaiety and novelty to recommend it. A base song, and another for a soprano, that follow this, have nothing remarkable in them. A *Scena*, as it is termed, near the end of the last act, will remind its hearers of an air in Rossini's *Barbiere di Siviglia*. False accent is the evil genius of this opera; it appears again in triumph in the present song, and once more in the last trio!

We have no belief that Mr. Bishop ever intended that any part of his fame should rest upon this work; it is composed of temporary materials, gathered together with theatrical haste, without much laborious search for things absolutely new, and calculated to please the fleeting taste

of the multitude, whose immediate opinion regarding matters connected with the drama, is often, by various means, misled, and very frequently differs most widely from their final judgment.

A FAVOURITE AIR from the Ballet of *Nina*, with variations by MAYSEDER, (Op. 20.) Arranged for the Piano-Forte by FERD. RIES. (London, published by John Gow and Son, by special appointment Music Sellers to HIS MAJESTY, Regent Street.)

These variations were written, we think, for the violin. Mayseder is a German composer, living at Vienna, who is rising into considerable repute with a certain class of performers, and whose works, so far as we have seen of them, are characterised by lightness and brilliancy. This charming and popular air from the ballet of *Nina*, which was brought out at the King's Theatre in 1821, will be recognised by every body, after inspecting the subjoined notes.

Allegretto.



The share which Mr. Ries has taken in this is confined, we suppose, to the mere adaptation of the various parts to the piano-forte. It was not, then, within his province to lighten the difficulties that every page, nay, almost every line, presents, which will assuredly restrict its performance to those who either have already gained a mastery over the instrument, or are labouring with more than usual zeal and industry to attain such an end: all the middling class of players, which includes the great bulk of amateur performers, will be, we fear, deterred from entering upon so arduous a task.

GRAND WALTZ, for the Piano-Forte, with an accompaniment for the Flute, ad libitum, dedicated to MISS BEAUMONT, by FREDERICK KALKBRENNER.—Op. 68. (Clementi and Co.)

In this composition are combined three qualities that are constantly sought after, and seldom found together;—brilliancy, agreeableness, and ease. Mr. Kalkbrenner has a very happy talent for this kind of writing, which, if we may judge from the number of failures in the attempt that we witness, is not easily acquired. It is valuable to the possessor, and pleasant, as well as convenient, to the amateur; for, after all, the wish to gratify others, and to make a display, without incurring much expenditure of labour, is very natural, and not always to be discouraged. There are passages in this waltz which, though far from difficult, are good for practice, and improving to the hand. The flute accompaniment is not strictly *obligato*, but it is an important addition, and it should not be left out, unless its omission is absolutely unavoidable.

1. GRAND RONDO, Alla [à la] Polonoise, with an INTRODUCTION for the Piano-Forte; by W. T. LING, Jun. Op. 3.—(Harmonic Institution.)

2. A RONDOLETTA, with an INTRODUCTION for the Piano-Forte; by the same. Op. 4.—(Clementi and Co.)

3. L'ALEXANDRE, Thème Alla [à la] Russe, with variations, and an INTRODUCTION for the Piano-Forte; by the same. Op. 6.—(Harmonic Institution.)

We have not often seen such an expenditure of labour as these three pieces exhibit. The author appears to have taken up his pen, deeply imbued with a belief that the effect of a composition is in direct proportion to its intricacy, and to the mechanical difficulty experienced in the execution of it; that a clear, connected melody, is a secondary consideration, and that any approach to simplicity is to be most scrupulously avoided. Such is Mr. Ling's taste, and such is not our's, most certainly: but as we discern in him a considerable share of ambition, which, if properly directed, may hereafter be followed by the best consequences, we recommend him to curb it, for the present, and to exercise himself in compositions of a more engaging and less aspiring nature; he will then become better acquainted with his real strength, and may at any time employ it in works of higher pretensions, when he thinks it sufficiently confirmed to bear him successfully through the enterprise.

A flat 7th that rises, contrary to all rule, and very greatly to the annoyance of the ear, is to be found within ten bars of the end of the *Rondo*; and in *L'Alexandre*, page 5, a flat 9th often repeated, produces a very harsh effect, without any obvious motive. The latter, however, is an affair of taste, and our's may be in error. We recommend Mr. Ling to be less prodigal in his use of Italian words, the frequency of them has an air of pedantry: at all events, they should be introduced with great caution and accuracy.

1. MOZART'S SIX GRAND SYMPHONIES, arranged for the Piano-Forte, with accompaniments of Flute, Violin, and Violoncello, [ad libitum] by J. N. HUMMEL, Maître de Chappelle to the Duke of Saxe Weimar. No. 3. (Chappell and Co.)

2. MOZART'S CELEBRATED GRAND SYMPHONY, adapted for the Piano-Forte, with accompaniments for Flute, Violin, and Violoncello, [ad libitum] by S. F. RIMBAULT. (Hodsoll, 45, Holborn.)

In our Review for July, we noticed the first and second numbers of Hummel's arrangement of these splendid compositions of Mozart. A third is now published, containing the symphony in C, to which the name of *Jupiter* is sometimes given in this country*, but in no other, we believe.

We have already had occasion to state, more than once, that in reducing works of this magnitude, it is not possible to use all the notes which their due effect requires, and at the same time to adapt them to the executive powers of every description of performer. It is utterly impracticable, for instance, to arrange the fugue in the last movement of this symphony, in such a way as to render it attainable, except by very good players. But, fortunately, there are so many of that class now to be found, that works of this description, when executed as the present is, ultimately pay the publisher a remunerating price. The middle movements, however,—the andante, the minuet, and trio, which are exquisitely beautiful, are accessible to many who cannot attempt the parts that are more rapid. Those should not be deterred from putting themselves in possession of such symphonies, because they cannot accomplish the whole of them; the portions that they are able to perform are well worth the price that is charged for the whole.

The symphony arranged by Mr. Rimbault is in E flat, and No. 1 of Cianiellini's edition in score. This is the most generally admired of all Mozart's symphonies, and its popularity has been much augmented by Griffin's arrangement of it as a duet, which is in the hands of all the better description of piano-forte players. Mr. Rimbault has been so anxious to give fullness to his adaptation, that he has not only taken every note within reach of the hand that the score afforded, but has added others which it never furnished. The opening *Adagio* will exemplify this, where the base is crowded with discords that the composer never contemplated in that situation. But, strange to say, he has in other places omitted notes of importance, in order to relieve the performer from difficulties that are by no means of a formidable, much less of an insurmountable, nature. A collation of his arrangement with the score, will shew many instances of this. However, his task, taken altogether, is executed in respectably; and though he has not brought out his work in the elegant manner of that noticed above, yet it has the advantage of cheapness.

FOUR SONGS, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-Forte, by FRANCES FOSTER WENSLEY. (Published by the Author, No. 7, Percy-Street, Bedford Square.)

Had these songs been sent into the world without the protection of a name, their own merit would have secured to them a favourable reception. As the production of one of that sex which seldom has the courage to venture before the public in print, they excite an additional interest; though, having never before met with the compositions of this lady, we freely confess that we sat down to review her work with fear, lest it should not justify us in reporting of it as our inclination prompted. Our apprehensions, however, for the result of our inquiry, soon sub-

sided, and after a thorough examination of the songs now before us, we can recommend them as productions that will satisfy the judgment, and improve the taste, while they gratify the ear. They are written for a soprano voice of very moderate compass, and, being of a sentimental cast, are slow, and require the singer to possess more of the expressive and pathetic, than of the rapid and brilliant style of singing. The melodies are pure, but do not shew any great variety of air. The accompaniments are judicious and rich, and the accentuation of the words,—a matter of vital importance,—is, without an exception, correct.

These songs are composed rather in the manner of Haydn; his admirable canzonets seem to have been in the author's memory when she wrote her own, though we do not, in the remotest degree, mean to hint that she has borrowed a single note from him: our observation applies only to the manner. The subjoined symphony to the second song, will exemplify our opinion, and serve as a very good specimen of Miss Wensley's rich and forcible harmony.



But, in the same song, a disjunction of the sense, by the intervention of rests, is an infringement of one of those rules that judgment dictates, though it may not be found in the grammar of music. It occurs between the second and third lines of the stanza, which are divided by the pause of nearly a whole bar, instead of being closely joined. We point out this error, under the hope that it may be corrected in future impressions; or, at least, that it may prove a warning beacon to other composers. In the fourth song, page 10, third bar of the accompaniment, is an A which we conclude is, by an error of the engraver, inserted instead of a G.

We sincerely congratulate Miss Wensley upon the present, which we believe is her first publication; its success will, we hope, be such as to encourage her to proceed,

though we fear that the price which she has set upon it, will be unfavourable to a very extensive circulation of the work.

1. *THE MAID OF VALDARNO*, the words by W. F. Collard, the music by JOHN FIELD, of Petersburg. (Clementi and Co.)
2. "LET US TEACH THE HEART TO LOVE," *Recit. and Polacca*, sung by Miss Forde, in the *Veteran*; words by E. Knight, Esq., composed by WILLIAM ROOKE, Pianiste at the Theatre Royal, Drury-Lane. (Williams, 2, Strand.)
3. *ANXIOUS BY THE GLIDING STREAM*, "An angling duet, composed by JAMES SANDERSON. (Blackman, 5, New Bridge-Street, Southwark.)
4. *THE SAVOYARD*, a *Ballad*, by C. SHANNON, Esq. (Clementi and Co.)
5. *THE JASMIN WREATH*, a *Canzonet*, composed by CARAFFA, the words written, and the music arranged, by C. Shannon, Esq. (Clementi and Co.)
6. "LOVE'S MY SWEETEST STORY," a *Ballad*, written by Cornelius Webb, Esq., composed by T. WILLIAMS. (Williams, 2, Strand.)

Mr. Field's song is a very pretty, animated melody; simple, easy, and within the power of all who have the slightest pretensions as singers. The composer's long absence from his native country, seems to have caused him to forget that *cheerily* and *merrily* are tribrachs, and would have been more correctly noted by two semiquavers and a quaver, than by the quaver and two semiquavers, with which he has marked their quantity.

The *motivo* of the *Polacca* from *The Veteran* very much resembles that of the *Cavatina* in Weber's *Freischütz*, though the similarity may, possibly, be purely accidental. But whether it be a chance circumstance, or not, the public were gainers by the performance of a pleasing air; and we have only to hope, for the sake of the author's conscience, that he was unaware of any unavowed imitation when he published the song. Mr. Rooke must have had some difficulty in setting such words to any music, for more perfect nonsense-verses we have rarely met with. Such is the poetry of our national theatres!

The *Angling Duet* by Mr. Sanderson is a very smooth, easy composition. It is one of those satires upon the pleasures of fishing, which we would more willingly sit to hear, than be condemned to the punishment of a punt and a rod, which always includes also, the amiable agency for torturing one, if not two, or even more, unoffending animals.

The Savoyard is a pleasing ballad; the melody is well adapted to certain humane dactyls which the poet has chanted, and the air is so simple, that any body may aspire to sing with him.

The *Jasmin Wreath*, is not in quite so familiar a style, but it has all the prettiness, and all the lack of any thing very new or very striking, that is found in most of Caraffa's music. At page 3, the word *all* is introduced upon the first note in the fifth bar, instead of being written as the last note of the fourth. We counsel such of our readers as possess this song, to shew their respect for right accent, by making the necessary alteration.

Mr. Williams has produced a song which, though neither distinguished by elaborate invention, nor sparkling with genius, is almost faultless. But why put so magnificent a sum as two shillings upon it? such a price will, we fear, fix Mr. Webb's "sweetest story" upon the publisher's shelves, where it will not be often listened to by the morning lark, or the nightingale at eve.

1. **MAYSSEDER'S** celebrated **OLONOISE**, now performing by all the celebrated violinists, adapted as a **FLUTE SOLO**, with an *Accompaniment for the Piano-Forte*; by CHAS. NICHOLSON. (Clementi and Co.)

2. **INTRODUCTION and six VARIATIONS**, is the favourite military air, *The Fall of Paris*, with an *ad libitum* for the *Piano-Forte*. By the same. (Published by the same.)

Mayseder's *Polonoise* has been heard incessantly on the violin ever since its importation from Germany. It is not so well calculated for the flute; but as it is the fashion of

the day for performers on this instrument to aim at velocity of movement, and brilliancy of execution, rather than tenderness and expression, matter must be provided to suit their taste, and Mr. Nicholson furnishes most that appears. His own playing, which is surprisingly agile, recommends what he produces, and his arrangements, so far as we have seen of them, are not badly executed. As we have not yet supplied our flute-playing subscribers with any thing exclusively for their use, we shall profit by the present opportunity, and give them the air of this piece, the whole of which is worthy the attention of those who feel themselves strong enough to encounter it.

ALLEGRETTO.

Calando. Da Capo.

The *Fall of Paris* is still more difficult than the *polonoise*; while it does not possess any thing like the same attractiveness. The air is known to every-body; we always thought it a vulgar, inferior production, and regret that it is revived in any form. As an *adagio*, Mr. Nicholson has introduced among these variations, *Vive Henri Quatre*, an air eminently beautiful and suited to the tender character of the flute. It does not blend well with its giddy associates, but is a seasonable relief from the fatiguing hurry, and startling leaps of the other variations.

SHAKSPEARE'S DRAMATIC SONGS.

SOME years ago, a work upon an extensive scale and of considerable merit, was published by Preston in the Strand, but which, owing to the almost exclusive patronage which the foreign school of music obtained from all ranks of society, was then, and has since been, very greatly, and we think we may venture to add, very undeservedly, neglected. —We allude to "Shakspeare's Dramatic Songs," in two volumes. The composer and compiler of the work is Wm.

Linley, Esq., the youngest son of the late Thomas Linley, Esq., Patentee of Drury-lane Theatre, under whose instruction, and that of the celebrated Abel, he completed a regular musical education; not with any professional view, but that the genius for music which he inherited from his family might not be allowed to decay for want of cultivation, and a knowledge of those scientific rules by which the imagination, however fertile, must be controlled.

We cannot better explain the design of this work, than in Mr. Linley's own words, as they appear in the Introduction, which he has prefixed to the first volume. "His great endeavour," he says, "will be to dramatise with precision the music intended by Shakspeare to be introduced in his plays;—that is to say, to identify it with the characters, taking care that the songs, duets, and trios so marked by him, shall be suited as exactly as possible to the person or persons by whom the Poet designed them to be sung."—And, we think that, in the prosecution of this design, Mr. L. has been successful; for, as he has been careful to observe a characteristic style, he has produced, with the co-operation of the old English masters, whom he has called in to his assistance, a variety aptly assorted to the varying and delightful measures of our immortal Bard.

We have paid this tribute of praise to Mr. Linley's Shakspeare Volumes, with a view of introducing occasionally from them such selections as we may judge most striking; having obtained permission for that purpose. We are anxious to give our support to all styles of music that we conceive bear the marks of genius; and while we submit to the fluctuations of taste, and fully admit the superiority of the German and Italian schools, we are willing to save from neglect a production *purely English* like the present, which is rendered more valuable and deserving of our attention, by being connected with the name of SHAKSPEARE.

MISCELLANEA.

The approaching musical festival at York is expected to exceed any thing that has yet been witnessed in any part of the world; the commemoration of Handel in Westminster Abbey always excepted. The meeting is to be held on the 23rd, 24th, 25th, and 26th of September. The *Messiah* will be performed on the 24th; and on the other days selections from the works of Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, &c., will be given. Mad. Catalani, Mrs. Salmon, Miss Stephens, Messrs. Vaughan, Sapio, W. Knyvett, Bellamy, and Placci, are engaged; together with Messrs. F. Cramer, Mori, Lindley, Dragonetti, &c. The band will consist of 60 violins, 20 violas, 20 violoncellos, 16 double-bases, 6 flutes, 6 clarinets, 8 oboes, 8 bassoons, 8 horns, 6 trumpets, 9 trombones, and 2 pair of double drums; with a proportionate chorus; in the whole four hundred and fifty performers! The conductor in chief is Mr. Grotorex, and he is assisted by Mr. and Dr. Camidge, organists of the Cathedral, and Messrs. White and Knapton, professors of eminence residing in the city of York. The whole of the profits are to be given to York County Hospital, and Infirmaries of Leeds, Sheffield, and Hull.

The Birmingham music-meeting is fixed for the 7th, 8th, 9th, and 10th of October. On the first day, Cathedral Service will be performed at the church, with a selection of Anthems. On the 9th, the *Messiah*, with Mozart's accompaniments; and on the two other days, compilations from the great masters, in which will be introduced a new sacred drama, named *The Triumph of Gideon*, arranged from the *Timothee* of Winter, Haydn's Seasons, Mozart's and Jomelli's Masses. The singers are Madame Catalani, Mrs. Salmon, Miss Stephens, Messrs. Braham, Vaughan, Knyvett, Bellamy, Placci, &c. Mr. F. Cramer is the leader, and the

whole is under the direction of Mr. Grotorex. The profits are to be applied, as usual, to the support of the General Hospital, and this meeting is, in splendour and effect, expected to be next to the festival at York.

There has appeared at Venice a work, entitled "Discourse on the Origin, the Progress, and Decline of Music in Italy." This word—*decline*, appears somewhat singular; for fair Italy acknowledges to have undergone no other decline than that in the dominion she once held over the world. But the author, M. Mayer, is, from what appears, one of those who view the *beau ideal* of music in a fugue. Signor Benedetto Marcello, a noble Venetian, who has left us moreover some very fine psalms, was entirely of the same opinion; he anathematized all the pupils of the new schools, whom he accused of spoiling the ancient purity of song, by ornaments and trillings. M. Mayer says as much now of Rossini, and insinuates that this master woefully corrupts the principles of the art. Three years hence, when Rossini will begin to get out of fashion, the fortunate innovator who supplants him will be exposed to similar attacks.—(From a French Journal.)

The indefatigable M. Stauffer, instrument-maker of Vienna, actuated by a laudible spirit of improvement, and of research, has invented a new instrument, which he calls *Guitarre d'Amour*. In form it is similar to the common guitar, but of greater compass, mounted by covered catgut strings, which are not played by the fingers, but by a bow. The tone produced, unites beauty, fullness, and delicacy, and nearly combines the higher compass of the oboe, with the lower notes of the basset-horn; it is particularly adapted to an easy execution of chromatic passages, even when playing double-stops. All connoisseurs agree in acknowledging it, as an important addition to the list of musical instruments.

The question relative to the right of possession of the heart of Gretry, occupied for some time the courts and the *Salons* of Paris. A Royal ordonnance, published in the *Moniteur* of the 6th of August, has decided that the precious relic shall remain in France, and not go to Liege, though the *original owner* bequeathed it to the municipality of that city. The *Theatre de Vaudeville* has endeavoured to profit by the affair, and produced a temporary piece, in which the choicest compositions of this celebrated musician are collected together. We may now fairly remark, with the French proverb, that *en France, tout finit par des Chansons*.

The score of Mozart's operas are printing in Paris, in a very splendid manner. Four are already published, and the rest will appear as soon as possible.

The *Academia degli Orfei*, which had been instituted about three years, has been dissolved.

The prima donna, Adelaide Sala, a native of Milan, was lately married in Madrid, to a Grandee of Spain, and is now Countess of Fuentes. She sung till the expiration of her engagement, but gave the salary arising there from to the Hospital.

Caraffa is returned to Vienna, where his *Abusfar* is performing, according to a journal published there, with the greatest success.

A new mad-house has been erected at Milan, near the Porta St. Celso, which contains a musical saloon, with keyed and wind-instruments, for the practice of the inmates. It is intended to try here, whether the practice of music will have any influence over mental disease. We wish all success to this institution, and trust that the remedy will be found efficacious.

A caricature has lately appeared at Rome, which has excited considerable attention. A chariot is seen driving furiously along; Rossini is on the coach-box, lashing his four-in-hand with wild impetuosity. Within the vehicle are seen the great composers, Piesini, Guglielmi, Paisiello, and Cimarosa, who are looking out of the window, and exclaiming, *Ferma! ferma! dove vai—dove vai?* (Stop! stop! where are you going—where are you going?)



GIOACCHINO ROSSINI.

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MEMOIR OF GIOACHINO ROSSINI.

OF all living composers, Rossini is the most celebrated. He has been invited to every grand theatre of Europe, in succession. Last year he was to have presided at the King's Theatre in London; but he preferred Vienna. Paris next solicits him; and if he be not exhausted by the admiration of the French, or overladen with their opulence, he will come to London, the last, loftiest, and most lavish of capitals, fed upon by men of song.

Gioachino Rossini was born in 1791, at Pesaro, a little town of the Papal States on the Gulf of Venice. His father was an inferior performer on the French horn, and his mother was a *seconda donna*, in one of those strolling companies of musicians that attend the fairs in the smaller towns of Italy. The Papal government requires from its subjects the regular payment of taxes, and the strict attendance on mass. Its subjects, on the other hand, require from the Papal government free will in every thing else; and on the strength of this compact, all the tastes, propensities, and passions of man, flourish and luxuriate in a fearless vigour, that would astonish the more slavish governments of France and England. Man may do what he will, or be what he will, in that land of sensibility. This, it is true, fills the roads with banditti; but it crowds the convents with monks; it fills the palaces with impurity; but it never leaves the *Casinos* destitute of beauty; it fills the streets with mendicants, but it sends hosts of amateurs upon the stage.

Music has irresistible inducements for the Italian; a guitar and a voice will carry him from Tarento to *Domo d'Ossola*, through Italy, and through life. Sunshine costs nothing; and no man can contrive so well to dispense with clothes; he can be luxurious, when luxury is before him; he can fast, when he has nothing else to do; no living being can *out-endure* him;—he can live upon an onion,—water, air.—He “diets of the camelion's dish,” and nestling in the mule's dung of the Apennine, or the bristly straw of Piedmont, he dreams of the pence and plaudits of the Boulevard, or the golden showers of the Haymarket. Rossini's portion from his father was the true native heirship, a little music, a little religion, such as it is to be had in the *States*, and a volume of Ariosto. The rest of his education was consigned to the legitimate school of southern youth,—the society of his mother, her gossips, and the streets; aided and refined as he grew up by the darker-eyed belles among the barbers and coffee-house keepers' daughters of this Papal village.

Rossini went on the stage, *en amateur*. In Italy the stage is not always adopted for a life profession, as in

France or England. There an amateur may sing in public for a season or two, and then return to that nondescript station of a dilettante, without its affecting his future pursuits. It appears that Rossini, who is known to sing with infinite taste and spirit the introductory song in *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, had no success as a public singer. There were at that time several detached airs of his composition circulating in society, which, though modelled on the style then in fashion, displayed original vivacity. Two or three wealthy amateurs of Venice engaged him to compose an opera. The manager of the theatre entertained but a slight opinion of the composer, from his youth and excessive gaiety, which differed little from the reckless waggery of a schoolboy. The patrons of Rossini, however, threatened the manager to withdraw their support from him, till he at length consented to bring forward the first operatic attempt of *Il Giovine Pesarese*. This opera was *L'inganno Felice*, which was played with success, though a very feeble performance. He soon after composed *Il Tancredi*, *L'Italiana in Algeri*, and *La Pietra di Paragone*.

The opera of *Tancredi* circulated through Italy with great rapidity. The air “*Di tanti palpiti*,” was taken from a Greek Litaney that Rossini had heard chanted in one of the islets of the Lagune near Venice.—Either through indolence, or other motives, he has a strong aversion for overtures; so much so, that he did not compose one for *Tancredi*. And at present, in Italy, this opera is preceded by the overture of the *Pietra di Paragone*, or that of the *Italiana*.

Rossini has led the usual life of foreign musicians. Marcolini became attached to him. It was for her delicious *contr'alto* voice, and admirable comic powers, that he composed the part of the *Italiana*; the genuine Italian vivacity of which has been too often metamorphosed upon other theatres into dull indelicacy.

Rossini came to Milan, and there assumed the rank which he now holds among composers. He wrote for the Milanese, *La Pietra di Paragone*; and from that moment this extraordinary young man was placed on the same elevation with the Cimarosas and Paesiellos. It was there too that he adopted the idea of his *Crescendi*, from Mosca, who has composed about a hundred operas, among which it would be difficult to find a single good one.

It was there that the prettiest of the pretty women of Lombardy fell desperately in love with him, and quitted her noble *cavaliere servente*, for the youthful *maestro*. He made her the first musician probably in all Italy.—Seated by her at the piano-forte, he composed the greater number

of those airs which he afterwards introduced in his operas. On leaving Milan, Rossini went to Pesaro to see his family, to whom he is much attached. He has never been known to write letters but to his mother; and they are thus singularly addressed, "*All' Illustrissima Signora Rossini, Madre del celebre Maestro, a Pesaro.*"

Such is the character of the man, who, half in jest, half in earnest, talks of his fame, and candidly refuses to seem ignorant of it. Deriving happiness from the efforts of his genius, amidst the most sensitive people upon earth, surrounded by the homage of the public from the age of eighteen, he has a full consciousness of his own celebrity, and cannot understand why a man so gifted should not be the equal of any man.

About the time of his visit to Pesaro, he was exempted from the almost universal operation of the miserable conscription laws. The Minister of the Interior ventured to propose to the Viceroy of Italy an exception in his favour. The Prince at first hesitated, fearing a reprimand from Parisian head-quarters, but at length yielded to the decided feeling of the public. Rossini went afterwards to Bologna, where the same triumph awaited him.

The Rigorists of Bologna, who exercise as strict a dictatorship over music, as the French Academy over the French language, reproached him, and not without reason, with sometimes neglecting the grammatical rules of harmony in his compositions. Rossini acknowledged the truth of the reproach, but at the same time said, "That none of these faults would have remained, if he had read his MS. twice over. But," added he, "I have only six weeks to compose an opera; the first month is devoted to dissipation, and it is but during the last fortnight that I compose every morning a duo or air, which is to be rehearsed on that very evening. How, then, will you have me perceive the minute errors in the accompaniments?"

Notwithstanding the candour of this excuse, the musical puritans of Bologna made the usual bustle about these venial sins of harmony, though the fact is, that they are not always perceptible while listening to his music; but a knot of composers, who found themselves completely crushed by the success of a handsome idle youth of twenty, were glad to have something to vent their envy upon. There is not a town in Italy which could not furnish dozens of these critics, who, for a single sequin, would undertake to correct the errors in any one of Rossini's operas. But he was doomed to attacks more difficult to resist than the outcry of pedants. His Milanese admirer abandoned her splendid palace, her husband, her children, and her fortune, and one morning plunged, as if from the clouds, into the room occupied by Rossini. They had scarcely met, when, the door opening, in rushed one of the richest and most beautiful women of Bologna. A scene ensued not unlike that in the Beggar's Opera, and Rossini, like Macheath, laughed at the rival fair ones, sang them a comic air, and made his escape.

After his success at Bologna, he received offers from every town in Italy. He generally demanded for an opera about a thousand francs, (£40.) He has been known to write three or four in a year. The management of a theatre in Italy is curious. The director is often the most wealthy and considerable person of the little town which he inhabits. He gets together a troop consisting of a *prima donna*, *basso cantante*, *basso buffo*, a second female singer, and a third *basso*. He engages a *maestro* (a composer,) to write a new opera, in which he is obliged to adapt his airs to the compass and volume of the company. The director purchases the words of the opera for about sixty or eighty francs, from some unlucky son of the muses.

The troop thus organized, gives from forty to fifty representations in the town for which they are engaged, and then breaks up. This is what is generally called a season, (*stagione*), the last is that of the carnival. The singers who are not engaged in any of these companies, are usually to be found at Milan or Bologna.

From this sketch of theatrical management in Italy may easily be formed some idea of the kind of life which Rossini led from 1810 to 1846. During that interval he visited all the principal towns of Italy, remaining from three to four months in each. On his arrival, he was welcomed and feted by the dilettanti of the place. The first thirteen or twenty days were passed with his friends, dining out, and shrugging his shoulders at the nonsense which he was obliged to set to music. For, besides his natural good taste, Rossini, from having been early accustomed to the writings of Ariosto, Goldoni, and Molière, was fully enabled to judge of the worthlessness of these pseudo poems.

When he had been about three weeks in a town, he began to refuse invitations, and to occupy himself seriously in studying the voices of the performers. He made them sing at the piano, and we have seen him more than once obliged to mutilate and "curtail of their fair proportions," some of his most brilliant and happy ideas, because the tenor could not attain the note which was necessary to express the composer's feeling; and alter the character of a melody, because the *prima donna* sang false.

At length, when he had acquired an accurate knowledge of the voices, he began to write. He rose late, and passed the day in composing, in the midst of his friends, who were engaged in conversation around him. Though the day of the first representation was rapidly approaching, he seldom resisted the solicitations of those friends. It was after returning at a late hour from some of their parties, and shutting himself up in his chamber, that he has been visited by his most brilliant inspirations; these he hastily wrote down upon scraps of paper, and next morning arranged them; or, to make use of a technical term, *instrumented* them. Rossini has a quick mind, susceptible of impressions, and which can often turn to advantage the most trifling or passing circumstance. When composing his *Moisè*, some one said to him,—“What, you are going to make the Hebrews sing! do you mean they should chant as they do in the Synagogue?” The idea struck him, and on returning home, he composed a magnificent chorus, which commences by a kind of nasal twang, peculiar to the Synagogue. The labour of composition is nothing to him; it is the rehearsals which annoy him. During these, the *povero maestro* has to undergo the torture of hearing his finest airs disfigured; yet such rehearsals are the triumph of Italian sensibility: at these may be heard persons, perfectly ignorant of musical science, as most of the vocal performers of Italy are, sing their parts as if by instinct, with the most admirable spirit and precision. The green-room of an operatic troop is the chief, if not the sole object, of the attention and conversation of the inhabitants of the whole town. Their future pleasure, or *annui*, (from the success or failure of the new opera,) during the gayest month of the year, chiefly depends upon the good or bad understanding that exists between the members of this irritable synd. Sogradi, an Italian comic poet, has written a charming lively piece in one act, upon the adventures of a strolling company of singers.—At length the awful day of the first representation comes. The *maestro* takes his place at the piano; the theatre overflows; all other occupations cease but that of listening, and even gallantry is hushed. As the overture commences, so intense is the attention, that

the flapping of a fan might be heard in the house; but on its conclusion, the most tremendous uproar ensues. It is either applauded to the clouds, or condemned without mercy. It is not in Italy as in Paris, where the first representation is seldom or ever decisive; where unity prevents each man from expressing his individual opinion, lest it should be found in discordance with the opinion of the majority. In an Italian theatre, they scream and stamp with all the violence of persons possessed, while endeavouring to force upon others the judgment which they have formed; for, strange to say, there is no intolerance equal to that of the eminently sensitive. Such is the tact of an Italian audience, that they always distinguish, on hearing each of the airs of a new opera, whether the merit belongs chiefly to the singer or the composer; if the latter, they shout, "*bravo maestro!*" Rossini then rises from his place at the piano, his countenance wearing an air of great gravity, and makes three obeisances, which are followed by salvos of applause.

Rossini presides at the piano-forte during the first three representations, after which he receives his 800 or 1000 francs. He rests himself a week or ten days; is invited to a general dinner, given by his friends, that is to say, by the whole town, and then sets out (with his portmanteau full of music-paper) for some other town, there to commence a similar course. Rossini was at length called to Rome. The director of the theatre there having had the words of several operas rejected by the police, as containing certain allusions, in a moment of disappointment and ill-humour, proposed *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, which had been already set to music by Paesello. The government consented. Rossini, who is intellectual enough to be modest, when put in competition with true and acknowledged merit, was extremely embarrassed by the choice. He instantly wrote to Paesello, acquainting him with the circumstance. The old *maestro*, who, though a man of undoubted genius, was not devoid of a mixture of *gasconism*, replied, that he was perfectly content with the choice which the Roman police had made, and that he had no doubt as to the result. Rossini prefaced the *libretto* modestly, shewed Paesello's letter to all the *dilettanti* of Rome, and immediately set about the composition, which was finished in thirteen days. He has said, that, at the first representation of *Il Barbiere*, his heart throbbed violently on placing himself at the piano. The Romans seemed to consider the commencement of this opera tiresome, and very inferior to that of Paesello. One of the airs sung by Rosina "*Io sono docile*," appeared entirely out of character. They charged Rossini with having substituted the sauciness of a virago, for the complainings of a love-sick and gentle girl. The duett between Rosina and Figaro drew forth the first applause. The air of "*La Calunnia*" was pronounced to be magnificent, though in fact it resembles a little too closely the fine dramatic air, "*La Vendetta*," in the *Nozze di Figaro* of Mozart. The fate of this opera was singular. On the first night it experienced almost a complete failure; and on the second, it obtained the most enthusiastic applause. However, the Roman critics thought they discovered that Rossini had not only been inferior to himself, but to all the celebrated composers, in the expression of impassioned tenderness. Rosina, finding in Almaviva a faithful lover, instead of a faithless seducer, which she has been led to suppose he was, in place of giving herself up to a gush of ecstatic feeling, bewilders her voice, her lover, and her audience, amidst the unmeaning intricacies of roulades and cadences; and yet these very insignificant and ill-placed embellishments are always applauded to the echo in other capitals. Music, and dramatic music in particular, has made a con-

siderable progress since the time of Paesello. The long and tiresome recitative has been discarded; *morceaux d'ensemble* more frequently introduced, which, by their vivacity and "musical uproar," keep *enfers* at a distance. It was the opinion at Rome, that if Cimarosa had set *Il Barbiere*, it might have been less animated, but would have been much more comic, and infinitely more tender. They also seem to think that Rossini has not approached Paesello in the quintetto "*Buona Sera*," where Basilio is entreated to go home.

About this time, M. Barbaia, of Naples, who, from being a waiter at a coffee-house, had acquired a considerable fortune, and even contrived to ingratiate himself with the King, had judgment enough to perceive that Rossini would be the favourite composer of the day. He therefore drew him to Naples, where he undertook to produce three new operas a year, for each of which he was to receive 8000 francs. Rossini was appointed musical director of San Carlo, and, in 1815, commenced his career with a serious opera, *Elisabetta, Regina d'Inghilterra*. This arrangement has continued during the last six or seven years; notwithstanding the well-known restlessness of Rossini's character. This unusual constancy was chiefly owing to a devoted attachment with which a Neapolitan lady inspired him. Rossini composed for San Carlo, *Otello*, *Armida*, *Zoraide*, *La Donna del Lago*, *Mosè*, &c. It was in vain that he objected to the Italian imitation, or rather caricature, of *Othello*. The author, Marquis Berio, otherwise a respectable man, moving in, and receiving, the best society in Naples, persisted in maintaining that Shakspeare's *Othello* was a barbarian, and that it was absolutely necessary to correct him. Rossini yielded, but with a groan. He has been often heard to say, that the translation of Shakspeare's *Othello*, by Fetoni, froze up his blood; and that before sitting down to compose to the flat and lifeless rhapsody of the Marquis, he took care to imbibe inspiration from Fetoni's version. However, this inspiration did not seem to commence with the overture, which is very lively, and by no means in accordance with the story. Rossini, in becoming rich, has also become fond of money, and even indolent; which last circumstance has, in some measure, injured his fame; for in some of his later productions, there are not to be found more than one or two original passages; all the rest is little more than a new arrangement of old ideas. The public of Milan, which is the second musical capital of Italy, expressed their conviction of this, at Rossini's last visit, when he came to compose the *Gazza Ladra*; yet never was there more brilliant success than that of its first representation; for the Milanese, though sensible that Rossini had copied himself, yet were too highly flattered by his having come to compose a new opera expressly for them, to show any evidence of dissatisfaction; besides, the public enthusiasm was roused to its utmost height by the tragical powers of Galli and Madame Belloc; but when this intoxication of feeling subsided, they discovered that there were some things in this opera too closely resembling what they called the noise and confusion of German music. There was not, however, a dissenting voice as to the lofty beauty of the cavatina, "*Di piaoer mi balza il cor*." That air breathes a heartfelt pathos, worthy of Mozart and Cimarosa; the meaning and expression of words have never been more faithfully translated into melody. The same may be said of the prayer sung by Galli, "*Nume benefico*;" and, strange contradiction, in the same opera, the criminal proceedings commence with a waltz, "*Vuol dir lo stesso*;" and a similar objection has been made to another waltz,

which poor Ninetta sings at the moment of her own condemnation and her father's arrest. But the partisans of Rossini maintained, that it was a merit in him to have disguised the atrocity of the subject, by the light and airy elegance of his *cantilena*, and said, that if Mozart had composed the music of the *Gazza Ladra*, as it ought to be composed, that is, in the style of the serious parts of *Don Giovanni*, it could be productive but of horror, scarcely endurable. Rossini's second journey to Milan was less flattering. He was given a Venetian story to set, *Bianca e Faliero*; the music of which, from its almost total want of novelty, (being nearly, from beginning to end, a repetition of his former ideas) scarcely escaped being d—d on the first night. The public, however, shewed themselves too severe; for there is a quartetto in it, that may be classed with the finest creations of the most celebrated masters. It is a sublime effort of composition—pathetic as Mozart; and language can go no further. It was at Rome that Rossini composed *Torvaldo e Dorliska*. This opera also was little more than a reminiscence. Ambroggi, who played the tyrant, sung an *agitato*, which was so undisguisedly copied from a passage in Othello, that the least practised ear immediately recognised it. In the whole opera there was only one original phrase, but that a beautiful one, it was in the part sung by Camporese, "*Mio Torvaldo dove sei?*" Since then, Rossini wrote *Il Turco in Italia*, for the Scala at Milan, but which the audience (tired out with continual repetitions) received coldly;—and yet Paccini, the first acting buffo in Italy, was irresistibly comic in the part of the husband, particularly when he rushes into a ball-room, in search of his wife. In this scene also the music is incontestibly original and beautiful. French gallantry, which is not love, but a continuous, brisk, and sparkling imitation of what is most agreeable in that passion, has never been better expressed than in the duetto, "*Le Comprate la Vendete*." The duetto of "*Un bel uso di Turchia*" is full of the most graceful, comic humour, and often reminds one of Paisiello. After the success of his principal operas, *Tancredi*, *L'Italiana*, *La Pietra del Paragone*, *Il Barbiere*, *La Gazza Ladra*, *La Donna del Lago*, &c., the Italians would listen to no other than Rossini. The Journal of Bologna, which seldom talks rationally but when it talks of music, counted in 1819 seventeen theatres in Italy, in which Rossini's operas were performing at the same moment, and seven out of Italy,—London, Vienna, Berlin, Lisbon, Barcelona, &c. Upon this occasion Rossini was heard to say, "*Sono il più giovine e il più fortunato di maestri* *".

This extraordinary success is, however, an obstacle to the duration of his popularity; for Italy may be said at present, to be saturated with his music: and the first composer who shall have courage and genius enough not to copy Rossini, and who shall abandon the *crescendo* and the rapid *allegro* movements, and return to the *tempi larghi*, and the true expression of the words, will assuredly dim the lustre of his ascendant.

Rossini's facility in composing is not one of his least extraordinary qualities. Ricordi, the principal music-seller in Italy, and who has made a very large fortune by the sale of this composer's works, has said that some of the finest airs of the *Gazza Ladra*, were composed in the space of an hour, in a room at the back of his shop, in the midst of twelve or thirteen music-copiers; some of whom were dictating aloud to others the music which they had to note. Vigano, whom Italy, till very lately, presented to the world as proof, that she was still the queen of the fine arts,

* I am the youngest, and the most fortunate, of composers.

adapted his pantomimical tragedies, called Ballets, to Rossini's airs; for instance, *Otello*, *La Vestale*, *Mirra*. Vigano having taken care to choose only the best of those airs, it often happens, that after seeing one of his ballets, the opera appears tame. Another unfortunate circumstance for Rossini is, that the semi-serious opera has come much into fashion, which has led him to adopt a kind of amphibious style, neither *buffa* nor *seria*. Every one in Italy agrees, that the serious opera is dull, and besides, it is a species of composition that requires the utmost perfection in the performance; this is the secret of their dislike. One serious opera in the year at La Scala, or San Carlos, is found to be quite sufficient. In the present deplorable state of Italy, it would afford some kind of relief to find cheerfulness at the theatre; and yet, as the prices of admission to the *semi-seria* are higher than those of the *buffa*, the proprietors will bring forward none but the former. This is inauspicious for Rossini, whose genius is most eminently fitted for the pleasurable and voluptuous. An intense indulgence is the ground-work of his finest airs. This is so evident, particularly in the fine duo of the *Armida*, that the Italian ladies are sometimes extremely embarrassed in expressing their opinion of its beauties. This duo, the quartett in *Bianca e Faliero*, and three passages in the *Tancredi*, are Rossini's *chef d'œuvre* in the impassioned style.

The pleasure which music gives arises from its power of leading the imagination through an exquisite, but evanescent, series of illusions. The chief characteristic of Rossini's music, is an extraordinary rapidity, which does not permit the mind to indulge in those profound emotions and soothing reveries, that the slow movements of Mozart so seldom fail to awaken. Yet this velocity is accompanied by a sparkling freshness that calls up involuntary delight.

But this ever changing brilliancy, is perhaps the chief reason why his compositions leave no profound impression behind them. They may be said, in the words of Shakspeare,

"To be too rash—too unadvised—too sudden,
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be
Ere one can say—it lightens."

Even at present, the most distinguished amateurs of Italy are crying out for some change. What will it be twenty years hence, when the *Barbiere* shall be as long known to the public as the *Matrimonio Segreto*, or *Don Giovanni*, is now? In *Otello*, founded as it is on jealousy, is there a single air that depicts so faithfully that cruellest of passions, as the "*Vedrò mentr' io sospiro*" of the Count Almaviva in *Le Nozze di Figaro*?

At the representation of a piece, in which the composer has endeavoured to express human passion, a considerable degree of attention is necessary, in order to feel the emotion which he wishes to produce. It is scarcely necessary to add, that even attention alone will not be sufficient, if the minds of the hearers be not susceptible of profound emotion. Now, on the contrary, in the compositions of Rossini, many passages, speaking generally, are little more than brilliant airs—and consequently it requires but very slender attention to derive pleasure from them; and in most instances, the mind has little or nothing to do in the affair.

The misfortune of Rossini is, that he treats the passion of love but as a mere affair of gallantry. He is never sad; but love often is:—and what is music without melancholy?

"I'm never merry when I hear sweet music."

How differently does the tender, the divine Mozart, express this passion! Examine his *Figaro*—his *Così fan*

Tutta. It was once proposed to give *Don Giovanni* to Rossini, to re-set, that he might enter at once into competition with the great German composer*! *Proh pudor!*

Rossini has lately married; after the customary fashion of genius—to precisely the reverse of what one might expect, to a Senora Colbran; a Spaniard by birth, and a singer by profession; who never had beauty—has no more a voice,—is no longer young,—and who devoted her early years to Signor Barbaia, the Neapolitan manager before-named. She has since performed at Vienna, where Rossini directed the opera. The Germans were all astonishment at the reputation which she had contrived to make in Italy; her voice was feeble; they said that it was tuneless,—and the proud Senora, the Queen of the *San Carlo*, was in imminent danger of being hissed. By a rare contingency, tenderness for the husband saved the wife from being undone.

The history of the last year of this Composer's life, may be collected from different parts of the Harmonicon, where mention is made of his works latterly produced. He has already written too much; or, rather, has written too fast: he has exhausted his powers, or anticipated his strength, and ought now to remain *fallow* for a time. His genius is unquestionably great; but he has been as much over-exalted by his friends, as under-rated by his enemies. His through-thick-and-thin partisans have proved his most mischievous foes: but in spite of these, some five or six of those operas which he has already composed, will ever be admired.

The following chronological list of his Operas is gathered from several Italian gazettes, and is tolerably correct, we hope, up to the end of last year.

OPERAS.	First Performed.	Date.
L' Inganno Felice - - - -	Venice,	1812.
Tancredi - - - -	Ditto,	ditto.
Polibio e Demetrio.		
Aureliano in Palmira.		
L' Italiana in Algeri.		
La Pietra del Paragone - - -	Milan,	1812.
Elisabetta - - - -	Naples,	1814.
La Cenerentola - - - -	Rome.	
Otello - - - -	Naples.	
Il Turco in Italia - - - -	Milan,	1814.
Il Barbiere di Siviglia - - -	Rome.	
La Gazzetta, (<i>opera buffa</i>) - -	Naples,	
La Gazza Ladra - - - -	Milan,	1817.
L' Armida - - - -	Naples.	
Torvaldo e Dorliaka.		
Ciro in Babilonia.		
Ricciardo e Zoraide - - - -	Ditto.	
L' Ermione - - - -	Ditto.	
La Donna del Lago - - - -	Ditto.	
Il Maometto Secondo - - - -	Ditto.	
Blanca e Faliero - - - -	Milan.	
Edoardo e Cristina - - - -	Venice.	
Moise in Egitto - - - -	Naples.	
Matilda di Shabran - - - -	Rome,	1821.
Zelmira - - - -	Naples,	1822.
Semiramide - - - -	Vienna,	1823.

* As to competition between Rossini and Mozart, was there ever a competition between a pippin and a pine-apple? The Milk-woman poetess and Milton!

ON THE VIBRATIONS OF A TUNING FORK.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HARMONICON.

Norwich, Sept. 12th, 1823.

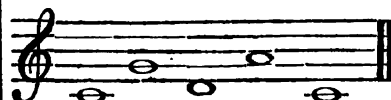
Mr. Editor,

As utility, not originality, is my object, I shall, from time to time, send you practical information on Acoustics. Accept, for the present,

A mode of ascertaining the number of vibrations which any tuning-fork makes in a second; consequently, to determine the relative pitch of the fork to a standard fork, supposed to make 240 vibrations, or pulsations, in a second.

On a Piano-forte tune  to the pitch of the

fork whose vibrations are required, damp the *unison* string, and tune the following intervals quite perfect—namely,

 then count the beat-

ings occasioned by the imperfect unison of the first C (*viz.*, that which agrees with the fork,) and the C last tuned, a major sixth below A. Mathematicians, from considering that $\frac{3}{2} \times \frac{4}{3} \times \frac{3}{2} \times \frac{4}{3} = \frac{8}{9}$, know that the vibrations of the two C's are in this ratio, and differ from each other by a major comma*; multiply, therefore, the beatings counted in *one second* by 80, and it will give the pitch of the fork C. Suppose, for example, the beating was 3 in one second, 3 multiplied by 80 is 240: therefore, 240 was the pitch of C in unison with the fork, consequently, the fork under experiment made 240 vibrations in a second.

With great respect for the *Harmonicon*, I subscribe myself,

Your well wisher,

C. J. SMYTH.

SIGNOR PEROTTI ON THE PRESENT STATE OF MUSIC IN ITALY.

THE disputes in Italy concerning the merits of living dramatic composers, have brought again into notice Signor Perotti's Dissertation on the State of Music in Italy, which essay was, in 1811, crowned by the Italian Society of Sciences, Belles-Lettres, and Arts. It excited much interest when it first appeared, and as that interest is now revived, we have extracted, from a foreign publication, an analysis of the first part of the dissertation; and shall ourselves conclude the article from the original work. Signor Perotti is a member of the Philharmonic Academy of Bologna, of the Academy of Belles-Lettres of Venice, and first *Maitre de la Chapelle Royale* of St. Mark at Venice.—

Like empires, the Arts, and Sciences have had their revolutions; protected in one country and forgotten in

* That the tuning of two major *ffths* upwards, and thence a minor fourth and major sixth downwards, or 2 V-4-VI, produce a major comma, may be very simply shewn by the use of the very small intervals, the 1-61st part of an octave ($\frac{1}{61}$), which Mr. Farey denotes a *schisma*, and marks, it x; we have only to add (+) and subtract (−) the schismas, answering to the concords above mentioned, as we find them in the "Philosophical Magazine," Vol. XXVIII., p. 140, and Vol. XLIX., page 303, note, &c.; viz., 359 = 254 + 359 = 451, or 716 = 705, = 11 x, which is the major comma.

another, their progress has been the result of the labours and efforts of several generations. First attempts amongst all nations have been imperfect, because the progress of a science or an art, is the consequence of study, experience and time. The period of an invention, and the names of the inventors of an art or science, have generally been unknown, because only having proceeded one step, those who have succeeded them, have in some degree, obliterated the recollection of former attempts, by improved labours. Thus the greater portion of the arts belong to no man in particular, to no nation exclusively; they are the property of mankind at large; the fruit of the combined and continued researches of all men, of all nations, of all ages.

Nothing in the arts is done suddenly or without preparation; all discoveries proceed so gradually as to be almost imperceptible. However, there are times, when accumulated observations and acknowledged deficiencies, lead men endowed with superior minds, or placed in favourable circumstances, to embrace more extended views, to create more powerful means, the superiority of which being allowed, give a new direction to the ideas and habits of all; these rare periods are denominated epochs; they are more or less remarkable according to the importance of the object to which they relate.

Thus after a long infancy, music obtained great encouragement at the court of the Dukes of Burgundy. It had made considerable progress in the fifteenth century, for Italy, where the art was much less advanced, sought for improvement in the compositions of the Flemish School. Johannes Tinctor, called the Dyer, born at Nivelles in Brabant, became *Maitre de Chapelle* to Ferdinand, king of Naples. He wrote several treatises on the art, and his instructions were fully developed in the works of Franchinus, otherwise Gafurius, who had received lessons from him. Adrian Willaert, a pupil of Josquin Desprez and of John Mouton, one of the most celebrated counter-puntists of his time, became *Maitre de Chapelle* of the republic, of Venice and had the honour of forming the Venetian School. C. Porta, his pupil founded that of Lombardy. The Roman School ranked as its chief the famous Palestrina, a pupil of Goudimel, under whom he had studied composition in France.

Gilles Binchois, Dunstable, Caron, Regis, Dufay, Brassar, and other Flemish musicians, who lived in the first half of the fifteenth century, greatly promoted the art of counter-point, and were the first of that celebrated school, which produced Hobrecht, John Ockengheim, Josquin Desprez, who, after singing at Rome, became *Maitre de Chapelle* to Louis XII.; Brumel, Pierre de la Rue, John Mouton, *Maitre de Chapelle* of Francis I., Gombert, B. Ducis, Anthony Brumel, Verdelot, Goudimel, Orlando Lassus; Claude le Jeune, &c., who marked out the road which was followed by the French and Italian School.

The sixteenth century was the most brilliant epoch of the Flemish school. The chapels of the pope and princes of Italy, were filled with singers from Flanders and Picardy. The music of the French and Flemish composers was sung throughout Italy, and even at Rome. From these two countries also the Italians obtained professors, whom they ranked far above their own. But political troubles and religious wars prevented the French from continuing to protect music. France and Flanders lost their pre-eminence, and at length produced only a few artists, the best of whom scarcely attained mediocrity. At this period, music was rapidly rising to perfection in Italy; practice, governed by the laws of theory, gave rise to the didactic, or the art of observing and reducing to principles the operations of genius. Several authors of distinguished

talent soon appeared, and surpassing their masters, caused them to be forgotten.

The progress made by music during the last half century, both in France and Germany, has greatly influenced the schools of Italy. In 1810, the Italian Academy of Arts, Sciences and Belles Lettres, justly alarmed at the considerable changes which had taken place, proposed as a subject of inquiry, the present state of music in Italy. M. Perotti of Verceil, a scientific composer, obtained the palm; and in making known the manner in which he has treated the question, as well as the plan he has followed, we shall examine and analyse as briefly as possible, the opinions given by a man of such undoubted judgment and taste.

M. Perotti has thus stated his design. 1. "To ascertain in the fullest manner, what is the taste for, and present state of, music in Italy; 2dly, to shew the defects, if any, and the abuses that may have been introduced; and 3dly, to point out the most efficacious mode of removing them, and of bringing the art to its greatest degree of perfection."

The author commences his inquiry with Guido d'Arezzo, and proceeds to those masters who in the sixteenth century so rapidly advanced the art of music, an advance which soon became a complete source of triumph to Italy, astonished foreign nations, and compelled them to admire its results. When Louis XIV. ascended the throne, anxious to give eclat to his reign, he declared himself the protector of all men of talent; and the fine arts came at his call to embellish his court and to charm all enlightened minds. But it is not true, as Perotti says, that the celebrated Arcangelo Corelli was amongst the Italian artists, who at this period established themselves in Paris*. Nor does it appear on what authority he asserts, that the French capital was then divided into two parties, by Lully and Corelli; and that the former having obtained the ascendancy, obliged the latter to return to Italy.

The author examines the state of the art at the commencement of the eighteenth century, and shows how much the excellent schools of Tartini, Locatelli, Samis, Geminiani, Nardini, &c., improved instrumental performance. It was, in fact, at this period that orchestras were better arranged, by placing the different instruments in an order till then unknown, so as to avoid confusion and prevent their drowning the voice of the singer.

At the same period, also, the different musical academies, which were already numerous in Italy, contributed powerfully to the advancement of this part of the art. One of the earliest schools was that of Naples, established by order of Ferdinand, king of Arragon; next that of the Philharmonic of Verona; and the Academy of Sienna. Bologna had at first its Academy of *Filomusi*, but afterwards that of Philharmonics, which has since become so celebrated and ranked amongst its members some of the most scientific contrapuntists. The encouragement given to the musical art, gave rise to a multitude of treatises both theoretical and practical. It was then, that the necessity for making singing a particular study was felt; and in a short time public schools, established at Naples, Rome, Bologna, Venice, Modena, Genoa, Milan, and Florence, taught the management of the voice, and the manner of expressing well the language of poetry; shewed the right use of ornament without its abuse, and, in short, laid down a complete set of rules for forming a good singer. These schools produced the celebrated Farinelli, Guadagni, Ber-

* See *L'Art du Violon*, par M. Fayolle, notice on Corelli. A second notice at the beginning of the fifth book of Sonatas, published by J. B. Cartier; *Dict. des Musiciens*; *La Borde, Essai sur la Musique*; *Dictionnaire Historique*.

naschi, Ruffi, Mancini, Vittoria Tesi, Faustina Bordoni, and others. Indeed the improvement in vocal and instrumental music was so great, as to suggest the idea of reforming that of the theatre. Dramatic poetry, so essential a part of the latter, was despised, because it excited so little interest, that it destroyed the effect which the music itself might otherwise have produced. It was of importance to substitute for a bombastic, puerile, and monstrous style, the grand, the sublime, the pathetic; it was necessary also to delineate great characters, to present true and noble images, and particularly to suppress that species of poetry called the madrigal, which the poets introduced into every thing. Some writers such as Rinuccini, Martelli, Manfredi, &c., opened the road which was afterwards travelled with so much success by Apostolo Zeno,—whom the Italians justly regarded as the restorer of the drama,—and particularly by Metastasio, whom they denominated the *first dramatic poet in the world*. Indeed it is to the latter, that we are, in a great measure indebted, for the excellent taste for music which Italy has attained; “and we may say with truth, that it was the fire of Metastasio which kindled such vivid sparks in the minds of the Pergolese, Vinci, Jomelli, and many other composers.” Following the example of Quinault, who submitted his productions to Lully, the Italian poet, concerted with the composer whom he had selected. It was in consequence of the improvements he introduced, that the *de capo* fell into disuse, and that the mania for allowing singers to introduce endless *roulades* was turned into ridicule. To assist him in tearing up the roots which bad taste had so deeply implanted, Metastasio fortunately found a co-adjutor, who was a scientific musician as well as a literary character, a good poet, and a philosopher. This was the celebrated Jomelli, of Naples, who, after having studied in the school of Feo, finished his education under the learned P. Martini. Jomelli entered on a career unknown to his predecessors, and we may see, by a critical examination of his works, that he submitted music to the true expression of poetry. He never repeated the words, except repetition could give more energy to the passion, and fix the attention more directly on the principal object. “He endeavoured principally in his modulations to follow the varied accent of the poetry, and to obey its different sentiments with so much truth and nature, that even if his music were performed without the words, the hearer might perceive what he wished to express.”

Whilst dramatic music was making great strides towards perfection, church music took a new direction more conformable to its object and institution. To Valotti, Padre Martini, Buranello, and Jomelli, these improvements ought to be ascribed, and the facility of hearing excellent music at the theatre, in the church, in the academies, and other public places, was, without doubt, one of the causes of that deep feeling, exquisite taste, and correct ear, by which the Italians are distinguished. This amelioration of music in its different branches likewise extended to singing; and about the middle of the last century, the vocal art was, in many of its branches, carried to the highest degree of perfection. Who, however, would suppose, that this excellence proved one of the means which injured both poetry and music, by the bad application of the best qualities of singing. Such is the opinion of Arteaga, author of the “*Treatise on the Revolutions of the Musical Theatre*,” who justifies his assertion by shewing solecisms in music, introduced by some of the most renowned singers. Notwithstanding these defects, the musical art was at the highest point of glory towards the end of the eighteenth century. Italy recorded with pride the names of Piccini, Sacchini, Sarti, Paisiello, Bianchi, Anfossi, Guglielmi, Cimarosa, Prati,

Gazzaniga, and others, who, by their genius, endeavoured to give greater lustre to the art, and to remove from it the few spots by which it was still obscured. Plocini was one of those who contributed most to the restoration of the theatre. It was to his fertile imagination, peculiar genius, and profound knowledge of music, that we are indebted for the introduction into modern operas, of airs of different characters, such as the rondo, the *polonaise*, and the new form given to bravuras. He was likewise one of those, who suppressed union between the instrument and the voice, which only served to cover and stifle the singer. He re-introduced the chorus, which combines with, and is so necessary to, the action; and added in serious operas, the *finales*. M. Perotti examines the merits of the composers whom we have named: and on Cimarosa observes, after extolling this admirable musician, “Yet, in praising the talent and excellence of this composer, I cannot but allow, that he exhibits a great fault, that of sometimes descending into the *buffo* style, even in his serious operas; too many proofs of which may be seen in his works. Besides this error in judgment, which is peculiar to him, we likewise sometimes discover in his compositions, blemishes which are to be found also in the compositions of several cotemporary authors, in the blame of which, the poets who came after Metastasio, and the singers, ought to participate.” For proofs of this opinion, M. Perotti refers to the second part of his Dissertation, where he treats on the faults which have injured musical taste and corrupted the art, and the causes which have led to them.

M. Perotti makes some reflections on the talent of several living composers, such as Paër, Mayer, Asioli, and Cherubini. In rendering homage to the talent of these skilful masters, he does not, however, consider them as free from criticism; for he says, “We may observe that the too frequent desire of rendering themselves singular, by always wishing to add to and refine art, has often induced them to seek eclat in an excessive display of instruments, and exculpating themselves by throwing the blame on the incapacity of the singers. Such a reason, however, cannot be admitted; one fault cannot justify another.”

Following the plan which he has laid down, after having treated of the serious drama, M. Perotti speaks very briefly of the opera buffa; and terminates by some observations on the composers, who, in our days, have written for the church, and on those who have applied themselves to instrumental music.

In a second article, we shall examine the last two parts of this Dissertation, which contain some curious facts; and shall subjoin a few observations on the means proposed by M. Perotti, for bringing the musical art to a greater degree of perfection.

MODE OF COMMUNICATING MUSICAL SOUNDS TO DEAF PERSONS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HARMONICON.

92, Rail-Mail, Sept. 24, 1822.

SIR,

Your allusion, in the eighth Number of the Harmonicon, to the peculiarly severe affliction, under which the greatest of living composers suffers, induces me to mention, through your medium, a contrivance by which, some years ago, I enabled a deaf person to hear the sounds of the piano-forte with great accuracy. Indeed, I should have communicated

so important a fact to the public long ago, but concluded that it had obtained very general circulation; for the gentleman whom I had the happiness to assist, was so delighted at the success of the experiment, that he declared his intention of making it known to the Deaf and Dumb Institution.

In order to enable any deaf person to hear the sounds of a piano-forte, the following is the method I pursue. The instrument is opened, and a rod of deal wood is provided, about half an inch thick, three quarters wide, and long enough to reach from the bridge on the sound-board to the mouth of the deaf person. If one end of this rod is made to rest firmly on the bridge, and the other end is held between the teeth, the softest sounds produced will be distinctly communicated.

[The rod should not be touched or held by the fingers, but suspended on one end against the pins on the sound-board bridge, and at the other end firmly held between the teeth; and the performer himself may do this.]

The joy which persons express upon experiencing the result of this very simple contrivance, is indescribable, and if you think it worth being made known, I shall feel obliged by your giving admission to this letter.

I am, Sir,

Your very obedient servant,

I. H. R. MOTT.

OBSERVATIONS ON FLUTE-PLAYING.

(From the German.)

THIS instrument, which was held in such estimation in days of antiquity; which filled such an important part, as well in festivities as in the service of the temple; in triumphant strains, as in the sadness of funeral obsequies; which was deemed so essential to oratory, that speakers regulated the tones of their discourse, and poets the rhythm of their verses, by its sounds, has, though invented at so very early a period, only in modern times obtained that degree of perfection, which we may be justified in terming its culmination point. Not only is its treatment and mode of performance altogether different in our days from what it was formerly, in respect to its being more free and more decisive; but the taste for this instrument has become more extended and more refined, and the important part which has been assigned to it in the modern opera, has so far extended the circle of its utility, that the flute may be almost said to rival the violin. In a word, such is the degree of perfection to which it has attained; that all the acquirements of our ancestors on this instrument, would now appear mean and contemptible.

This most delightful of wind-instruments, and which, of all others, is thought to approach the nearest to the human voice, is, however, sometimes misemployed by players, in forcing it to produce a kind of trumpet tone, instead of its natural mellifluous sound. This is altogether foreign to the character of the flute, and has, in a great measure, been the means of strengthening the prejudice that prevails against it, and which will not allow it to be a proper instrument for concertos. This prejudice is still more confirmed by the generality of compositions of this kind, as they are, in many instances, much too uniform to keep attention alive, or to interest strongly the hearers during any long series of passages. If players were more studious to imitate the varied and more delicate bowings of the violin, and particularly its effect in *legato*, and above all in *staccato* passages, then the flute concerto, instead of resembling the tones of a musical clock, could not fail to touch the

heart, and to produce the powerful effects of the human voice, to which the tones of this instrument so much assimilate. The *virtuoso*, who, according to his very name, ought to be one who prizes excellence only, is according to the present taste that prevails in the musical world, rather solicitous to excite surprise by the powers of execution, and by artificial difficulties, than by simplicity and purity of taste, and considers that which costs the most, the most worthy of attention. Art is now every thing; and as this always stands opposed to nature, the *virtuoso*, who studies only to excite admiration and surprise, frequently exercises his powers at the expense of the ear, to which he ought always to pay the greatest deference, and without whose approval, all music is vain and ineffectual. The true master of his instrument is able to produce on that alone, all the powers that music possesses of touching the heart, and of unlocking all the sacred sources of the feeling, and will require nothing from his instrument that is contrary to its genius. Real art is only from within; where she reigns, mechanical art must always yield due submission. She holds the command over the powers of execution, and creates a language peculiar to herself, in order to give utterance to deeply-seated feelings and impart them to others. Devoutly is it to be wished, that those performers who are ambitious of drawing from the flute the tones of the bassoon or the clarinet, would well consider this, and be governed by the predominant character of their instrument, which is confessedly the elegiac; a character productive of the greatest sweetness, and of that pathos which goes at once to the heart.

ON THE INVENTION OF THE *Violicembalo*.

IN the *Gazetta di Milano*, is announced a new instrument called the *Violicembalo*, invented by Abbate Gregorio Trentin, of Venice. It is described as a piano-forte, and played by a bow. It has been rewarded by the gold prize-medal, and is patronised by various amateurs and musicians, at the head of whom is Perotti, chapel-master of *Santo Marco*. But notwithstanding all that has been said in praise of this instrument, it cannot be considered as an entirely new invention, since, both in Germany, and other countries, instruments of the same kind, played by the bow, have been known for many years past. The previous inventions to which we allude, are those of H. Hayden, Hohlfeld, Garbrecht, Grainer, Polleau, &c., and the directions long since given for the structure of such an instrument, in Kircher's *Musurgia*, as well as that of M. Von Meyer, which, however different in its mechanism, seems constructed upon the same principles, and also that of M. Müller, who termed his instrument the *Xenophica*, and of which many got into use. These, together with one or two others, of which descriptions and plates are to be found in the *Machines et Inventions présentées à l'Académie de Paris*, are similar in this respect, that by the pressure of the keys, the strings are brought into contact with a body, by the friction whereof the tones are produced, can be prolonged, and have the effect of the *crescendo* and *diminuendo* given them, of which keyed instruments of the common kind are not susceptible.

The exterior form of the *Violicembalo* of the Abbate Trentin is the same as that of the piano-forte of six octaves. The strings are of catgut, of various dimensions, of which the lowest are covered with metal wire, and each string is appropriated to a single tone. At the extremity of each key is a horizontal lever, by means of which the string is

raised upwards to meet the action of the bow. This bow consists of a piece of woollen stuff, inwrought with silk threads instead of hairs, which is drawn backwards and forwards by means of two cylinders, affixed to the sides, and set in motion by means of a fly-wheel, worked by the right foot.

This is, in all respects, like the bow employed in the instrument of M. Garbrecht; with this difference, that his bow consists of a small silk band, inwrought with horse-hair.

What appears new in this instrument is as follows; 1st. That in the down pressure of the key, the string is compressed between a little piece of thick leather, and retained in the same manner as the violin-string between the finger board and the finger of the performer. Secondly, That in the pressure upwards of the strings, by means of a quill affixed to the lever, the greater extension of the string, which without this would take place, is avoided, as well as the impurity of the after sound.

That the formation of this instrument may have been attended with great difficulties, of which an account is given in the description of it, and that in overcoming them much perseverance was necessary, cannot be doubted; particularly, as the arrangement itself, as described by the inventor, appears sufficiently complicated.

[This is nothing but a revival of the *celestina stop*, invented and performed on, thirty or forty years ago, by the late Mr. Adam Walker, the well-known lecturer on experimental philosophy. ED.]

MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS ON MUSIC.

[Continued from page 125.]

SOME among the grave and the wise, are led to regard music as a frivolous and enervating luxury: but it has had its defenders, and is proud to reckon among them, some of the best and most exalted of mankind.—Did not one of the wisest, and least voluptuous, of all ancient legislators, give great encouragement to music?—Does not a most learned historian ascribe the humanity of the Arcadians to the influence of this art, and the barbarity of their neighbours, the Cynethians, to their neglect of it?—Does not Montesquieu, one of the first names in modern philosophy, prefer it to all other amusements, declaring that “it is the only one of all the arts which does not corrupt the mind”?—Quintilian is very copious in the praise of music; and extols it as an incentive to valour, as an instrument of moral and intellectual discipline, as an auxiliary to science, as an object of attention to the wisest men, and a source of comfort and an alleviator of the toils of labour, even in the meanest.—The heroes of ancient Greece were ambitious to excel in music; and it is recorded of Themistocles, as something extraordinary, that he was not. Socrates appears to have had checks of conscience for neglecting to accomplish himself in this art; for he tells Cebes, a little before he swallowed the deadly draught, that he had all his life been haunted by a dream, in which one seemed to say to him, “O, Socrates, compose and practice music;” in compliance with which admonition, he amused himself while under sentence of death, with turning some of Æsop’s fables into verse, and composing a hymn in honour of

Apollo—the only sort of harmonious composition that was then in his power. The son of Sirach declares the ancient poets and musicians to be worthy of honour, and ranks them among the benefactors of mankind.

But the morose and the worldly, the calculator and the speculatist, will still ask with confidence, “What is its use to the rest of mankind?” It might be answered, that in every country in Europe it is easy to point out the humane and important purposes to which it has been applied. In England; at least, its assistance has been called in by the most respectable profession in the kingdom, in order to open the purses of the affluent, for the support of the distressed offspring of their deceased brethren*.—Many an orphan is cherished by its influence††. The pangs of child-birth are softened and rendered less dangerous by the effects of its power‡‡; and, lastly, it enables its own profession to do what few others can boast—to maintain its own poor; by that admirable and well-directed institution, known by the name of *The Society for the Support of decayed Musicians and their Families*.

Music has ever been the delight of accomplished princes, and the most elegant amusement of polite courts; but at present it is so combined with things sacred and important, as well as with our pleasures, that it seems almost necessary to our very existence: it forms a considerable part of the divine service in our churches; it is essential to military discipline; and the theatres would languish without it. Add to this, that there is scarcely a private family without its flute, its fiddle, or its piano; that it is the means of alleviating labour and mitigating pain; and that it is still a greater blessing to humanity, since it tends to keep us out of mischief, and to blunt the edge of care.

It cannot but be the natural wish of a composer that his melodies, the favourite children of his fancy, should become so many national airs. Even in the case of an author’s being his own publisher, it is ten to one, if he will not be as much pleased as flattered to find his works pirated, and if his love of gain will not be more than outweighed by his vanity. A composer may be as philosophical as he pleases, but it will be well if he is able to conceal his delight should he happen to hear his songs sung by the servant-girls and ‘prentice-lads of some provincial town, or ground piece-meal through the streets on some craggy barrel organ; but what will he say, should he hear them whistled by some tame thrush, or piping bullfinch?—

The musician of genius is a privileged being; he is not forbidden to violate the severest precepts of music, when taste or occasion justify the departure from them. In music, as in all the other fine arts, it is the business of the artist to assign and to observe rules; to find the exceptions, is the province of men of taste and genius.

The musician who has borne away laurels of triumph in his art, may be pardoned great faults, and daring violations of rules; but he must not become feeble: thus in a hero we can overlook the loss

|| Plat. *Phædon*. Sect. iv. ¶ *Ecclesiasticus*.

** The Feast of the Sons of the Clergy.

†† The *Messiah* is annually performed for the benefit of the Fyndling Hospital.

‡‡ The benefit for the Lying-in-Hospital, Brownlow Street.

* Lycurgus. See his life by Plutarch. † Polybius. Hist. Lib. iv. ‡ *Esprit des Loix*. Lib. iv. Chap. 8. § *Instit. Orat.* Lib. i. Cap. 8.

of a battle, as well as any grammatical faults in his despatches, but cannot pardon a disgraceful retreat.

That the hearer of a composition which has cost an author the labour of two years, should enjoy it in as many hours, seems out of all proportion. But does not the same fate attend the poet, and still more so the painter and sculptor, whose works, the fruits of many years, the glance of a moment devours?

Should he, who in an instant consumes the productions of the happiest moments of the masters of their respective arts, should such a man be heard to declare, "I carry the work within me; it is changed into my very substance; I have become greater by it, and feel myself, in consequence, quite another man:" the composer, painter, and sculptor, might well wonder at the effects of which their works were capable, and be almost led to imagine that things were not as they should be.

Yet, upon reflection, they will not, perhaps, have reason to find fault with what appears so unequal a distribution of things. They will find that this devouring of the products of mind, is in reality little else than the sipping the first cream of their excellencies, and that the astonishing disproportion between the time of creation and that of enjoyment, is equalized in this respect.—that, a classical production can be witnessed a hundred times with pleasure, and even with heightened satisfaction; and that the guest who can boast a welcome reception on his first appearance, must have become worthy of such a distinction through certain merits that were self-evident.

But does that which is excellent always please, and does that only please? Is the voice of the people the voice of God, in what regards the arts also?—As little in this, as in other respects. When the question is concerning works that are made to please the many, and which are accommodated to their views and tastes, then the proverb may hold good. But a hundred public works cannot be subjected to conditions like these; for where the public has not attained to that elevation of taste which enables it justly to appreciate such productions, it refuses to acknowledge their merits. It never dreams that the defect is in itself, but attributes it at once to the production. The vulgar, finding a work tedious to them, immediately set it down as a proof of a tediousness existing in the work itself.

Even thus, fame is not always proportionate to merit. He who excels in the works of mind, obtains it only by degrees. The name that is now in the mouths of all, may, in the end, prove to be nothing but a name. The man whom nature has endowed with powers to obtain the mastery, will be absolute master. He then appears to his age and his country as something grand and matchless, to whom no time and no space could produce a superior.

"Money makes money," says the proverb. This may be also applied to the feelings of the mind. He, who in going to hear a fine selection of music, does not take music, hears nothing: and the more he takes with him, the more he will carry away.

It has been remarked, that the more the music of a piece is conformable to the force and meaning of the words, the more difficult it is to enliven it with novelty; which may be traced to this cause, that similar feelings awaken similar ideas. Not that it is wished to afford an argument in favour of plagiarism, of which, in the present day, we have but too many and too glaring examples; but thus much may without danger be advanced, that, in dramatic song at least, truth which affects and touches, is to be preferred to novelty that merely surprises; and that the expression which has its source in the feelings of the soul, is of more value than that originality which is forced and unnatural.

Originality is a term to which proper limits should be set before it is applied to the productions of an author. Every invention is clumsy in its beginning. Shakspeare was not the first writer of plays, nor Milton the inventor of epic poetry; nor was Corelli the first composer of violin solos, sonatas and concertos, although the compositions of this kind which he produced were the best of his time.

CIRCULATION OF THE HARMONICON.—A Correspondent has called our attention, in very pointed terms, to the impediments thrown in the way of the circulation of the HARMONICON, by many dealers in Music, and in some cases by certain professors also, more particularly in the country. This is not, by many, the first intimation we have received of the existence of this mean and paltry spirit, but we have hitherto forbore to notice it, on account of the professional insignificance of those persons to whom we have at present had leisure to trace it. It is hardly necessary to remark either on the mercantile integrity, or professional qualities, of men whose consciences tell them they have any thing to dread from the free and universal circulation of such a work as the HARMONICON, but these worthies are sadly mistaken, if they suppose we shall allow them to indulge their mercenary spirit with impunity. Whenever our leisure will permit, we shall certainly cite some of the parties to whom we allude to the bar of public opinion, and if any unpleasant disclosures should result from an investigation of the principle upon which papists and families are at present supplied with musical works, let these be answerable for the consequences who have in the spirit of envy and disappointed avarice provoked the discussion.

REVIEW OF MUSIC.

THREE GLEES, for Three, Four, and Five Voices, composed by J. C. CLIFTON. (Clementi and Co.)

A SET of Glees, even so small a set as three, is now become a rarity. Formerly, many weighty volumes, each containing from six to a dozen, nay sometimes twenty, "Catches, Canons, and Glees," were published per annum, generally by subscription, the price whereof never looked lower than half-a-guinea, and not unfrequently aspired to double the sum. Every man, some women, and a few children, who could contrive to distribute the two fundamental chords inoffensively amongst three or four voices, compiled one of these books; and "Catch that catch can" was the motto of the banner under which the *soi-disant* composer sallied forth, to levy contributions on patrons, amateurs, and friends. That day of surprising fecundity in vocal harmony is passed away; the "ponderous tomes" to which it gave birth, have been rent in pieces; and Time, the most impartial and efficacious of critics, has spared but little of their contents. What stood his test, he hallowed; and will bear along with him for years, for centuries to come. All the rest have been dispersed, but not lost; transformed, but not annihilated—for the laws of matter admit no final destruction,—and the scattered fragments have long since been applied, in new shapes, to the most useful, if not to the most noble, of purposes.

Let it not be thought that we here mean to ridicule or disparage that truly English species of composition called a Glee; much less would we have it supposed, that it is our design to point a single remark at any individual whatever, living or dead. We only wish to deter industrious professors from wasting their time, by shewing them how much has been thrown away by those who had not taken an exact measure of their ability. For it is so easy in glee writing to approach very near to a mediocrity, which people, blinded by self-love, mistake for excellence; that many are induced to compose; who, when too late, are taught, by being neglected, that they have never felt the inspirations of genius.

Few have received more pleasure from the glee than ourselves; and our national pride is gratified, when we reflect on the many admirable works of this kind, which our country has brought forth since the establishment of that club, whose liberal policy contributed so much to their production. All, or nearly all, of these were printed in the valuable work, edited by Warren Horne, Esq., known by the name of *Warren's Collection*. The best of which were composed by a few talented men, the greater part of whom, being now no more, we may, without the imputation of flattery, say of them, that they were not less beloved for their moral qualities, than admired for the charms of their song. Two of this gifted party are still living, to whom a very full share of the praise which English musicians have obtained in this department of the art is due. They have so entirely and so long laid down the pen, that, as composers, we may mention them amongst the "men of other days."

We are not without some very able glee composers at the present moment; men who possess the inventive fa-

culty—but the number is very small, for we cannot admit into the class with them, those who have nothing to boast of, except a mechanical skill in putting three or four parts together, and are deficient in the main point,—the talent for creating, for imagining; or, in a word, genius.

Here, however, we must terminate the few reflections which the subject elicited; for it is not part of our plan to discuss the professional merits of those by whom we are surrounded, unless they come before us in our official capacity.

The present work by Mr. Clifton, consists of an anacreontic, a pastoral, and a serious glee. The first may be sung by three equal voices, or by two trebles and a bass. The next is for a treble, and three men's voices; and the last is for five equal voices. In the two former we find a great deal of pleasant melody, and some originality; the inner parts sing well, and, upon the whole, the words are correctly expressed. The third is from Gray's *Bard*, the second stanza, or antistrophe, of the first strophe. Two short recitatives are introduced in this with great propriety, for it is an accompanied glee, or quintett, as it should have been called. The word "foaming," in the first recitative, was a bait which Mr. C., following the example of most other musicians, could not help catching at; he has therefore made the poet, who is only narrating, roar out the epithet in these notes, borrowed from the Messiah:—



foam - - - - - ing flood.

thus making him imitate a quality, when he ought simply to relate a circumstance! Another error, quite as great, though not quite so ludicrous, he has committed, by separating "torrents" from "awful," in the following passage:—

Hark! how each giant oak, and desert cave,
Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!

Will it be believed that, in the present enlightened age, these two words are disjoined by a minim rest?—Will it be believed that a composer, without any motive that is apparent, has ventured, with unholy hands, to alter Gray's poetry—the poetry of his sublimest ode? And yet, such is the fact; and instead of "how each giant oak," we now have, "how the giant oaks." Mr. C. was, we can easily suppose, puzzled by the grammatical construction of the original sentence; he should, therefore, have consulted some friend competent to instruct him, and not so rashly have exposed himself to reproof. But this is not all: in the third line of the same stanza, we have the indefinite article, "a," substituted for the definite, "the." In the sixth line, "to" is changed to "through." In the eighth, "sorrows" is altered into the singular. But, in the eleventh line, Mr. Clifton's passion for emendation seems to grow upon him, for,—*mirabile dictu!*—he here discards the verb "weave," chosen by Mr. Gray, and inserts one after his own fancy, "wave." But as *wave*, he thought,

would not rhyme to *breathe* (another word of the poet's selection), he makes it rhyme to itself, and we thereby obtain a line in an improved form,—

Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs *wave*.

The Alexandrine which terminates the stanza, was too much for Mr. C. to manage; he consequently snatches away the title of "high-born" from the bard, and reduces him to plain "Hoel!"

Now and then an indelicate expression occurs in the older poets, which a composer may be allowed to refine; and sometimes a harsh, unmusical word will justify a slight change being made in a verse; but the alterations which we have pointed out, go beyond anything that we ever before witnessed,—they immolate the poet, and bring down fresh derision on the already too much despised professor of music.

It was our intention to notice a few false accents; to object to the resolution of a discord in another part, an octave below; and to argue against the use of two consecutive fifths in certain cases, even though one be false: but a higher subject for criticism has exhausted all our time and room, and perhaps our reader's patience. We have, therefore, only to express our regret that the pleasure which we might have derived from the inspection of these glees, is so completely damped by the faults that we have felt ourselves bound to expose.

"SHOULD HE UPBRAID," the admired air by Bishop, arranged as a DIVERTISEMENT, with an INTRODUCTION, for the Piano-Forte, by G. KIALLMARK. (Goulding, D'Almaine, and Co Soho-Square.)

Mr. Bishop's song is well known to every body, and is deservedly admired; for, bating a few strange accents, it is a composition of great merit. Mr. Kiallmark has shewn considerable address in his manner of converting it into a lively agreeable divertisement, neither too difficult for the generality of performers, nor too easy to be scorned by those who are capable of achieving much more arduous labours. Its effect as a piano-forte piece, would have been much augmented by a little modulation: it dwells too long in the same key, by which the air, deprived of words and action, has a tendency,—a very slight one, we acknowledge,—to tire the ear. But its shortness,—a quality which we cannot omit to praise,—perhaps rendered a divergence into remote keys impracticable, and any thing is to be preferred to tediousness. The Introduction is well put together, and the whole may rank as a useful addition to the fugitive productions of the day. By its price we are led to conclude that the publishers did not expect a very extensive sale. Three shillings for seven pages is a dignified sum for a mere arrangement of an air, and where there is no claim on the ground of original invention.

MAYSSEDER'S FAVOURITE DIVERTIMENTO, for the Flute and Piano-Forte. Arranged by CHARLES SAUST. (Cocks and Co., Princes St., Hanover Square.)

This is the *Polonaise* given in our last Number, in the notice of Mr. Nicolson's adaptation of it for the flute. Mr. Saust's arrangement is well executed for both instruments, and is better suited to performers in general than the former, in so far as it is undoubtedly easier. In any other respect we do not wish to make an invidious comparison:

both are good; the one for tip-top players, who take fright at nothing; the other, for the many, who have no inclination to purchase praise at the expense of great labour and perseverance. We are glad to perceive that the flute,—a most gentlemanlike instrument, and capable of great expression,—is regaining its ascendancy. Formerly, almost every man in the upper, middling, and higher ranks, acquired a certain practical knowledge of it. It then fell into disuse, but it now is again in everybody's hands, and promises to be more generally cultivated than ever.

SIX SELECT AIRS, from Rossini's celebrated opera, *La Donna del Lago*, arranged for the Piano Forte and Flute, by C. M. SOLA. (Clementi and Co.)

These airs, as arranged by M. Sola, are, in fact, duets for the piano-forte and flute; for the latter is *obligato*, and takes a full moiety in the performance. They are judiciously selected from the opera, and would make agreeable pieces for two performers of moderate ability, were they thoroughly revised and corrected. In their present state they shew either great carelessness in adapting, or a very indifferent taste in harmony. Two fifths in the same progression, even though one may be false, are extremely offensive to a delicate ear, unless the sounds of which the latter fifth is formed be made to contract into a third, thus,—



Mr. Sola does not seem to entertain much respect for this rule, for we find more than one instance in which he has neglected it, with a very disagreeable result. Page 4 furnishes two examples of the error to which we allude.



At the same page also is the following passage:



We have taken these examples promiscuously from among many that were open to our choice; they make us regret that Mr. Sola, who is a clever flute player, had not shewn his arrangement to some person, whose immediate province it is to adapt for the piano-forte, and to comprehend fully the nature of a score, before he published the present work; which, we repeat, might be rendered a very pleasant collection by salutary alterations.

RONDO FAVORI, pour le Piano-Forte, par J. N. HUMMEL. (Hambourg, chez A. Cranz. Imported by Wessel and Stodart, Soho-Square.)

The name of Hummel has, for a long period, stood very high in Germany, as a composer for the piano-forte, and is now becoming very well known to performers of a superior order in this country. Most of his works that we have seen are rather *recherché*, and shew more learning than fancy; though they all bear the undoubted stamp of a master. Latterly, however, some few of his publications have fallen into our hands that are written in a more popular manner than the major part of those with which we

were acquainted, and contain a greater abundance of melody;—or, perhaps, we should express ourselves better, were we to say, the melody in these is less enveloped in harmony, and therefore more easily discerned. Of this description is the Rondo now before us, which, whatever its original date may be, is new to us, and has only very recently been imported. We have derived much gratification from it, and do not consider it as a piece that will put to the utmost stretch the abilities of a numerous class of players; though it certainly will not suit inferior performers. The principal subject, which is airy and well imagined, is contained in these few bars:



This is expanded and relieved, by passages skilfully connected, which afford an opportunity for the display of a brilliant finger, and a good expression. A second sub-

ject is introduced, which we subjoin: its effect is very melodious and pleasing.



There is not any great variety of modulation in this Rondo; though being quick, and of a reasonable length, the auditor discovers in it no monotony of key. We recommend it to the notice of our readers, as a composition

that will please the ear, satisfy the judgment, and improve the hand of all who shall devote to it a moderate share of practice and attention.

I. VARIATIONEN über einen beliebten Wiener-Waltzer, von CARL CZERNY, Wien, bei Steiner & Co.

(Variations upon the favourite Vienna Waltz, by Charles Czerny. Vienna, published by Steiner; imported by Wessel and Stodart, Soho Square.)

II. VARIATIONS sur une Ecossaise favorite de M. F. Schubert; composées par Joseph Czerny. A Vienne, chez Steiner, and Co. (Imported by Cocks and Co., Princes Street, Hanover Square.)

THE compositions of Mr. Charles Czerny, for the piano-forte, were first made known in London by a *Fantasia*, which was played at the Philharmonic Concerts last season. It did not introduce his name into this metropolis, in such a

way, as to gain for him at once the meed of public opinion, for it shewed, that labour alone was employed in producing it, and that execution was the only qualification required in its performance. The piece was full of studied difficulties, and barren of spontaneous genius. But it would be rank injustice to judge an author definitively by a single work, especially if that one be not an evidence selected by himself: and, since the performance alluded to, some things by M. Czerny have been imported by the dealers in foreign music, which have merit enough, particularly, as combined with the novelty of a fresh name, to recommend them to attention. Amongst these, is the popular *Vienna Waltz*, with its variations. The waltz is so graceful and expressive, that we are induced to insert it in this place.

VIENNA WALTZ.

Allegretto.

The musical score is written for piano and forte. It consists of three systems of music. The first system begins with a treble and bass staff, with a key signature of two flats and a 3/4 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Allegretto'. The first system includes a 'Dol.' (Dolce) marking. The second system includes a repeat sign. The third system includes 'Dim.' (Diminuendo) and 'p' (piano) markings.

This theme is prefaced by an *Introduzione à Capriccio*, and the variations are only four in number, though a long coda is added to the last. These are elaborately written, and are difficult, particularly the fourth, which exhibits another revival of those semitonic passages that were introduced many years ago by Dussek, and are the only impeachment of his good *musical* sense, that remains on record. This point excepted, the present work is rather an ingenious production, and will recompense whoever may

bestow sufficient time upon it; but it will require some industry and patience to enable those to play it who are not already proficient on the piano-forte.

Of M. Joseph Czerny we have no knowledge, but conclude, that he is of the same family as the foregoing. His variations, seven in number, have nothing new in them; they pursue the same track that has been beaten for many years past, and have, under various names, nauseated the ear during a long quarter of a century at least.

SWEETHEARTS AND WIVES.

1. "GO ROVER, GO," a Song sung by Madame Vestris, in the Operatic Comedy, entitled *Sweethearts and Wives*. Composed and Arranged for the Piano-Forte, by JOHN WHITAKER. (Whitaker and Co. St. Paul's Church-yard.)
2. "MY LAURA'S SMILE, WHEN LAST WE MET," a Rondo, sung by Mr. Davis, in the same. Composed and published by the same.
3. "THE OLD STORY OVER AGAIN," a Ballad sung by Mrs. Jones, in the same. Composed and published by the same.
4. "HOW CAN YOU ABUSE AN EASY WOMAN SO?" A Duet sung by Miss Love and Mr. Liston, in the same. The Music arranged from a French subject, by I. NATHAN. (Fentum, 76, Strand.)
5. "BILLY LACK-A-DAYS LAMENT," sung by Mr. Liston, in the same. Composed by I. NATHAN. (Fentum.)
6. "THE OFFERINGS, LOVE, WE BRING TO THEE," a Duet, sung by Mr. Davis and Mad. Vestris, in the same. I. NATHAN. (Fentum.)
7. "A SECRET," sung by Mrs. Jones, in the same. I. NATHAN. (Fentum.)
8. "I'LL NOT BE A MAIDEN FORSAKEN," sung by Miss Love in the same. I. NATHAN. (Fentum.)
9. "WHY ARE YOU WANDERING HERE, I PRAY?" a Ballad sung by Madame Vestris, in the same. I. NATHAN. (Fentum.)
10. "THY CHEEK, MY SWEET FAIR," a Ballad, sung by Mr. Davis, in the same. Composed by GEORGE PERRY, Composer to the Theatre Royal, Haymarket. (Mayhew and Co., Music-sellers to the Royal Family, 17, Old Bond Street.)

The "Operatic Comedy" of *Sweethearts and Wives* has had a most fortunate career; it has run through a whole season, unrelieved by any other novelty, and continued to draw as much at the close as it did at the commencement. To the performers,—namely, to Mr. Liston, whose exertions gave most effect to it, and to Madame Vestris, its next best support, must be mainly ascribed the applause and popularity which it has gained, for it is not very strong in itself; and the music, of which it is our chief business to speak, has no marked feature in it, and can have aided but little in sustaining the drama to which it is joined.

Four gentlemen united their talents to compose the songs, &c., of which the operatic part of this piece consists. The portion supplied by Mr. Cooke, does not appear to be published. All of the remainder is, we believe, comprised in the above list.

In those pieces which Mr. Whitaker has produced, an entire absence of all enterprise,—a cautious determination not to travel out of the common track, in, perhaps, a fruitless search after novelty,—and a prudent resolve not to offer any thing to the public but that with which they had often before been negatively contented, are abundantly apparent. Printing the song, No. 1, in score, is an ingenious mode of making people purchase four pages, instead of one which would well have contained the whole of it. Such a practice is an implication,—a very erroneous one,—that every lady who buys music can boast of possessing violins, bassoons, flutes, and a pair of horns.

Mr. Nathan has been more adventurous than his col-

league; greater effort is evinced in his compositions, and they have been the most successful. The duet, No. 4, from a French subject, has considerable dramatic merit. We are in the habit, in this country, of decrying French music, without being aware how much of it, in a disguised form, we applaud at our theatres, mistaking it for native produce, Mr. Nathan's renouncement of his claim to this duet is manly, and much to his credit. His ballad, No. 9, is very pretty, but most of its phrases are common; though the opening of it with an inversion of the diminished 7th, is new. For its popularity it is in a great measure indebted to the arch and insinuating manner in which it is sung, by one of the most fascinating women on the stage.

Mr. Perry would have shewn his discretion in not publishing his ballad, its triteness is oppressive. We last season heard some of this young composer's productions which pleased us much, and induced a favourable augury of his talents. We trust and believe that he will not ultimately disappoint our hopes.

Before quitting this opera, we have to acknowledge the attention which its composers have paid to the language of the songs; if amongst them any perversion of the sense, or any error in prosody, is to be found, we can only say that it has escaped our observation.

SIXTH FANTASIA, consisting of the most favourite Airs from Rossini's Opera, *Il Barbiere di Seviglia*, [Siviglia] composed and arranged for the Piano-Forte, with Flute accompaniment, [ad libitum] by JOHN PURKIS.—(Hodsoll, 45, High Holborn.)

The pieces out of this most deservedly popular opera which are woven into this Fantasia, are, the duet, "*All' idea di qual metallo*,"—the air, "*Una voce poco fa*,"—"*Io sono docile*," which is the second part of the air; and a fourth, whose name does not occur to our recollection at the present moment. They are remarkably well combined, and are arranged for the instrument with great ability; forming a very brilliant divertissement, that is shewy, not difficult, and of a modest length; for though it fills ten pages, yet, as the flute part is added to that of the piano-forte, one fourth of the whole must be subducted on this account. The accompaniment is not at all essential; but, if used, will be found simple and easy.

INTRODUCTION AND VARIATIONS, in the favourite Air "*Fra tante angoscie*," by Caraffa, for two performers on the Piano-Forte, composed by JOHN BIANCHI TAYLOR. (Clementi and Co.)

This is a good arrangement of a popular and beautiful air, and is one of the most pleasing piano-forte duets that have been published for some time past. The slight difficulty, in point of execution, that is to be found in it, is thrown into the upper part, the lower being perfectly easy, and not beyond the means of a very young player: so that the piece is exactly calculated to meet a case that often occurs; namely, when two sisters, one rather advanced, and the other a mere beginner, wish to perform a duet.

Mr. Taylor has fallen into the mistake which many others have made, in supposing the favourite air to be "*Fra tante angoscie*;" this is the *Largo* only. "*Aure felice*," are the first words of the elegant and original melody which is so universally and justly admired, and it is upon this that he has composed some variations which have a great deal of merit.

MUSICAL FESTIVALS.

GLOUCESTER.

THE music-meetings, or musical festivals which take place in the different provincial towns at this season of the year, necessarily excite a strong local interest; and as all amateurs, wherever their lot may have fixed them,—whether in the distant parts of the British isles, in the various states of the continent, or in our still more remote colonies,—will be gratified by some general account of these very delightful and most useful assemblings of the chief persons in those populous and wealthy counties: we have deputed a gentleman to supply us with such information as he, an eye-witness, may be able to collect and transmit in the short time that our publication will permit us to allow him: our correspondent thus commences his first letter, from Gloucester:—

The triennial meeting of the choirs of Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester, cathedrals, was held here, on the 17th, 18th, 19th September, for the benefit, as usual, of the widows and orphans of the poor clergy, of these three Dioceses. Supposing the preparatory events of such occasions over, such as great ingress of company—their safe arrival at private or other lodgings, and their thoughts brimful only of the approaching treat, supposing all this, we will leave them for the present, to their happy cogitations on music and dress, and slip aside to the rehearsal of the intended performances. This took place at the Shire Hall, where the concerts and balls are given,—we there found an apartment of considerable magnitude, and certainly not devoid of elegance, but by no means calculated for hearing music to advantage, on account of its great echo;—for instead of receiving the sounds immediately, as propelled by the instruments or voices, you may be said to receive them only at second-hand, which is an Hibernian mode of profiting by first impressions.—Apropos of first impressions; the present is not exactly the moment when the good people of Gloucester can be said to receive them, for this meeting happens to be the *hundredth* from their first institution. But to proceed,—being seated in the Shire Hall, you vainly look for the gratification of your wishes, until at least an hour and a half has elapsed in compliment and conversation; and even then, your desires are rarely satisfied, for at the termination of that period, and waiting at least another half hour for the grateful harmony of tuning the instruments, you have at last the supreme gratification of seeing something like an actual commencement made, which very often after the first dozen bars is interrupted, and another awful pause succeeds; things being once more *en train*, you perhaps may have the felicity to hear a score or so of songs, duets, trios, &c., *hummed* through, for the *Genti Cantanti* are justified in veiling themselves at rehearsals, that they may more effectually exhibit their powers on the day of performance. There is another odd feature in the arrangement of a rehearsal, which is in the selection of pieces to be tried; for strange as it may appear, those that are paid most attention to, are usually those which are best known to the performers; and the pieces with which they are scarcely acquainted, are either hurried over, or sometimes not tried at all. However inconsistent this practice may appear, it is not always pro-

ductive of bad consequences, for we could mention many instances in which pieces, and intricate pieces too, have gone all the better for *not* having been rehearsed: as some generals have fought those battles best, in which they were taken by surprise.

Notwithstanding the ominous appearance of a wet and unpleasant morning, the Cathedral, on Wednesday the 17th, was tolerably well filled. Previous to the commencement of divine service, the Overture, *Esther*, was performed with very grand effect. The *Dettingen Te Deum*, followed, and was succeeded by Dr. Boyce's divine Anthem, "*Blessed is he*," in which was introduced the duet, "*Here shall soft Charity*," beautifully sung, and, we doubt not, had great influence upon the feelings of the congregation. The Sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Timbrill, (one of the Stewards,) from Revelations xiv. 2 and 3. "*I heard the voice of harpers, harping with their harps; and they sung as it were a new song before the throne.*" In his discourse the Rev. Preacher gave a history of music from the earliest periods, and of the influence which it possesses over the human mind. The service concluded with the performance of Knyvett's *Coronation Anthem*, which was well executed and received.

The Concert in the evening was attended by a very respectable audience, and the performances went off remarkably well. Mr. Vaughan was much applauded in a song by Dr. Whitfield, (formerly Dr. Clarke) which he sung in that chaste and pleasing manner which always characterizes his style of singing. Miss Stephens was warmly greeted, on coming forward to sing Bishop's charming ballad of "*Sweet Home*," which she performed with great feeling and taste, and was encored. Her *Echo Song* likewise was given with an effect which we cannot adequately describe, and was eagerly and unanimously called for a second time. The flute accompaniment to this by Mr. Nicholson, was a masterly effort. Mrs. Salmon was greatly applauded in "*The waves of slow retiring day*," a song by Rossini, with English words set to it. Signora Caradori excited great applause by the sweetness and expression with which she executed several Italian airs. Mr. Sapio must become a decided favourite with the public: we have seldom been more pleased than with his *Soldier's Dream*, a beautiful ballad, written by Campbell the poet, and set with as much good sense as musical skill by Attwood, which was sung with a remarkable degree of feeling and effect. The glee, "*There is a bloom*," by Miss Stephens, Vaughan, and Bellamy, was most deservedly encored. Our old favourite Lindley, was greater than ever in his Concerto on the Violoncello, an instrument which in his hands "discourses most eloquent music." His execution is absolutely astonishing, even to those who have frequent opportunities of witnessing his facility. A Concerto on the Harp, by Mr. Bochsa, was likewise performed with great skill. To account for his being here, we suppose he pleaded the Benefit of the Clergy.

The Cathedral, on Thursday morning, was remarkably well attended, there being upwards of fourteen hundred persons present. The performance, *REDEMPTION*, was a novelty here; and, comprising, as it does, a selection of the best and most favourite pieces of Handel, we lament that our limits will not allow more than a brief notice of some of the beauties which abound in it. The Occasional Overture was performed with remarkable spirit and precision, under the admirable leading of Cramer. Bellamy gave full effect to that difficult and sublime composition, "*He layeth the beams*," the execution and accompaniment of

which form, perhaps, as rich a musical treat as can well be imagined. Miss Travis, in "*Abraham enough*," and "*There beneath a lowly shade*," was very pleasing and successful. Miss Stephens was exquisitely delightful in "*Pious orgies*," "*Angels ever bright and fair*," and "*Holy, holy*," in each of which, her liquid notes stole upon the ear with the most thrilling sweetness, and created a sensation of delight and satisfaction seldom equalled. Mrs. Salmon, undoubtedly the most powerful English singer we have, was more than great in "*In sweetest harmony*," and "*He was eyes unto the blind*," and most particularly so in "*Sing ye to the Lord*," all sung in a manner to excite the most lively admiration. Vaughan gave universal satisfaction in "*Lord, remember David*," and "*Jehovah, crowned with glory bright*," was finely sung by Knyvett. But the most effective performance of the morning was in the Quartett, by the principal singers, "*Their bodies are buried in peace*," which produced a degree of intense feeling amongst the auditory that can only be duly estimated by those who were present. Its effect was visible upon all; and being immediately followed with imposing solemnity by the *Dead March in Saul*, many and many a bright eye was suffused with the overflowings of feelings which it was found impossible to repress.

The Concert Room, at the New Shire Hall, on Thursday evening, presented a bumper, and we know not when we have before seen an assembly comprising so much rank, beauty and fashion. Miss Stephens warbled "*Should he upbraid*," most delightfully, and was eagerly encored. Vaughan's "*See from the silent grove Alexis flies*," was well sung, and most charmingly accompanied by Lindley on the Violoncello. All Mrs. Salmon's admirable vocal powers were exerted in "*Cease your funning*," and a greater display of extraordinary force and talent has perhaps seldom been heard. Sapio sang Bishop's "*Orinthia, my beloved*," in a way to excite an unanimous call for a repetition. In the instrumental department, a Concerto on the Violin, by Cramer, was performed in his usual style, and was rapturously applauded; and a Duet on the Harp and Flute, by Bochs and Nicholson, attracted attention and gave great satisfaction.

The MESSIAH, on Friday morning, at the Cathedral, proved, as usual, eminently attractive, there being a greater number of persons present than on the preceding day. The sublimity and beauty of this divine master-piece of Handel are so well known and universally acknowledged, that it must ever stand the first of Sacred Oratorios. The Oratorio altogether was highly gratifying. It was well opened by Vaughan in "*Comfort ye, my people*," and Mrs. Salmon was very effective in "*There were shepherds*," but we think that the pathos and sweetness which pervaded "*He shall feed his flock*," by Miss Travis, and "*Come unto him, all ye that labour*," by Miss Stephens, formed the most affecting feature of the day; the latter lady was also particularly happy in "*I know that my Redeemer liveth*," which was sung with all her own native melody. The efforts of the other performers were peculiarly felicitous, and all tended to render the Oratorio highly gratifying. We were especially struck with the very able manner in which the Chorusses were performed—a remark equally applicable to the Chorusses in *Redemption*.

The Concert was not so well attended on this evening as the last, but the performances were quite as gratifying. Miss Stephens was

warmly encored in "*Bid me discourse*," which she sung most sweetly; she likewise gave "*Auld Robin Gray*," with great pathos, and was encored, but did not repeat the song, merely, we believe, from exhaustion. Mrs. Salmon sang "*Wherefore, sweet maid, sigh you so?*" very delightfully; and Signora Caradori was encored in "*La plus Jolie*," accompanied by herself on the piano-forte. Sapio was very deservedly encored in "*Fra tante angoscie*." "*God save the King*" closed the entertainment, sung by the principal vocal performers.

Upon the whole, this meeting has been a very rich musical treat, and the satisfaction it has generally given is the best panegyric upon the Conductor, Mr. Mutlow, whose exertions have been unceasing; and, we are most happy to find, have been crowned with deserved and complete success.—It was generally observed, that the Chorusses had never been given with finer effect. Mr. Clarke was at the organ, and Dr. Clarke Whitfield, Professor of music to the University of Cambridge, presided at the piano-forte. It is scarcely necessary to say, that Mr. Cramer led the band with his accustomed ability; and it was not amongst the least of the pleasures excited on this occasion, to witness the perfect good humour and suavity of manner which characterized his deportment throughout.

The liberality and indefatigable attentions of the Stewards were conspicuous, and gratefully acknowledged by the public; those who officiated were T. G. B. Eastcourt, Esq., M.P., Chandos Leigh, and W. Goodrich, Esqrs., and the Rev. Dr. Timbrill; the Rev. T. Selwyn and Rev. W. Huntley were unable to attend, but were most efficiently represented by the Rev. Dr. Hall, Vice Chancellor of Oxford, and the Rev. T. Pettatt.

We have the agreeable task of closing this account by stating, that the collections for the Charity evinced increased liberality on the part of the public, and were as follows:

First Morning	£240	12	5
Second ditto	264	0	0
Third ditto	255	2	0
	£759	14	5

Being 71l. 18s. 7d. more than was collected in 1820.

Among the Company present we observed the following:

The Duke and Duchess of Beaufort and the Ladies Somerset, the Duke of Buckingham, Earl Bathurst and the Ladies Bathurst, Lord and Lady Bolingbroke and family, Lady Adare, Lady Ducie and the Hon. Miss Moretons, Lord and Lady Sherborne, and the Hon. Miss Duttons, Lord Calthorpe, Lord Redesdale and family, Lord Lilford, Lord and Lady John Somerset, Lady Juliana Annesley, Hon. Mrs. Annesley, Lady Harriet Mitchell, Lady Roesmore, Lady and the Miss Codringtons, Hon. Mrs. Tracy and family, Lord Apsley, Hon. W. L. Bathurst, Hon. C. Bathurst, Hon. Mr. Morton, Hon. A. Morton, Hon. Mr. Leveson, Right Hon. C. Bathurst and family, Sir T. and Lady Crawley, Sir W. Guise, Generals Guise and Marriott, Colonels Shedden, Berkeley, and Webb, Colonel and the Miss Kingscotes, &c. &c.

YORKSHIRE GRAND MUSICAL FESTIVAL,

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE YORK COUNTY HOSPITAL, AND
OF THE GENERAL INFIRMARIES OF LEEDS,
SHEFFIELD, AND HULL.

The musical expectations of the public in the northern countries, have never been so powerfully excited, or so completely gratified, as by the Festival which is celebrating in this most ancient and interesting city. The Cathedral, which is the largest, and finest Gothic structure in this, or, we may venture to say, any other country, is excellently well adapted for music, *per se*; and the effect which, by association, it adds to the full strains of harmony, defy all the powers of description. The lovers of music have enjoyed one of the most delightful banquets ever known; the commemoration of Handel, in Westminster Abbey, only excepted. Hopes of the most sanguine kind were freely indulged, previously to the consummation of this event; but the most sanguine have had all their hopes realized.

The preparations, made in the Cathedral and the Assembly Rooms, were most splendid and judicious.—The most excellent regulations were adopted by the Committee for the preservation of order and the enhancement of the comfort of the public. A strong and substantial railway is erected from the south to the west door, within which those who attend the Minster on foot are secured from all interruption from the spectators. An extensive shade is built at the west doors, extending a considerable way into the Minster Yard, under which the company leave and return to their carriages, effectually screened from any unfavourable weather.

The carriages began to arrive in York on Friday, and continued to follow each other in rapid succession up to Tuesday. Horses and vehicles of all descriptions had been engaged at nearly all the towns in this and the neighbouring counties, for several weeks previous. The number of elegant equipages and distinguished company at present in this city, perhaps, exceed any thing of the kind ever before witnessed. It presents a most animated scene of bustle and activity.—At intervals the principal streets are so completely blocked up with carriages as for some time to prevent their further progress. On Tuesday, the line of carriages (which consisted of about 250,) waiting the conclusion of the performances, extended from the west door of the Minster, round the north side, through Ogleforth, Goodramgate, Haymarket, and Colliergate, to the middle of the Pavement.

TUESDAY MORNING.—The doors of the Cathedral were opened at ten o'clock, when the seats were rapidly occupied; the West Gallery and Middle Aisle were soon so completely filled, that numbers, who had taken tickets for those places, were under the necessity of going to the Side Aisles. The number present was about 3,500.—When the company were seated, the scene was grand beyond description, and we may confidently assert, that it was one which has never been surpassed (if equalled) in this city, since the days when York was the seat of regal splendour.

At twelve o'clock, the performances commenced.—The electrical effect of the first note of the *Dettingen Te Deum* can never be forgotten, or paralleled; we can compare it to nothing but an instantaneous transition to another sphere, pure, and refined from all the grossness of an ordinary world. When we saw the arrangements, the effect of the building, &c., this morning, we were over-

whelmed by surprise. The Orchestra, comprising as it does, all that is "rare and cunning in the art," appeared actuated by one mind and hand, and left nothing to be imagined or wished for more. Professing to give "honour where 'tis due," we feel ourselves bound in duty, and as Englishmen gratifying is that duty, to place at the head of the vocalists, our fair countrywomen, Mrs. Salmon and Miss Stephens.—Overwhelming as the powers of Catalani are, she is not so well placed in the church as in the concert room. But her "*Grazias Agimus*," from a mass by Guglielmi, produced a great effect, for it is well qualified to exhibit her agility, and still more so, the exquisite tone, expression, and elegance of Mr. Willman, whose clarinet certainly realizes the most poetical dream of "soothing sounds." Mrs. Salmon delights, as well as astonishes. "*From mighty Kings*" is at once a concentration of every quality the most extravagant imagination requires in a perfect singer. Distinct enunciation, soul-searching tone, faultless execution, and so exquisitely in tune! For illustration of enharmonic, we know no one to whom we should revert so soon as Mrs. Salmon.

Miss Stephens is another example of British talent, in a science which has been so often insolently asserted, and as foolishly believed, to be foreign to our soil and climate. "*Pious Orgies*," and the extract from Dryden's Ode, proved Miss Stephens's claim to the praise of excellence in sacred music to be as legitimate as in the theatrical department. Miss Goodall and Miss Travis sung the Duet "*O never bow we down*" exquisitely, a term we can with equal truth apply to the latter lady's performance with Miss Stephens of Marcellus's beautiful psalm, "*Qual anclante*."—Mr. Sapio, whose natural requisites are, perhaps, greater than any contemporary, aided by as much science and taste as go towards the formation of a great singer, unites to these that energetic delivery and clearness of articulation, which have so eminently contributed to the long admitted supremacy of Braham. "*Sound an alarm*," and "*Deeper and Deeper*," never were more happily given, or more impressively felt; and it is with great pleasure we find, that this gentleman is "English, English, Sirs, from the top to the toe"—*malgre* his name. For fine tone, we do not know his equal. Mr. Vaughan, whose name is synonymous with classical chastity, fully sustained his well-earned fame, and (*inter alia*), we cannot but instance the performance of "*Gentle Airs*," with Mr. Lindley's accompaniment, as, perhaps the most perfect specimen of the style, and the richest illustration of the great composer's intention now extant, and with all our predilection for the advancement of science, we cheerfully subscribe to the supremacy of Handel in this walk, and can only wish what we scarcely hope, that so able a commentator as Mr. Vaughan may be always found.

Mr. Bellamy sung "*Arm, arm, ye brave*," with great energy and effect, and in the concerted Music with Messrs. Vaughan, Knvett, &c., exhibited a fund of musical knowledge. To give any idea of the effect of the chorusses, is impossible. The magnificent scene of action is alone capable, as well as worthy, of the astonishing and overwhelming peals of harmony which "poured in floods along." The admirable conducting of Mr. Greatorex, so ably assisted by Dr. Camidge, rendered the multifarious labours of the Choral department as easy as effective. The assemblage was numerous and splendid, and that they departed delighted and gratified beyond expression is the least we can say.

TUESDAY EVENING.—The Auditory of this evening heard two

admirable Sinfonias, led with a fire and energy not to be surpassed, and seconded by a Band, we think, not to be equalled. The winding up of "*Anacreon*" was the rush of a whirlwind, and the excitement tumultuous, both in feeling and applause. The selection exhibited a most graceful variety, and the admirer of classical sobriety, or of the florid *Bravura*, must have been alike gratified. If we might demur in the slightest degree, it would be to the too numerous concerted pieces, Glee's in particular, which would be replaced with much interest by Solos. This of course cannot apply to such things as the magnificent "*Dove son*" which was sung and accompanied worthy of Mozart. Mrs. Salmon in "*Tu che accendi*" crowned her matchless efforts of the morning. Miss Stephens embodied sound and feeling in the most delicious manner in "Hush, ye pretty warbling choir," and was herself the very counterpart of the thing she described. Mr. Vaughan sung very elegantly a song by Horsley; and Sapio added to his claim to applause. Nicholson's Flute Concerto was wonderful; but music is meant to please by exciting emotion, not to astonish by mechanical dexterity.

WEDNESDAY MORNING.—Of this Morning's Performance our time renders it impossible to give any detail. The Chorusses, we must say, and every body says the same, were as sublime in effect as they are in conception, and the oldest Professors present declare the performance of them to have been perfect, and to leave all precedent, save the one we have before named, at an immeasurable distance. The numbers present were 5000.

This meeting has been so complete in all its parts, and will so long continue to be spoken of as a rare occurrence, and such as may serve for a model in future, that we shall give our readers an extended list of the various performances, so far as they were determined when our intelligence arrived from York. We also insert a list of the performers, which is extended to every individual, except the chorus-singers; and their numbers forbid the introduction of the name of each person employed in that important department.

PERFORMANCES.

First Day—Tuesday, Sept. 23, 1823.

PART I.

Chorus—"We praise thee." Chorus—"All the earth." Semi-Chorus—"To thee, all Angels." Chorus—"To thee, Cherubim."—From the *Dettingen Te Deum*. HANDEL.

Song—Miss Stephens, "Pious Orgies."

Chorus—"O Father, whose almighty power." Recit. Song—Mr. Bellamy, "I feel the Deity." "Arm, arm, ye brave." Chorus—"We come in bright array." Recit.—Mr. Vaughan, "So will'd my father." Trio, with double-Choir and Chorus—"Disdainful of danger," Messrs. Knyvett, Buggine, Vaughan, Sapio, Bellamy, and Isherwood. Recit. Air—Mr. Sapio, "My arms," "Sound an alarm." Chorus—"We hear." Recit.—Mr. Bellamy, "Haste we, my brethren." Chorus—"Hear us, O Lord." Semi-Chorus and Chorus—"See the conquering hero." Recit. Song—Mrs. Salmon, "O let eternal honours." "From mighty kings." Chorus—"Sing unto God." Duetto—Miss Travis and Miss Goodall, "O never bow we down." Chorus—"We never will bow down."—From *Judas Maccabees*.—HANDEL.

PART II.

Overture—(*Esther*). HANDEL.

Song—Mad. Catalani, "Gratias agimus." (Clarinet Obligato, Mr. Willman). GUGLIELMI.

Recit.—Messrs. Vaughan and Bellamy, "Such, Jephtha." Chorus—"When his loud voice."—*Jephtha*. HANDEL.

Song—Mr. Vaughan, "Gentle airs." (Violoncello Obligato, Mr. Lindley.) *Athalie*. HANDEL.

Quartetto, with double-Choir—Miss Travis and Miss Goodall, Messrs. Knyvett, Buggine, Vaughan, Sapio, Bellamy, and Isherwood, "Lo, my Shepherd." HAYDN.

(Introduced in the Oratorio of *Judith*, composed and compiled by W. Gardiner.)

Chorus—"Hark the furious tempest," (from *La Tempesta*.) HAYDN.

Recit. Song—Mr. Isherwood, "My cup is full." "Shall I in Mamre's." Chorus—"For all these mercies."—*Joshua*. HANDEL.

Recit. Song—Mrs. Salmon, "Ye sacred priests," "Farewell, ye limpid springs."—*Jephtha*. HANDEL.

Recit.—Mr. Vaughan, "'Tis well." March. Air and Chorus—"Glory to God, the strong cemented walls."—*Joshua*. HANDEL.

PART III.

Sanctus—(the Solos by Miss Goodall and Mr. Knyvett).—JONELLI.

Duetto—Miss Stephens and Miss Travis, "Qual anelante." MABCELLO.

Motet—"O God, when thou appearest." MOZART.

Song—Madame Catalani, "Holy, Holy." HANDEL.

Quartetto—Miss Travis, Messrs. Knyvett, Vaughan, and Bellamy, "Sing unto God." Chorus—"Cry aloud," (with accompaniments by Mr. Greatorex.) CROFT.

Recit. Air—Mr. Sapio, "Deeper and deeper," "Waft her, angels."—*Jephtha*. HANDEL.

Solo—Miss Stephens, and Chorus, "As from the power."—Dryden's *Ode*. HANDEL.

Chorus—"The dead shall live."—*Dryden's Ode*.—HANDEL.]

Second Day—Wednesday, Sept. 24, 1823.

THE MESSIAH.—HANDEL.

Third Day—Thursday, Sept. 25, 1823.

PART I.

Grand Coronation Anthem "The King shall rejoice," HANDEL.

Song—Miss Travis "What tho' I trace," (*Solomon*.) HANDEL.

Chorus—"Bex tremenda." Quartetto—"Recordare." Chorus—"Confutatis." Quartetto—"Benedictus."—From the *Requiem* MOZART.

Double Chorus—"Gloria Patri."—LBO.

St. Matthew's Tune.—CROFT.

Recitative, Madame Catalani, "O, worse than Death,"—Song, Madame Catalani, "Angels ever bright."—HANDEL.

Double Chorus—"From the Censer," (*Splendor*).—HANDEL.

PART II.

FIRST PART OF THE CREATION.—HAYDN.

PART III.

Overture—(*Saul*).—HANDEL.

Chorus—"How excellent." Air—Miss Goodall, "An infant raised." Chorus—"Along the monster." Semi-Chorus—"The youth inspired." Chorus—"How excellent." (From *Saul*).—HANDEL.

Solo—Madame Catalani, and chorus—(*Luther's Hymn*.)

Song—Mr. Vaughan, "Softly rise," (*Solomon*). Bassoon Obligato, Mr. Mackintosh.—BOYCE.

Chorus—"Envy, eldest born." Air—Mr. Bellamy "Brave Jonathan." Chorus—"Eagles were not so swift." Air—Miss Stephens "In sweetest." Chorus—"O fatal day." (From *Saul*).
HANDEL.

Song—Madame Catalani, "Domine, labia mea."

Trio, with double Choir, Miss Travis, Miss Goodall, Messrs. Knyvett, Buggine, Sapio, and Vaughan, "The Lord will comfort Zion." Chorus, "O sing unto Jehovah."—(From *GARDNER'S Judah*).—HAYDN.

Fourth Day.—Friday, September 26, 1823.

PART I.

Opening of Te Deum.—GRAUN.

SPRING.

Overture. Recit., Mr. Bellamy "Behold rude Winter," Recit., Mr. Vaughan, "Ah! see." Recit., Mrs. Salmon, "Aloft from Southern." Quartetto, "Come, gentle spring." Semi-Chorus, "Her soft approach." Semi-Chorus, "Nor yet doth Winter." Chorus, "Sweet Spring." Recit., "Now onward." Air, "Yon eager swain," Mr. Bellamy. Recit., Mr. Vaughan, "The steers are loos'd." Air, Trio, and Chorus, "Heaven all beauteous."—(From *The Seasons*).—HAYDN.

SUMMER.

Recit., Mr. Isherwood, "Behold light." Recit., Mr. Vaughan, "Hark! did ye." Recit., Mrs. Salmon, "'Tis list'ning." Chorus, "Lo! this way." Trio, Mrs. Salmon, Messrs. Vaughan, and Isherwood, "The winds." Chorus, "Homeward hasten."—(From *The Seasons*).—HAYDN.

Song, Miss Goodall, "Hymn of Eve."—ARNE.

Sestetto, Miss Travis, Messrs. Knyvett, Buggine, Vaughan, Isherwood, and Bellamy. Arranged by Mr. Greatorex, and Chorus, "This is the day."—CROFT.

Song, Miss Stephens, "O magnify the Lord."—HANDEL.

Terzetto, "Benedictus," Madame Catalani, Mr. Sapio, and Signor Placci.—CIANCHETTINI.

Recit., "Rejoice, my countrymen,"—Ditto, aced., "Thus saith the Lord," Mr. Bellamy. Chorus, "Sing, O ye heavens."—(From *Belshazzar*).—HANDEL.

PART II.

Introduction and chorus—"Ye sons of Israel"—(From *Joshua*).—HANDEL.

Quartetto, with double Choir and Chorus—Mrs. Salmon, Miss Stephens, Messrs. Knyvett, Buggine, Vaughan, Sapio, Bellamy, and Isherwood "Then round about"—(From *Samson*).—HANDEL.

Song—Mr. Vaughan, "O Liberty"—(Violoncello Obligato, Mr. Lindley.) *Judas Maccabeus*.—HANDEL.

"Adeste Fideles,"—Miss Travis, Messrs. Knyvett, Vaughan, and Bellamy.

Chorus—"Hallelujah" (*Mount of Olives*).—BEETHOVEN.

Song—Madame Catalani, "Ecco degl' oricalchi."

Chorus—"Cum Sancto Spiritu"—PERGOLESI.

Song—Mrs. Salmon "Let the bright seraphim." Trumpet Obligato, Mr. Harper. Chorus—"Let their Celestial Concerts,"—(From *Samson*).—HANDEL.

PART III.

Eleventh Grand Concerto—(Violin, Mr. Cramer).—HANDEL.

Chorus—"Immortal Lord" (*Deborah*).—HANDEL.

Solo—Madame Catalani, "Gloria Patri"—HANDEL.

Double Chorus—"Your harps and cymbals sound" (*Solomon*).—HANDEL.

Song—Mr. Sapio.

Chorus, "He gave them hailstones." Chorus, "He sent a thick darkness." Chorus, "He smote all their first-born." Chorus, "But as for his people." Song, Miss Travis, "Thou didst blow." Chorus, "He rebuked the red sea." Chorus, "He led them through the deep." Chorus, "But the waters." Duetto, Messrs. Bellamy and Isherwood, "The Lord is a man of war." Chorus, "The Lord shall reign." Recit., Mr. Vaughan, "For the horse of Pharaoh" and "Miriam, the Prophetess." Solo, Madame Catalani, "Sing ye unto the Lord." Grand Double Chorus, "The Lord shall reign." (From *Israel in Egypt*).—HANDEL.

First Concert.—Tuesday Evening, Sept. 23, 1823.

PART I.

Grand Symphony (E. b.) MOZART.

Scene—Miss Travis, Messrs. Knyvett, Vaughan, and Bellamy, "Hark! my Davidcar." PURCELL.

Song—Miss Goodall, "Bid me discourse." BISHOP.

Glee—"Hence all ye vain delights." WEBBER.

Overture—(*Egmont*).—BEETHOVEN.

Recit. Air—Mrs. Salmon, "First and chief," "Sweet Bird," with Violin Accompaniment Obligato, Mr. Cramer—(*Il Penseroso*).—HANDEL.

Quartetto—"Tacite ombre"—(*Il Cid*).—SACCHINI.

Recit. and Air—Mr. Sapio, "Orynthia, my beloved." BISHOP.

Concerto Violoncello—Mr. Lindley. LINDLEY.

Scena ed Aria—Mad. Catalani, "La da Marte." MORLACCHI.

Grand Finale—"Dove Son" (*Così fan tutti*), Mrs. Salmon, Miss Stephens, Miss Travis, Signor Placci, Messrs. Sapio and Bellamy. MOZART.

PART II.

Overture—(*Anacreon*).—CHERUBINI.

Glee—Five Voices, "Mark'd you her eye." SPOFFORTH.

Song—Miss Stephens, "Hush, ye pretty," (*Acis and Galatea*), with Flageolet Accompaniment Obligato, Mr. M. Sharp. HANDEL.

Duo—Mr. Sapio and Signor Placci, "All' idea di quel metallo," (*Il Barbiere di Siviglia*).—ROSSINI.

Duetto—Violoncello and Double Bass, Messrs. Lindley and Dragonetti. CORELLI.

Song—Mr. Vaughan, "Gentle lyre." HORSLEY.

Duetto—Mrs. Salmon and Signor Placci, "Per piacere," (*Il Turco in Italia*).—ROSSINI.

Concerto, or Solo—Flute, Mr. Nicholson. NICHOLSON.

Song—Madame Catalani, "Cease your funning." ARNE.

Finale—Madame Catalani, and Chorus, "Rule Britannia." ARNE.

LIST OF PRINCIPAL PERFORMERS.

Conductor, MR. GREATOREX.

Principal Vocal Performers.

MADAME CATALANI, MISS STEPHENS, MISS D. TRAVIS, MISS GOODALL, and MRS. SALMON.
MR. VAUGHAN, MR. SAPIO, MR. W. KNYVETT, MR. BUGGINE, MR. BELLAMY, MR. ISHERWOOD, and SIGNOR PLACCI.

Assistant Conductors.

MR. CAMIDGE, and DR. CAMIDGE, (*Organists of the Cathedral*).
MR. WHITE and MR. PHILIP KNAPTON.

DR. CAMIDGE presided at the ORGAN; and MR. GREATOREX at the PIANO-FORTE.

Leader of the Morning Performances, MR. CRAMER,

Leader of the Evening Concerts, MR. MORI.

Instrumental Performers.

VIOLINS.

Messrs. CRAMER MORI.	Messrs. Hildreth, York
W. GRIESBACH	† Hulton, Liverpool
WHITE	† Ivers, Shrewsbury
Anderson, London	† Jackson, York
Allen, York	Mackintosh, jun., London
Bruguer, London	Miller, Hull
Bates, jun. Halifax	* Morine, Skipton
* Brailsford, Doncaster	* Mercer, Whitby
* Bottomley, Sheffield	† Murray, Edinburgh
Bigot, Leeds	† Maffey, Leicester
Burton, Wakefield	Moore, Almondbury
Brook, Harewood	Newbold, Manchester
* Bridges, Newark	Nicks, London
Cole, London	Owens, London
Collard, London	Pigott, London
* Clayton, Scarborough	† Penson, Edinburgh
† Cummins, Bristol	Potchett, York
Dawtery, Halifax	† Parrot, Huddersfield
Dore, Shrewsbury	† Phillips, Wakefield
Ella, London	† Renshaw, Manchester
Foster, Hull	* Rogers, Sheffield
Gattie, London	Simonet, London
Gledhill, London	* Skelton, Lincoln
* Greenwood, Leeds	* Smith, Wakefield
Hargitt, London	† Smith, Rochdale
* Hopkinson, Leeds	Smith, Halifax
* Hassé, Fulnec	Topham, Leeds
Howard, Sheffield	Willis, London
* Holdsworth, Halifax	Watkins, London
J. Hardman, York	Woodarch, London
	Wigfield, Sheffield

VIOLAS.

Messrs. RICHARD ASHLEY, DANIELS, Andrews, Manchester	Kilvington, York
Calkin, London	Lyon, London
† Denton, Bradford	Miller, Edinburgh
* Gott, Bradford	* Sharp, Stamford
W. Hardman, York	* Surr, Manchester
Hardcastle, York	* Settle, Leeds
Hime, Liverpool	* Theaker, Leeds
Hudson, Halifax	Taylor, Huddersfield
	Wilcox, London
	* Ward, Manchester

VIOLONCELLOS.

Messrs. LINDLEY, LINDLEY, jun.	Hartley, Hull
Brooks, London	Kelly, Knarebro'
Binfield, London	Knapton, York
Butler, Leeds	* Lambert, Beverley
Beale, Manchester	Mackenzie, Derby
Bankhart, Leicester	Misdale, jun. Halifax
Crossley, Halifax	Patrick, Otley
Eley, London	Scruton, jun., York
Hepworth, Huddersfield	* Sudlow, Manchester
	* Wigfield, jun., Sheffield

DOUBLE BASSES.

Messrs. DRAGONETTI, ANFORSI,	Brown, jun., York
Bond, London	Bates, Halifax
Brown, Leeds	Dixon, Hull
Brown, York	Foster, Sheffield
	Hill, Manchester

Messrs. * Hill, Pontefract
* Mather, Sheffield
Phillipotts, Bath

Messrs. Smart, Edinburgh
Shaw, Otley
Wood, Leeds

SERPENTS.

Messrs. Ainsworth, Leeds Scotland, 2d Drag. Gds.

FLUTES.

Messrs. NICHOLSON, Elliot, Sheffield
HENDERSON, Hanson, York
Rennie, Manchester Peacock, York

OBOES.

Messrs. ERSKINE, Hughes, jun. Manchester
SHARPE, Scruton, York
Ling, London Smith, Manchester
Hughes, Manchester Wood, Huddersfield

CLARIONETS.

Messrs. WILLMAN, + Ruddland, 1st RI. Dra-
MAHON, goon Guards
+ Longhi, 2d Dragoon * Robinson, York
Guards Walker, York.

HORNS.

Messrs. PUZZI, Sugden, Halifax
PETER PETRIDES, J. Taylor, Sheffield
JOSEPH PETRIDES, Wielandt, York
C. TULLY. Whiteley, York

BASSOONS.

Messrs. MACKINTOSH, Dawson, Sheffield
JAS. TULLY, Oldham, Mottram
* Lister, Halifax Williams, 1st Royal Dra-
Wigney, Halifax goon Guards
Lees, Manchester

TRUMPETS.

Messrs. HARPER, Hyde, Manchester
HYDE, Anson, Manchester
Norton, London Farrer, York

TROMBONES.

Bass.

Messrs. MARIOTTI, Waddington, Manches-
Hirst, Bradford ter

Tenor.

Messrs. Schoengen, London Woodham, 2d Dragoon
Woodham, London Guards.

Alto.

Messrs. Smithers, London Cawston, Manchester

Canto.

Mr. Phillips, Birmingham

BASS HORNS.

Messrs. Trickett, Scarborough Hatteraley, Sheffield

DOUBLE DRUMS.

Messrs. JENKINSON, London Taylor, Sheffield

LEADERS OF THE CHORUS, MRS. SHEPLEY AND MISS TRAVIS.

SEMI-CHORUS.

CANTOS.

Miss Clough, Ashton S. Travis, Oldham
Clegg, Manchester M. Travis, Oldham
Mrs. Hammond, Newcastle upon Mrs. Vincent, Dublin
Tyne Wilde, Oldham
Miss Jervis, Leicester

ALTOS.

Mr. Cole, *Durham*
Collier, *Shrewsbury*
Dyson, *Huddersfield*

Mr. Hargreave, *Pontefract*
Matthews, *Litchfield*
Platt, *Manchester*

TENORS.

Mr. Brown, *Litchfield*
Bradbury, *Lincoln*
* Bond, *Ripon*
Brooks, *Manchester*

Greatorex, jun., *London*
Kenward, *Durham*
Pheasant, *Southwell*
* Mather, *Edinburgh*

BASSES.

Mr. Archer, *Wakefield*
Bowker, *Manchester*
Bennett, *Litchfield*
Ellis, *York*

Fielding, *Leicester*
Frith, *Sheffield*
Hanscomb, *Leicester*
Thompson, *Southwell*

GRAND CHORUS.

Cantos	-	-	-	-	60
Altos	-	-	-	-	46
Tenors	-	-	-	-	60
Basses	-	-	-	-	72

Aggregate number of the Vocal and Instrumental Band 459.

Those Performers to whose names an asterisk (*) is prefixed, are Organists of the Cathedrals or Churches in the places where they reside.

Those Performers to whose name this mark (†) is prefixed, are Leaders of Bands.

The following are a few of the distinguished personages who visited York on the occasion—The Archbishop of York and Lady A. Vernon, the Duke of Devonshire, the Duke of Northumberland, Marquis and Marchioness of Londonderry, Earl and Countess of Harewood, and Ladies Lascelles, Earl Fitzwilliam, Earl and Countess Gower, Earl and Countess Manvers, Earl of Bradford, Lord and Lady Grantham, Lord and Lady Morpeth, Lord Milton, Lord Muncester, Lord Prudhoe, Lord Downe, Lord Braybrooke, Lord Howard of Effingham, Lord Clifton, Lord Hotham, Lady Galway, Lady Hutchinson, Lady Helen Hall, two Misses and Captain Hall, Lady Mary York, Mr. and Lady E. Lowther, Miss Lowther, Mr. and Lady C. Duncombe, Col. and Lady — Wortley, Major Wortley, Hon. Mr. Stewart, Hon. Mr. Norton, Hon. Mr. Cathcart, Hon. General Bosville and family, Hon. T. Lister, Admiral Sir C. and Lady Rowley, Sir T. Slingsby, Sir P. Musgrave, Sir M. W. Ridley, Sir Wm. and Lady Ingilby, Miss E. Ingilby, Sir William and Lady Milner, Sir H. and Lady Abbotson, Sir F. L. Wood, Sir Robert Hawkes, Lady Pollock, Lady Warburton, Lady Amcotts, Lady Sayer, the Dean of Ripon, &c.

We have received accounts from various quarters of this Festival; and all agree as to the grand and imposing effect which it has produced. One of our correspondents bestows praise unbounded on Madame Catalani; another is much cooler in his mode of mentioning her performances, and indeed is rather inclined to

censure them, upon the whole. We have, in this war of opinion, thought it most prudent to remain silent.

We have delayed printing our present Number until the last moment, for the purpose of supplying our readers with the foregoing accounts. We shall, in our next, be able to notice the remaining part of the performances; which, in fact, will be actually taking place, while our printers are finishing their labours.

THE DRAMA.

We have to repeat the same account of the Haymarket Theatre that we gave last month. Nothing new, of a musical kind, has been produced; but General Burgoyne's charming opera, "*The Lord of the Manor*," to which the sensible and elegant Jackson of Exeter set the music, has been revived, and with great applause. Madame Vestris has returned to her station in this theatre, in consequence of the vacancy made by the abrupt retirement of Miss Paton, which is likely to bring herself, her father, and Mr. Morris, into Westminster Hall. This young lady has, it appears, been singing at a concert given at Lancaster, and either Mr. Lee, or Mr. Hughes, (we cannot make out which,) addressed the company, assembled on that occasion, in justification of her conduct; stating that, not being of age, she is under the government of her father—who, he intimated, is a dangerous man to meddle with, as *Nemo me impune lacessit* is his motto. This is certainly a very ambiguous motto for a Scotchman to take, unless he be privileged to assume the Thistle with it; from which, for the sake of delicacy, it ought never to be separated.

At the English Opera House, Mathews has occupied the attention of the public, by his inimitable performance of several characters. A new comic drama, entitled *I will have a Wife*, from the French, has been produced; but the music in it is just enough to authorise the manager to give it at his theatre; where, absurdly enough, only operatic pieces are allowed to be performed.

Drury Lane and Covent Garden Theatres are to open with great splendor; at least, so far as internal decoration can render them splendid. The latter theatre was undoubtedly becoming a little dingy, by comparison with its newly ornamented neighbour; but we are inclined to think that the rational part of the public did not require or wish the managers to make any expensive alterations in its appearance. Let due liberality be bestowed on the stage, and the faded gilding will not be observed.

At Covent Garden Mr. Sinclair is immediately to appear, with all that he has brought with him from Italy, where he has been for some years. The public will be curious to hear him, after the experience which he has gained in the land of song; particularly as the Italian journals have not been very courteous to him. Though we infer nothing from the censure of a people who can "bear no rival" near the musical throne.



LUDWIG VON BEETHOVEN.

THE HARMONICON.

No. XI., NOVEMBER, 1823.

MEMOIR OF LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN.

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN was born Dec. 17th 1770, at Bonn on the Rhine, where his father at that time was principal vocal tenor in the chapel of the Elector, and his grandfather held first the situation of chief base singer, and subsequently that of chapel-master. M. Choron, in his *Dictionnaire Historique des Musiciens*, says that he is the reputed son of Frederick the Second of Prussia, but does not state on what authority*. His youthful years were not exceedingly fortunate: his father poured out too many libations to Bacchus, and, though assertions to the contrary have been hazarded, it is known that his early education was much neglected. The extent of his learning amounted to a smattering of Latin, which almost every boy in Germany is able to acquire. The first instructions he received in music were from Neefe, who was organist to the court. The progress he made under this master was so rapid, that at the early age of eleven he was able to play the Preludes and Fugues of the great Sebastian Bach, or, as they are generally called, "*Le Clavecin bien tempéré*;" a work which able judges have pronounced to be superior to all others, for forming a player on the organ and piano-forte. His powers for composition began very early to unfold themselves; for, in 1783, we find published at Mannheim and Speyer, Variations for the piano-forte to a march, Sonatas, and Songs, which appeared under his own name. The fame of his youthful genius attracted the attention of the Elector of Cologne, who sent him, at his own expense, to Vienna, in character of his court-organist, to study under the celebrated Haydn, in order to perfect himself in the art of composition. He did not long enjoy the instructions of this great master, for Haydn delivered him over to the care and instructions of the learned Albrechtsberger. It appears that the character of Beethoven was marked by great singularity from his earliest years. Both Haydn and Albrechtsberger, but particularly the latter, were often heard to declare, that he was not willing to profit by good advice. Beethoven has himself been heard to confess, that among other peculiarities which he prided himself on displaying, when a young man, was that of refusing to acknowledge himself as the pupil of Haydn, at which this master took great offence.

The consequence of this self-confident spirit was, that, at this period, he made but little progress in composition, and was more ambitious to become a brilliant performer. This

may, in a great measure, be gathered from the remarks that occur in the *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung* of this period, in which he is not allowed to possess the ability of composing even variations of any merit. Harshness of modulation, melodies more singular than pleasing, and a constant struggle to be original; are among the principal faults of which he was accused. As to the latter charge it may be remarked, that it is the besetting sin which has adhered to Beethoven through life; and we cannot help wishing that, with it, he had also possessed the power of spreading the vice among his contemporaries, and of bequeathing it to his successors. But if this indefatigable search after originality be a sin, to what new and extraordinary effects, to what wonders, has it not given birth! To whom so justly than to this author, can these lines be applied,—

Great wits may sometimes gloriously offend,
And rise to faults true critics dare not mend.

Yet severe as these critics were on him, as a composer, they were lavish in their praises of him as a player. It was acknowledged that he had studied the piano-forte with a success that enabled him to excel all the masters of his time; that there was a spirit, a fire, and brilliancy of execution, which no one could equal; and that nothing was wanting to perfect his performance, but a certain precision and distinctness of touch. It was unanimously agreed, that his triumph was in the execution of a fantasia, and in the art of varying any given theme without the least premeditation. In such extempory performance, his power was inimitable: he was considered to approach the nearest to Mozart, as he is allowed never since to have had a rival, except in the brilliant Himmel†.

After completing his term with Albrechtsberger, he returned to Bonn. But Vienna had superior attractions for him, and he obtained the Elector's permission to return thither again, after a very short residence in his native place. He obtained leave of absence for a year, but when once fixed in the gayer capital, he would not return again.

In this splendid metropolis he has resided nearly thirty years, where he has delighted the public, and, indeed, the

* That Beethoven is a wonderful man there can be no doubt; but if this prince were really his father, he is the greatest prodigy the world ever saw, or most likely, will ever see again: for as Frederick II. died in 1740, the period of Mad. Beethoven's gestation must in such a case, have been exactly thirty years.

† We are assured, from undoubted authority, that he has spoken with the utmost contempt of Himmel's playing. The following anecdote may be relied on:—During Beethoven's stay at Berlin, Himmel asked him one evening at a party to play a Fantasia, with which Beethoven complied. He then asked Himmel to perform one in return. When Himmel had played for some time, Beethoven asked him in his usual abrupt manner, why he was so long preluding, and when he meant to begin. This so offended Himmel, that he rose from the piano, and could never be persuaded to play before Beethoven again.

world in general, by the variety and originality, both of his vocal and instrumental compositions. He has secured a name, and reached a height of renown, to which no other author, Handel, Haydn, and Mozart excepted, has attained. For though Rossini's name is, at the present instant, more often pronounced than that of any other composer, yet his works, so far as they now extend, are not likely to confer on him a lasting reputation, equal to that which the great German musicians have permanently gained.

Beethoven is as original and independent in his general modes of thinking, as he is in his musical productions. A decided enemy to flattery, and an utter stranger to every thing dishonourable, he disdains to court the favour of every one, however wealthy or exalted in rank. The consciousness of his talents not being duly rewarded, too frequently makes him vent his complaints in the bitterest terms, and against individuals, who from their high station, have the power to obstruct his success in life. Thus he has for years resided in Vienna in open hostility with many, and in friendship only with the few whom the admiration of his great genius will not allow to take offence, either at the singularities of his manners, or at the ill-judged candour with which he declares his opinion both of persons and things. Till very lately he had hardly any other income than what his compositions procured him; and consequently he has too often lived in circumstances very unworthy of so great a genius. This, together with an increase of difficulties and of invidious enemies, determined him, in 1809, to accept an offer of the situation of *maestro di capella* to the new Westphalian court of Jerome Buonaparte. His intention was made known to the Archduke Rudolph, and the Princes Lobkowitz and Kinsky, and fortunately for the honour of Vienna and of Austria, those personages induced him to alter his resolution. In terms at once the most flattering and the most delicate, they had a deed drawn up, by which they settled on him an annuity of 4000 florins. The only conditions attached to this pension were, that he should reside in Vienna, or some other part of Austria-Propria, and not undertake any journey into foreign countries, without the consent of his patrons. The issue of the late war has sufficiently proved how judiciously he acted in declining the offers of the court of Westphalia. We are sorry to be obliged to add that, from a variety of untoward circumstances, the greater portion of this pension has been for a considerable time past discontinued. Prince Lobkowitz, who is since dead, was so utterly ruined, that his palace in Vienna, is now converted into a hotel. Prince Kinsky was killed at the beginning of the last war with France, and the Archduke Rudolph is now, therefore, his only remaining protection.

We have been assured that he has always expressed a great wish to see foreign countries, and particularly England, but it does not appear that he has ever made any application for leave of absence, for such a purpose; though, under present circumstances, but few difficulties could be expected to present themselves on this point. Some few years back he was applied to by the Philharmonic Society of London, to visit England, and the conditions were not only fully agreed upon, but he had actually begun to make preparations for his journey. Notwithstanding which, he had not the courage to carry his intentions into execution, and it is hardly now to be expected that he

will ever cross the seas, and give the people of these kingdoms an opportunity of paying him that homage which his vast talents would assuredly command from a liberal and enlightened nation.

It may, however, be doubted, whether his presence would add either here, or elsewhere, to his celebrity. His extreme reserve towards strangers, which is carried to such excess, as to render it painful for his most intimate friends to witness, prevents him from displaying those excellent qualities, which, under a forbidding exterior, he is known to possess. And yet such are the contrasts that meet in his character, that occasionally his warmth of temper, extreme bluntness of remark, and singularity of manners, together with his total want of reserve in offering his opinion on others, tend to estrange him much from the prescribed forms of society. Add to all this, that deplorable calamity, the greatest that could befall a man of his profession, his extreme deafness, which we are assured is now so great as to amount to a total privation of hearing. Those who visit him are obliged to write down what they have to communicate. To this cause may be traced many of the peculiarities visible in his later compositions; for though, as we have before observed, the design of a composition ought to be found in the mind, without any aid from material sounds, yet its effect should be accurately heard upon some instrument, before final adoption*.—This calamity has also the effect of rendering him dreadfully suspicious, so that no conversation can pass in his presence without his imagining himself the subject of it: a weakness which is the usual attendant on deafness. It should, however, be here mentioned, that, notwithstanding his foibles, which far more frequently belong to great than to ordinary minds, his character as a man, and a citizen, ranks deservedly high. Though his eccentricity leads him to deviate from ordinary rules, in the smaller affairs of life, yet his high feeling of truth and justice has produced a rectitude in his moral conduct, which ensures him the esteem of every honourable man. Though his early education was neglected, yet he has made up for the deficiency by subsequent diligence and industry, so that we are assured by those who know him well, that his knowledge of German literature is very respectable, and that he is a very tolerable proficient in Italian, though of French he knows but little. Whenever he can be induced to throw off his natural reserve, his conversation becomes extremely animated, full of interesting anecdote, and replete with original remarks on men and manners.

To give a detailed account of his works, would exceed the limits of this sketch. They are universally known, and acknowledged to be compositions of the highest order. We subjoin to this Memoir a list of them, which we believe to be accurate.

The last account we hear of this great man is, that he has just completed a new grand mass. The dark tone of his mind is in unison with that solemn style which the services of the church demand; and the gigantic harmony he knows so well how to wield, enables him to excite feelings of the awful and sublime, in a manner that none living can attempt to rival.

* See also some remarks on this subject, in pages 112 and 113 of the Harmonicon, No. VIII.

A LIST OF BEETHOVEN'S WORKS.

Opera.

1. 3 Trios, for piano-forte, violin, and violoncello.
2. 3 Sonatas, piano-forte, dedicated to Haydn.
3. Trio, in E flat, for violin, viola, and violoncello.
4. Quintett, in E flat, for two violins, two violas, and violoncello.
5. 2 Sonatas, piano-forte, with violoncello or violin obligato, dedicated to the King of Prussia.
6. An easy Sonata, for the piano-forte, for four hands.
7. Sonata, in E flat, piano-forte.
8. Serenade, in D, for violin, viola, and violoncello.
9. 3 Trios, for violin, viola, and violoncello. — Paris edit. from Op. 4.
10. 3 Sonatas, for the piano-forte.
11. Trio, in B, for piano-forte, clarinet, or violin and violoncello.
12. 3 Sonatas, for piano-forte and violin.
13. Sonate pathétique, for piano-forte.
14. 2 Sonatas, for piano-forte.
15. Concerto, in C, for piano-forte, No. 1., with Orchestra.
16. Quintett, in E flat, for piano-forte, oboe, clarinet, horn, and bassoon.
17. Sonata, for piano-forte and horn, or violoncello.
18. 6 Quartets, for two violins, viola, and violoncello.
19. Concerto, in B, for piano-forte, No. 2., with Orchestra.
20. Septetto, in E flat, for violin, viola, clarinet, horn, bassoon, violoncello, and contra-basso.
21. Sinfonia, in C, for Orchestra, No. 1.
22. Sonata, in B, for piano-forte.
23. Sonata, for piano-forte and violin.
24. Sonata, for piano-forte and violin.
25. Serenade, in D, for flute, violin, and viola.
26. Sonata, in A flat, for piano-forte.
27. Sonata, quasi Fantasia, for piano-forte, Nos. 1. 2.
28. Sonata, in D, for piano-forte.
29. Quintetto, in C, for two violins, two violas, and violoncello.
30. 3 Sonatas, for piano-forte and violin, dedicated to Alex. I.
31. 3 Sonatas, for piano-forte—Vienna edit. from Op. 29.
32. 6 Songs, by Gellert.
33. Bagatelles, for the piano-forte.
34. 6 Variations, for piano-forte.
35. Variations, for piano-forte.
36. Sinfonia, in D, for Orchestra, No. 2.
37. Concerto, in C minor, for piano-forte, No. 3, with Orchestra.
38. Grand Trio, for piano-forte, clarinet or violin, and violoncello, arranged after the Septetto, Op. 20., by the author.
39. 2 Preludes in all the twelve major keys, for the piano-forte or organ.
40. Romance, in G, for violin, with Orchestra.
41. Serenade, for piano-forte and flute, or violin, arranged from the Serenade, Op. 25., by the author.
42. Notturmo, for piano-forte and viola, arranged from the Serenade, Op. 8., by the author.
43. Overture to Prometheus, in C, for Orchestra.
44. 14 Variations, for piano-forte, violin, and violoncello.
45. 3 Marches, for piano-forte, for four hands.
46. Scena ed Aria, "Ah, perfido!" for a Soprano, with Accompaniments for Orchestra.
47. Sonata, for piano-forte and violin, obligato, dedicated to Kreutzer.
48. Adelaide, by Matthiesson, (in Italian and German,) with Accompaniment for piano-forte.
49. 2 Easy Sonatas, for piano-forte.
50. Romance, for violin, princ. in F, with Orchestra.
51. 2 Rondes, for piano-forte, in C and G, Nos. 1. 2.
52. 8 Songs, with Accompaniments for piano-forte, "Urian's Reise," "Feuer-Farbe," "Im Arm der Liebe," &c.
53. Sonata, in C, for piano-forte.
54. Sonata, in F, for piano-forte.
55. Heroic Sinfonia, in E flat, for Orchestra, No. 3.
56. Concerto, in C, for piano-forte, with Orchestra.
57. Sonata, in F minor, for piano-forte.
58. Concerto, in G, for piano-forte, with Orchestra.
59. 3 Quartetts, for two violins, viola, and violoncello.
60. Sinfonia, in B, for Orchestra, No. 4.
61. Concerto, in D, for violin, with Orchestra.
62. Overture to Coriolanus, in C minor, for Orchestra.
63. Grand Sonata, for piano-forte and violoncello, arranged from the trio, Op. 3, by the author.
64. Sinfonia, in ~~C~~ minor, for Orchestra, No. 5. *C minor*
65. Pastoral Sinfonia, in F, for Orchestra, No. 6.
66. Sonata, for piano-forte and violoncello.
67. 2 Trios, for piano-forte, violin, and violoncello.
68. Concerto, in E flat, for piano-forte, with Orchestra.
69. Quartett, in E flat, for two violins, viola, and violoncello.
70. 6 Songs, by Göthe, with piano-forte Accompaniments,—"Kennst du das Land," "Neue Liebe," &c. &c.
71. Variations, for piano-forte.
72. Fantasia, for piano-forte.
73. Sonata, in F sharp, (major) for piano-forte.
74. Sonatina, in G, for piano-forte.
75. Fantasia, in C minor, for piano-forte, with Orchestra.
76. Septetto, in E flat, for violin, &c.
77. *Sonata, for piano-forte, "Les adieux," &c.
78. 4 Arietts and a Duet, (Italian and German,) with Accompaniments for piano-forte.
79. 3 Songs, by Göthe, with Accompaniments, for piano-forte,—"Wonne der Wehmuth," "Schnsucht," "Gemalttes Band," &c.
80. Overture to Egmont, in F minor, for Orchestra.
81. *Entre Actes to Egmont, for Orchestra.
82. Oratorio, "The Mount of Olives."
83. Overture to the Opera of Leonora, for Grand Orchestra.
84. Trio, for two oboes and English horn.
85. Fidelio, a Grand Opera, the score in MS.
86. Sonata, in E minor, for piano-forte.
87. Battle of Vittoria, for a full Orchestra.
88. Sinfonia, in A, for Orchestra, No. 7.
89. Sinfonia, in F, for Orchestra, No. 8.
90. Song, "An die Hoffnung," from Tiedge's *Urania*, with Accompaniments for the piano-forte.
91. Quartett, II., in F minor, for two violins, viola, and violoncello.
92. Sonata, for piano-forte and violin.
93. Trio, in B, for piano-forte, violin, and violoncello.
94. Song, "Andie ferne Geliebte," by Jeitteles.
95. Bass Song, "Der Mann von Wort,"
96. Romance, "Das Schloss Markenstein."
97. Sonata, in A major, for piano-forte.
98. 2 Sonatas, for piano-forte and violoncello.
99. Quintuors, in C minor, for two violins, two tenors, and violoncello; or three violins, tenor, and violoncello, arranged after a piano-forte trio, by the author.
100. Easy Variations, for the piano-forte, with flute or violin accompaniments, ad lib. to six themes.
101. Sonata, for the piano-forte.
102. Sonata, for the piano-forte.
103. Sonata, for the piano-forte.
104. Grand Sonata, for the piano-forte.
105. Quartett, for two violins, two tenors, and violoncello.
106. Thirty-three Variations on a Waltz, by Diabelli.

Some of his latest works, between Nos. 102 and 120, of which we have not yet been able to procure the titles correctly, are necessarily omitted for the present.

MEMOIR OF ANTONIO SALIERI.

ANTONIO SALIERI, the celebrated composer, *maestro di capella* to the Emperor of Austria, died at Vienna in October last. He was born at Legnano, in the Venetian states, in 1750.

At the age of eleven years he began to take lessons on the harpsichord, and his passion for music became so strong, that, at the death of his father, a distinguished merchant, whose loss he had to deplore when he was only fifteen years of age, he devoted himself entirely to this art. The protection of Mozenigo, a patrician of Venice, induced him to settle for a time in that city, where he continued his studies, but afterwards completed them at Naples.

His first master was Giovanni Pescetti, a professor of high repute and a pupil of Lotti. Death having deprived him of this instructor, he placed himself for a short time under the care of Pietro Passini. At this period the famous Leopold Gassmann arrived at Venice, and the young Salieri, eager to profit by such a circumstance, immediately offered himself, and was accepted, as his pupil, both in the art of singing and for the harpsichord. The affection which he conceived for this master determined him, with his patron's consent, to accompany Gassmann to Vienna, in order that he might there continue his studies with him in counter-point. He arrived at the capital of the Austrian empire in 1766, where he remained the following eight years, and lost no opportunity of benefitting by his master's advice. His gratitude and attachment to Gassmann were rewarded, at the decease of the latter, by the appointments of *maitre de chapelle* to the Imperial court, and to the theatre. It was then he attracted the notice of the renowned Gluck, who now beginning to feel the infirmities of age, and discerning the great abilities of Salieri, intrusted him with the charge of composing *Les Danaïdes*, which the former had engaged to produce for the *Académie Royale de Musique* at Paris. He executed this arduous task according to the plan which this great and experienced musician had sketched out, and under his immediate superintendence. The result was so highly satisfactory to Gluck, as to draw from him a declaration, that no one had ever before so thoroughly entered into the peculiarities of his style, which not even the Germans themselves had been able to imitate. However, it was believed at Paris, that Salieri was only really entitled to the merit of having composed the third act of the opera.

Salieri went to Paris in 1784 with his work, which was performed before the Royal family frequently, and each time with increased effect. Even the Queen herself designed to take a part in it. At length it was brought out at the grand theatre of the French capital. The critics discovered in some of its parts, principally in the recitatives, a very peculiar style, and all agreed that it displayed most extraordinary talent.

It was not till after the third representation that the Chevalier Gluck, in an address to the Parisian public, announced Salieri as the sole composer of *Les Danaïdes*. The managers of the opera rewarded him with a present of ten thousand francs, and afterwards gave him an additional three thousand to defray the expenses of his journey. The queen also very liberally rewarded his talents, and he sold his score to an engraver for two thousand francs. Before he quitted Paris, the administration of the theatre engaged him to compose *Les Horaces et les Curiaces*.

A short time after this, he produced for the theatre at Vienna, the opera of *Axus, Roi d'Ormus* (or *Terare*), for which the Emperor, Joseph II., made him a present of two

hundred ducats, to which he added a pension of three hundred ducats. Shortly after this, he married a young lady with a considerable portion.

From that time, he contributed largely to the various theatres of Europe, particularly to that of his own country, for which he wrote many operas, chiefly of the comic kind.

The following is a list of his dramatic works :—

1. *Le Donne letterate.*
2. *L'Amore innocente*—(Translated into German.)
3. *Don Chisciotte.*
4. *L'Armida.*
5. *La Fiera de Venezia*—(Translated into French.)
6. *La Secchia rapita.*
7. *Il Barone di rocca antica.*
8. *La Locandiera.*
9. *Il trionfo della Gloria, e della Virtù.*
10. *La sconfitta di Borea.*
11. *La ocalmità de Cori.*
12. *Del mita e Dalisa.*
13. *La Finta Scema.*

Immediately after the performance of this piece, he went into Italy, where he composed the following pieces :—

14. *Europa riconosciuta* ; at Milan.
15. *La Scuola de Gelosi.*
16. *La partenza inaspettata.*
17. *Il Talismano*—(Translated into German.)
18. *La Dama pastorella.*

He then returned to Vienna, and composed,—

19. *Le Ramoneur.*
20. *La belle Mentense.*
21. *La Semiramide*—(For the Court of Monaco.)
22. *Les Danaïdes*—(For Paris.)
23. *La grotta di Trofonio*—(Translated into German.)
24. *Le Prince de Tarare*, an Opera written by Beaumarchais.

The poet dedicated his drama to this musician, in a short, elegant letter, whence we extract the two following paragraphs.

"To you I dedicate my work, because it has become yours. I only gave it birth ; you have trained it up to theatrical dignity.

"You have assisted me, my dear friend, in giving to the French such an idea of a Grecian spectacle as I have always conceived. If our work has been successful, I owe it almost entirely to you. And though your modesty prompts you to say that you are my musician, I honour myself in being your poet, your servant and friend."

This piece was afterwards brought out at Vienna, under the title of *Axus, Roi d'Ormus*.

25. *Les Horaces, et les Curiaces*.—(For Paris.)
26. *L'Avaro e il Prodigo.*
27. *La Cifra.*

Besides these he has produced a multitude of detached airs, &c., both serious and comic.

Among his sacred works, there is but one oratorio, *La Passione*. He however wrote several smaller pieces in the church style.

He composed many symphonies and serenades for the orchestra, also some concertos for the piano-forte and other instruments : but he did not set any great value on these, as he had no strong motive for exerting his talent, except in dramatic and vocal music. Salieri,—says the Count Orloff,—united the melody of Italy with the harmony of his adopted country, and made a most happy use of both one and the other ; exhibiting to the heirs of his learning and his style, a wise moderation, which confers honour on that, and imparts to this all its charm.

ON MUSICAL CALCULATIONS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HARMONICON.

SIR,

October 2nd, 1823.

AMONGST your numerous readers, I am one who admire the plan on which the *Harmonicon* is conducted, distributing information, on various branches of the most delightful of arts, blended with amusement of a superior cast; and I am particularly gratified to observe in page 187, a beginning made in your work, to explain and familiarize your readers with the principles of *musical calculations*; whose operations have, heretofore, usually been conducted, in a very unnatural and repulsive mode, by means of the numerical ratios of the lengths of the sounding strings; wherein, *multiplication* must be used in place of *addition*, *division* (or inverted multiplication) instead of *subtraction*, (as is done in Mr. Smyth's example,) and the *extraction of a root*, whenever the half, the third, or any other aliquot part of an interval, expressed by its ratio, is wanted to be calculated.

Instead of which, if the very small interval *Schisma*, mentioned in the note at foot of the page quoted, be made the *integer* for musical calculations, every Interval in use in our music, which, except when tempered, (for adopting it to the limited and artificial scale of twelve notes in the octave,) admits no prime number into its ratios greater than 5, is expressible by a whole number of *schismas*; and when small temperaments, or fractional intervals smaller than one eleventh part of a major comma, occur in calculations, these can easily be expressed in *cents*, *thousandths*, or more extended *decimal* fractions of Σ ; and thus, every operation may, in accordance with the things calculated, be performed, naturally, addition of intervals by means of addition of *schismas*, subtraction of such, by the mere subtraction of their *schismas*, and the division of an interval into any number of equal parts, by the arithmetical operation of division.

If by way of instances, a major Third (197 Σ) were added to a minor Sixth (415 Σ) they make 612 Σ or the Octave; and if this last, were required to be divided into twelve equal semitones, $\frac{612}{12} = 51\frac{1}{2}\Sigma$, is the equal temperament Semitone: again, seven of these semitones, or 357 Σ , is the equal temperament Fifth, (being attuned or flattened just 1 Σ), and twelve of these fifths, or 4284 Σ , is just seven octaves, or 7 \times 612 Σ . So again, if the mean-tone, or common organ Fifth were wanted, the double octave of the major third, the XVIIth, or $2 \times 612 + 197$, is 1421 Σ ; and this divided by 4, (because four fifths, as CG, GD, DA, and Ae, compose the XVIIth Ce) gives 355.25 Σ for the value of each, of eleven of the Fifths on an organ, each of such being flattened, or less by 2.75 Σ , then the true Vth of 358 Σ : and, to obtain the other or wolf fifth; we have $7 \times 612 - 11 \times 355.25$, or $4284 - 3907.75 = 376.25\frac{1}{2}\Sigma$; from which last deducting 358 Σ , we have as a remainder, 18.25 Σ , which is the sharp temperament of the organ's wolf Fifth (G# or D#): sometimes called the bearing Fifth.

In the *Monthly Magazine*, Vol. xxxiv. p. 7, is a Table for reducing Musical Ratios to Schismas, by Mr. Farey, who also mentions having in his possession a more complete Table of the same kind. May not Mr. Farey be induced to communicate this Table, with a dissertation on its uses, for the convenience of such of your readers as attach due importance to this branch of the musical science?

Yours, &c.,

ARITHMETICUS.

AN ADDRESS TO THE GERMAN COMPOSERS.

By LOUIS SPOHR,

The celebrated Performer and Composer.

THE long expected moment seems at length arrived, when the German public, cloyed with the insipid sweetness of the new Italian music, longs for that which is of real and intrinsic value. All the operas that Rossini has lately brought out, have more or less displeased, and managers already find the necessity of looking out for something else. Even in Italy, where the public must have been satiated with his music to excess,—even there the credit of this, till lately universally idolized, composer has sunk deeply. Vienna alone, the city in which true German art originated, still forms an exception. There, the public, cheated of their better judgment by the Italian *virtuosi*, are still charmed by the syren spell. Yet if the downfall of this music is deferred in this quarter, it is only to precipitate it the lower when it does take place, particularly if the director of the Italian opera there, has no new singers in store to keep alive the zest for this novelty; for the old ones will, from their hackneyed and eternal repetition of the same insipidities, soon weary the patience of the fickle amateurs of Vienna. This was the case with the former idolized David, who, on his return among them, was not received with half his former enthusiasm.

The important epoch seems now arrived, at which German art will resume its former dignified attitude on the stage; and the object of these remarks is to call on the German composers to use every becoming exertion to regain the former footing which they held in the opera, and to remove from thence every thing that is foreign, provided it be not found to possess intrinsic value. The former and dangerous predominance of the French school has now ceased, since the more eminent among them are either no more, or have ceased altogether to write for the stage; and those that still remain, being of second rate abilities only, give no cause for alarm. This call is principally addressed to those composers of distinction and general estimation, who, from having been discouraged by a few unsuccessful trials, seem to have entirely given up all theatrical composition, and devoted themselves exclusively to church and chamber music, in which they feel no apprehensions as to their success. This aversion on their part I can easily account for from my own feelings and experience; therefore, for the sake of the rising artist, I shall not suffer the cause that gave rise to such a feeling to pass unnoticed.

It is very discouraging, for example, that the success of an opera should, in a great measure, depend upon accidental causes, over which the composer has no control; as, for instance, the distribution of the different characters, the external decorations, the proper rehearsal of the music, the preparation of the public for the reception of a new opera, and more than all, the art of inspiring the singers with a proper interest in the characters they have to personate, and in the music which they have to perform. It is still farther discouraging to a composer to see the merit or demerit of his works decided, not by those that are scientific judges, but by the casual frequenters of the theatre, and consequently by those who are not in the slightest degree qualified to pass a sound and critical opinion*. Lastly, it can afford but little encouragement to the composer who has to live by the benefit of his labours,

* I cannot let this occasion pass without noticing the general complaint, that the more cultivated part of the audience seem, daily more and more, to disdain giving any audible signs of their approbation or disapprobation; whereby encouragement is given to the crowd to occupy the field of criticism, and reject all that does not accord with their ideas of excellence.

when, as is the case at present, less is to be gained by the composition of an opera, than by the making up (for we will not dignify it by the name of composing) of bagatelles for the flute, guitar, &c., or of the arrangement of foreign productions, which labours are well rewarded by publishers, while the benefit to be derived from an opera, even if it should generally please, remains very uncertain. One of the causes is, that scarcely has an opera appeared, when the traffickers in petty larceny fall foul of the score, which no precautions on the part of the author, or any protests in the public journals, can prevent. Thus they steal all the choicer parts of the composition, and defraud the author of what he has so dearly earned by the laborious efforts of his genius*.

In order to remedy these evils, and to give general encouragement to German composers to write for the stage, the directors of theatres must do their part, and direct their particular attention to these two important points: 1st, To purchase works of no one but the composer himself, as the natural and legal possessor of the right to his own productions; 2dly, To remunerate his talent justly and properly. This latter stipulation will doubtless appear quite extraordinary to the managers of theatres, as heretofore the whole requisites of an Italian or French opera were to be obtained at merely the price of the copyist's labour; and even when, on one occasion, a stipulated sum was paid for a German opera, it was so inconsiderable, as probably to form one of the meanest expenses attached to bringing it forward.

The consideration for a great opera should be proportionate to the labour, time, and powers of mind requisite for its composition; and should, at least, be in a two, if not in a three-fold proportion, to what is paid for original MSS. of tragedies, comedies, &c., particularly when we take into calculation the additional advantage that the author of a play has over the composer of an opera, in his privilege to publish his own work. How far this has been hitherto attended to, the German composers know, alas! but too well.

But now let us, on the other hand, consider what motives there are to encourage German artists themselves to apply to the task of dramatic composition.

Neither the church nor the chamber can afford the composer such a mass of effective means as this. In proof of the truth of this remark, it may be mentioned that many theatrical composers, whose talents were not sufficient to produce any thing of sufficient value for the church or the concert room, have been able by an effectual application of these means, even without the aid of any strength of invention, to produce very considerable effects. The charm of scenic representation, the combined effect of almost all the arts, every thing is in his favour, and serves as a motive for encouragement. Now, if he be possessed of real talent, an opportunity here presents itself for portraying all the passions of the human heart, which could not be found elsewhere; and what glory, what applause if he has been successful with one opera! Let him furnish the church and the chamber with productions of the most excellent kind, still he will be known only to a small portion of the public; but if he obtain success in the theatre, his name will be on every tongue. Therefore, let the German composers exert their energies; let them be active; for the moment seems arrived when such efforts will be

crowned with success! Before concluding, let me be permitted to offer a few observations for the benefit of the young and rising composer.

In Germany, as in France, the fate of the opera depends in a great measure upon the poetry; with this difference only, that the pit of a French theatre shows an infinitely more refined taste in its judgment on the merits of a composition, and would not tolerate the absurdities with which our opera-books abound; while on the contrary, in forming a just estimate of the value of the music, the French are infinitely behind the Germans, since even in the taste of the most refined among the French, a Gretry and a Dallayrac are allowed to rank so much higher than a Cherubini and a Mehul. Our first object, therefore, must be to select a subject that shall have sufficient interest to attract the multitude, otherwise our opera will have no chance of standing its ground long. If it attract only the small number of the elect,—the cultivated sons of taste,—the manager's pocket will soon be left empty, and it will very shortly be quietly laid on the shelf. But if we have been compelled to sacrifice the subject to the taste of the multitude, still we ought to be independent in the choice of our style, and clothe it in such music as is solid and expressive; this will at once be tolerated by the crowd, and indemnify the chosen few for the loss they sustained in the choice of the subject. If we have the power to invent national melodies, we may by a due admixture of these, please the fancy of the multitude, and have the satisfaction of hearing them chanted at fairs and ground on barrel-organs; but the dignity of music must necessarily suffer by it, for valuable as a national song is as such, still it is not fit for the more ennobled music of our theatres, from which the music of an ale-house ought as scrupulously to be excluded, as its jests and vulgarity†. The opera book must either be enlivened with broad humour, or strongly seasoned with witcheries and incantations; it must at the same time afford scope for splendid decorations, marches, and processions, to gratify the eye. Now, as together with external pageantry, a reasonable action may be blended; hence the problem of writing a lyric drama, which shall at once please the mind endowed with taste, and that which is uncultivated, is easily solved, as some few existing instances prove. If we have been happy enough to obtain such a subject, we should no longer be merely solicitous to please, we should no longer speculate on mere theatrical effects, as several of the modern composers do; but we ought to follow the bent of our feelings, and compose music of a true dramatic character adapted in every respect, to the subject, both in tone, style, and character: nor ought we at the same time, on such occasions as are suitable, to neglect the employment of those means with which the modern orchestra is provided, and to which the public is now but too much familiarized. That music which is not enforced by the drum and the trombone, must possess great original power in itself to allow this strong exterior incentive to be dispensed with, and yet to give general satisfaction.

We have abundant proofs that not only a poem full of situations and effects, and adapted to the taste of the multitude, is capable of being clothed with good music, but

* The unblushing impudence of these gentlemen goes so far, that one of them lately sent a list of the scores he had on sale, among which, besides a multitude of others, which are known to be surreptitiously obtained,—for example, the *Cantemire* of Tesco, and the *Libussa* of Kreutzer,—there were two of my own operas, *Faust*, and *Zamire* and *Azer*, which had been plundered in the same manner.

† On the appearance of Weber's *Freyshütz*, it was remarked in some of the public journals, that there could not be a more unequivocal proof of the excellence of this opera, than that its melodies were in every mouth, and were heard in every public place, and that a composer could not enjoy a more perfect triumph than this. According to this theory, there never was a greater or more happy composer than Kauer and W. Müller, and never a worse and more unhappy one than Glück! In the regeneration of the German opera, and for its credit, it is fortunate that the *Freyshütz* has merited the great applause of the public, not merely by those melodies that have become so popular among the lower classes, but also by beauties of a higher kind.

that a subject which is altogether insipid, cannot possibly maintain its place on the theatre. Now, the modern Italian opera proves quite the contrary, and teaches us that such music as is adapted to the conceptions of the multitude, can make even a perfectly insipid subject (such as most of the modern Italian are) supportable. But in this mode there are no laurels to be gathered by us; for, in the first place, we want the gift to invent those sweeter melodies, and to practise those artful refinements of the voice which constitute the charm of that music; and in the next place, because the whole species has already outlived itself, and is near the point of dissolution. Let us, therefore, adhere to our old manner. Another question is, whether we could not succeed in giving the German opera greater variety, by changing the dialogues into recitatives. If the critic reject the opera as a product of art, and call it monstrous, it is the sudden transition from speech to song that justifies him in so terming it. In truth, it is only the force of habit that renders it supportable. Yet I am far from wishing that dialogues upon the common occurrences of life, of which our operas contain such abundant examples, should be set to music; for the same might with equal constancy be done with the paragraph of a common newspaper. No; an opera in which all is to be sung, must, in the first place, have a poetical action from the beginning to the end; secondly, it should be so simple, that a spectator, without knowing the subject, should be able to guess at the tenor of the story; thirdly, it should be limited to a small number of characters, not exceeding five or six at the utmost. The second of the conditions is necessary, because the greater part of our singers pronounce the text in an unintelligible manner; and the latter, because fewer still are qualified to sing the recitative, and do justice to the peculiar expression which it requires*.

If a lyric drama have not these necessary requisites, the form of the dialogue ought in preference to be adhered to. In operas without dialogue care must be taken that the recitatives, as well as the concerted pieces, should not be too long, and that the acts, for the greater relief of the singers, as well as of the hearers, should not be too much protracted. For this purpose it appears to me advisable, that the operas usually compressed into two acts, should be divided into three.

The young artist who wishes to try his powers in an opera composed with recitatives, must, next to those acquirements that it necessarily presupposes, exercise himself with all possible diligence, in this particular branch of his art. Though, at first sight, nothing appears more easy than the composition of the recitative, yet to do justice to it, will be found no common task. In this also, we are surpassed by the earlier masters, who have exhausted all the materials for the recitative, and left us nothing but the field of imitation.

If these suggestions shall have the happy effect of stimulating one man of talent to the composition of an opera, which he would not have attempted without them; and if these hints should prove useful but to one individual among those youthful students, who are exercising themselves in the study of music, then the author will not think that he has communicated his thoughts in vain.

* The opera of *Josonda*, which I lately composed, possesses, at least I so flatter myself, all these requisites. In its representation, I shall shortly be able to obtain a convincing proof, whether the theory I have laid down above will hold good in practice, and if through an imposing display of pageantry (consisting of groups of dancing Bayaderes, warlike dances, processions of priests, a religious sacrifice, &c.), the multitude will find attraction, at the same time that the more cultivated will be pleased by the music and by the action itself.

IMPROVEMENT OF THE VIOLONCELLO.

IN a former number of the Harmonicon, (No. VIII. p. 114.) we gave an account of a considerable improvement made in the Violoncello by Staufer, an instrument-maker at Vienna. In addition to the information there given, we have to add the following remarks of Dr. J. C. Nicolai, of Rudolstadt. He observes, that among the improvements made in the violoncello at different periods, that of M. Romberg is the most remarkable, whereby he was enabled to give an effect to his compositions for this instrument; which could not be produced on those of the common kind. This improvement consists in adding to the length of the neck, in making it considerably thicker, and in so arranging the finger-board, as to project it more than two inches above its body, which finger-board had also a groove below the C string. Dr. Nicolai says that in the improvements he has attempted on an instrument of his own, he has omitted this groove, because he did not see its utility; for in *ripieno* playing, the C string is apt to jar against the wood, and lose the purity of its tone, and if it be intended to enable the hand more easily to reach the G string, this can be more conveniently effected provided the finger-board and bridge be sufficiently rounded. But beautiful and commodious as this long projecting neck may be, it is attended by this inconvenience,—that it is apt to warp, though composed of the best seasoned wood. Dr. N. says that he was twice obliged to make a new neck to his violoncello, though it was formed of the best seasoned wood, and apparently as hard as bone; and that when on the point of constructing a third, he read the description of Mr. Staufer's improvement, which he at once adopted, and of which he has experimentally proved the advantages.

He informs us that the celebrated musical writer, Koch, had no sooner read the account of this improvement, than he at once adopted it on his own violoncello. He declares it as his firm opinion, that so excellent is Mr. Staufer's improvement, that no farther degree of perfection in the finger-board need be sought for or desired; but he at the same time remarks, that the invention is not altogether new. He informs us that above forty years ago, Mr. Kämpfer, the celebrated contra-bassist, invented a finger-board for his instrument, which he could detach from it at pleasure, and that the late contra-bassist Sperger had one of nearly the same make. Whether the mechanism of the screw was of such a nature that the neck could be shifted backwards and forwards at will, we know not, but are disposed to think not; therefore in this point, the invention of Mr. Staufer is entitled to our praise and gratitude.

ON MUSICAL COLOURING.

MUSICAL colouring appears to me entirely an invention of modern times. I say *appears*, for it cannot be maintained with any certainty, that the ancients painted with merely one colour. There is a passage in Plutarch where he expressly says; "now the tones swell towards heaven, and now they die away under the touch of the master;" from this it is evident, that at least the Greeks knew the *forte* and *piano*. But as far as the history of the art ascends, we do not find the least trace that musical colouring was generally practised by the ancients. It is not much more than a century ago since the terms *forte* and *piano* were first introduced; before this period all pieces were either given in one and the same tone, or left to the pleasure of the performer. It is therefore easy to imagine how

much music must have gained by positive rules having been laid down for the colouring. The true master, however, does not need these determinate rules, as every period, even the shortest, in music, has the laws of its performance within it. But, as there are more *ripieno* than *solo* players, it is necessary to mark down the colouring for the different parts of a composition, in order to maintain an equality in the performance.

The great Jomelli was the first who gave terms to musical colouring, and affixed them to his compositions. To such a degree of nicety has this been carried since his time, that even the finest shades have been marked down for the guidance of the player. The principal terms for this colouring are the following :


Forte and Fortissimo.

With energy, and with the highest degree of energy ; strong, without including the idea of increase or diminution.


Piano, Pianissimo.

With softness, and with the extreme degree of softness ; soft, without including the idea of increase or diminution.

Crescendo.

Which is expressed by the following mark,  the gradual swell of the tones, from the whisper of the flute to the thunder of the trombone.

Diminuendo or Decrescendo.

Expressed by the following mark  ; and therefore an inverted *crescendo*.

Forzando.

A sudden and rapid energy given to the note, or chord.

Calando.

A gradual diminution in quickness.

Morendo.

The dying away of the sound ; the last perceptible expiring sigh.

Fermate.

A point of rest, intended to introduce an ornament.

The Beat, the close, and the open Shake.

The intermingling vibrations of two notes, like the flutter of the wings of the zephyr.


Mezzotinto.

The middle tint. The delicate blending of the tones one with the other.

Staccato.

An abrupt, pointed, and yet distinct manner of giving the tone. It is marked with points, and is as it were a short and spirited abridgment of the tone.

Legato.

The opposite to *staccato*. To notes to be thus modified are written with a half circle over them thus , and are to be given in a smooth and gliding manner.

Tenuto.

A term implying that a tone is to be sustained, and held firmly on to the extremity of its length.

Dolce.

A soft and sweet manner of performance.

Furioso.

A wild and impetuous manner of performance.

Amoroso.

In a tender, languishing, and amatory style.

There are many other delicate shades in music, which do not fall within the sphere of a writer, and can only be learnt and felt by the genius and practise of a performer. The *portamento del voce*, or *carriage of the voice*, the trill and perfect shake, the variety of *cadences*, the *tempo rubato*, or occasional retardation of the time for the purpose of enforcing the expression,—like the longing, lingering, look of a lover taking leave of his mistress,—these and a thousand other delicate traits of performance can be given effect to only by the hand of a master. S.

RECOVERY OF A LONG-LOST MUSICAL MANUSCRIPT.

IN Forkel's *History of Music*, p. 487, mention is made of "Anselmus of Parma, a musical writer who flourished before the time of Francisco Gafforius. The work of this author, according to the quotations made by Gafforius, consisted of three books. No farther particulars can be obtained either as to the Author or the time in which he lived." In Gerber's *Lives of Musical Writers &c.*, it is stated that he "is probably no other than Don Anselmo Fiamango, *Musico del Seren. Duca di Baviera*, whom Zacconi, in his *Pratica di Musica*, Part 2, Chap. 10, considers as one of the principal improvers of Solmization... The work in all probability was only in MS. as Dr. Forkel imagines &c." Whose opinion was best founded the following particulars will show.

The work of Anselmus has been discovered in the Ambrosian library at Milan; where it is said to have found its way in the following extraordinary manner. A person went to purchase some small articles of a *picciagnolo* (a name for the keeper of a chandler's shop,) and observed that for the purpose of wrapping up these articles, the man was going to tear up a folio, the binding of which he had already torn off. The person imagining that the volume might deserve a better fate, purchased it of the dealer for a trifling sum, and showed it to a friend, who ascertained its value. From his hands it passed into that great depository of ancient and curious learning, the Ambrosian library.

Padre Affo, librarian of Parma, in a work which he published in 5 vols. quarto, entitled "*Memorie degli Scrittori e Literati Parmeggiani*," passes an eulogium upon Anselmus, and mentions a Dialogue upon Music, written by him, the loss of which he laments in strong terms. Happily this dialogue exists in the volume of which we are speaking, and from it may be collected that Anselmus was much celebrated in his day, and that he was the author of twenty-two mathematical works.

The volume itself consists of eighty-seven pages in folio, written very close, and with a great number of abbreviations. The first page is scarcely legible. It begins as follows : "Præstantissimi ac clarissimi musici, Artium Medicinæque ac astrologiæ consumatissimi Anselmi Georgi parmensis. De Musica dicta prima valnearum."

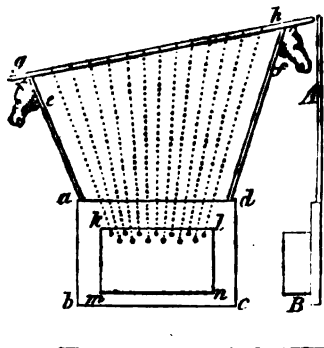
"Magnifico Militi Domino et benefactori meo optimo, Domino Petro Rubeo, Georg. Anselmus salutem et recommendationem. Disputationem nostram de Harmonica celesti quam Corsenæ, septembri proximo, in Balneis habuimus, redactam tuo jussu his in scriptis ad te mitto.

Quantum tamen ricalere valui, quatenus quod erratum aut neglectum fasset pro arbitrio emendes. Vale integerrime heros: Ex Parma, idus Aprilis 1484."

After this follow three Sections or Dialogues: first, "De Harmonia Celesti;" second, "De Harmonia Instrumentali;" third, "De Harmonia Cantabili." It is to be lamented that in this last section the musical examples are almost entirely wanting, and the spaces between the text destined for them stand empty. As for the rest, the treatise does not display the best of Latin. At the end is the following line, in a different hand-writing from the rest, "Liber Franchini Gaffori laudensis, musicæ Professoris, Mediolani Phonasci," which probably is the autograph of Gafforius himself. Whether this MS. be a copy or the original, it is left to the learned to determine. On the sides of the pages are certain corrections and improvements, which are also in another hand-writing.

DESCRIPTION OF AN ANTIQUE GREEK LYRE, LATELY DISCOVERED.

AMONG the antiquities lately brought from Egypt, and deposited in Berlin, is a wooden Lyre, in a tolerable state of preservation. Its form is as follows:—*a, b, c, d*, is a board of about seven inches in breadth, and from five to six in height; *a, e, d, f*, are pieces of wood of unequal length, terminating at the top in an ornament resembling the head of a horse; *g, h*, is another piece of wood perforated with holes, and slightly fastened to the other two; *k, l, m, n*, is a sounding chest of thin wood, fastened to the board, of about two inches in height; above, next to *k, l*, are thirteen holes—in the first row seven, and in the second six, in which the strings seem to have been fastened, and which probably lay in the direction indicated by the dotted lines. Upon the whole, it seems to resemble the instrument which has been termed the harp of David. *A, B*, is a side view of the instrument. We shall probably have an opportunity of giving a more minute description of this curious relic of antiquity.

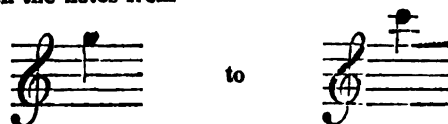


ON THE CHARACTER AND TREATMENT OF THE OBOE.

By G. BRAUN, OF BERLIN.

THE number of good performers on the obœ, compared with those who excel on other instruments, has always been comparatively small; and it is to be regretted that this instrument, which of all others is allowed to approach the nearest to the human voice, has been so much neglected. The cause of this neglect may, perhaps, be traced to the difficulties that arise in its treatment; for it is not sufficient for a performer to possess a good tone, capacity,

and a just taste, but he must also make his own reed; which can scarcely ever be obtained in the degree of perfection requisite for a finished performance. A good reed has so much influence over the delicacy of the tones, and certain modes of performance, that more depends upon it than on the perfection of all the rest of the instrument. I have often envied the professor on the flute or the basset-horn, whose instruments admit of so little variation, and are on all occasions obedient to the hand of the master. If he makes a diligent progress one day, he is sure to advance a step further the next; but such good fortune by no means attends the performer on the obœ, owing entirely to the nature of the reed. Possessed of a reed with which I am tolerably satisfied, I can produce a more delightful effect upon the ear. I can allow myself more freedom upon the instrument, and feel a confidence which I dare not assume on one less perfect, for fear of at once obliterating the good impression produced by my previous performance. This defect renders it necessary for the obœ player to make his own reeds, in order to adapt them perfectly to his own mode of playing; for a reed which is every way suited to one player, will be altogether unfit for another. It is not, in general, advisable to play either on too strong or too weak a reed; the first renders the tone shrill, and gives it too much of a trumpet-effect; and besides a variety of other defects, it will be found deficient in flexibility, and not of sufficient power to sustain the tones; the latter, on the contrary, detracts from the power and fulness of the tones, and will not allow them sufficient energy to penetrate the volume of a full orchestra. The best kind of reed is that of a medium quality, which is easy of intonation, which yields a full round tone, and on which the notes from



can be easily produced.

The process of making these reeds, is too well known to require any detailed account in this place; but a few instances of improvement may be worthy of mention. In the first place, the best seasoned wood is necessary; and in the next, the semicircular root of the tongue must be so formed as to fix with the greatest exactness to the body of the instrument, and the binding threads with which it is fastened, must be fixed with equal nicety, so as not to interfere with the freedom and elasticity of the tongue. But such is the delicacy of the obœ, that scarcely two instruments, though from the hand of the same maker, will be of equal excellence in all respects.

With respect to the keys that have been added to the obœ, I should remark, that too great a number undoubtedly injure the purity of the tone. Those of the greatest utility are F sharp, A flat, and B flat; and it is desirable that these should always be added, as well as the key of the lower B, because the instrument gains thereby a half tone more in its lower compass. The rest of the keys may well be dispensed with, for their utility is more than counterbalanced by their disadvantage.

In the intonation of the obœ, the lips should not be protruded, (as many Introductions to the use of this instrument falsely teach,) for that practice is apt to give a fluttering effect to the tones; on the contrary, the lips should be kept close to the teeth, so that no wind may be suffered to escape at the sides. I have observed this misapplication in several players, which proved at once detrimental to their playing, and disagreeable to the hearer. The mouth

must not, however, be too far distended, particularly in producing the lower tones, as it tends to give them a heavy and bagpipe effect. A natural and unforced action of the mouth is above all to be recommended.

Another and a very essential consideration, is a judicious choice of compositions for the obœ. If a performer select such as are at variance with the character of the instrument, he can never hope to succeed either in delighting his audience, or promoting his own reputation. It is a matter of regret, that as yet so little has been done by composers for the province of the obœ; but it has been urged by them in return, and perhaps with reason, that there is but little demand for such compositions. We trust, however, that the cause of such a natural complaint will be obviated, and that the obœ will assume that importance in the list of delightful and effective instruments, to which it is so justly entitled. In order to produce this effect, it is requisite that the composer and performer should be united in the same person. Such a man will be enabled to know all the advantages and difficulties of the instrument. He will know what to adopt, and what to avoid; he will neither attempt difficulties beyond its powers, nor be deterred from the task of calling forth all the latent energies of which he knows it to be possessed. The obœ, it is well known, has a tone of melancholy pathos peculiar to itself, and is at the same time capable of expressing the liveliest emotions of joy. It can at once give utterance to the deeply-seated feelings of the soul, and to the gayer and more playful emanations of the fancy. It has, therefore, been freely employed in the compositions of the greatest masters, and enhances the effect of some of the most pathetic movements of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven. It is allowed to resemble the human voice, and like that, is capable of producing powerful effects by a few simple notes. Compositions for it should not, therefore, be in strange and contrasted modes, but in those that are most simple and relative. The modes best suited to its powers are, doubtless, C major, F major, D minor, and G major. Its tones are most effective in flowing passages, and in tender and graceful modulation.

As to what regards the performance, no adequate rules can be given in this place; the effect produced must depend in a great degree, on the science, feeling, and good taste of the performer. It is for him to study the character and capabilities of his instrument, and not endeavour to force it to efforts beyond its natural powers. Nothing is more offensive than an unnatural and overstrained forcing of the tones of the obœ, which, in its very nature requires a delicate and impassionate mode of performance, so that the hearer may perceive nothing like effort, but be led to imagine that the artist has it in his power to produce still greater effects.

SIGNOR PEROTTI ON THE PRESENT STATE OF MUSIC IN ITALY.

[Continued from p. 139.]

In the second part of his Dissertation, M. Perotti proceeds to a consideration of the defects that have gradually crept in, to the injury of musical taste, and proved the active causes of its fall from that high degree of perfection which it attained during the last century. These defects he reduces to three principal heads: 1st, the corruption of dramatic poetry; 2dly, the ignorance of singers; and 3dly, the abuse which composers themselves make of the riches

of their art. We shall follow him in the order he has adopted, and make such extracts as appear most sensibly to bear upon the points he has undertaken to illustrate.

"The poetry of our days," he observes, "or at least that connected with our theatres, appears to have degenerated from its nobleness of character, and to have lost sight of the object it should always have in view. Instead of being dignified, elevated, and calculated to awaken noble and virtuous affections, it seems to aim at the opposite effect; to flatter the baser passions of the heart, as the surest way of securing that popular applause, which is the highest object of its ambition." He strengthens his opinion relative to the abuse of dramatic poetry, by the following sentiments of Sig. Artega, in his *Treatise on the "Revolutions of the musical Theatre"*:—"Among all the species of poetry, none has been more undervalued and neglected than that of the musical drama; a contradiction in the Italian character, that affords matter of surprise and concern. While such deep interest is excited by an object so likely to call forth native talent, and forward the views of genuine music, as the opera—while we glory in being the fortunate cultivators of this delightful art, and in having brought it to the highest possible degree of perfection—while such enthusiasm is manifested for all that has any connexion with music,—strange to say, we suffer the poetical part of it, the fountain-head of all expression in song, the soul of all its sentiment and characteristic beauty, to lie in a state of opprobrium, worse than that of the most miserable prose; in a state, whereby the theatre is defrauded of its rights, and language of its privileges; in a state, which can afford music neither proper imagery for the exercise of its powers, nor rhythm for the display of its varied energies; in a state, in which reason seeks in vain for a due connexion between the parts, and good sense for an interest founded on the deep workings of the passions; in a word, in that state which, every instant, insults the patience of the hearer and the taste of the reader."

"Yes," resumes M. Perotti, "that which is now called dramatic poetry, is so in name only; for it is deficient in its most essential prerogatives. This, which should be *ut pictura*, is altogether defective in poetic imagery and dramatic situation. It does not speak the language of the passions; it has not the power to stir, to rouse, to transport. Thus the drama, which under Zeno had displayed itself in the grave and dignified air, and had received life, warmth, spirit, grace of manner, and beauty of ornament from the genius of Metastasio, has again retrograded, and fallen into a second infancy, or to speak more properly into the helplessness of age. To this we may add, that the weakness and want of proper spirit in many of our modern poets, have been the cause of this degradation of the drama. The poet, now, instead of being the principal, the leader and guide, as well of the composer as of the performers, is dependant upon the caprice of every one among them. Nothing is more common than for him to be called upon for a poem, at three or four weeks' notice; it is to be brought out within the month, and he has to fix upon an argument for his drama, and cast a set of characters, without even knowing the singers for whom he is to write, their tastes, or capacities: and who prescribes all this? The *Impresario* (manager), who is generally some venal and ignorant man, ready to sacrifice every thing to sordid interest, and capable of offering such suggestions only as cannot but excite the indignation of the learned sisters of Helicon. An opera composed under such auspices, may well prove only a tissue of discordant colours, without plan,

order, or design; a picture without warmth, spirit, or breathing."

After farther remarking that the poetry, bad enough as it is in itself, is rendered doubly so, through the ignorance of those to whom the recitation of it is committed, M. Perotti proceeds to inquire in what degree the corruption of music is attributable to the performer. "The singer," says he, "who dedicates himself to his art with an earnest desire to attain to excellence, must not only be a proficient in music, but also have a competent knowledge of poetry, in order to become thoroughly versed in its accents, and in those delicacies of language and thought which such a knowledge alone can impart; add to this, a diligent and practical study of gesture and action, without which it is impossible to represent the affections true to life, and give them the stamp of reality. Would to heaven, that those who devote themselves to this art, were thoroughly instructed in the duties of their profession. Both the theoretical and practical knowledge of but too many is lamentably defective; and yet, scarcely have they learned the first elements of their art, than they immediately set up for professors; and if able to sing a few set airs, consider themselves as entitled to assume the importance of a Marchesi or a Pacchierotti. And yet, what knowledge have these persons of singing? In what regards music, though the art of reading and singing at sight, be of no very difficult attainment, few among them will be found capable of doing it with just intonation of voice and exactitude of time. In as far as regards manner, by which term is understood the ornaments of song, and the appropriate selection and disposition of the same, if there be a singer found more gifted than the rest, and to whom nature has been more liberal in her favours, presently all the others make it a study to imitate his manner and copy even his defects. Every one prides himself upon catching the same passages and embellishments which, perhaps, after all, are found of no very essential value, and at the best are generally misplaced. Let us hear the opinion of the accomplished Algarotti on this subject: "In order that the embellishments which a singer introduces into an air should perfectly please, they must be the graceful and spontaneous offspring of his invention; they should be introduced in a natural and varied manner, and not too frequently, so as to disfigure the composition; they should moreover be performed with the greatest nicety, for otherwise, as being embellishments of his own creation, it would be with him as with an ignorant man who could not read his own writing*."

"Nor is it sufficient," continues our author, "that a singer should excel in the execution, he must also possess a competent knowledge of the scientific part of music.—Without this, how can he enter perfectly into the composer's ideas, or do full justice to the composition? Furnished with this knowledge, he would be fully competent to decide what ornaments were suited to different kinds of music, and would be too wisely sparing of his science to lavish inflexions of voice, appoggiaturas, and trills upon every composition without distinction. I can assert from my own experience, that upon questioning many performers as to some of the most essential and even elementary parts of their art, I have found but very few who could give a clear and rational answer. This one opens his mouth and sings at hazard, come what come may; another is received with rapturous applause, because he has a more harmonious voice, a more agreeable person, and is a more perfect adept in the arts of intrigue and cabal. Among women, one is raised to the skies, because more gay

and more attractive, she has the happy address to captivate a greater number of Ganymedes and protectors, who purchase her a cheap popularity by the labour of their hands, whenever this new Venus, invested with the zone of the Graces, comes to bless the stage with her presence.

"If so gross be the ignorance in which we find our modern singers immersed with respect to the art of music, still more deplorable is that in which they live with regard to poetry. To speak to them of the nature of accents, of the mechanism of that poetical harmony which is imitative of nature, of the variety of pauses necessary to give it effect, is to talk of colours to the blind, or of sounds to the deaf. They will tell you with all the effrontery of ignorance, that these are old-fashioned things, long fallen into disuse; but let them learn to their eternal confusion, that the fundamental rules of art are immutable, that they are the same at all times, and that they will ever form an object of the most serious attention to those who are ambitious to rise to eminence in their art."

After particularizing a variety of defects in the singer, Signor Perotti thus proceeds: "The recitative which ought to be one of the most serious objects of their study, is precisely that which they most pointedly neglect; in place of energy and expression, they substitute a drawling monotony, insufferable to the ear, and wearisome to the patience of those who are the most willing to be pleased. I have no doubt that this is one of the principal reasons, why the dramas of Metastasio no longer produce the effect which they formerly did... How melancholy too is the ignorance we are condemned to behold of all the rules of Gesture. Many singers seem to forget that the spectators are furnished with eyes as well as ears, for addressing themselves only to the latter, they remain on the stage as immovable as so many stocks; and when they do begin to put themselves in motion, their gestures are continually at variance with the feelings intended to be expressed.—The countenance, the hands, and the whole person of the true actor should speak; he should be the faithful interpreter of these internal affections of the soul, which neither music, song, nor poetry, can perfectly express. Instead of this, how often, even in situations of the deepest interest and pathos, do we see a singer, instead of giving a corresponding attention to the actor with whom he should be in unison, gazing round upon the boxes, and smiling upon some favourite nymph who is watching to catch his eye. In this manner the singer can never identify himself with the character he means to represent." "The Signor Allippio Forcone, and the Signora Cecilia Pelattuti, says Marcello, in his *Teatro alla Moda*, seem apprehensive lest they should be really taken for Prince Zoroastro and Queen Culicutidonia." Even in his time, the prince of the musical drama was condemned to lament this abuse. "Be this poor drama of mine what it may, says Metastasio, it will not certainly improve in the hands of the present singers, who, through their own fault, are condemned to serve as a mere interlude to the dancers, who, having usurped the art of delineating with truth human actions and affections, have deservedly gained that attention from the public, which the others have deservedly lost. The latter, content with tickling the ear with a few ornaments scattered through their airs, frequently of themselves sufficiently wearisome, leave to the dancers the task of riveting the attention and touching the heart of the spectators."

"And yet," continues M. Perotti, "who would credit it? These same pretenders to art, dressed out in all its prerogatives, assume the most domineering airs, and considering the theatre as their royal domain, treat all the others as the

* Saggio sopra l'Opera in Musica.

slaves of their despotism. It is these who compel the poet to cripple his compositions, and the composer to mangle and deform his operas."

One author considers these, and a multitude of other disorders, as arising in a great measure from the want of a proper degree of spirit on the part of the manager, but in a still greater degree from the negligence, weakness, and other faults in the composer himself. This brings him to the third division of his subject.

"Composers," says M. Perotti, "have to thank themselves for the state of degradation into which they are now fallen; it is they who have co-operated to the dishonour and ruin of that art, of which they ought to have been the guardians and protectors. Various masters of our day, in order to render themselves singular, have departed from the style of the best masters, and disdained to study the great models of the art. This excessive desire of novelty in the arts of imagination, is what undermines the solid foundation on which the superstructure of taste is built, and threatens the whole with ruin. The beautiful consists in the imitation of simple nature; where this principle is lost sight of, nothing but caprice will remain, and consequently, every thing will become vitiated. "The arts of genius," says a critic of eminence, "have their limits, and those who seek to extend them beyond their natural bounds, only conspire to their ruin. If the fire of imagination is to be enkindled by the torch of that ambition which grasps at originality only to be obtained at the expense of all that is great and excellent in art, melancholy indeed, will be the result! Such a delusion will lead to the total corruption of taste." During the last century, dramatic music attained its highest degree of perfection: the composers of our times, therefore, by aiming at a still greater degree of refinement, do but contribute to the ruin of the art. This, if I mistake not, is the real cause of its present corruption. No one possessed of any degree of good taste can deny, that the greater part of the music of our day, has widely deviated from that natural simplicity which constitutes the highest excellency of the art. This arises in a great measure from an overweening fondness for instrumental accompaniments, so as to oppress and stifle the singer*; from a redundancy of *cantilene*, (short airs), which destroy the effect of each other, are full of licenses, and crowded with notes, but empty of matter; to which may be well applied the expression *verba verba, pretereaque nihil*. These are some of the prominent defects that appear in the reigning taste of modern music; defects that arise from the composers themselves being deficient in those requisites that constitute a good master. To form a good writer, so many, both of the gifts of nature and the acquirements of art are necessary, that rare indeed is it to meet with the man in whom they are all united. Presupposing the former of these qualifications, the composer must, in the first place, be well grounded in the science of counter-point, taken in all its ramifications; in the second place, he must be perfectly acquainted with the character and capabilities, not merely of one, but of every kind of instrument; and lastly, in addition to this, he should possess something more than a mediocre knowledge of letters, and particularly of poetry.—"With respect to counterpoint, I have before observed, that it was from the abuse of this science, that many compositions of the old school are found to be rough, harsh, and devoid of imagination; and that afterwards in the hands of the ablest

masters, it generated that simple and beautiful melody, which proved one of the strongest means of raising music to a state of perfection. I also remarked, that, formed in the excellent school of Scarlatti, Leo, Porpora, &c., the great composers, Pergolesi, Jomelli, Galuppi, Piccini, Demajo, not to name a multitude of others, knew how to make a good use of counterpoint. Hence it follows that though that counterpoint which was dry and barren would naturally produce music of the same character, yet when invested with the charms of melody, it enriched the art with a music more interesting, natural, and characteristic, and imparted to it a greater variety and force of expression. Hence the error of those, who imagine that because counterpoint was ameliorated, it was therefore abandoned; and who under this mistaken idea consider it as altogether useless to a composer.—

After producing a variety of instances in which the science of counterpoint has been happily employed by the greatest among the composers of the last century, as well as of the preceding age, the author of the Dissertation thus concludes his remarks on this subject: "I trust I have now shown the folly of that prejudice, which regarded the study of counterpoint as calculated only to cripple and fetter the fancy. This would be the same as to assert that the study of the more solid, and massive beauties of ancient and modern architecture, would be likely to injure the taste of an architect, and incapacitate him for the production of beauties of a lighter kind. In effect, what does the art of counterpoint teach? The method of making the parts sing in good and legitimate harmony, so that they may all tend to one common centre of unity; the manner of conducting one or more subjects which is called the *Fuguing*. The very name of the latter seems, now-a-days, to fill composers with alarm. What then is this said *Fugue*? nothing but a discourse conducted according to the rules of logic, in which the answers, and all that is subsequently introduced into the subject, must be analogous to the main propositions, and in which the conclusion termed the *Stretto*, corresponds to the peroration. Is not this the reasoning that is equally applicable to any piece of music whatever? When one has attained to that degree of knowledge which is necessary in order to form a right judgment of a subject, and to make the parts sing well together, what more is necessary? Practice only. Nothing then remains but to bestow due attention on what regards the instrumental parts and theatrical effect; for which purpose, it will be the business of the artist to investigate the nature and properties of instruments, which known, it will be easy to select such as are the best adapted to his subject; he will then search for measured song, for the best melodies, the most graceful movements, and the most beautiful imitations; and all this will be effectually attained by the means of counterpoint*. The composer will then become versed in all the different styles of music; he will know how to form the happy union between art and nature, and to merit that meed of applause which true judges will not be tardy in bestowing. Thus he will reach the happy art of charming by the variety of his colouring, and the ever-varied grace of his melodies; the public will never be wearied with his beauties, but will enjoy a pleasure that will be ever fresh and ever new. This is the true touchstone to determine what is really beautiful in every production of genius."

[To be concluded in our next Number.]

* This injurious effect might and ought to be prevented; not by abridging the accompaniments of their fullness, nor by diminishing the instruments in their number;—but by compelling the band to subdue their tones, and play *piano assai*. (Note of the Editor.)

* Counterpoint is a most important school study; but Signor Perotti ascribes to it higher powers than it possesses. To invent good melodies is the highest proof of musical genius, and that which the rules of art can never teach. (Editor.)

REVIEW OF MUSIC.

CONCERT-STUCK, *Larghetto affettuoso, Allegro passionato, Marcia e Rondo giojoso, für das Piano-forte, mit Begleitung des Orchesters*, Von CARL MARIA Von WEBER, Königl. Sächsischer Kapellmeister. 79s. Werk. Pr. 8 Rthl. (Leipzig, im Bureau de Musique, von C. F. Peters.)

CONCERT-PIECE, *Larghetto affettuoso, Allegro passionato, Marcia e Rondo giojoso, for the Piano-forte, with Accompaniments for the Orchestra*, by CARL MARIA Von WEBER, Kapellmeister to the King of Saxony. (Leipzig, C. J. Peters.) Imported by Black & Co. Tavistock-Street.

THE name of M. de Weber was hardly known to us till about a year and a half ago, when his romantic but very charming and original opera, *Der Frey-schütz*, made its appearance in the northern and intellectual part of Germany, proving that the national genius for dramatic music,—which, since the retirement of the excellent composer, Winter, had rested under its laurels,—was again aroused into activity. An inspection of that opera excited our wish to see more of the same author, and we obtained several of his compositions, particularly for the piano-forte, all of which shew evident signs of a determination to avoid the common track, and to search for novelty in unfrequented paths. His theatrical works, so far as we have seen of them, are exclusively his own, and should it be said that his instrumental productions are formed after any other model than one created by himself, Beethoven's is the only model that can be named. But we are more disposed to think that his spirit revolts at every thing like imitation, and if his style in any one point resemble that of his great contemporary, the similitude appears only in the laborious struggle to produce new effects.

This is very properly termed a *Concert-Piece*; for though the movement, or time, changes, yet the whole is undivided, and forms an unbroken piece; whereas the *concerto* is always separated into two or more detached parts,—(in England termed movements,)—each being complete in itself. Had it been unaccompanied we should have called it a *Fantasia**, for it has all the wildness of that species of composition, and is quite a flight of the imagination. The greater part of it is in F minor; it breaks into a March in C major, and terminates with what is denominated, in the title-page, a Joyous Rondo, in F major. The opening of this composition, *Larghetto*, is eminently beautiful and full of pathos; but the subject too soon is evaporated, and a succession of *velocities* of all kinds,—of semitonic passages in every form, of rapid and widely-spreading arpeggios, and of skips that seem only intended for a machine to execute,—supervene, involving both performer and hearer in difficulties that will be apt to awe-strike people with healthy understandings. The following passage, at page 10, will show what sort of hand, and slight-of-hand, are necessary for the performance of this piece:

* We here use this word in its accepted, but erroneous, sense; a *Fantasia* in strict language is a piece produced *ad impromptu*.



The first of these bars was originally used by Woelfl, and inserted among the difficulties of his *ne plus ultra*. The next two, which demand a span of eleven notes, are written, we presume, for those ladies who have an extra joint to their fingers. Nature, except in her sportive moods, never formed a female for such an achievement.

The passages of semitones which were once rendered fashionable by Dussek,—the only blot in his musical 'scutcheon,—disappeared with returning good sense. But there are cycles in all things, we fear, in fashion most undeniably, and the bad taste for rapid successions of half notes, is come round again for a time, a short time, we trust, and will again be banished. Hitherto we have only met with these passages in similar progression; M. de Weber has improved the horror, and whetted our teeth for any mordacious exploit, by the subjoined detestable howl, in contrary motion:—



There are certain flights of octaves in the Rondo, which we only allude to, because they are directed to be played as *slides*, for such we take as the meaning of the term "*glissando*;" a word appertaining to some language no doubt, but to which it belongs we declare our perfect ignorance. These slides, however, are only conveniently practicable on German instruments, the light and shallow touch of which hardly requires the strength of a child. Whoever attempts them on an English piano-forte, will retire from the service with wounded fingers.

We enter thus at large into these difficulties out of respect to the talents of the very author of them. There is elegance, there is ingenuity enough in this Concert-Piece, to make many wish to play it: but where is the

amateur,—and for whom do professors publish but amateurs?—where indeed we may ask, is the professor—that will face such unprofitable labour? If the passages when accomplished delighted in proportion to the time and effort bestowed upon them, we would be among the first to preach up patience and perseverance; but if, when subdued, they add no grace to the conqueror's triumph, where is the glory of overcoming them? To prove, however, that we are not inimical to music that requires a brilliant finger and industry, we extract a part of page 24, which will answer the double purpose of shewing the vigour and ability with which M. de Weber writes, and of furnishing our readers with a good practical exercise.





The instrumental parts are very contributory to the effect of this composition, are easy, and may be performed by any orchestra, having a complete band of wind instruments.

We cannot afford room for more extracts, otherwise we should have been glad to insert a few bars of the commencement, of which we have already spoken. The march is full of spirit, and very popular in its style. We shall endeavour to give it in our next number.

HUITIEME NOCTURNE pour le Piano-forte, composé par JOHN FIELD. (Leipzig, au Bureau de Musique de C. F. Peters.) Imported by Boosey and Co., Holles-street.

The Name of Field, a very favourite pupil of Mr. Clementi, must be well known to most of our readers. As a Piano-forte player he was much admired in this country some twenty years ago; and since his establishment in Petersburg, where he has been living ever since he left England, he has increased his fame, both by his performances and compositions.

We have lately received from Germany the *Nocturne* which is the subject of the present article, and recommend it to those of our readers who encourage a partiality for the minor key, and for music of rather a serious and scientific cast; provided they can command ten notes without inconvenience. This piece is comprised in the short compass of two pages, and is as beautiful as it is concise. It is in E minor, in twelve-eight time, with a simple and plaintive melody, which if played with expression will not fail to touch the hearts of all who love the music of passion. It is so combined that we cannot detach any part of it as a specimen. The last two bars, which are in the manner of Alessandro Scarlatti, will shew to such of our readers as are not much acquainted with ancient instrumental music, the style of a close used towards the end of the seventeenth, and beginning of the eighteenth century.



There is a little irregularity in the quantity of notes in these bars resulting from the mode of notation; but the author's intention is very perceptible.

1. *The National Air, "NELSON,"* (Composed by J. Braham,) with an INTRODUCTION and VARIATIONS for the Piano-forte, by FERD. RIES, Member of the Royal Academy of Music in Sweden. Op. 96, No. 4. No. 28 of Variations. (Goulding, D'Almaine, and Co.)
2. A FIFTH SONATINA, for the Piano-forte, by FERD. RIES.
3. A SIXTH DO., by the same. (Clementi and Co.)

As a National Song, Mr. Braham's "Death of Nelson" has pleased, and continues to please, a vast majority of the inhabitants of the British Isles; it has therefore accomplished its purpose: for to whom are national songs,—which are always appeals to the passions, and seldom free from vain-glory,—addressed?—To the multitude. They are meant to flatter the pride of the people, to cherish their love of country, and to inflame their zeal in its defence. Of such compositions, this most popular singer has produced some that have operated with great force on public feeling, and will hereafter even be considered as features in the musical history of the present eventful age. They will be preserved along with the Tyrtsean strains of Dibdin, Arne, and Purcell.

It will be asked, we are well aware, if we consider those of his songs that belong to this particular class, as specimens of refined musical taste. Without doubt we must answer in the negative; though we shall add, that they never aimed at that character, they were written for the many,—for ninety-nine-hundredths of the natives of these kingdoms, whose taste in music may not be so refined, as is those of the same order in Italy and Germany: but their hearts are as sensible, and their political feelings ten times more ardent; and they, the nerve and sinew of the nation, have stamped a reputation upon this, and others of Mr. Braham's songs, which proves incontestably to us, and in spite of all our early-imbibed partiality for elaborate harmony and high-wrought accompaniments, that they possess merit,—merit of a superior order, and such as can only be attained by genius.

In choosing this air as a subject for variations, Mr. Ries did well, if he considered it only as a melody. But inasmuch as it is impossible to hear it and not associate with it words that are very adverse to rapid movements and brilliant passages, he judged wrong in selecting such a song, unless he had confined himself to a graver descant. With the exception of one variation in a minor key, they are all joyous, tripping, and flighty; but they are well written, and if heard without reference to the words of the air, will be productive of effect. They are also not unreasonable in length and number, and embody useful passages for practice. The Introduction, a good slow movement, in C minor, is characteristic of the subject, which it ushers in with becoming gravity. Had the same sobriety of style been continued, the whole would have been in better keeping. But in that case, says an author, it would have proved dull, the greatest of faults. Granted; because serious airs admit of two or three variations, and no more, without becoming tedious. If many are required, a less restricted subject should be chosen, that will admit of a variety of form, and a diversity of colouring.

The two SONATINAS have afforded us more pleasure than we expected, being aware how difficult it is for a superior composer to trifle gracefully. They are adapted to learners of about two years' standing, and will not only afford them pleasure, but initiate them in some of the harmonic combinations and complex passages that abound in modern music.

EL SERENY, a favourite Spanish Air, with Variations and an Introduction, for the Piano-forte, composed and arranged by T. A. RAWLINGS. (Royal Harmonic Institution, Regent Street.)

This air, a kind of *Guaracha*, is pretty, and whether fabricated in the land of cows and crucifixes, or only found there, is Spanish in style, whatever it be in title. But the variations upon it, are as common as an *ave maria*, and as dull as a homily. They consist almost entirely of triplets, blended with a few threadbare arpeggios. From page 1 to page 9, we are cantered on in this manner, with no relief, except a short change of space which a march of about sixteen bars affords; and this is the only part of *El Sereny*, save the air itself, that we can commend, without hazarding our character for impartiality. Mr. Rawlings is equal to better things; but now the very word, *Spanish*, makes the heart sink; it represses effort, and is enough to lower the mind to the level of mules, friars, and petticoat workers.

SONATA for the Piano-forte, composed, and dedicated to his Friend Rigel [of Paris] by I. MOSCHELES. (Chappell and Co. New Bond Street.)

This is a sonata that every tolerably good performer may undertake, and so far it differs from most of M. Moscheles' compositions, which, excellent as they are, are rarely accessible but to players of the first class. It is rather in the style of Haydn, though not indebted to him, that we can discover, for a single passage. A melodious, well-supported subject which is never out of sight, runs through each movement, and proclaims that the author did not neglect the study of counter-point in his early days; a culpable ignorance in which is too often betrayed by the mob of composers, that every European metropolis can shew. We have been very much gratified by the present work, which bears the stamp of a master, and ought to find a

place in the musical library of all those who are aware that to be permanently pleasing, a composition must spring from scientific principles.

1. THE TYROLESE AIR, Arranged with easy variations for the Piano-forte, by M. HOLST.
2. "SCOTS WHA HA," with ditto by ditto.
3. "SUL MARGINE D'UN RIO," with ditto by ditto.
4. LE VAILLANT TROUBADOUR, with ditto by ditto.
5. NATIONAL WALTZ, with ditto by ditto.
6. "DI TANTI PALPITI," with ditto by ditto.

All published by (Clementi and Co., Cheapside.)

Do not imagine, gentle reader, that we are about to enter into a critical analysis of such trifles as these; your time and ours can be better employed than in devoting it to such juvenile matters. But as parents, as well as teachers, often find the want of a list of what may be termed nursery music, we notice these airs in order to assist such persons, by furnishing them with the titles of a few that are well selected in point of subject, are extremely easy, being fit for children that have just finished their first instruction book, and are exceedingly short. Those who labour for infancy, and labour successfully, perform a very useful task, and though no glory can attend their toil, yet it ought to be rewarded by some little praise; of which in the present case we think Mr. Holst deserving.

1. A GRAND DUET, for the HARP and PIANO-FORTE, Arranged from a Concerto of Dussek, and dedicated to Lady Gwydir, by D. BRUGUIER. (John Gow and Son, Music-sellers to HIS MAJESTY, 162 Regent Street.)
2. NADERMAN'S FANTASIA on Rousseau's Dream, arranged as a duet for the same, by ditto. (Published by the same.)
3. SELECTION OF FAVOURITE AIRS, from Rossini's Opera Zelmira, arranged as duets for the same, by ditto. (Published by the same.)

Dussek's brilliant and popular Concerto, in F, converts into a very good duet for the Harp and Piano-forte. It is a kind of music which makes a great show, seems very difficult, and yet requires no extraordinary share of ability nor any unusual quantity of industry, in the player.

Rousseau's Dream is well known to every body by means of Mr. Cramer's elegant arrangement of the air as a Divertimento. M. Naderman adhered to the character of the melody in his Fantasia, as to the time; but we do not like the moving bass of quavers in the piano-forte part of the theme, it diminishes the tender effect of the longer notes in the treble.

The pieces selected from Zelmira are not very original in feature, nor very popular in style; but they are easy to execute, and,—which is the grand point,—they are new in name, if not in fact.

In all these arrangements Mr. Bruguier has shewn a praise-worthy respect for the original materials, and studied the ease of the performers, so far as is compatible with the good effect of the music. As this kind of publication is only to be considered in the light of a revival, we do not bestow the same attention on it as is due to original composition; and therefore after saying that the above works are very good things of their kind, and likely to afford pleasure to those who have the means of enjoying that charming union which the Harp and Piano-forte produces, we take our leave of them without any further comment.

1. "LAMP OF MY LIFE! RETURN!" *The Poetry from Planche's Poem, Shere Afkua, the Music composed by HENRY R. BISHOP. (Goulding and Co.)*
2. "BENEDETTA SIA LA MADRE," *Canzoncina, sung by Mrs. Salmon, and arranged with an accompaniment for the Piano-forte or Harp, by C. M. SOLA. (Goulding and Co.)*
3. "I'LL BID THEE, LOVE, NO MORE ADIEU," an answer to the popular ballad "Adieu! good night," as sung by Mr. Duresset, by C. M. SOLA, (Clementi and Co.)
4. "I SAW, WHILE THE EARTH WAS AT REST," composed by H. J. BANISTER. (Printed for the author, 109, Goswell Street, and to be had at Clementi's, and the Harmonic Institution.)
5. "SWEET ROSALIE," a Serenade, composed by J. BLEWITT. (Clementi and Co.)
6. "OH! TURN THOSE DEAR, DEAR EYES AWAY," a song composed by JOSEPH DE PINNA. (Clementi and Co.)
7. "'TIS VAIN TO DECK THY BROW WITH PEARLS," a song by the same. (Clementi and Co.)
8. "HAIL, BEAUTEUS STRANGER!" a song by the same. (Clementi and Co.)
9. "THOU ROBB'ST MY DAYS OF BUSINESS AND DELIGHT," composed by W. GUTTERIDGE, (of His Majesty's private band.) Fitzwilliam and Co., New Street, Covent-Garden.)
10. "AH COUNTY GUY," the poetry from Quentin Durdward, the music by T. A. HUGHES. (Fitzwilliam and Co.)

Mr. Bishop's is an elegant expressive song; slow, easy to execute, and very bounded in its compass. The use of the chord of the sixth and fifth on the words, "From Cashmere's loom, from Ormus' sea," produces a beautiful effect, and the impassioned notes which are set to the exclamation, "Lamp of my life! return, return!" will assuredly strike every ear that is attuned to music, and every heart that is alive to tender impression.

The eighth bar of the melody should have been written in respect to measure, thus—



to suit the structure of the verse, and the sense of the poetry.

The *Canzoncina*, as it is rather singularly called, is very pretty. The title may mislead numbers into a belief that it is the composition of M. Sola; a misapprehension which, we are persuaded, he would be very sorry to encourage: for a respectable professor never has recourse to this kind of quackery, and always sets his face against it.

The song, No. 3, must be full of the engraver's errors; such passages as these can never have been left, except inadvertently, in the composer's MS.



The title of this song, also, is so worded, that it may have the unintended effect of leading many to suppose that it was sung by Mr. Duresset at Covent-Garden Theatre. Mr. Sola will, doubtless, be obliged to us for pointing out this want of perspicuity, of which, as a foreigner he cannot be supposed to be aware.

Nos. 4 and 5 are pretty, though common, and they are free from the usual errors in prosody. The poetry of Mr. Blewett's song is not without merit, and the passage at the words "Sweet Rosalie," is light and pleasing.

Mr. de Pinna's three songs are composed in a laboured style, and are well put together. They want that which is so difficult to find,—originality; or perhaps we ought to say, invention; for we do not accuse their author of plagiarism, because we detect none. The materials from which the generality of songs are made up, are like phrases in language, common property, open to every body, and whereof no one scruples to avail himself. The third of these airs, "Hail, beauteous stranger," gives us the most pleasure; the passage at

" ——— With music sweet
Of birds among the bowers ;"

is good, and indicates a love of solid harmony.

The song, No. 9., manifests great inexperience in composition, and a total absence of all knowledge of poetical accent. The harmony, nevertheless, shews a spirit of emulation; we, therefore, recommend the youthful author to refrain from publishing till a few more years have passed over his head.

"County Guy" has not inspired any one of those who have yet attempted "to find the notes" belonging to it, with a talent for discovery. The tune will be picked up some day, by mere accident, after numbers have failed in their search for it, and the advertisement is quite forgotten.

We received the first number of "CANADIAN AIRS, with Symphonies and Accompaniments, by EDW. KNIGHT, Jun., the words by GEORGE SOANE, Esq., A. B.," at the moment the present number was going to press. These are the melodies "collected by Lieutenant Back, R. N., during the late Arctic Expedition under Capt. Franklin," and ought to possess a very considerable share of interest: though as we have only had time merely to open the volume, we cannot pretend to offer any opinion of the work, till our next number.

We have received a temperate and gentlemanlike letter from Mr. Clifton, complaining of the "severity" with which we have reviewed one of his Glees in our last number. He candidly acquiesces in some of our remarks, and states that the composition in question "was written and published nearly twenty years ago when he was in a remote part of Ireland, and, for want of books, was obliged to trust to memory for words he had learnt when a boy. Its success in Dublin, Bath, and other places caused application to be made for a reprint of it, and the present edition was accordingly engraved from the former, without a strict attention to its correction." Mr. C. however contests other points, concerning which we can only refer him back to our own words, and thence to the best edition of Gray's works, edited by Mr. Matthias. We admit that the epithet "high-born," is to be found in the latter part of the glee, but not until the line in which the term ought to appear, is sung twice over without it. We have thought it due to

Mr. C. to insert the foregoing extract from his letter, as well as our own acknowledgement: but with respect to his other observations, we beg leave to exercise the discretion which he has vested in us, by not referring to them; for a controversy between the Reviewer and the Reviewed, is, of all things, the most annoying to uninterested readers.

MUSICAL FESTIVALS.

YORK.

FURTHER PARTICULARS.

THE Minster at York is admirably calculated for sound, having but few of those recesses which commonly are so numerous in gothic architecture. This advantage, and others which it possesses, were improved to the utmost practicable degree, by the judgment of the committee, and others engaged in preparing the stupendous and venerable building for the reception of so great a body of auditors and performers, and for the equal distribution of such a volume of sound.

The vast middle aisle of the cathedral was furnished with benches, having backs to them, and covered with crimson cloth. The tickets to these were fifteen shillings. At the end opposite to the orchestra a magnificent gallery was fitted up in a similar manner, the admission to which was one guinea. In the side aisles were placed forms covered with green baize, for the accommodation of those who study economy; at the less intimidating sum of seven shillings each seat.

It is not easy to imagine the effect produced, upon seeing this immense void filled up as it were in a moment by a host of five thousand persons, all in their gayest attire, and every eye beaming the most grateful satisfaction and delight, at the scene displayed to their view.

Having devoted a considerable space in our last number to this festival, we are obliged to curtail very much the many excellent critical remarks with which we have since been favoured by a correspondent. His strictures upon Mrs. Salmon's cadence to the air, "From mighty kings," are, doubtless as just, as his encomiums upon her singing in general, are merited. The honour of opening the Messiah, was given to Madame Catalani, who sung "Comfort ye my people," in D major, a whole tone lower than written! Such a practice cannot be sufficiently reprobated; for if that distinguished singer could not perform it as Handel wrote it, some other person ought to have been selected for the purpose. Mr. Vaughan was present, and he would have done it justice*. In consequence of this transposition, it became necessary of course, to play the overture in D minor, a change fraught with mischievous effects. But this is not all the damage which Handel's sublime oratorio suffered; for by a similar imprudent compliance with an equally unreasonable demand, the same lady was allowed to sing "I know that my Redeemer liveth," in E flat, instead of

* At Birmingham Mr. Braham with a very becoming spirit, treated with disdain a proposal that he should yield this recitative and song to Madame Catalani. The author intended it for a tenor, and so long as a good one remains, it ought not to be transferred to a soprano.

E four sharps. The cadence to this was any thing but in character with the strong religious feeling of the song. "Pious orgies," by Miss Stephens, and "what though I trace," by Miss Travis, produced a universal murmur of applause. Till now we have never had an opportunity of justly appreciating the talent of the latter young lady, which on this occasion, exhibited a finished specimen of vocal excellence. She was most deservedly encored. Mozart's *Requiem* we have often heard well performed, but never was so much delighted by it as now. The grand effect produced by the performance of St. Matthew's tune, (composed by Dr. Croft,) defies all description. The organ accompaniment of Mr. Camidge, did ample justice to the surprising powers and beauty of the instrument at which he presided. To our regret Madame Catalani was again permitted to sing by transposing "Angels ever bright and fair!" from F to E, a trifling difference as it concerned her voice, a very important one in relation to the music.

The first act of the Creation produced a marvellous effect; the crash of such a body of instruments, at the words "and there was light," was quite appalling. We would fain communicate to our readers the state of our feelings at the tremendous burst; but the attempt would prove quite futile. We cannot refrain from noticing the divine composition, *Luther's Hymn*, which was given by Madame Catalani on the second day, and again on the third, in a most impressive manner. It is one of the few pieces of English sacred music which seems particularly adapted to her immensely powerful and sonorous voice, and in which she both surprises and pleases at the same moment.

The concerts consisted chiefly of those things which had been popular in London during the preceding season. The symphonies and overtures were perfect; we cannot say that all the vocal efforts were entitled to the same praise. The joining together of English and Italian singers in the concerted pieces of Mozart, was very injurious to the effects of those that were performed in the evening selections made for this festival; and whenever so heterogeneous a mixture takes place, the result will be the same.

Our correspondent bestows very warm, and we are sure well-merited, encomiums on the chief conductor, Mr. Greateorex. In addition to his professional abilities, he possesses an enlarged and cultivated mind, with no small share of scientific and general knowledge; he therefore was exactly the person to select for the direction of so great and multifarious an undertaking.

The following is the programme of the last concert, which, not being settled in time to publish in our former Number, was deferred till the present:—

SECOND CONCERT.

Thursday Evening, September 25.

PART I.

Grand Symphony, (C Minor).—**BEETHOVEN.**

Song—Miss Travis, "Charley is my Darling." (Scottish.)

Glee, (Five Voices)—"When minds breathe soft."—**WEBER.**

Grand Aria—Madame Catalani, "La tu vedrai."—**CLEMENT.**

Overture.—**BEETHOVEN.**

Song—Miss Stephens, "Sweet Home." (Sicilian Air.)

Concerto Violin—Mr. Mori.—**VIOTTI & MAYSENER.**

Air, with Variations—Mad. Catalani, "Robin Adair." (Irish.)

Duette—Mrs. Salmon and Mr. Sapiro, "Amor Possente."—ROSSINI.

Grand Finale—"Signori di fuori," (*Le Nozze di Figaro*.) Mrs. Salmon, Miss Stephens, Messrs. Vaughan, Sapiro, Placci, and Bellamy.—MOZART.

PART II.

Overture—(*Egmont*)—BEETHOVEN.

Scottish Air—Mrs. Salmon, "My Lodging."

Terzetto—"Cruda sorte," Madame Catalani, Mr. Sapiro, and Signor Placci.—ROSSINI.

Song—Mr. Vaughan, "Alexis."—PERUSCH.

With Violoncello Accompaniment Obligato, Mr. Lindley.

Glee—"If o'er the cruel tyrant," (Harmonized by Mr. Grestorex.)—ARNE.

Overture to "*La Cenerentola*."—ROSSINI.

Air—Signor Placci, "Largo al factotum."—ROSSINI.

Fantasia Horn—Signor Puzzi.

Air—Mad. Catalani, "Non piu andrai, (*Figaro*.)—MOZART.

Finale—Madame Catalani and Chorus, "God save the King."

The following statement of the numbers present on each occasion, and of the general products of the festival, will, we believe, be found quite correct:—

At the Minster on the	1st day . .	3050
	2nd day . .	4674
	3rd day . .	4860
	4th day . .	4160

(The greatest number of persons who were present on any one day, at the commemoration of Handel, in Westminster Abbey, exclusive of the band, was 2225.)

Present at the	1st Concert . . .	1358.
	2nd do . . .	1530

The total amount of the receipts is upwards of 15,900*l.*, and there are still some small sums to come in. The amount of balance paid to the hospitals, for whose benefit the festival took place, is between 7 and 8000*l.*

LIVERPOOL GRAND MUSICAL FESTIVAL,

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE PUBLIC CHARITIES.

The Liverpool Festival is the Third Meeting of the kind that falls under our notice this year. It is to be supposed that, in point of grandeur, it did not vie with that of York; but it was as little inferior to that grand celebration in most other respects, as the comparative means would allow.

The vocal performers engaged, were,—Mrs. Salmon, Miss Stephens, Miss Goodall, Miss Sutton; Messrs. Braham, Vaughan, Bellamy, W. Kayvett, and Phillips; Madame Ronzi de Begnis, and Signor De Begnis.

Mr. F. Cramer was leader of the Morning Performances; and also, conjointly with Mr. Mori, of the Evening Concerts.

Sir George Smart conducted the whole.

The first Morning Performance, on Wednesday, Oct. 1st, consisted of THE MESSIAH, with Mozart's accompaniments, which was given in a most charming manner. The opening of it was assigned to Mr. Braham; and who so fit?

The Second Morning, Oct. 2nd. was allotted to Beethoven's *Mount of Olives*, and two Miscellaneous Acts which included a part of *Israel in Egypt*.

The Third Morning, Oct. 3rd. was occupied with a Miscellaneous Selection, from Haydn's *Creation*, Handel's *Jephtha*, *Joshua*, and *Judas Maccabaeus*, together with the *Requiem* of Mozart.

In the selection of the Second Morning, our correspondent mentions a fine effect produced by a Hymn, composed by Dr. Chard; he also speaks in high terms of Mr. Vaughan's "Lord remember David," Miss Stephens's "Angels ever bright and fair!" and Mr. Braham's "Gentle airs." Of the latter gentleman he remarks, "I doubt whether we shall often again find so much music in so small a compass, and therefore look forward with pain to that moment which will deprive us of so much excellence."

On the third morning "Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty!" sung by Mrs. Salmon, and "Luther's Hymn," by Mr. Braham, produced a surprising effect. The prayer from *Mosé in Egitto*, went off very indifferently; but Miss Goodall in "what tho' I trace," and Miss Stephens, in "Let the bright Seraphim," redeemed the credit that the quartett put in jeopardy. Mr. Attwood's scientific and magnificent Coronation Anthem, "I was glad,"—a part of Mozart's *Requiem*, and Handel's chorus, "Glory to God," were performed on this last day, to the admiration of all present: the Horn and Trumpet, accompaniment to the latter, by Messrs. Puzzi and Harpur, set all competition at defiance. A new bass-singer, Mr. Phillips, in "Honour and Arms," made a very respectable first appearance on this occasion. "Sound an alarm," our correspondent seems to think was much too alarmingly sounded, and the beautiful duet, "Oh! never bow me down," was massacred.

In the evening Concerts the fine overture to *Egmont*, by Beethoven, was not heard to the usual advantage, but Mori on the violin, and Nicholson on the flute did wonders. A new Canzonet, composed by Mr. Novello, proved most interesting. Mad. de Begnis delighted every body in "*Una voce poco fa*." This lady stands unrivalled in her profession, considered in the joint capacity of singer and actress; but she now seemed to perform under the influence of a slight cold. The two vocal finales, "*Oh Guardate*," and "*Tu e' ver*," experienced the sad fate to which Italian concerted pieces are so often exposed in mixed orchestras. A pastoral quartett by Rossini, "*L'asia in favilla*," turned out to be a very weak and flimsy composition; but the humorous duet, "*NELLA CASA*," which was most delightfully given by that charming couple, M. and Mad. de Begnis, made ample compensation for the defects of the other. Miss Goodall was not more successful than usual in "Bid me discourse:" she would shew her good sense were she to relinquish it altogether; and Mrs. Salmon would do as well to dismiss from her collection, the song "Weep not for me." The injunction contained in the title is a friendly one, and we obeyed it to the letter: but we sighed for ourselves that we should be destined to listen to so wretched a thing. Our serenity was restored by Mozart's trio, "*La Mia Dorabella*," well sung by Messrs. Braham, de Begnis and Phillips, and by the delightful duet, "*Giovinette*," from *Don Giovanni*, which was followed by clamours of applause.

The following is a correct account of the numbers present at the different performances, and balls :—

At St. Peters' Church.	{ Messiah, 1st. day,	1566
	{ Mount of Olives, &c., 2nd. day	1486
	{ Creation, &c. 3rd. day.	1965
At the Music Hall.	{ First Concert,	928
	{ Second ditto.	1405
Ball at the Wellington Rooms,		538
Fancy Ball at Assembly Rooms,		1475

The gross receipts are estimated at £6000.

BIRMINGHAM GRAND MUSICAL FESTIVAL,

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE GENERAL HOSPITAL.

THIS meeting is considered the most important of all those that take place periodically in our great provincial towns, and we must declare that whenever we have been present at it, our most sanguine expectations have been realized; for the manner in which it is prepared, and carried through, reflects the highest credit upon all who have any share in its management. The principal vocal performers engaged for this year were,

Madame Catalani, Mrs. Salmon, Miss Stephens, and Miss Travis; Messrs. Braham, Vaughan. W. Knyvett, Bellamy and Signor Placci. Mr. Cramer, assisted by Mr. Mori, led the band. The principal instrumental performers were nearly the same as those who were engaged at York, and the whole was conducted by Mr. Greateorex.

The band was exceedingly strong, and only numerically inferior to the host collected together for the Yorkshire festival.

There were given for the benefit of this excellent and most important charity, four morning performances at St. Philip's Church, and three evening concerts at the theatre.

The first morning consisted entirely of cathedral music; the second of a selection from various authors; the third of the Messiah; and the fourth of another selection, chiefly from the works of Handel.

The evening concerts were composéd of the popular secular music, and differed but little from those that had already been performed at the other meetings which this year has witnessed.

We should weary our readers by repeating our criticisms upon every individual piece; therefore not to be too *ennuyant*, we shall merely notice those which most appear to demand our comments.

On the first morning, Mr. Braham's "Lord Remember David," was a most emphatic performance, though he transposed it a semitone lower than it is written*. The selection from Mozart's *requiem* highly gratified the real lovers of divine harmony; and Mad. Catalani's "*Gratias agimus tibi*," would have been charming any where but in a church: it was too florid for the place. *The Triumph of Gideon*, a sacred drama, set to music by Winter, and arranged expressly for this meeting, disappointed us. We do not know when, upon the whole, we have heard a more

* Our correspondent here is rather in error. It is true that Handel's song "*Rendi'l sereno*," is written in B major; but it was Dr. Arnold who transposed it into B flat, when he adapted English words to it for *The Redemption*.

uninteresting performance; an acknowledgment which we reluctantly make, for we very highly respect the talents of this composer. But, alas! all things have their termination, and we must conclude that the present work was composed when its author,—once so great,—was approaching to that state of mental infirmity under which he now suffers. Miss Stephens in "Farewell ye limpid springs," and the awe-inspiring chorus, "Glory to God," surpassed most things of the kind that we have heard. Madame Catalani's "Holy, Holy," shewed how a fine composition might be misunderstood, and great talents be misapplied. Mr. Vaughan gave "Gentle airs," with his usual simplicity, and was finely accompanied by Lindley. A selection from *The Creation*, closed the performance of the first day. The second was occupied by *The Messiah*, which was executed in a most perfect manner, and reflected the greatest credit on the various performers.

The third day commenced with Attwood's fine Coronation Anthem, and parts of Jomelli's Mass succeeded, namely, the "*Sanctus*," "*Agnus Dei*," and "*Dona pacem*." This is a species of music which cannot be too much cultivated; it possesses solidity, grandeur, and excites the most devout and sublime feelings. Luther's Hymn was sung by Braham, with all his vocal powers; and this part of the performance ended with a chorus by Haydn, arranged by Mr. Gardiner of Leicester, which was far from ineffective. The second part presented a greater portion of Haydn's *Seasons*, than we are accustomed to hear; and we can never hear too much of such music. In the third part, Miss Stephens shone in "O magnify the Lord," and was followed by a selection from *Israel in Egypt*; the whole of which was executed in a manner perfectly congenial to our notions of propriety.

We must now hastily proceed to the concerts. In these, Mad. Catalani and Mr. Braham sang a duet by Ciachettini, a composition certainly not to be commended. It was followed by "Hush ye pretty warbling quire," by Miss Stephens, accompanied on the flageolet by Mr. Collinet, who may be the very soul of a quadrille, but should not attempt to accompany the voice, till he has gained some experience in this department. He is a surprising performer on his instrument, certainly; but Handel's music ought to excite a nobler emotion than can be raised by the passion of surprise.—Webbe's beautiful glee, "When winds breath soft," was sung with great effect; and the act concluded with Rossini's beautiful terzetto, "Ah! qual colpo!" executed in a manner much beneath its merits. Beethoven's Overture to *Egmont* opened the second act, and Mrs. Salmon sang "Cease your funning," as newly arranged by Braham, and was deservedly encored. Lindley's Concerto was excellent, and W. Knyvett's beautiful glee, "There is a bloom," was admirably performed; it never fails to delight. Mad. Catalani gave Rode's air with variations, in her surprising manner; and the concert terminated with Mozart's wonderful *finale* to *Figaro*, "*Signori di fuori*," which had no mercy shewn it.

The second night's performance consisted of Beethoven's Overture to *Fidelio*; Rossini's Quartett, "*Cielo mio labbro*," well executed; a Concerto by Mori, quite perfect; "Sweet Home," by Miss Stephens, extremely touching—but, like the Echo duet that followed, too much hackneyed. A grand *Scena ed Aria*, by Morlacchi, sung by Mad. Catalani, did not make us wish to court a further acquaintance with the author. In the second act, Mr. Braham gave Bishop's fine song, "The Battle of the Angels."—"Cruda sorte" followed, and met with a hard fate indeed! The

Concert terminated with "Rule Britannia," by Madame Catalani, and a full chorus.

The third concert began with a favourite symphony by Mozart, which had little justice done it. Willman's concerto on the *Corno di Bassotto*, was a clever and novel performance. A glee, or two, a song by Catalani, and the finale to *Il Turco*, "Ah! Guardate," (which last was unmercifully mangled), completed the first act. The opening of the second act afforded us some compensation, by the performance of Cherubini's overture to *Asacreen*, which was never better executed, or followed by more sincere applause. "The battle of Hehenlinden," by Mr. Bellamy, is too drowsy for a concert room. The glee "If o'er the cruel tyrant love," was beautifully sung. "The Battle of Maida," Mr. Braham gave with all his accustomed pathos. "God save the King," concluded the whole of these performances for the present year, which have been uncommonly productive, have given pleasure to thousands, will afford relief, under the most trying of circumstances, to as many more, and have promoted an art that enlarges our sphere of innocent pleasures.

To Mr. Grextorex, the Meeting is justly indebted for the exercise of that skill and judgment which has long placed him at the head of the musical conductors of the kingdom; and to the Leaders Messrs. Cramer and Mori, for the great talent they displayed throughout the performances.

It is but justice to the performers, both vocal and instrumental, to say, that every individual evinced the most marked desire to aid to the utmost the success of the performances.

The following is a summary, as far as can be at present ascertained, of the receipts arising from each performance:—

TUESDAY.

	£.	s.	d.	£.	s.	d.
Church Admissions . . .	304	17	6			
Collection	424	18	0½			
Theatres	928	14	0			
				1658	9	6½

WEDNESDAY.

Church Admissions . . .	1396	0	0			
Collection	380	17	6			
Theatre	1104	13	0			
				2881	10	6

THURSDAY.

Church Admissions . . .	1500	0	0			
Collection	257	8	6			
Dress Ball	873	0	0			
				2630	8	6

FRIDAY.

Church Admissions . . .	1404	0	0			
Collection	580	5	6			
Theatre	1247	0	0			
				3231	5	6
Additional Donations	148	0	0			
Books supposed about	800	0	0			
Total	£10,859	14	0½			

FOREIGN MUSICAL REPORT.

VIENNA. A new opera has been produced here, entitled *Libussa*, the music by C. Kreutzer, which met with decided success, and was more favourably received at every succeeding repetition. It cannot be denied that this master has followed the stream; he has, perhaps, showered upon us the *bonbons* of music too profusely; yet such a conformity to the taste of the day must not be urged as any great reproach against him, as he has not done it at the expense of correctness. Pure harmony, a noble flowing melody, and an animated, though perhaps, sometimes too showy, instrumental accompaniment, are the prominent features of his production. Among the most striking passages, is one in the second finale, where the heroine of the piece discovers that a casket full of important secrets has fallen into the hands of her lover, while a band of conspirators exult in the supposed success of their plans. The ingenious contrast of opposite feelings, the beauty of the harmony, and the peculiarly striking and expressive accompaniment, never fail to call forth the warmest applause. Also a warlike air and chorus in the second act, a trio, in the canon form, a *bravura* by *Libussa*, and a march, were marked by the touches of a master.

In our Sixth Number (page 88), we inserted an account of an Hungarian boy who had displayed some extraordinary musical powers. His subsequent appearance in Vienna has been noticed in one of the journals of that capital, in the following terms:—A musical prodigy has appeared here, in the person of a boy aged only ten years named F. Liszt. He gave a concert at which he performed 1, an overture by Clementi; 2, a piano-forte concerto, by Hummel in A minor; 3, variations by Rode, in E major; an air of the *Demetrio e Polybio* of Rossini, with variations; and 5, a fantasia upon the forte-piano.—This youthful *virtuoso*, excited the highest admiration and astonishment; indeed, it is scarcely possible to believe that so tender an age should be capable of such masterly efforts of art: one is inclined to doubt its physical possibility. Nothing could exceed our wonder in listening to the effect with which this boy gave Hummel's difficult, and, in the latter parts, very laborious production. He even shewed a refinement of feeling which few adult performers possess; and his adagio was full of passion and expression. This prodigy reads any music *a prima vista*, and in playing from the score has few equals.

Beethoven has just completed his second grand Mass, and it is expected to be forthcoming at Christmas next. At present he is said to be occupied in the composition of a new symphony.

Spontini's *Olimpia* which was to have been brought out this season at Vienna, has been deferred, and Weber's *Eryante*, on which he has been for some time employed, is expected to make its appearance this autumn.—The present star of the Italian opera here, is Madame Fodor; with her are the celebrated tenors David, Rubini, and Nozzari; the basses, Ambrogio, and Botticelli; the buffi, Lablache and Bassi.

A new Opera has lately been produced, entitled *Abufar, ossia la Famiglia Araba* (Abufar, or the Arabian Family, &c.), the music by Sig. Maestro Caraffa. The principal characters were supported by David and Mad. Fodor. The story of the poem, which has been a thousand times hackneyed, was as sterile and monotonous as the Arabian deserts themselves. But what of the music? was it favourably received? To the first question we reply, that the portion of it which really belonged to the author, was like a grain of coffee in a sweet-meat, the aromatic taste of which is scarcely perceptible amidst the crust of sugar that surrounds it. It is but a shadow of the shade of Rossini; the same want of variety, both in the musical sentiment and musical colouring; the same eternal repetition of repetitions. But a laudable zeal for correctness was evident throughout the composition, and some parts of the first act were really not much amiss. But the fatiguing length of the concerted pieces, and the eternal recurrence of feeble passages, raised many an uncontrollable yawn. To the second question we answer, that upon the whole the audience received it favourably, which we must in a great measure ascribe to the correctness and spirit with which this first representation was given by the orchestra. Indeed in the hands of such master-artists even a composition of mediocrity will be set off to such advantage that it is almost impossible not to be pleased. Upon this Rossini and his followers know what dependance they may place; they therefore frequently give it more than its due, calculating upon a certain degree of success at least. On the present occasion, the orchestra seemed to feel that this tender plant stood in need of all their fostering care. Yet when the root is unsound and the juices unhealthy, what can the utmost solicitude avail for its preservation? The leaves will fade and fall off prematurely. We may safely prognosticate the same of the present opera, which will doubtless soon disappear from the parterre to make room for a more blooming sister.

MUNICH. An ingenious parody upon the *Freyshütz* of Von Weber, has been produced in the theatre *Isarthor*. The music from the pen of M. Rotti.

MITTAU. Mr. H. Gugel, on his way from Petersburg to Paris, to which city he is proceeding to exercise his talents on the horn, gave a concert at this place. Few artists have, on their first appearance, been greeted with more cordiality and applause than this professor. He merited this not only as a distinguished virtuoso, but as a man of superior attainments. All that we had previously heard of Mr. Gugel's talents was far inferior to what we actually found them to be. His knowledge of his instrument is perfect, and his powers upon it are beyond all expectation. He produced an uncommon effect not only by the performance of the *nottornos* of Field, but by several of his own compositions.

DRESDEN. Rossini's Opera, *Oiro in Babylonia*, was produced here. Never was there a composer who borrows so much from himself as Rossini; but that scarcely a piece should be found in a whole opera, that has not been heard before, is hardly conceivable! And yet this is the case with *Cira*, which is said to have been composed some years ago, and to have served as the storehouse, whence he drew many of the materials that form his *Elisabetta*, *Tancredi*, *Gazza Ladra*, &c.

STUTGARD. The Kapellmeister Lindpainter has produced a new Opera here, entitled *Sulmona*, which met with a warm and merited reception. The music bespeaks the hand of a master, and if it cannot be denied that this composer has sometimes gone out of his way in search of piquant and uncommon effects, as well as of singular modulations and accompaniments, yet it must be allowed to abound with many passages of great beauty, and some airs of tender and original melody. Mr. Lindpainter has also displayed much judgment in his just discrimination of the characters of his subject, and in the appropriate music he has assigned to each. He was particularly successful in his overture, which was striking and full of spirit, and was received with tumultuous applause. The introduction, a chorus of priests, which reminded us of the solemn and peculiar style of the immortal Gluck, produced a very powerful impression. A duet for a soprano and tenor was also loudly encored, as well as two Cavatinas, the one full of tenderness, the other of fancy and playfulness. The second finale, which was of a very imposing character, as well as a duet between the fisherman and his wife, met with great and merited applause. (*Among the musical pieces in our next number will be found a specimen of a Romance from this opera.*)

The Kapellmeister Lindpainter lately composed a *Cantata* on occasion of the birth-day of the young Crown-prince of Wirtemberg, which not only corresponded to the occasion, but also contains many beauties of the higher order, particularly a movement in the hymn style, in four parts, and taken up by a chorus, with a rich instrumental accompaniment. In power and simplicity it reminded us of "God save the King."

BERLIN. The *Freyshütz* has been performed above fifty times during the last eighteen months. It is said to have produced the managers above 30,000 dollars.

WARSAW. The Emperor of Russia has shewn his love for music, and his solicitude for its honour and advancement, by conferring upon the two Kapellmeisters, Elsner and Kurpinski, the decoration of the order of Stanislaus. The latter has set out on his musical tour through Germany, France, and Italy, for the purpose of becoming acquainted with the state of the art, beyond the limits of his own country, and of bringing home useful information for the instruction of his countrymen. The experience, which, as a man of intellect, he will gain during his residence in these more polished lands, will no doubt produce happy results, when he returns to Warsaw, to resume his professional labours.


The young Countess Von Parya, lately gave a concert for the benefit of the Pauper-Asylum of this place, in which she herself took an active part, by singing an air, and playing a concerto on the piano and harp. The public paid her the just tribute of their applause, and co-operated in the laudable undertaking.

Church music is making considerable progress here, under the auspices of the present *Regens chori*, Mr. Banczakewic, and several other dilettanti, warm in the cause of sacred song.

Mr. Lenz, so celebrated for his symphonies, has formed the resolution of no longer enriching the public with his musical labours, and has entirely devoted himself to the dry study of the mathematical science of sounds; so much for singularity of taste!

Of M. Lenz's celebrity as a writer of symphonies, we, in England, have not before had the good fortune to hear. But we are very glad to learn that a musician of reputation is turning his thoughts to the neglected science of music.—ED.

MILAN. A new opera was produced here, at the *Scala*, entitled *Le finte Amazzoni*, from the pen of M. Raimondi, but which sustained only four representations, which the critics attributed partly to the stupidity of the *Libretto*, (the book of the opera,) and partly to the superabundance of such figures and notes as

the following:  which the wags

have denominated *pairs of spectacles*. The Introduction, particularly the *stretta*, which to a composition is the same as a peroration to a discourse—was the best part in the whole opera. If we may judge from a *Requiem* and a *Stabat Mater*, by this author, M. Raimondi is a composer of considerable merit. We have obtained the following particulars respecting him.

Pietro Raimondi is a native of Rome, and born in the year 1786. He studied music in the Conservatorio of Naples. The following is a complete list of his compositions. Operas: 1807, *Le Bizzarie d'amore*, (in Genoa.)—1808, *La forza dell'Immaginazione, ossia Il Battuto Contento*, (a *Farsa* also given in Geneva.)—1810, *Eloisà Werner* (a *Farsa* in Florence.)—1811, *L'Oracolo di Delfi* (for the Theatre S. Carlos in Naples.)—*Il Fanatico Deluso* (for the Teatro Fondo in the same city.)—1812, *Lo Sposo Agitato* (for the Teatro da' Fiorentini, at the same,)—1813, *Amuratte Secondo* (Rome,) and *La Lavendaja* (Naples.)—1820, *Ciro in Babilonia*; *La Caccia d' Enrico IV*; and *La Donna Colonnello*, a *Farsa*, all for Naples.—1821, *I Minatori Scozzesi*, for the same.—1822, *Le finte Amazzoni*, for Milan.

Ballets for Naples: *La Caduta di Fetonte*.—*L' Isola della Fortuna*.—*I due Ganji*.—*La Morte d' Ippolito*.—*L' Orfano*.—*L' Orda Selvaggia*.—*Il Naufragio*.—*La Promessa Mantenuta*.—*Otranto Liberata*.

Church Music. A new *Libretto* to Mozart's *Requiem*, composed in 1814, on occasion of the funeral obsequies of H. M. Carolina of Austria. Five Masses. Four Vespers. A *Te Deum* in four parts. A *Veni Creator*. A *Stabat Mater*, in 1822, in the Church S. Ferdinando of Naples. A *Requiem* of 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 16, and 20 parts, which cost the author two years' labour.

MILAN. The celebrated flute-player, L. Drouet, who some time since charmed the English public, has been making a successful tour through Italy. He gave a concert in the *Scala*, which was well attended, and where he delighted the audience with two concertos. His execution is truly surprising, and in his shake he has no equal; but he afforded us no opportunity of judging of his powers in an adagio movement*.

* And most likely never will. To play an adagio requires more knowledge, taste, strong feeling and judgment, than such giddy galloping performers,—such ephemeral favourites—usually possess.—(EDITOR.)

NAPLES. They say that the spring season here has not been very favourable. At the *Teatro San Carlo*, a new opera by Mercandante, entitled *Gli Sciti*, experienced a total failure. A new opera was also announced from the pen of Dionisio Galliardi, called *La Casa a vendere*, (a House to sell,) which was to serve for the débüt of a new *Prima Donna*, named Teresa Melas, but it was postponed.

A new opera has been produced at the theatre *San Carlo*, entitled *Ines d' Almeida*, the music by M. Pavesi, which, according to the *Gazzetta di Napoli*, contains many happy passages, (*tratti assai felici*), which are said to awaken strong reminiscences of the old Neapolitan school.

VENICE. *Teatro S. Luca*. Two new operas, entitled *Adelaide e Comingio* and *Pellegrino bianco*, the first by Pacini, the second by Filippo Grazioli, were brought out here in June, but totally failed.

BOLOGNA. The theatre here has been more successful. Two new operas, *Annibale in Bitinia* by Nicolini, and *Gi' Illinesi* by the Marchese Zampieri, were favourably received.

ROME. An opera by Coccia, entitled *Clotilda*, made a *fiasco* (failure); but it is only justice to observe, that the severe strictures passed upon it in the Italian journals are in a great measure ill-founded.

VERONA. Rossini was engaged by the directors of the Philharmonic theatre of this place, to compose a *cantata*, for which they had before been in treaty with M. Mayerbeer, but with which through some occurrence, he was prevented from complying. It was a pastoral *cantata*, and entitled *Il vero omaggio*; but it did not please. As to what regarded the composer, it might well be entitled *Il vero*—for there was not a single new note in it. It was a motley compilation from his own works, from a quartetto in *Bianca e Falliero*, from the finale of *Elizabetta*, an air of *Sigismunda*, a duet of *Zoraide*, &c. Rossini was paid a hundred Louis d'or for this affair, and after it had been performed, he with apparent liberality begged to have the score returned him, that he might make certain improvements in it; but set off with it to Venice, where, it is said, a process has been instituted against him. If a police were established for musical matters, there would be abundant employment for it.

THE DRAMA.

Drury Lane and Covent Garden Theatres opened on Wednesday the 1st of October; nothing yet has been produced at either house that possesses any musical interest, though much is promised, and it is said will be brought forward immediately; we hope in time for our next report of the Drama.

MISCELLANIES.

The celebrated ALLEGRI is buried in the Chapel of Santo Filippo Neri, in the *Chiesa Nova*, at Rome. This is now the common place of interment of the Singers of the Pontifical chapel. The following is the striking epitaph inscribed on the walls of the chapel:

Cantores Pontificii,
Ne quos vivos
Concors melodia junxit,
Mortuus corporis discors resolutio dissolveret,
Hic una condi voluere.

The Pontifical Singers,
Anxious that those
Whom harmony united in Life
Should not be separated in Death,
Wished this as their burial-place.

THE VIOLICEMBALO.—A Correspondent, referring to our concluding observations on the article relating to the *Violicembalo* in page 141, of our last number, says—"you appear to be unaware that besides Mr. Adam Walker, Mr. John Isaac Hawkins invented and made several instruments, completely answering the purposes aimed at by the *Violicembalo*; one of which instruments is engraven and described in Dr. REES' *Cyclopaedia*, under the Article FINGER-KEYED VIOL." We beg to acquaint our correspondent in reply, that we were by no means "unaware" of Mr. Hawkins's improvements on the instrument in question, but as our object was rather to fix its identity than to enter into a detail history, we merely referred to Mr. Adam Walker as the *original* inventor.

STEIBELT, one of the finest piano-forte performers, and composers for this instrument of the present age, it is said died lately in Russia. The *Dictionnaire des Musiciens* dates his birth in 1756.

This must be erroneous, we should imagine. In our next we hope to be able to furnish some facts relative to this original and clever musician.

Mr. HENRY NEELE, author of the poetry of Mr. ATTWOOD's song, "David Rizzio to Mary Queen of Scots," in our last number, has requested us to correct some trifling errors which escaped detection in the proof-sheets. We readily comply with his request, by re-printing the whole of the words in their amended form.—

I.

Oh, lady! listen to my lay,
Whilst o'er the lyre my fingers stray,
To bid its music rise;
I would but wake its melodies
Once more before my spirit flees,
And gently—as the evening breeze
Breathes over it, and dies!

II.

I meant this love should secret rest,
Within my sad and silent breast,
Till life and I should part;
As the swan treasures up her song,
Unknown, unheard, her whole life long,
Nor yields one warble to the throng,
Until it breaks her heart!

III.

But now the spell is burst, and now
Anger and pride will cloud thy brow,
Yet thou wilt mourn my lot;
Nor use me for thy scorn or mirth,
For lightnings, that from heaven have birth,
Unlike the base-born fires of earth,
Destroy, but torture not.



J. B. CRAMER

Engraved by M^r Thomson, from a Drawing by M^r Wille

THE HARMONICON.

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MEMOIR OF JOHN BAPTIST CRAMER.

He who attempts to write the memoir of a living character, imposes upon himself a task of no ordinary difficulty. If connected with his subject by the ties of consanguinity, or the bonds of friendship, he is in danger of being influenced by family affection, or personal attachment. If no intimacy, nor even a distant acquaintance, has subsisted between the biographer and him whose history is to be recorded, the materials must generally be gathered from scattered and contradictory details, the produce of blind admiration, or of exaggerating enmity. The safest course then for a writer to steer, who would neither mislead by the publication of flattering statements, nor injure by the propagation of inimical reports, is to select such facts as admit of proof, though the knowledge of them has been confined to a few, and to give currency to nothing that cannot be authenticated by the testimonies of those whose veracity stands unimpeached.

In JOHN BAPTIST CRAMER, the subject of our present memoir, the maxim of the Roman philosopher, *fortes creantur fortibus*, has been amply verified. At his birth, his father, William Cramer, the celebrated violinist, resided at Mannheim, who, there finding his sphere of action much contracted, resolved to visit England, at a moment when, under the auspices of his late Majesty, the science of music was beginning to spread its influence generally over the British Isles. When he left his native country his son was an infant; and thus, although Germany boasts the honour of having given birth to the child, yet our own country may justly claim the merit of having educated the artist, and made the man. In mind and principles, in language, in an ardent attachment to the government under which he has lived, and in the true inheritance of those distinguishing traits which so peculiarly distinguish the Englishman, Mr. Cramer has ever been considered as a native Briton. England was the nursery in which his eminent talents unfolded themselves, and where at a ripper age those advantages were held out to him, which, added to his own exertions, have raised him to the pinnacle of his profession.

The predilection of our late monarch for the sublime compositions of Handel, may be considered as the commencement of a new era in the musical history of the country. The brilliant exertions of Mr. William Cramer on the violin, joined to his enthusiastic attachment to, and skill in, the performance of the divine strains of his celebrated countryman, did not escape the notice of his late Majesty; and on the memorable occasion of the commemoration of Handel in Westminster Abbey,

William Cramer, in fact, was appointed to lead the band; and a more established proof of his professional skill in overcoming the most formidable difficulties, cannot possibly be adduced*. We afterwards find him for a certain period attached to his present Majesty (then Prince of Wales) as one of his chamber musicians; but it was at the triennial meetings of the three choirs of Worcester, Gloucester, and Hereford, and as the leader of the band of the Opera-House, that his abilities were so conspicuously displayed; and, in reality, there was not a single concert of any importance, either in the metropolis or in the provincial towns, in which his professional skill was not solicited, and the post of difficulty given to him.

From this cursory view of the life of William Cramer, it may easily be seen that his son was literally cradled in the very focus of musical science. He was surrounded from his infancy by the most celebrated musicians of the day, and with the fire of his father's genius burning in him, he gave, at an early period, an indication of those talents which ultimately placed him so high in his art. The father, discovering the genius of his child, determined to bestow upon it the necessary culture, and with the intention of educating him in the practice of that instrument which had made his own fame, he placed, at the early age of four, a violin in the hands of the boy; but in this instance, his parent mistook the taste and bias of his genius; he appeared to make no further progress than the mere common student, and it was owing to one of those apparently trivial and accidental circumstances which have so often a decided influence on the future events of life, that the real bent and scope of his talent were discovered.

Young Cramer was, like the celebrated Dr. Arne (who was once found practising his lesson with his music-book on a coffin in which a corpse had just been deposited), sent into an attic-room to pursue his studies on the violin. In this room there happened to be an old piano-forte; the violin was abandoned—it was thrown aside as unworthy of his notice, and the young student was once overheard in an attempt to produce on his favourite instrument the harmonies of two or three parts united. This discovery determined his father upon the line of conduct to pursue, and he very wisely resolved to yield to the natural inclination of his son. He therefore placed him under the tuition of a German professor, named Bensor, at the age of seven,

* Mr. Hay, an old English violin-player, was placed first in name; but Cramer was the efficient person in 1784. In all the subsequent years, Mr. Cramer alone appeared as leader.

with whom he remained three years ; at the expiration of which period he enjoyed the great advantage of the instruction of Schroeter. This eminent musician, however, with all his acknowledged taste, and bewitching manner of execution, did not, unfortunately for his pupil, possess the energetic character of a teacher, and consequently the improvement of Cramer did not proceed in that rapid manner which his father and his friends confidently expected. It became, therefore, an imperative act of duty on the part of his parent, to obtain for his son a more zealous and active preceptor, and fortunately the selection fell on Clementi. It is, however, worthy of observation, that between the loss of one master, and the nomination of another, there was an interval of a whole year, which could not but prove injurious to the progress of his improvement. He was during that period, without any master, but still it was not passed quite unprofitably ; he felt within him the mighty stimulant of native genius, and, making the necessary allowance for the frivolity and unsteadiness of youth, he suffered no opportunity to escape by which his own knowledge could be advanced. Even as a youth he was a great and distinguished favourite of Haydn, and as a proof of the marked predilection of that eminent man, he was allowed to be present in his apartment at Lisson Grove, during the time that he composed his *Orpheus*, and others of his most celebrated works.

Cramer was only twelve years of age when his tuition under Clementi commenced, and it was during that period that he became intimately acquainted with the power of the instrument which he had selected as the object of his study. It was impossible, in the whole range of the musical world, to select a more able preceptor than Clementi, a man profoundly skilled in every branch of music, and a genius of the highest order, whose mind is richly stored with general knowledge ; but, unfortunately for the subject of this memoir, he was not destined to enjoy that benefit long. Clementi departed for the continent, and Cramer, who had profited by his instruction only during the short period of one year, again found himself without a teacher. In this dilemma, the energy of his character began to display itself, and like a true born genius, he felt the inclination to emancipate himself from the trammels of education, and appeal at once to the resources of his own enlarged and comprehensive mind. For this purpose he applied himself to the study of the most distinguished writers, not only on the theory of music, but on the practice of the piano-forte. The works of Paradies, Handel, Dom. Scarlatti, Mutel, and others of equal celebrity, were selected by him as the most useful to ground him in music. It must however be admitted that the insight which he obtained at this early period of his life, into the principles of the science, ought not to be ascribed entirely to his own individual exertions, for from the age of fourteen to sixteen he enjoyed the advantage of theoretical instruction from Charles C. F. Abel, comprehending thorough bass, counter-point, and composition. During this time, the precocity of his talent was manifested in the publication of his first work, which was composed with a proper and becoming deference to the prevailing taste of the day.

The fame of Cramer now began to extend itself, and though comparatively speaking, he was in years a stripling, yet his professional aid was solicited at all the great concerts of the metropolis. Between the age of fourteen and seventeen he frequently performed at the anacreontic, the musical fund, and the professional concerts, which were then held in the Hanover-square rooms.

Genius can best appreciate the excellencies of genius,

and in no instance is this remark better verified than in the estimation in which Cramer held the works of Mozart. Like the diamond in the mine, their beauties had as yet been unexplored, or at least, they were but partially known to the British nation. To Cramer must the praise be awarded of having been the first performer who introduced to the English public the concertos of that great master, and he thereby opened a new source of amusement and delight to the musical world.

At the age of seventeen, Cramer repaired to the continent, and visited the capitals of France and Germany. At both these places, he performed in public, and experienced all that patronage and encouragement which so young a candidate for musical fame could rationally expect. He resided for some time in Paris during the fury of the French revolution, and became acquainted with a young Russian, who possessed in MS. the works of the celebrated John Sebastian Bach, in consequence of his having been a pupil of Charles Philip Emanuel Bach, second son of Sebastian. The possession of such a treasure could not but be highly coveted by Cramer, and accident at last threw it into his hands. A young man in the hey-day of youth, and rising rapidly in popularity and fame, could not be expected to resist all the attractions and allurements of the capital of France in such peculiar times ; and actuated either by policy or accident, he generally partook of the amusements, with which it then, and still abounds. Circumstances made him a creditor of his young Russian friend, who being wholly incapable of discharging the debt, offered to give him a M.S. copy of the works of Bach, as an equivalent. Cramer hesitated not a moment to accede to this offer, and thus unexpectedly found himself in possession of a treasure, for which he had long and ardently sought, and which even at the present day affords him the greatest amusement and delight.

During the French revolution he endured all the vicissitudes which the English, resident in France, encountered at that unfortunate crisis ; and therefore experienced some of those sudden changes of fortune, which were so common at that memorable period.

On his return to the British capital in 1791, he performed occasionally on the piano-forte in public, and the brilliancy of his execution, joined to his exquisite and peculiar taste and thorough knowledge of music, occasioned him to be much engaged in giving lessons ; and about the same time, he produced a few compositions, which were, however, then considered too difficult for general sale.

Impelled by an ardent desire to examine the state of musical science in foreign countries, and to profit by the skill and experience of contemporary artists, he determined, at the age of twenty-seven, again to go abroad ; and in his tour, he visited the Netherlands, Germany, Hungary, Poland, and Italy. The advantages which accrued to him during this journey, were not only of a professional, but a personal nature ; he became intimately acquainted with many of the most distinguished composers of the day, particularly Beethoven, and renewed his friendly intercourse with Haydn. Introduced by these eminent men, he performed at the concerts of the several sovereign princes of the various German courts, and was universally received with that high degree of favour which his unique talents deserved.

On his return to England, he married, and remained here till the year 1816, when he once more visited the Continent, accompanied by his family ; and remained in the Low Countries and in Germany about fifteen months.

In 1818, he returned to England, and, with the exception of a few occasional trips to Paris, for the purpose of hearing the works of Cherubini in the Chapel Royal, and the dra-

matic compositions of Gluck in the theatres of that capital, he may be considered as finally settled in England.

The compositions of Cramer are too well known to require any encomium here. His Exercises, which have stood the test of the most rigid criticism, will convey his name to posterity; they combine all that, in this species of composition, the most correct judgment, and the most classical and pure taste can produce. They, in themselves, are sufficient to form a first-rate piano-forte player. They were originally written for the purpose of facilitating the execution of the works of John Sebastian Bach; and have been reprinted and published in Paris and other cities in France; in several places in Germany; at Zurich in Switzerland; and, as we have been informed, also at Moscow, in type, but this edition we have not seen.

We cannot conclude this memoir better than by quoting the opinion of a contemporary writer, of the professional character of this eminent individual:—

“As a performer on the piano-forte, Cramer is unrivalled, and, we may perhaps venture to assert, every professor unreluctantly yields to him the palm. His brilliancy of execution is astonishing; but this quality, which is, in fact, purely mechanical, amounts to little or nothing in the general estimate of such merits as his:—taste, expression, feeling, the power that he possesses of almost making the instrument speak a language, are the attributes by which he is so eminently distinguished. The mere velocity of manual motion,—those legerdemain tricks which we are now and then condemned to witness,—may entrap the unwary; the physical operation of sounds, whose rapidity of succession is incalculable, may be necessary to stimulate the indurated tympanums of some few dull ears; but those who love to have their sympathies awakened by the ‘eloquent music’ which this instrument may be made to ‘discourse,’ who derive any pleasure from the most social and innocent of the fine arts, and who would gain the practical advantages of an instructive lesson by listening to a delightful performance,—such persons should seize every opportunity that is afforded them of hearing Cramer.”

The following is a list of Mr. Cramer's published works:—

Opera.

1. Three Sonatas.
2. Three Sonatas. (Easy.)
3. Three Sonatas, with Accompaniments. (Easy.)
4. Three Grand Sonatas. Published at Paris.
5. Three Sonatas. (Easy.) Published at Paris.
6. Four Grand Sonatas. Published at Paris.
7. Three Grand Sonatas. Dedicated to Muzio Clementi.
8. Two Sonatas.
9. Three Sonatas, with Accompaniments.
10. Concerto with Orchestral Accompaniments.
11. Three Sonatas.
12. Three Sonatas, with Popular Airs.
13. Three Sonatas.
14. Three Sonatas. (Easy.)
15. Three Sonatas. (Easy.)
16. Concerto, with Orchestral Accompaniments.
17. Marches and Waltzes.
18. Three Sonatas, with Accompaniments.
19. Three Sonatas. (Easy.)
20. Sonata, dedicated to Clementi.
21. Two Sonatas. (Easy.)
22. Three Sonatas, dedicated to J. Haydn: Vienna.
23. Three Sonatas. (Easy.)
24. Duet for two Grand Piano-Fortes.
25. Three Grand Sonatas.
26. Concerto, with Orchestral Accompaniments.
27. Two Grand Sonatas. London and Paris.

28. Quartet, for Piano Forte, Violin, Tenor and Violoncello, London and Vienna.
29. Three Grand Sonatas, dedicated to J. L. Dussek. London, Paris, and Vienna.
30. First Volume of *Studio per il Piano-Forte*.
31. Three Sonatas. (Easy.)
32. Notturmo. (Easy.)
33. Three Sonatas.
34. Grand Duet, for two performers on the Piano-Forte.
35. Three Sonatas, with Popular Airs.
36. Grand Sonata, dedicated to J. Weel.
37. Concerto, with Accompaniments.
38. Three Sonatas.
39. Three Sonatas, with Popular Airs.
40. Second Volume of *Studio per il Piano-Forte*.
41. Three Sonatas with Popular Airs.
42. Grand Sonata, dedicated to G. Onslow, Esq.
43. Three Sonatas, with Popular Airs.
44. Three Sonatas.
45. Duet for Piano-Forte and Harp.
46. A Sonata.
47. Three Sonatas.
48. Grand Concerto in C minor. London and Paris.
49. Three Sonatas.
50. Duet for two Performers on the Piano-Forte.
51. Concerto in E flat major. London, Paris, and Offenbach.
52. Duet for Piano-Forte and Harp.
53. Grand Sonata, (L'Ultima.) London and Paris.
54. Notturmo.
55. Dulce et Utile. London and Paris.
56. Concerto in E sharp major.
57. Sonata, No. 1. Les Suivantes, London and Leipzig.
58. Sonata, No. 2. Les Suivantes, Ditto.
59. Sonata, No. 3. Les Suivantes. Ditto.
60. Grand Bravura, Variations. London, Paris, and Bonn.
61. Grand Quintetto, for Piano-Forte, Violin, Tenor, Violoncello and Contra Bass. London and Bonn.
62. Sonata de Retour, à Londres, dedicated to F. Ries. London, Paris and Leipzig.
63. Sonata, dedicated to J. N. Hummel. London, Paris, and Leipzig.
64. Aria à l'Inglese, dedicated to T. Broadwood, Esq. London and Leipzig.

NOT CLASSED AS OPERAS.

Sketch à la Haydn, dedicated to his friend D. Dragonetti. } Both composed for the
Rondo, dedicated to his Daughter. } *Harmonicon*.
Round, from the Opera of *Cortez*, arranged as a Fantasia.
Capriccio, with Airs from Mozart.
Fantasia, with Variations on a Russian Air.
Che farò Senza, Air adapted from Gluck.
Vedrai Carino, with Variations from Mozart.
Ah! Perdona, Ditto. Ditto.
Deh Prendi Ditto. Ditto.
Impromptu on a subject by Handel.

Grand Sonata, with a Violin Obligato. London and Munich.
Periodical Sonatas, Letters A. B. C. D.
Twelve detached Movements, consisting of Rondos, Variations, Adagio, and a Toccata, (published in an oblong form.) London, and Vienna.
Four Rondos from subjects of H. R. Bishop's Operas.
Two Serenatas for Piano-Forte, Harp, Flute, and Horns.
Twenty-five Divertimentos for the Piano Forte. Including,
—Days of Yore.—La Reunione.—Le Retour du Printemps.—
La Strenna.—Harvest Home.—Banks of the Danube.—La Ricordanza.—Of Noble Race was Skenkin.—Hanoverian Air with Variations.—Rousseau's Dream, with Variations.—Crazy Jane, with Variations.

THE BIRMINGHAM FESTIVAL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HARMONICON,

SIR,

THERE is something very gratefully interesting to the feelings, in contemplating an assemblage of people met together to exalt the name of their Maker in the cause of charity; and it were to be wished that these triennial performances could be confined to the church, for the evening concerts at the theatre are only calculated to disturb the impression which the sublime chorusses of the morning never fail to make upon devout minds;—more especially as these night *orgies*, which are any thing but *pious*, are, for the most part, made up of every flimsy and hackneyed compositions. The crowding together of the company at the church doors an hour or two before they are opened, and rendering it as necessary for constables to be on the alert there, as at the pit entrance of Drury-Lane or Covent-Garden theatre, is another circumstance which takes off entirely from the decorum that should prevail on such occasions. The gentlemen who compose the committees of management might surely remedy this intolerable sacrifice: for instance, were they to open the doors at half-past six instead of half-past nine, it would then be too early for a crowding competition;—The public would go leisurely, the church would be filled gradually, and a tedious waiting, under all the apprehensions of rain and cold catching, to end at last in a rush, always distressing and sometimes dangerous, would be avoided. Now, if the committees would “bid good morrow to their beds,” as Shakspeare says, an hour or two earlier, and be satisfied, once in a way, with lighter breakfasts, it would secure an audience to fill the church, without the sweeping clause* of Madame Catalani; because hundreds of respectable people are deterred from going on account of the very evil of which I complain.

I was present, sir, at this last Birmingham festival, and agree generally in the account given of it in your *Harmonicon* for November. I have, however, a few further remarks to offer, which, with your permission, I should wish to appear in your next Number.

The first day's performance in the church, though not at all noticed, deserved, in my humble opinion, the most particular regard.—The regular prayers of the day, with the *Vexille* and other psalms, chanted as they were with the organ only, by the finest, fullest, and most accurate choir, without exception, that all England can produce, would have been alone an interesting appeal to our best feelings; but when followed up by Purcell's truly devotional *Te Deum*, the Responses of the venerable Tallis, the great father of English cathedral music, besides other rich contributions from the stores of Palestrina, and from Blow, Croft, Greene, and Cooke; I had nothing to expect of higher gratification. The service concluded with Handel's funeral anthem, “When the ear heard him,” introduced, probably, in consequence of the untimely death of the Countess of Dartmouth, which threw a general gloom over the neighbourhood of Birmingham, and prevented the attendance of a considerable number of the nobility and gentry. Among other absentees in consequence of this melancholy event, was the Bishop of Oxford, who was to have preached the sermon. The place, however, of the Right Rev. Prelate was most ably supplied by Dr. Randolph, the Rector of St. Philip's, who gave a very impressive discourse, and in a manner altogether *anti-Irving*, for it was at once simple, dignified, and devotional.

* It is confidently said, that this lady's remuneration for singing at the church and theatre, was six hundred pounds!

The performance, with the full orchestra on Wednesday the 8th of October, was, upon the whole, a very fine one, commencing with Mr. W. Knyvett's Coronation Anthem, which, if deficient in that grandeur and variety of effect necessary to characterize justly this species of composition, is certainly not wanting in either elegance or pathos, and so far is highly creditable to the taste of that gentleman. The masterly manner in which Mozart's effecting and sublime Requiem was executed I shall never forget:—from the opening chorus “*Rex tremendæ majestatis*,” to the soul-soothing “*Benedictus*,” all was perfection, both in the choral and instrumental department. The chorusses, indeed, considering the numerical strength, and consequently increased difficulty of perfect union, were not better, if so well performed, at the Abbey Commemoration. The *Triumph of Gideon*, after so much excellence, was indeed the art of sinking in music.—Winter is, however a great master, and I am inclined to suspend my definitive judgment of the merits of his music on this occasion till I hear it to the original words;—nothing can be worse than the *English poetry*. Mr. Grestorex's arrangement of Dr. Croft's movement “*Praise the Lord*,” does him great credit; but I should have been better pleased had he given the whole of one anthem, instead of dismembering two to form one. “*We will rejoice in thy Salvation*,” by the same great composer, and which was, on this occasion, introduced to follow the duet, is the opening chorus of another anthem—a magnificent production throughout, which will not bear dismemberment. Mr. Attwood's Coronation Anthem opened the last day's performance, and was executed, as it deserved to be, with admirable precision. It would not be quite fair to institute a comparison between this and Mr. W. Knyvett's composition, the style of each being so essentially different.—These gentlemen have both distinguished themselves in their arduous undertaking, but Attwood is a plant of foreign growth, a worthy pupil of Mozart:—W. Knyvett is English from top to toe.

Mr. Gardiner's adaptation of Haydn, “*O sing unto Jehovah!*” redounds to the honour of both his taste and skill.—The fugue is admirably conducted, and so truly *Handelian*, that I could not help regretting that there is not more in the same style in the *Creation* of that great master. Luther's Hymn, if Luther's it be, which I much doubt, is a very fine specimen of German choral music, and Mr. Braham would have made it just as effective without the mummery of the trumpet blast at the close of every strain, a bad imitation of what I never could approve in Handel himself:—after the solemn strain in his *Te Deum*, “*We believe that thou shalt come to be our Judge*,” he has made two trumpets announce the coming, and we involuntarily associate the awful circumstance with Earthly Judges, and an Assize Court. In Luther's Hymn, the words are

“The judge of mankind doth appear
“On clouds of glory seated.”

The stress in the word mankind being laid on the *first*, instead of the *last* syllable.

But what shall we say to one *sacred* performance in St. Philip's church? could nothing more appropriate have been selected than “*Let old Timotheus yield the prize*”?—What will the *Saint* of the day say to this? The winding up of a Bacchanalian revel, where Alexander the Great

“Assumes the God, affects to nod?”

Who the redeeming *saint* Cecilia, was, I really do not know, but I much question if the “*Angel*” she is supposed

* Our correspondent did not, perhaps, observe, that in our copy of this hymn we corrected the error of which he so justly complains.

to "draw down" from Heaven, is quite pure enough to justify such an introduction in such a place.—The chorus itself is very effective, and one of Handel's most masterly specimens of fugæ. He has four subjects at once at work, one for each of the four following lines—

Let old Timotheus yield the prize
Or both divide the crown,
He raised a mortal to the skies,
She drew an angel down.

Upon the vocal strength of the principals generally, I think it unnecessary to enlarge. I would, however, strongly advise Mr. Braham to renounce the song of "Why does the God of Israel sleep." It was never one that he gave effect to, and on the present occasion he did any thing but sing it.—Every heart was open to the feeling and delicacy of his "Lord remember David," and to the mingled animation and pathos of his "Deeper and deeper still."

Conclude I, now, with Madame Catalani!

"If to her singing some few errors fall—
"Look in her face, and you forget them all."

Beautiful she is, with an expression of countenance truly fascinating; her voice, too, is powerful and flexible in an astonishing degree, and her shake the most perfect that ever was, or will be heard. But Catalani is deficient in one of the indispensable qualities of a singer,—She has a *bad ear*: when she conceals this imperfection by adhering to passionate recitative and airs of intricate execution, all goes on well; but when the sober lengthened melodies of Handel are attempted by her, the charm is dissolved.

Madame Catalani sung in the course of the present performances, "Angels ever bright and fair," and she sung it *half a note below the orchestra*, for which extraordinary feat, the President, high seated among the great dons and donnas in the chancel gallery, held up, for I think the third time during the performance, the silent but expressive symbol of *encore*!—Alas, Mrs. Salmon, Miss Stephens, Mr. W. Knyvett, Mr. Vaughan, where were *your* encores? Not one to either fine singer.—This, sir, is sickening, and I shall begin to think of cant, and humbug, and other *John Bullical* expressions, if I do not in haste subscribe myself, your very obedient humble servant,

CLIO.

SIGNOR PEROTTI ON THE PRESENT STATE OF MUSIC IN ITALY.

[Concluded from page 166.]

The author next proceeds to a consideration of the abuses prevalent in the instrumental part of music. "Many composers," says he, "seem to make it their sole study to deck themselves out in the gaudy finery of the instrumental part of the opera; they delight in a music that deafens the ears of the miserable auditory, beginning at the very overture itself, the object of which should, on the contrary, be to dispose the minds of the audience to silence and composure*. Can he be unconscious that his real object in employing all this noise, is to distract the

* This is an error that cannot be suffered to pass without a comment. M. Perotti is not wholly free from prejudices, and we have here one of them. The overture is a kind of musical prologue, and should be so composed as to adapt the minds of the audience to the prevailing passion, or character, of the drama that is to follow. If this be of the heroic kind, the overture should be grand in its style, and grandeur demands all the force of a powerful orchestra, as exemplified in the *Tro of Mozart*. If, on the contrary, the drama be comic, or light, the overture ought to be playful and airy, as shewn in the *Figaro* of the same inimitable composer.

minds of the audience and call off their attention, so as to render them incapable of passing a steady opinion upon the intrinsic merit of the composition? Nor is this confined to the overture alone; the worst part of it is, that the uproar of instruments is continued from one end of the opera to the other. Thus the effect is destroyed which music of a loud and stormy kind might have in representing battles, triumphs, and the like. Besides this, too powerful accompaniments overwhelm the singer, and prevent his giving a due expression to the passions he has to portray."

M. Perotti then proceeds to adduce a number of examples of the just employment of instruments by various great masters, who have wisely introduced them to assist the voice, and enforce the expression of the poetry. He tells us, that if these wise masters of their art employed *ritornelles*, as well in their airs as recitatives, it was in order to give additional energy to passion, and not to serve as a mere thing of caprice. After this, he proceeds to the consideration of the third requisite in a composer, a competent knowledge of letters and poetry.

"It is certain," he continues, "that a composer cannot do justice to his subject, unless he understands the true rhythm of poetry and the quality of its accents; and, what is more, unless he can enter into the spirit of the sentiments which the poet expresses. Another great advantage that a master would derive from a knowledge of poetry is this, that it would enable him to communicate his ideas to the poet, that by their mutual assistance no effect might be lost, of which the union of the poetry and the music might be productive. Did composers possess a competent knowledge of this divine art, they would not fall into the vice of ringing so many changes of notes upon a single syllable, on which abuse, Arteaga has the following just remarks. 'Were masters to study our prosody with attention, they would see that such a liberty cannot be taken with our language without greatly injuring it; that this method of dividing, splitting, and multiplying, the sound upon a single syllable, is contrary to reason, and instead of adding to the expression of the music, detracts considerably from it. One of the things to be admired in ancient music, is the exactitude with which the value of every syllable was determined; nor would it ever have been otherwise, had not the poetry been separated and estranged from the music.'—Another of the prevailing vices that spring from this defective knowledge of poetry, is the common custom of terminating all airs, even the most pathetic, with an *allegro*. When we hear a prisoner at the point of death, after a most pathetic recitative and *cantabile* passage, terminating the scene of horror by a lively polacca, who but feels it as an outrage to common sense? No scruple is made of applying music of a gay and pleasing character, to subjects of a severe and gloomy kind, and *vice versa*. We frequently hear the same musical phrases and subjects in the mouths of two different characters, who are speaking quite opposite sentiments, and are not supposed to be aware of each other's being on the stage at the same moment; with a thousand other defects, which it would be too long to particularize in this place. The composer of our day will reply, that he does this only for the sake of theatrical effect. But is music, then, to serve for no other purpose than to tickle the ear, instead of moving the heart; and in this manner to betray the truth which consists only in the imitation of nature? What shall we say of that everlasting repetition of the words not required by the sense, and which only serve for the convenience of the singer and the master? What of those clamorous chorusses, altogether out of character, and

forced into almost every opera? What of all those *concertini* of wind instruments, so ill applied to the words they were intended to express? What of those airs with the violin or some other instrument *obbligato*, which seem to have no other object than to display the execution of the singer, and his power to rival the agility of the instrument. By such absurdities and others of the same stamp, the music is made to destroy the poetry, while they both lose sight of what they should always keep in view, a faithful imitation of nature.

" From the various defects, of which we have taken this rapid view, existing both in the poet, the singer, and the composer, result certain evils fatal to the musical drama. In the first place, we may trace to this source, that general insubordination which is found to reign among the persons who constitute it. The composer finding himself at daggers-drawing with the *first man*, and on no better terms with the poet, is necessitated, in his own defence, to quarrel with the manager, who, at that very moment, is threatened with destruction by some melodious, but indignant siren. The scene-painter, the mechanist, the orchestra, the dancers, all are up in arms against each other: thus, from the manager down to the candle-snuffer, all conspire to the ruin of the drama. It is owing to this want of concord and subordination, that a musical composition is reduced to little else than an affair of simple mechanism, instead of being, as it ought to be, the spontaneous effect of a general enthusiasm and love for the art. The following is the process in bringing out a new opera. The manager insists on its appearance within a few days, but unfortunately the poet has not yet composed a single verse of his subject, if indeed a subject has yet been fixed upon. He therefore sets to work, and at last furnishes some concerted pieces, for example, an introduction, two or three duets and terzettos, and a couple of finales; this done, the singers hurry off to the opera, to begin something like a rehearsal. The composer, without knowing what he is going about, ignorant of the plot, for perhaps as yet there is none, and of the qualities and characters of the *Dramatis Personæ*, as well as of the particular passion that should form the prominent feature of his music, and on which he should concentrate the powers of his art, is obliged to compose within as short a space of time as is generally allowed to a copyist. Already the *prima donna*, the *first man*, the tenor, and the rest, have begun the war. They quarrel among themselves and with him, relative to their respective pretensions, and, amidst clamour and insults, instantly demand their parts. A thousand intrigues and cabals are set on foot by each in order to gain his particular object; till the composer, assailed and pressed on every side, and happy to escape from vexation, annoyance, and disgust, sets desperately to work and finishes his opera. But what, may it be permitted to ask, must be the intrinsic value of a work put together under such circumstances like these? And, even if possessed of some merit, what chance has it in the hands of actors of this spirit, whose only object is to supplant each other, and conspire against the success of the composer? Nothing can be more clear, than that this disunion of the parts must have a most fatal effect upon the whole; that nothing but confusion and incoherence can be the result;—whereby, one of the most delightful and rational entertainments that the mind can enjoy, is brought into ridicule and contempt.

"The spectators pay little or no attention to the music, and consider the theatre as merely a place of license and intrigue. Thence it happens that the good music of the first masters no longer excites attention; and we have been doomed to behold the great works of our celebrated

musicians received with indifference and disgust; while applauses, though, we must allow, applauses not always purchased by the most honourable means, are poured upon composers below mediocrity, ignorant of their art, and destitute of all literature. The host of modern masters do nothing but copy each other, and even themselves; the consequence is, that that portion of the audience which is endowed with knowledge and good taste, is disgusted by such repetition of plagiarisms, and sigh in secret over the decay of the art."

The author now proceeds to the third part of his Dissertation, in which he treats of the means of preventing the decay of the art, and of restoring it again to its primitive splendour. M. Perotti dismisses this part of his subject in a very few pages. He candidly confesses that the means pointed out by him "are more easy to be proposed than followed;" in this we perfectly agree with him, and cannot but acknowledge that they struck us as being very unsatisfactory. We shall give the substance of them, and leave our readers to make their own reflections. He arranges his observations under the following heads:

First. An Institution under the auspices of the State.

He proposes that, "there should be instituted a public commission, composed of members, who should be men of letters, and well versed in the knowledge of dramatic poetry and of music theoretical and practical; and to whom should belong the duty of pronouncing a legal judgment upon the merit of compositions, both poetical and musical. To this commission it should also belong to superintend every thing relative to the music of the church, as well as the theatre, together with a *surveillance* over all persons composing the dramatic spectacle. That the decisions pronounced by the above commission, should be ratified by the supreme authority of the government, in order to be carried promptly into execution.

Secondly. The Poetry.

"To oppose a barrier against the evils with which bad poetry has inundated music, and thereby to remove one of the means of corruption from the bosom of the drama itself, no better expedient can be found, than to bring the dramas of Metastasio again on the stage, that they may serve to inspire some other bard with the same poetic spirit.—At all events, the selection of the argument, and all that regards good taste, and the rules of the poetic and musical art, might be committed to the care and superintendence of the above-named commission."

Thirdly. On the Masters of Music.

"If schools are necessary to educate good singers, not less so are they to form good composers. We have stated that counterpoint is the solid basis of music: there should always be masters destined for this object only. Besides the elements of counterpoint, the young composer ought also to be instructed in singing, as well as in the practise of the organ; these are necessary to render him a perfect professor. After having advanced thus far, he ought to learn what is termed *effetto del Teatro* (theatrical effect), to which should be united a perfect knowledge of both wind and stringed instruments. In the course of these musical studies, the *belles lettres*, poetry, and also the Latin language, for the usages of the church, should be cultivated. Before entering upon the exercise of their profession, both composers and singers should pass a regular examination in all the different styles of music, &c., so that only those who are found fully competent, and have obtained the sanction of the commission, should be allowed to exercise

the profession. Besides this, the works both of the poet and composer should, before publication, be submitted to the inspection of the commission before-named.

Fourthly. On the Singers.

"We have seen in the course of this dissertation, that it was from the excellent schools formed in different parts of Italy that those admirable singers proceeded, in whose praise the voice of fame is still eloquent. This proves the necessity of other public schools being established, where youth may be trained up in the knowledge of music. In these the pupil should be diligently instructed in those branches of literature that bear a relation to music, that they may be qualified to enter into the full spirit of the poetry, in order to be able to do justice, both in voice and gesture, to the sentiments contained in it. Before entering on their public duties, it would be desirable that they should undergo a rigorous examination. With respect to their conduct at the theatre, they should be taught that necessary subordination, which will render them obedient to the poet and the *maestro*, to whom they now presume to dictate laws. A greater discretion should also prevail in the adjustment of their respective salaries; and a due ratio should be observed between them and the composer and poet, who, with respect to the drama, are what reason is to the members of the body."

Sixthly. That the Theatre should not be in the power of IMPRESSARI, (managers).

"This is itself evident, and cannot stand in need of proof. Who is ignorant of the venality, the ignorance, the bad faith of this race of men? The theatre, therefore, ought to be under the immediate inspection of sovereign authority, which should place its direction under competent persons. These should guard against being led astray by the idea of an ill-judged economy, and should allow the opera to appear in that state of splendour and magnificence which becomes it: then should we behold the return of those golden days of the drama, in which it flourished in all its pride and glory."

In addition to these means, he proposes two others; first, the establishment of musical libraries, to which musicians and singers might have free access, in order to become familiar with all that is great and elegant in art, as well as to be able to form a judgment on the works of the present day, and profit from the combined opinions and experience of mankind. Secondly, an imitation of the concerts of ancient music given in London, in order to familiarize the young students with the compositions of the most celebrated masters of the old school, and to keep alive in their minds a grateful sense of what is owing to the memory of those illustrious men who founded the different schools of music.

M. Perotti, aware that the severity of some of his strictures, however justly grounded, may possibly raise up a host of enemies, concludes with these words: "If my work but merit the approbation of one man of sound judgment, I set at nought the censures of a blind multitude: *Sufficit mihi unus Plato, pro cuncto populo.*"

ON SOME IMPROVEMENTS IN THE MANUFACTURE OF THE FLUTE.

It is well known that no wind-instrument gets sooner out of tune than the flute, and this is particularly perceptible in the *crescendo* and *decrescendo*; in the former the tone becomes too acute, and in the latter it falls too low. Other instruments, such as the obœe, clarinet, and bas-

soon, are, by means of good lipping, more easily played in tune. On the flute this defect is attempted to be obviated by dividing the instrument into many pieces, and by making one of the ends to move in and out by means of a stopper. But all means were found to be inadequate, and the instrument still remained imperfect.

M. Petersen, an eminent professor on the flute, resident at Hamburg, has, after much patient investigation and a variety of trials, been so successful as to invent a piece of mechanism, which from its effect and simplicity is equally valuable and praiseworthy. It is a small lever; one inch in length, which can easily be moved by the thumb of the left hand. By means of this, the pitch of the flute is in an instant raised or depressed the eighth of a tone, and, while playing, the *crescendo* and *decrescendo* are maintained perfectly pure. With the assistance of a small fine-wormed screw, which from its effect is called the *pitch-screw*, the flute may be tuned with very little trouble, and without disturbing the effect of the lever. The whole arrangement is in the highest degree simple, and with respect to its construction and duration is far preferable to the key.

M. Petersen adds, that the knobs or projections which are necessary to receive the metal and pins of the keys are injurious to the tone of the flute; that the pins will necessarily give, in course of time and friction; and that the stoppers being thus disarranged, will yield the tone with less purity. In his flute, the two lower pieces are united into one; the middle piece has but a very trifling projection, and is not to be separated from the mechanism above described, which is affixed to both parts. Next comes the head-piece, which is free from all metal, and only four inches in length, on which is the mouth-hole. This is affixed to it in the same manner as the mouth-piece of a clarinet.

By means of these improvements, M. Petersen's flute has attained a degree of perfection unknown in this instrument before.

ON THE CHORUSSES OF THE PERSIAN DERVISHES*.

(From the German.)

OF the music of the Persians but little of a satisfactory nature is known, and while so many minute inquiries have been made into the other parts of their history, this has been comparatively neglected. Sir J. Malcolm in his elaborate History of Persia has not devoted more than a dozen lines to its music; and the few travellers who have touched on it incidentally, have rather served to awaken than gratify curiosity. The specimens of Persian music that have hitherto been given to the public, are too scanty to enable us to form a decisive opinion on the subject. It therefore affords us great pleasure to be enabled to lay

* The Dervishes are an order of fanatics and impostors, who live together in Tekas, or convents, in Persia and other oriental countries. On certain days they hold meetings, at which their superior presides. And on those occasions one of the fraternity plays on the flute, accompanied by a little drum, while the rest dance, whirling themselves round with great swiftness. This practice they strictly observe, in memory of *Mevlana*, their patriarch, who is said to have continued turning miraculously round for the space of four days without food or refreshment, his companion *Hamsa* playing all the while on the flute, after which extraordinary exercise, he fell into an ecstasy, in which he received revelations for the establishment of his order. They believe the flute to have been consecrated by Jacob and the shepherds of the Old Testament, because they sang the praises of God upon it.

There are various sects of these Dervishes, but those called the *Mevlani* or *Mawlawi*, are the most devoted to music. They often quit their convent, and accompany armies on their march; on which occasions they sing verses in praise of the leaders, which are generally accompanied by the flute and a small kind of drum.

before our readers something more satisfactory on this curious point.

A Mr. von Hussard, who held an official situation in Persia, and is an amateur of music, devoted considerable attention to this subject, during his residence there, and was so fortunate as to collect a considerable number of pieces of their music, which it is his intention to publish. They are entitled "The seven Chorusses of the Dervishes *Mewlewî*," and are regarded by the connoisseurs to whose inspection they have been submitted, as by far the richest treasures of the kind that have hitherto been brought from the East into Europe.

The first Chorus consists of ten strophes; the second and third of seven each; the fourth of ten; and the fifth, sixth, and seventh, of nine each.

Of these sixty-one strophes, each, with few exceptions, has its particular melody. From their titles it will appear, that they are sung only in one part, alternately by base and tenor voices. The flute plays the same melody, one or two octaves higher, and the small drum is chiefly used to determine the rhythm.

The keys employed are various. Some agree with those of the primitive ecclesiastical chants; others are strictly the same as those now in use. The melodies in general possess considerable originality and force of expression, and are throughout faithful to the meaning and spirit of the poetry. Many of them are full of grace and tenderness, others of majesty and sublimity, and some possess a degree of playfulness, and are highly characteristic of the peculiar dance of these people, in which they are accustomed to whirl themselves round with great rapidity. The melodies are short, and excellent of their various kinds.

The change of time that sometimes occurs, most exactly resembles the old French dramatic music: it does not offend the ear, and never appears to be out of its proper place. The compass amounts to no more than an octave and a half from C to F; consequently these songs, transposed according to circumstances, are adapted to every voice.

To give our readers a more correct idea of this music, we shall present them with an analysis of the first and second of these chorusses, by which they will be able to judge of the characters and effect of the rest.

The FIRST CHORUS is entitled *Hedschas*.

The First Strophe; "The falcon, I, of heaven from the world of spirits straying," &c. In G major, $\frac{3}{4}$ time, majestic, till the words "oh-friend! oh, friend!" which are to be given in a more plaintive manner. This is followed by $\frac{3}{4}$ in C major, somewhat quicker, then again $\frac{3}{4}$ in G major.

Second Strophe, "Alas! the blaze of flames," &c. in $\frac{3}{4}$ in C major, majestic; after the two first bars, $\frac{3}{4}$ in C; after this it falls into $\frac{3}{4}$, and concludes in G major. The word *Hu, Hu*, (Jehovah or God) is to be sung in a more aspirated than singing manner.

Third Strophe; "Listen to the lay of the flute's mournful tone," &c. $\frac{3}{4}$ F minor, it passes into F major, returns again to F minor, and concludes in C. Very slow and plaintive.

Fourth Strophe; "I approached the shores of the sea," &c. Melting, $\frac{3}{4}$ in A minor, after the third bar in $\frac{3}{4}$, and concludes in E. This again repeated a few times to other words.

Fifth Strophe; "Beloved one, they place their foot on two worlds," &c. Moderately slow, *grazioso*, mixed with marked and noble tenderness; $\frac{3}{4}$ A major; moves first into $\frac{3}{4}$ E major, then into $\frac{3}{4}$ A major, and lastly, into G major.

Sixth Strophe; "Thine be praise and thousand thanks," &c. Joyous, energetic, spirited, $\frac{3}{4}$ in C major; after the fifth bar, a half cadence into A minor; after which it passes from G major into F flat; from this it moves into D major, and concludes in G major. This melody is repeated to other words; it is afterwards taken up by C major, and concludes in the same key. Strange as these transitions may appear, they are by no means disagreeable to the ear.

Seventh Strophe; "The ear that is open only to truth," &c. Joyous, simple, yet strikingly expressive; $\frac{3}{4}$ F major; which after a few bars goes into B major, and terminates in F major.

Eighth Strophe; "O permit me, Lord, to look with unshaken mind upon both worlds," &c. Joyous, full of profound calm, $\frac{3}{4}$ F major, conclusion in C major; passes at the words "Woe, woe!" into F minor, and concludes in C.

Ninth Strophe; "And, alas! in the grief of love you have heard my sighs," &c. Somewhat melancholy, in a tender tone, $\frac{3}{4}$ G major, interchanging with G minor, and concludes in D major.

Tenth Strophe; "The world was illumined by the beam," &c. Moderate, yet full of power, $\frac{3}{4}$ in G major; moves into A minor, afterwards into C major, and terminates in A minor.

The SECOND CHORUS is entitled *Nehawnd*.

First Strophe; "Yesterday at the palace of honour, I beat the loud drum of command," &c. Majestic, and at the same time spirit stirring, $\frac{3}{4}$ partly major, partly minor, interchanging with $\frac{3}{4}$, the conclusion in F minor.

Second Strophe; "Thou, oh ray from the heaven of grace, from the merciful Lord of the world," &c. Moderate, but expressive of confidence, B minor, $\frac{3}{4}$ goes into major, from thence into F minor, where it terminates. After this follows $\frac{3}{4}$ F major, F minor $\frac{3}{4}$, concludes in the same.

Third Strophe; "For a moments's space was I sunk in the sea of love," &c. This melody is in all respects like the second strophe of the preceding, and produces an admirable effect if the first part, in B minor, be sung by bass voices and the second in F, by tenors.

Fourth Strophe; "In this flute what magic dwells," &c. $\frac{3}{4}$ D major; after the fifth bar A major, concludes in D major. This melody is full of loveliness and simplicity if performed in a soothing tone and with feeling.

Fifth Strophe; "O Sultan dear! O fondly mine," &c. Supplicating, $\frac{3}{4}$ F minor, concludes in C. This melody is repeated a few other times in some of the subsequent chorusses, but with a change of key, text, and accompaniment.

Sixth Strophe; "I love thee, O image of Chatagus, so warm, so faithful," &c. Gay, simple, and singular, in D major $\frac{3}{4}$, with $\frac{2}{4}$ bars intermingled, and a few retardations.

Seventh Strophe; "Drunk with wine and love," &c. Slow, dragging, and melancholy, $\frac{3}{4}$ C major, alternately with F minor.

The other five chorusses have, like these two, a marked character; and are marked by a peculiar manner, mode, and melody. A few among them, in which the fancy is highly excited by the strong and vivid imagery of the text, are particularly distinguished by their originality, and are chiefly in minor modes.

We now proceed to present our readers with a few specimens of these singular productions, as arranged on the authority of M. von Hussard, by the Abbé Stadler, of Vienna, who has also added the accompaniments. The parts for the voice are written in the violin clef; the accompaniment for the piano-forte is arbitrary, but it is simple, and quite in character with the subject.

Joyous.

6th Strophe.

1st Chorus.

Thine be praise and thou - sand thanks ! Friend, friend, how gain'd he, say, that

migh - ty, migh - ty power ? See, what slaves be - fore him cower ! Ah, - - - ah ! Shining

in Chos - ro - wen's pomp, shin - ing in Chos - ro - wen's pomp. Mark my words, old

man, and know, Ah, - ah ! - Joys of earth are but a show, but a show !

2d Chorus.

NIRAWEND.

4th Strophe.

Melting, slow.

In that state - - - - - what ma - - gic dwells, Of /

heav'n's, of heav'n's se - - crets soft it tells! With round

breast and yel - - - low cheek, And head by bree - zes rung,

In words, tho' without tongue; Oh, heaven! to thee she still can speak.

Slow.. Devout.

4th Chorus.

ADSCHER
BUSSELIK.

10th Strophe.

O Sul - - tan dear! O fond - ly mine! O fond - - ly mine! In

The musical score for the 4th Chorus and 10th Strophe of 'ADSCHER BUSSELIK.' is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The tempo is 'Slow.. Devout.' The melody is on a single staff, and the piano accompaniment is on two staves. The lyrics are: 'O Sul - - tan dear! O fond - ly mine! O fond - - ly mine! In'.

heart and soul I still am thine, I still am thine, am thine.

The musical score for the 10th Strophe of 'ADSCHER BUSSELIK.' continues the melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'heart and soul I still am thine, I still am thine, am thine.'

Dragging in time.

6th Chorus.

PENDSCHUGIAH.

2d Strophe.

Oh! with dim - - - - - pled chin, but stony heart,

The musical score for the 6th Chorus and 2d Strophe of 'PENDSCHUGIAH.' is written in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. The tempo is 'Dragging in time.' The melody is on a single staff, and the piano accompaniment is on two staves. The lyrics are: 'Oh! with dim - - - - - pled chin, but stony heart,'.

Tul - pen-wang - - - - - gi-ge! Ah! re - joice with one kind glance

The musical score for the 2d Strophe of 'PENDSCHUGIAH.' continues the melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'Tul - pen-wang - - - - - gi-ge! Ah! re - joice with one kind glance'.

of thine eye this sad-den'd heart, this sad - - den'd heart.

Moderate.

7th Chorus.

BEJATI.

WHEN sparkles, when sparkles the world with light, the moon's soft lus - - - tre

9th Strophe.

gleam - ing, She shall be our ta - per bright, while cups all with nectar are stream - ing.

REVIEW OF MUSIC.

A TREATISE ON THE HARMONIC SYSTEM, arising from the Vibrations of the aliquot divisions of Strings, according to the gradual progress of the notes, from the middle, to the remote extremes; explaining simply, by curved delineations, the manner in which the Harmonic Tones, half and quarter notes, are generated and produced on every corresponding part of the String; and, under a copious explanatory description, Illustrated by Musical and Appropriate Plates, giving an easy and familiar adaptation of the whole to the purposes of Composition and Instrumental Music, and more particularly to the practice of the Violin, Tenor, Violoncello, and Double Bass, on all the strings, and in every compass of these instruments; with some Musical animadversions introductory to the general subject, briefly alluding to the rise and progress of music, and to the corrections of Temperament, &c. &c., by JOHN MACDONALD, Esq. F.R.S., F.A.S., late Lieutenant Colonel, chief Engineer, and Commandant of Artillery on the Establishment of Sumatra. (London, printed for the Author, by T. Preston, 71, Dean-Street, Soho, 1822.)

THE publication of the present volume was, as its date will shew, anterior to that of the *Harmonicon*, though we have only very lately received it. Nevertheless, as it is chiefly devoted to an inquiry into a scientific and important branch of music which has seldom been discussed, we deviate in this instance, without much reluctance, from the rule we laid down, of not criticising works that appeared previously to the commencement of our labours.

The unusually long title of this book, relieves us from the necessity of much preparatory matter; we therefore at once proceed to state, that the work before us is dedicated to the King; a table of contents follows; then a preface of eight pages; then eighteen pages of introduction. This is succeeded by the treatise itself, here entitled "An Illustration of the Harmonic System of stringed Instruments," occupying nineteen pages; to which are added two tolerably long postscripts, and an appendix of six pages; the latter containing the author's definitions of about seventy-seven musical terms, alphabetically arranged; which are, he tells us, selected, as being "less generally attended to."

The last mentioned hint induced us, after having read to the end of the contents, to turn next to this appendix, and examine it with attention: and thereupon we feel compelled to say, that the looseness of the definitions in many instances, and the erroneousness of them in others, impress us with no high notions of the author's mathematical acquirements, or talent for elucidating. In justification of our opinion, we offer the following examples:—

"*Accord*. It is a fact, that two cylinders, proportioned as 3 is to 2, will, similarly to strings, yield the musical fifth."

"*Diatonic*, from diatonos, meaning four sounds, with four more making up the diatonic octave."

"*Interval*. There are two kinds, simple and compound, the latter including the former."

"*Fourth* superfluous, or the tritone, is formed by two major-tones and one minor."

Now here, the interval defined, is the major fourth, or IV., of modern and correct writers, viz.,

$$\frac{8}{9} \times \frac{8}{9} \times \frac{9}{10} = \frac{32}{45};$$

or, in the schisma notation recommended in p. 159 of our last number, $104 + 104 + 93 = 301 \Sigma$.

"*Quarta*. The Fourth," "when it contains three minor and three major semitones, it becomes the tritone or superfluous fourth."

But the interval here defined, is not that last mentioned by the same two appellations, superfluous fourth and tritone, but the triple minor tone, 81; viz.,

$$\frac{24}{25} \times \frac{24}{25} \times \frac{24}{25} \times \frac{15}{16} \times \frac{15}{16} \times \frac{15}{16} = \frac{729}{1000};$$

or more naturally and easily in schismas $3 \times 36 + 3 \times 57 = 279 \Sigma$: instead of 301Σ , as above. In some places we observe, that the author says *minor semitone*, when he obviously means the *medius semitone* $\frac{1}{3}$, or 47Σ : but in this case, error and inconsistency still remain, because $3 \times 47 + 8 \times 57 = 313 \Sigma$, or 3 T, and not 301Σ ; nor is it 297Σ .

"*Schisma*, reckoned half of a comma." "The comma, in numbers is as 81 to 80, as is evident from a fractional process of the proportions of the two descriptions of full tones found in the diatonic octave $\frac{9}{8} \times \frac{10}{9} \times \frac{9}{8} = \frac{10}{8} =$ reduction to $\frac{5}{4} = \frac{10}{8} \left(\frac{9}{8} \right) \frac{81}{80}$."

We remark here, that, besides the author's arithmetical process being to us perfectly unintelligible, he errs in supposing that the Interval, which Glareanus and Galileo called a schisma, is the half of the major comma $\frac{81}{80}$, or 11Σ ; whereas they mention an ancient comma, having the ratio $\frac{1}{11}$ (since named the *Diaschisma*, = 12Σ), whose square root is a *surd* number, expressible only by a long decimal; yet 12Σ may at once be halved, giving 6Σ for this ancient schisma, instead of 1Σ its modern value, equivalent to the ratio $\frac{1}{11}$.

We abstain from quoting more of such examples, and next call the reader's attention to Plate II, where we find a neatly displayed exposition of the author's system of Intervals, defined by the aliquot parts of a string whose length is *unity*, being assumed to sound the note G, and its $\frac{1}{4}$ th part, the third octave thereto; these parts being, $\frac{1}{4}$ th, $\frac{1}{16}$ th, $\frac{1}{64}$ th, &c., in regular progression, up to $\frac{1}{1024}$ th part of the whole string, and yielding the sixth octave to it. But here, instead of having resorted to the use of logarithms, which (or schismas, and decimals thereof,) are indispensable in defining and measuring such minute differences of Intervals, to any useful purpose, as are here treated of, the author, with great simplicity tell us, in p. 22, that he took or "assumed a line thirty-seven feet four inches (long), and laid off on the eight part of it, or four feet eight inches, the proportions described in the plate;" and we regret to find, considering the great pains the author has bestowed, that throughout his description of this plate, and in treating of his system, it is erroneously assumed by him, that the lengths of spaces on his plate, between the notes, correctly measure the musical Intervals mentioned by him: whereas, all modern and correct writers have taught that ratios of lengths of strings, or their numerical measures, which are logarithms, or else some musical interval, as a schisma, Σ , are the only numerical measures of musical intervals, generally†.

* See the *Philosophical Magazine*, Vol. xxviii, p. 140, No. 110, July, 1807; and Vol. xlix, p. 363, note.

† Earl Stanhope also fell into this error. See *Philosophical Magazine*, Vol. xxxiii, p. 204, No. 132, for April, 1800.

Col. Macdonald, while introducing prime Integers larger than 5 into his ratios, viz., $\frac{1}{4}$ th, $\frac{1}{11}$ th, $\frac{1}{13}$ th, &c., to $\frac{1}{31}$ th, seems not to have been aware, that notes so constituted, cannot possibly harmonize without beats with one another, or with any of the received notes of the scale, containing between them the only concords in nature, viz., the 1, the 3rd, III, 4th, V, 6th, VI, VIII, 10th, Xth, &c.—and which concords, when pure and without beats, are by all correct writers, each of them called *perfect* concords, (and *imperfect* or *tempered* when they beat,) instead of the Vth, the 4th, and the VIII, only, being as here is said, admitted to be *perfect*; and this, for a very insufficient reason, were it true, that these alone retain always their value, and are not sometimes major and sometimes minor: but no correct writer now admits this to be the case, and in treating of the scale, as the nature of concordant intervals requires it to be extended, they assign a *major* and a *minor* to each *Numeral* of the scale, or first, second, third, &c.; viz, 1, I, 2, II, 3, III, &c., and this only carries the scale of the octave to sixteen notes, or as far in modulation as two sharps and six flats, and beyond which, extreme sharp and extreme flat notes, and also double sharp and double flat notes, are continually occurring in modern compositions.

Great pains are taken by the author to shew, that his Harmonic Scale, of the sixth octave, of *quarter notes*, viz., from $\frac{1}{2}$ nd to $\frac{1}{2}$ th of the string, (that is 3060 Σ to 3678 Σ , the fundamental G being 0, or the zero) can be correctly and readily sounded on the violin, the tenor, the violoncello, or the double bass, even in the performance of rapid movements; but as to the practicability of this we have strong doubts: and more so, as to a great part of these notes harmonizing agreeably, considering their beats, with the simple notes of the scale: else, why have the sliding parts of trumpets been introduced, and analogous contrivances been applied to the horns used in refined concerts, but in order to correct *their false notes*, which are precisely these, derived from the harmonic sounding of $\frac{1}{4}$ th, $\frac{1}{11}$ th, $\frac{1}{13}$ th &c., of the tube's length, affording the fundamental tone thereof.

Colonel M. at p. 11, gives directions for tuning a piano-forte, by the judgment of the ear; the chief novelty of which seems to consist in commencing operations from D, instead of C, as is usual: but nothing scientific or precise is to us discernable in these tuning rules.

In the preface, and again in the introduction, a considerable improvement of the tone and power of the violin is said to be attainable, by certain changes in the construction of the sounding-post and bridge, and by dispensing with the tail-piece: for the details of which we beg to refer the makers of Instruments, and the curious, to the work itself.

Much interesting and instructive matter might have been added upon this subject, by a brief account of alterations in the construction of the violin suggested by M. Baillot, the celebrated performer, in a paper read by him at a public sitting of the *Conservatoire de Musique*, in 1812.

One object of the publication before us appears to be, to advocate the author's neglected claims as an inventor of telegraphs; and part of his telegraphic system he connects, rather fancifully, we think, with musical characters and notation.

Throughout the work, order and method are deplorably wanting, for which a good alphabetical index might, in part at least, have atoned. But bating these defects, which, in a book on science, certainly are indefensible, the style upon the whole evinces a well cultivated mind, and every page shews some acquaintance with the best writers on music. Colonel M. however entertains certain opinions that

we consider as pure heresies, and in which he must always feel himself in the minority, if not altogether without any support. For instance, he says in the preface, page xiii, that the overtures of Mozart are deficient in air and subject: he immediately afterwards adds—

"Haydn's style is beautiful; but with some sameness and occasional brilliancy, it probably resembles a picture of *still life*: and certainly it does not possess the power and exhilarating effect of the music of Mozart, Beethoven, and Cherubini. Be this as it may, Haydn, after a long reign, seems, with no sufficient reason, to be proceeding slowly to the undisturbed repose of the shelf."

In the introduction, Stanley is mentioned as "no mean competitor" of Corelli and Handel in concerto-composition! But, to go back to the preface, we find a high compliment therein, paid to the British school, in the same page whence we quoted the above; and, as the representative of the body of English Composers, a gentleman is selected, whose works, doubtless, merit the encomiums which they have gained, though we have never had the good fortune either to meet with, or to hear of, any one of them. Let the author himself speak:—

"Admirable as may be the style and manner of the Italian and German schools, our own country produces excellent composers, whose works merit more attention and patronage than a taste (more frequently the child of habit, than of judgment,) for foreign music admits of. Compositions of sterling value will be more estimated, when their authors are no more. To mention an instance out of many, DOCTOR KEMP's music for the church, the orchestra, the drawing-room, and the social circle, rank him among the best English composers; as fully evinced by public testimonies:—

"Seven Grecian towns contend for Homer dead,
Through which the living Homer begged his bread."

Many interesting facts, with good and useful hints to musicians, and to their patrons, are quoted in this work, from various authors, interspersed with judicious remarks by the author himself. But these are, unfortunately, mixed with mistakes in the abstruse parts, which more rigid calculations, and a study of the able essay by Maxwell, and the more recent writings of Professor Robinson, Farey, Lister, and others, might have prevented. The book is excellently printed and brought out; but the price is formidable.

CANADIAN AIRS, collected by Lieutenant Back, R. N., during the late Arctic Expedition under Captain Franklin, with Symphonies and Accompaniments by EDWARD KNIGHT, Junior, the words by GEORGE SOANE, Esq., A. B. (London, published by J. Power, 34, Strand.)

Our readers are no doubt well acquainted with the history of the Expedition sent out under the command of Lieutenant (now Captain) Franklin, of the Royal Navy, for the purpose of exploring the inhospitable regions of America, from Hudson's Bay to the mouth of the Copper-Mine River, and thus verifying and extending the discoveries made by Captain Parry in a previous voyage in search of a North-West Passage. In this arduous and hazardous undertaking, Captain Franklin was accompanied by other persons, among whom were Lieutenant Back and several native Canadians. Mr. Back thus had numerous opportunities of hearing the latter sing their favourite songs; and as his knowledge of music is, we have been informed, considerable, he noted down, and managed to bring with him to England, the melodies that had beguiled many a tedious moment, and delivered them into the hands of Mr. Edward Knight, who has supplied them with the symphonies and accompaniments which now are published. In a short preface

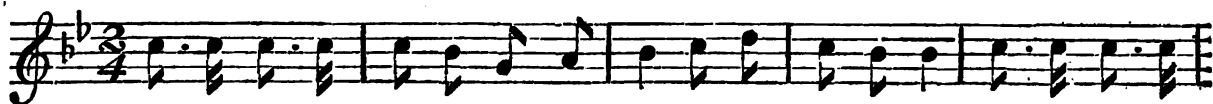
we are informed, that these airs were gathered "in a three years' intercourse with the Canadians," by whom they are sung, says Lieutenant Back, "as they paddle down the rivers, sotto voce, and in a subdued tone as they near the Rapids, but with a burst of exultation when the peril is over."

Genuine national melodies are often delightful, and always interesting. Should even every other charm be wanting in them, they never fail to produce some sort of pleasure by an originality which they are sure to possess. That the airs now under notice are authentic, we have the word of an officer in His Majesty's service to justify us in believing; but whether what is called a Canadian melody comes correctly under the term national, may be a question; for the natives of that portion of North America once under the dominion of the French, and now subject to Great Britain,—a people derived from the crossings of the two latter nations, mixed up with the descendants of the first settlers at Hudson's Bay, and the aboriginal inhabitants,—people with the laws of one country, and the language and customs of another, can hardly be said to have a peculiar,

or national, song. Accordingly we trace in these "Canadian airs," a descent from European ancestors; the *vau-de-villes* of France in a great measure, and the ballads of England, Scotland, and Ireland, in a less degree, have we suspect, contributed to form the music of our brother-subjects in the frozen regions of the Western continent.

The present publication consists of seven airs, thus designated;—*Paddling Song*; *Song of Defeat*; *The Hour of Love*; *Song of Night*; *When the full Moon*; *Battle Song*; and *Death Song*. The third and fifth are also "harmonized," that is, arranged as duets for a soprano and tenor. The term *harmonized*,—as in a former Number we had occasion to remark,—ought, however, to be applied only where a melody is accompanied by two other parts. In other words, harmony can only exist in three real parts.

The *Paddling Song* is the most striking of the set; it is confined to a very few notes, but they are highly characteristic. Its parentage will easily be discovered by those who are conversant with the many *Recueils des Airs* published in France before the middle of the last century. The following is the melody:—



Joy to thee, my brave ca-noe, There's no wing so swift as you. Right and left the



bub-bles rise, Right and left the pine-wood flies; Birds and clouds, and tide and wind, we shall leave ye



all be-hind. Joy to thee, my brave ca-noe, There's no wing so swift as you

The accompaniment to the beginning of this,—a fourth and second upon B flat,—is uncommon, bold, and effective. *The Song of Defeat*, if sung in the declamatory style which it absolutely requires, will make a strong impression. *The Hour of Love* is a melody to which nothing like tenderness can be imparted; the notes skip about too much, are too dancing to express softness and affection. *The Song of Night*, is very monotonous, and, as it extends through two long stanzas, is rather tedious. *When the full Moon's midnight Beams* is not exempt from the errors of the last-named piece: it is, however, very pleasing in its subsequent form, as a duet. *The Battle Song* is animated, but the subject is too short, and fatigues the ear by frequent repetition. *The Death Song* concludes this first set; the chorus in octaves, (not "unisons,") augments the force of the air very much, and gives great solemnity to it.

These melodies are rather deficient in variety; they express all passions nearly in the same tones and measure. Of the seven airs, three are in two-four time, the rest in six-eight. The latter measure is quite inappropriate to some of the poetical subjects which are applied to it. We recommend that no two of these songs be performed *de suite*; if they are sung in rapid succession, their similarity will strike every body.

The symphonies and accompaniments place Mr. Knight's abilities in a very favourable point of view; they shew taste in harmony, and a discriminating knowledge of the language of poetry. As it is the first time that we have seen the name of this gentleman prefixed to

any musical work, we conclude that he is young in the profession, and therefore hope that he will not feel discouraged at our pointing out to him two or three things, which we consider as inaccuracies. The concluding symphony to each stanza of *The Hour of Love* is redundant: the rhythm requires the last two bars to be retrenched. The same observation applies with equal force to the opening symphony of the fifth air. The accent is, in general, very correct; but in one or two instances may be mended. At page 15, fourth vocal staff, the word "like" should be on the unaccented part of the bar. Page 16, first note, is still more erroneous. We are inclined to make great allowance for these, knowing how difficult it is to adapt words to unbending melodies. At page 15, third bar, instead of D flat, a C sharp should have been written; for as the harmony does not modulate into A flat, the chord upon E flat is not a seventh, but an extreme sharp sixth and fifth. A G flat in the next page is also objectionable: it ought to have been considered as an F sharp.

This work contains about forty beautifully engraved plates of music; the vignette in the title-page, drawn by Lieutenant Back, of a bark-canoe going down a Rapid, is exceedingly pretty and well executed: and indeed the publication altogether deserves whatever success it may meet with, for it is brought out in a liberal manner, and at a very reasonable price. The strong interest excited by the Expedition to which it owes its birth, will alone suffice to render it popular.

TRIFLES for the Piano-forte, consisting of ELEVEN PLEASING PIECES, composed in various styles, by L. VAN BEETHOVEN. (Clementi and Co.)

From the brevity and originality of these compositions, they seem to have been transcribed from a kind of musical note-book,—from a collection of fragments, or thoughts, penned down at the moment of their birth, to be afterwards amplified and exalted into the more dignified forms of sonatas, quartetts, or even symphonies, according to the nature of the demands made upon their author. The whole of them, eleven in number, is comprised in the small compass of thirteen pages, and some few do not exceed four lines in length: but short as they are, they display an abundance of elegance and invention, and are so distinctly characterized, that it would have been no difficult matter to name the writer of them, had he not been declared in the title-page. *Ex pede Herculem*, and Beethoven is discovered, even in the present "trifles."

Some years ago this composer published a few short movements, under the title of *Bagatelles*, rich in genius and taste, and superior, both in pretensions and quality, to the work now under review. They have been greatly admired by all true judges of music who have met with them; but have never had a very general circulation. This last circumstance has determined us to print one of them in our present Number, and, if we do not deceive ourselves, it will not stand in need of recommendation.

1. "DULCE DOMUM," a favourite air by BRAHAM, arranged as a rondo, for the Piano-forte, by M. HOLST. No. 7. (Clementi and Co.)
2. "DUNOIS THE BRAVE," No. 8, a favourite French Romance, arranged &c., by ditto.
3. "DI PIACER MI BALZA IL COR." No. 9. ditto ditto.
4. "THE BOLEBO," in *Tancredi*, No. 10. ditto ditto.
5. "THE MAID OF VALDARNO." No. 11. ditto ditto.
6. "THE GYPSEY CHORUS," from the *Turco in Italia*. No. 12. ditto ditto.

The above form a continuation of that series of airs mentioned in a former Number. We notice these for the reason assigned for introducing the others into our review. Upon the whole, they are not quite equal to the first six; they have been published too hastily. Even little things require some thought. The *Dulce Domum* must not be confounded with the beautiful Wykehamist air, composed by Reading, a pupil of Dr. Blow, more than a century ago.

EFFUSIO MUSICA, ou GRANDE FANTAISIE, pour le Piano-forte; dédié. à Mons. Catel, Professeur au Conservatoire de Paris, par FREDERICK KALKBRENNER. Op. 68. (Clementi and Co.)

Musical composers in most cases write for the public, and therefore study ease, or at least general practicability, in their publications. Now and then they give to the world what they produce either for their own performance, or for a few very select pupils. Of the latter description is the present *fantaisie*, which is a laboured and studied work, and intended for an extremely limited number of Piano-forte players; for both its length and difficulty will oppose insurmountable barriers to its getting into common use. This, we conclude, Mr. Kalkbrenner foresaw, who, in all likelihood, printed it in order to convey a compliment to

one of the most scientific musicians in Europe, M. Catel of Paris, a well-known professor, who has distinguished himself by a theoretical work that is adopted in France, has had a great circulation, and is much esteemed everywhere.

This *fantaisie* may be divided into six portions, in various measures and keys; it is very correctly denominated, and possesses all the qualities implied by the title. It is certainly a masterly composition, so far as modulation and skilful contrivance can give it a claim to that praise; and it contains many good passages for industrious practitioners: but it is wanting in clear, well-defined subjects, and is deficient in air, the vital part of every composition. It will afford some gratification to those who are deeply learned in music, and can amuse themselves with its lore; but we fear that it will prove "caviare to the general."

ANTHEM, "My soul truly waiteth still upon God," a solo for a soprano voice, composed by THOMAS ATTWOOD, Composer to HIS MAJESTY, Organist to the Royal Pavilion Chapel at Brighton, and organist of St. Paul's Cathedral. Dedicated to the Right Hon. LADY ELIZABETH CONYNGHAM. (Royal Harmonic Institution.)

Either the large stock of excellent English church music which we have long possessed, is thought sufficient for every useful purpose, and therefore no encouragement is offered to new composers; or else the talent for this class of composition is become rare; for very little that is new is produced now in our various cathedrals, and still less appears in print. We cannot but regret that this should be the case, because England, having deserved and gained a high name for her ecclesiastical music, should endeavour to maintain it; an object that she might accomplish without much difficulty, by means of the many choirs scattered throughout the kingdom, which ought to be, though they certainly are not at present, equal to the best schools for counterpoint in Europe.

In one of these schools Mr. Attwood, we have understood, received his early musical education, as is apparent from the general structure of the anthem now before us. That this education was extended and completed under a foreign master, is equally visible in the character of the melody which he has employed in his present work. The union of these two widely differing styles has produced a third, which he may fairly lay claim to as his own; it is a style that we should be glad to see occasionally adopted in our churches, for it would produce an agreeable variety, without departing much from the manner and gravity of that harmony which we would always wish to remain as the foundation of all our devotional music.

This anthem consists of three movements and a chorus, all of which, except one, are written in the ancient measure of three minims in a bar. The melodies are free, but not without sufficient restraint to distinguish them from secular airs, and they are supported by a rich and ingenious accompaniment. The accentuation of the words is quite exempt from those errors of which we have so frequently, and with so much regret, to complain. The reiteration of the same sentence we should gladly have seen avoided; but this is, we fear, inevitable in church music: and we candidly acknowledge, that upon the propriety of it, much difference of opinion prevails amongst the best-judging people.

The inspection of this work has afforded us great pleasure, and we hope soon to hear that it has made its way into our places of worship. To lovers of sacred song it will prove an agreeable addition to their collection of good vocal music.

1. "Ah qual concerto," ROMANCE, from the Opera of Teobaldo e Isolida, composed by MORLACCHI. (Boosey and Co., Holles street, Oxford street.)
2. "Caro Sposo, amati figli," ARIA, composed in Italy for Mad. Ronzi di Begnis, by SIG. (Maestro) DONIZETTI, pupil of Mayer. (Boosey and Co.)
3. "In quel modesto asilo," DUETTO NOTTURNO, per Soprano e Tenore, composto da VALENTINO CASTELLI. (Boosey and Co.)

The romance is from Morlacchi's favourite opera, and if sung with good expression will always prove effective on the stage. It is elegant in its style, the melody is graceful, and it will suit most singers, as the compass required is not great, and the time is rather slow. We do not trace any of those inspirations of genius in it, that some Italian critics have discovered. Concerning its author, see page 181 of this work.

The aria by Sig. Donizetti,—a name quite new to us—is very like a multitude of other Italian airs. It requires the extent and flexibility of voice which the lady possesses for whom it was written. Except, therefore, as a vocal exercise, it is not adapted to the generosity of singers.

Signor Castelli's duetto notturno is very easy and rather pretty. It is an imitation of the style of Ascoli, and the admirers of that polished composer, as well as of Blangini, will not be displeased with the present publication. But the price is excessive;—two shillings for three pages!

1. BALLAD, "My Heart and Lute," by THOMAS MOORE, Esq. (J. Power, 34 Strand.)
2. CANZONET, "Hush'd are the winds," composed by SIR JOHN STEVENSON, Mus. Doc. (J. Power.)
3. CANZONET, "Hence! faithless Hope," composed by SIR JOHN STEVENSON, Mus. Doc. (J. Power.)
4. SONG, "The Maid's Remonstrance," written by THOMAS CAMPBELL, Esq., composed by HENRY BISHOP. (J. Power.)
5. SONG, "Reconciliation," written by THOMAS CAMPBELL, Esq., composed by H. BISHOP. (J. Power.)
6. SONG, "Drink ye to her," written by THOMAS CAMPBELL, Esq., composed by H. BISHOP. (J. Power.)

The subject of Mr. Moore's ballad is, by his own acknowledgment, "taken from a melody composed by Mr. Bishop." It is in a very familiar style, and very pretty,—and that is all. But the words, forming what the French call a *rondeau*, are in themselves quite enough to sell the song; tender, gladdening, and pointed, they cannot be read without leaving an agreeable impression behind. If sung with simple taste and unaffected feeling, their effect will, unquestionably, be greatly augmented.

The Canzonet, "Hush'd are the winds," is composed in the uncommon key of B minor, which not only excited our particular attention, but relieved us from that *ennui* which the eternal round of half a dozen keys produces, and revived our drooping hopes with a positive novelty. The air, though not uncommon, is expressive, and the verses,—deploring the death of a beloved object,—are sensibly set, a praise which is generally merited in Sir John Stevenson's music; though we must take an exception to the recurrence of the last three words, "my faithful heart," which are repeated five times successively, making the performer the representative of a vain egotist, instead of a

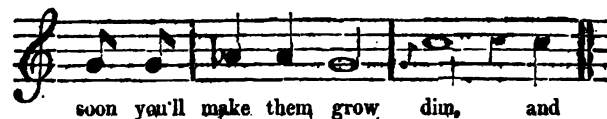
lover who, in his complaining, should only think of the virtues of her whose loss he bemoans.

The second canzonet (No. 2.) by the same composer, is not remarkable for any thing. The name of its author may obtain it a hearing, but it will soon after be forgotten.

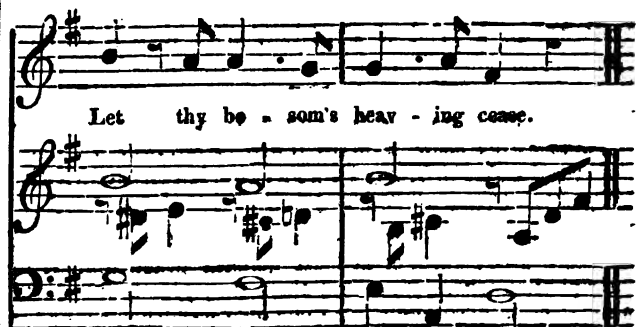
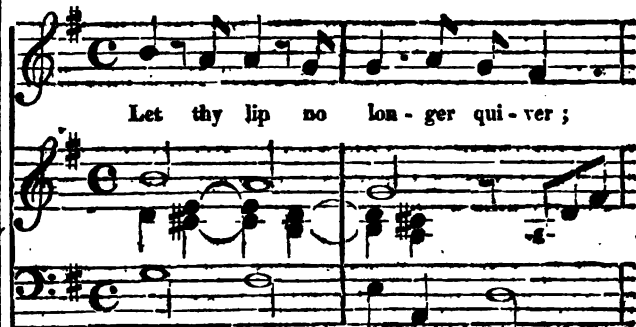
"The Maid's Remonstrance," an address to a male coquet, is a charming bagatelle, and very proper to be sung by any virtuously courageous lady, to any trifling, tardy gentleman, who delays putting the important question till much too long "after his silence becomes intolerable." As Mr. Bishop has printed this song at full length, in five pages, why should he not have adjusted his notes properly to the last line but one; instead of



we advise all who sing the air to alter it thus;



Mr. Bishop's second song (No. 4.) is extremely beautiful, and full of true musical feeling. The following syncopated passage, in the manner of some of our excellent old madrigalists,—Ford, for instance,—is too good not to be quoted:



No. 6, which may be called an offering to Bacchus and Cupid, is gay, but has no original feature in it. The word "silently" is awkwardly placed in the verse, for the musical measure of the song. Perhaps it is as well managed as the circumstances would allow.

1. CANZONETTA, " 'Tis that dear song," written by BARRY ST. LEGER, Esq., composed by C. M. SOLA. (Clementi and Co.)
2. BALLAD, "Rosabel," sung in the Opera of Robin Hood, at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, by J. BLEWITT. (Clementi and Co.)
3. "The force of Sympathy," A DREAM, inspired by the Author of Waverly, and dedicated to LOVE. (Lavenu, 24, Edward street, Manchester Square.)
4. "Ah! County Guy," the celebrated SERENADE, in *Quentin Durward*, sung by Mrs. Ashe, and composed by BURTORD G. H. GISBORNE. (Clementi and Co.)
5. SONG, "Oh take this Rose," the words by RICHARD RYAN; the music by AUG. MEVES. (J. Power, Strand.)
6. BALLAD, "Poor Rose!" written by HARRY STOE VAN DYK, Esq., composed by JOHN BARNETT. (J. Power.)

M. Sola's *canzonetta* we like better than any composition of his that has fallen under our notice. A further acquaintance with Mr. Barry St. Leger's lyric poetry, will, we are led by this specimen to believe, afford us great pleasure.

The ballad, No. 2, is in the style of the theatrical airs in vogue sixty years ago; the melody, which is rather pleasing, reminds us much of Michael Arne, and others of his day. Mr. Blewitt must endeavour in future to avoid making a dissyllable of the word *lyre*.

Without feeling any interest in the account which the author of song, No. 3, has taken the trouble to give of its origin,—(which, by the way, is quite unnecessary, if not exceedingly puerile,) we have been mightily pleased with his melody, which, trifling as it may appear to the lover of *canon*, bears the impress of something that we are much inclined to call genius. From the faint inscription at the lowest corner of the title-page, we are to conclude that the name of the author—(the "*Somniator*,") is Castell.

"County Guy" is not, at present, destined to be "married to immortal song;" Mr. Gisborne's attempt to set it smells of the lamp; it is all study and no genius.

Mr. Meves has bestowed a great deal too much labour on his composition; his accompaniment to it is fitter for a cantata. His symphonies also are twice as long as is necessary, and more resemble portions of a sonata, than the introductory and terminating parts of a song.

The ballad, "Poor Rose!" has some air, and, though not of a very new species, it flows on smoothly, in spite of five pages of a cantering accompaniment, that tires the ear with triplets that seem everlasting. But here are errors of accent that irresistibly force themselves upon our notice. We offer the following as an example:



We should have been disposed to consider this as a mistake of the engraver, had we not found one or two other instances quite as glaring.

DIALOGUE ON THE MERITS OF ROSSINI.

THE following Dialogue is extracted from the *Antologia di Firenze*. It is supposed to be between a *Maestro di Capella* and a young gentleman of fashion, and the question at issue between them is represented as settled by an experienced professor of the old school, profoundly versed in the science of music. For brevity's sake we will call the *Maestro di Capella* A, the young gentleman B, and the latter C.

A. What's the news?

B. Nothing of moment. The only conspicuous things in our journals are the eulogiums on Rossini.

A. Is it possible, that in a few years this young man could have succeeded in bewitching all Europe, as if he alone, since the days of Adam, had discovered the true secrets of music?

B. And why not? Have not his operas delighted all Europe? Some there certainly are, who are jealous of Rossini's fame, and haters of genius in general; but to their confusion he is, and still remains, the sun of harmony, before whose splendour the other stars "hide their diminished heads."

A. Your style is quite *alla Rossini*. But young gentlemen, like you, are more apt to be guided by their senses than by reason. Let your favourite's operas be subjected to the unchangeable rules of the beautiful, and the trusel will at once be distinguished from the sterling gold.

B. (A little piqued.) Signor *Maestro di Capella*, there may be differences of opinion on this subject, but the fact speaks in favour of Rossini. At this very moment he holds the sceptre of music in his hands; in him is centred the enthusiasm of the multitude and the admiration of the connoisseur: his music forms the richest treasures of the Italian stage, and stands in the highest estimation in foreign countries. Stuttgart, Darmstadt, the two Frankforts, Salzburg, the birth-places of Mozart and the spot where the ashes of Haydn repose, Munich, proud of its Winter, are enraptured with the song of the swan of Pesaro, and desire nothing beyond it; Vienna—

A. Not so warm, young gentleman, not so warm. Nobody denies that Rossini pleases beyond the Alps; and yet Prussia is an exception. In Vienna nothing of his met with any very extraordinary success, except the *Gazza Ladra*. The general complaint against Rossini is, that his compositions are light, effeminate, and void of the true philosophy of music. The German journals compare them to a mass of bubbles, reflecting a thousand intermingling hues, and to a woman painted up to the eyes, but ill dressed. They call him the very romance-writer of music.

B. Well, Signor, but taste changes with the times. When you were young, men dressed in swords, and flowing perukes pleased the ladies; twenty years ago nothing was heard in every direction but Paisiello's *Nel cor più non mi sento*, now *Di tanti palpiti* is all the rage. Rossini is the present Tyrtæus of Germany, the Piccini, Cimarosa, and Paisiello, of Naples.

A. Ah, there lies the error. The beautiful is only one and simple; it excludes every meretricious ornament. Call to mind that Grecian painter, who not knowing how to paint the Goddess of Beauty, represented her in a gorgeous attire.

C. (Who puts an end to the dispute.) Gentlemen, the compositions of the ancient composers are my delight, because they contain the true beautiful of Italian music, but I do not despise the moderns: indeed, how could I despise the author of *Agnes*? How not praise the rare

moderation (*rara sobrietà*) of a Mayer, the united agreeableness and learning of a Cherubini? Now, with respect to Rossini, this Corypheus of modern romance-writers, I believe that if, as the general accusation runs, he does borrow from himself, it is by no means through any poverty of genius, but from the haste with which he composes*. All masters maintain that he constantly violates the rules of counterpoint; there is some truth in the assertion; but is not the general accusation the effect of envy and jealousy?—He is said to be constantly sinning against the sense of the words; but is the poetry of many of our modern operas so valuable and so sacred, and is the public so very solicitous about it?—Thus much is certainly true,—instead of endeavouring on all occasions to be faithful to the poet's words and design, he seeks refuge in a variety of musical phrases, and endeavours to cloak his deficiency in a superabundance of sound; forgetful that the simple is the first element of the beautiful, and that the instrumental part should merely serve as an auxiliary; that the ear should be delighted, not overwhelmed and oppressed. In the preceding century we went to the opera, and came from it with a quiet and composed spirit; we were anxious to hear the music once again: but in the Rossinian operas the accompaniments are so overcharged, and the notes pour upon us so thick, that they do not allow us a moment of breathe; the instruments are so astounding, that scenes to the greatest pathos are metamorphosed into Bacchanalian uproar. But, notwithstanding all this, Rossini possesses a large fund of harmonic beauties; perhaps no author could ever boast of more.† One of his faults is indisputably this, that he is too lavish of the materials of his art; that he never seems to think he has done enough. Unhappily so it is, that the impatience of attempting something new, and of producing extraordinary effects, together with a rage to please, a strange amalgamation of heterogeneous elements, a want of that moderation which our ancient masters always had so much at heart, all these have tended to lead astray one of the happiest geniuses that music ever produced. To sum up all in a word—I can only say, gentlemen, that arts have their rise, progress and decay, and that all the observations we can make, will be of no avail in stemming the torrent of fashion and caprice.

FOREIGN MUSICAL REPORT.

VIENNA. After an intermission of some years, Beethoven's *Fidelio* has been revived on this stage; the characters were judiciously cast and ably sustained, and it was received by the public with all the zest of novelty. For their taste and judgment, the directors of this theatre deserve the sincerest thanks of the public.

— A fantastic piece, interspersed with songs, was lately brought out here, entitled "1722, 1822, and 1922," which presents, as in a magic mirror, a picture of times past, present, and to come. The description of what our old mother, the earth, may be supposed to be a century hence, is whimsical enough. Every thing is managed by machinery; the plough goes by itself, and the ploughman follows it at his leisure, studying the Chinese language, because all those of Europe are perfectly familiar to him. Balloons supply the

place of hackney coaches; every servant girl has a hundred or more a year for wages, and men of a million and upwards are quite common in every street. The music of Mr. Gläser is very appropriate: the past represents Handel and Hasse; the present Rossini and Weber; and in a century to come Mozart is represented, as ever new and ever young, to our posterity; for the truly beautiful is not swallowed up in the stream of time.

— During Rossini's last visit to Vienna, the following whimsical occurrence took place, which is strongly indicative of the excess to which the spirit of nationality may be carried. After the first representation of *Ricciardo and Zoraide*, Rossini invited the principal singers to supper, and as it so happened that this was Mad. Rossini's birth-day, great hilarity prevailed, and the sparkling champagne circulated briskly. At last a very unusual and increasing noise was heard in the street; the servants were ordered to see what was the matter, and returned with a report that a great concourse of people had assembled in front of the house, consisting mostly of the composer's countrymen, who were assembled to render him 'honours due.' Rossini proposed to his guests to throw open the windows, and treat this music-loving mob with something to repay them for their zeal and devotion. Accordingly it was done. The piano-forte was thrown open and he accompanied his beloved Isabella in a scene from *Elisabetta*. Cries of joy succeeded from below: *Viva, viva! Sia benedetto! ancora, ancora!* David and Mad. Ekerlin next sung a duet, and afterwards Nozzari gave his *sortita* (song on his first entrance) from *Zelmira*. The delight of the amateurs on the trottoir knew no bounds. At last, when Madame Rossini herself gave the air, *Caro, per te quest' anima*, enthusiasm was at its height. Mingled shouts arose of *fora! fora, il maestro!* (Let the master come forth!) loud as the chorus of a thousand trombones. Rossini appeared in the balcony, and made his gracious obeisance to the assembled multitude. The air resounded with *Viva, viva! Cantare, cantare!* The good natured *Maestro* was obliged to comply, and trilled with all his might his own *Figaro qui, Figaro què*. Surely this was enough, and more than enough. By no means,—the mixed *parterre* would willingly, *alla maniera Italiana*, have prolonged this occasional concert till the morning dawn. Not so those above; after having gone through a long opera, and thrown in a *piccola Academia musicale* gratis, as a kind of make-weight, they thought, very properly, that as it was already past the hour "when spirits walk the earth," every good christian had a right to look for wholesome repose. But, as the crowd below felt no disposition to disperse, the supper things were removed, the lights extinguished, and the company retreated into a back apartment. The many-headed monster, however, was not to be so easily pacified. At first a sullen silence reigned around, but too ominous of the approaching storm; but at the sight of the Egyptian darkness that reigned in the apartments, and announced the precipitate retreat of their favourite and his party, a dull murmur was heard to arise, which gradually swelled into a terrible *crescendo*, not unlike some of those of which this master has given so many specimens in his works. At last, all was fury, tumult, storm, and execration; and no doubt the windows would have felt the effects of this general disappointment, if some of the guardians of the night, aided by a party of the police, who by this time had been warned of the uproar, had not succeeded i

* This defence will not avail him now: he has written but little lately, and that little has not been composed in any haste.

† The reader will recollect, that so groundless a surmise is made proceed from the mouth of an Italian.

dispersing these musical rioters. Thus terminated an adventure, new to Vienna, but which, it seems, is common enough in Italy, where, if a composer is unsuccessful in a piece to-night, he is pursued to his home with hisses and hootings; while, a few evenings after, if he happens to please the mob by something to their taste, he is conducted home in procession, by the light of flambeaux, and the crash of Janissary music. The writer of this has often been witness of such scenes as well in Milan and Turin, as in Rome and Naples.

The comic singer Neubruk, having been unsuccessful in the piece lately brought out here for his benefit, which was in a great measure attributed to the stupidity of the words of the opera, has offered a premium of 450 florins (between 40 and 50 pounds) for a good libretto, that he may not meet with a similar disappointment next time. Doubtless a host of goose-quills is already in full activity, excited, as our poetic prize-fighters are, to the trial by so handsome a recompense.

An instrument-maker here, of the name of Koch, whose flutes, oboes, clarionets and bassoons are held in high estimation, has lately made an invention, by means of which the keys of instruments are, by a very simple mechanism, so furnished with stoppers of leather, that however numerous, and of whatever kind, they are rendered perfectly air-proof, at the same time that the additional advantage is gained of avoiding the noise formerly produced by the stopper on the wind-hole, and which necessarily inconvenienced the player. The simplicity of the invention is such that every performer is enabled to apply it to his own instrument. —The Vienna Gazette states that a similar improvement has been made in that city, by means of cork: which of them is preferable, practical musicians must decide.

LEIPZIG. We learn with pleasure that three new *Quartettos* are expected from the pen of the indefatigable Beethoven, which he has undertaken to write for the Prince Gallitsin.

BERLIN. Two proficients on the violin, scholars of the celebrated Mayseder, have been delighting the public here with their performances. So equally were their talents balanced, that amateurs are yet undecided as to which of them the preference, in taste and execution, belongs. It gives us pleasure to announce that the King of Prussia, charmed with their performances, and with the prognostics they give of future eminence, has settled a pension of 400 dollars per annum on the father, to enable him to complete the education of his sons.

An opera was lately produced here, entitled *Nourmahal*, or, *the Feast of Roses*, in two acts, with characteristic dances, the music by Spontini, and the story founded on Moore's *Lalla Rookh*. The music is pleasing, and the oriental scenery and decorations magnificent. It experienced a very favourable reception.

A patent has been obtained by W. Vollmar, a pianoforte maker here, for an instrument which he has named *The Melodika*. It is said to be played by light plectrums of metal, set in motion by the air

Handel's *Dettingen Te Deum* was lately given here, with the united powers of the Academy of music and the Chapel royal, which altogether amounted to upwards of 350 persons. The effect produced was grand and imposing in the extreme.

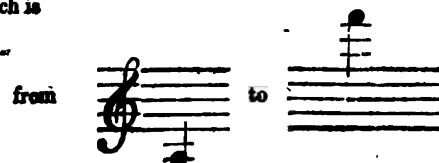
MUNICH. A mass of the venerable *Orlando di Lasso* was lately revived in the Cathedral Church of Munich. The idea that this celebrated master, two centuries and a half since, directed his own compositions, which were then considered as wonders of the art, on this spot, and by the side of this ancient gothic organ, awakens solemn recollections. The harmonies of *Orlando* still possess their influence over the soul, and awaken the sublimest emotions. Will many of our modern church-composers be heard of when nearly three hundred years shall have rolled away? Numerous works of this author are known to be contained in the Royal library of this place, and among others a collection of songs of four parts, in French and Italian, together with some of the odes of Horace, set by him to music. Would it not be an object of interest for some man properly qualified for the task, to edit these venerable relics?

The celebrated *Winter* is said to be employed on a new opera for the Royal theatre of this place. He has not been inactive in the situation he fills; he composed a new mass for the chapel Royal last Christmas, in which he very happily combined the old with the more modern style of church music.

A female performer, *Madame Schleicher*, gave a concerto here lately, of a very singular kind, and which met with considerable applause. Her instrument was the clarionet, which she played with great power and feeling. Our modern belles are determined not to be excluded from exercising any department of art; all we now want is a female virtuoso on the bassoon and trombone; we believe the list will then be complete.

CASSEL. Lindpaintner's new opera of *Salmons* is becoming a great favourite in Germany. It was lately given here on occasion of the birth-day of her Highness, the Electress. The music is truly dramatic, and has equal charms both for the connoisseur and the man unread in the science of music. The Introduction always calls forth unmingled approbation, as well as the movement that succeeds it, and the second *finale*. Severe criticism might object that the overture, though possessing great merit in itself, is not in character with the piece. We have no doubt but that this production, which at once evinces an elegant mind and a sound knowledge of the art, will long maintain its rank as a favourite of the public.

LEMBURG. The amateurs of this place have lately been gratified by a visit from the celebrated Madame Becker of Prague. She possesses a voice of great beauty and power, the rare compass of which is



She delighted the company with her forcible, expressive, and appropriate action, an accomplishment rarely found united with

great vocal powers. She particularly pleased in the character of *Amenaide* in *Tancred*, in that of *Agatha* in the *Freychutz*, and in the *Queen of Night* in the *Fante Magico*.

REVEREDO in the TYROL. A society of amateurs has been established here; the first opera they gave in their private theatre was the *Ombra di Samuele*, written nearly twenty years since in Florence, by GIUSEPPE ALOYSI, a Neapolitan composer, who at present is a resident at Roveredo, and directs the above theatre. The opera was received with great applause.

VENICE. A volume has lately appeared here, entitled: *Disertazione sopra il grave disordine ed abuso della moderna musica vocale ed instrumentale, che si è introdotta a nostri dì nelle chiese e nei divini uffizi*. (148 pages, 8vo. Altisepoli.)

The author is very severe upon the abuses that have crept into modern church music, which he justly observes should be calculated to serve the purposes of devotion, and not to produce operatic effects. He reprobates the practice of deafening the ears with overpowering accompaniments of horns, trumpets, and kettle-drums, now so common in the churches, and censures the use of profane music as preludes on the organ. He mentions an organist who attempted to awaken the devotion of a numerous audience by the overture to *Lodoiska*, and, on another occasion, by that of Mozart's *Entführung den Serail*, which were played during some of the most solemn parts of the service.

MILAN. The Abbate GIRONI, director of the public library of Milan, is said to have nearly completed his long expected work on the Instrumental music of the Greeks, and it is expected shortly to appear.

The theatre here imitates the example of those of Paris, London, and Vienna. By way of variety, five operas of Rossini followed each other in succession. Even the most fanatic admirers of Rossini begin to find this too much of a good thing. Indeed, how can it be otherwise? The very ballad-singers, the barral-organs, the military bands on the public promenades, the organists in the churches, the fair dilettants in their closets, all tire us the whole day long with pieces from *La Gazza Ladra*, *Cenerentola*, *Barbiere di Siviglia*, &c. &c. In the evening we hear the same operas, and even in the ballets it is all the same thing over again. The entertainment over, we leave the theatre and repair to the Café to take some refreshment, and read the gazette; here stand again in rubric letters,—The new classical work (*La Rossiniana opera*,) &c. When we have also swallowed this pill, we fall comfortably asleep? no; a serenade by . . . but enough; so things go. On the other hand, noisy music makes rapid strides here. Besides three trombones, we had also four trumpets during the ballet; and a clarionet in F, in addition to a superabundance of those of the common kind. In the same proportion as instruments increase, the human voice keeps pace, and, like a true instrument, seems contending with them for supremacy in the art of making a noise. The number of good singers and good opera composers decrease daily; nay, with respect to the latter, Italy, if I may use the expression, stands at present in the situation of an orphan. What a contrast to times almost within our recollection! If Italy can produce so little now of genius, morality, and taste, why not

have recourse to the works of other masters? The experiment has been successfully tried with some operas of note, why not extend the list, and add to it the *Don Giovanni*, the *Mosmetto*, the *Rivale di se stesso*, &c. Doubtless these would be found to possess qualities to charm the Milanese. But it is probable that the singers here are allowed to have a casting vote in these matters, which they give in such a way as to shift from themselves the burthen of studying new operas, or at least such as are in a different style from that with which they have been so long familiar.

A repetition of Rossini's *Semiramide* has afforded us an opportunity of passing a more decisive judgment upon its merits. The second act, although it seemed to please the most here, we consider as by far the weakest part of the opera. One of its best pieces is, undoubtedly, the movement, with a chorus, that forms the *finale* of the first act. But how infinitely short does it fall of the eulogiums lavished upon it in the *Osservatore Veneziano*. We understand they were written by the ex-post Luigi, the same who uttered the memorable sentence that Rossini would soon eclipse the fame of Mozart, at the moment of writing which he must have had in his eye the hyperboles contained in a critique that appeared in the *French Monitor*. The present *maestral* of Italy seem determined no more to attempt the task of composing new operas; they appear to have a mutual understanding, and agree to borrow largely from each other, the public being the only losers. Prominent in this list stands Mercadanti, who is closely followed by Paccini; the latter gave an opera lately which was recognised as made up of one or two former failures, but the artifice was discovered, and the patchwork piece called *La Festale* was condemned to repose with its kindred. But musical misdeeds are become so common now, that they excite no surprise, and the public endeavours in its good nature or apathy, to tolerate them all. The prohibition issued by the bishops against the levity of the taste that at present prevails in church music, founded as it is on the airs of Rossini, has been of no avail: indeed, it is said, they have produced the very opposite effect, and that people have crowded thither in the mere spirit of contradiction.

PARIS. The Royal Academy of Fine Arts held its annual sitting on the 4th of October, and the Musical Prizes were adjudged in the following order. The grand prize of the first class was obtained by M. Edward Boilly of Paris, aged 24, a pupil of M. Boieldieu in composition, and of M. Fétis in counter-point. The second grand prize of the first class was obtained by M. Louis-Constant Ermel, a native of Ghent, in his 24th year, and a pupil of M. Le Sueur.

The grand prize of the second class was given to M. Maximilian C. Simon a native of Metz, aged 20, and a pupil of M. Le Sueur. The second grand prize of the second class was obtained by M. Theodore Labarre of Paris, aged 18, a pupil of M. Boieldieu, in tion, and of M. Fétis in counter-point.

A new opera entitled *La Neige*, or *le Nouvel Egi-nard*, written by MM. Scribe and Germain Delavigne, and set to music by M. Aubor, was produced at the Comie Opera, on the 5th of October. The music displayed considerable talent particularly in the first act; but the best specimens were a trio in the second act, and its finale. It bears, however, too strong-

a resemblance to former compositions, and is evidently an imitation of Rossini's style.

PARANABURO. The celebrated Hummel paid a visit to this capital last spring. His first performances were in private parties, where he gained the greatest applause by his *Fantasias*, in which this great master knows how to mingle with such admirable art the gay and the serious, the playful and the severe; at one moment he lets us hear what he is capable of effecting in the church style; then in that of the chamber and theatre. He appears equally great both in the grand and the simple. He varied are his powers that even those who had the least pretensions as connoisseurs, were charmed they knew not why, while the cognoscenti applauded with unfeigned admiration. He was everywhere called the celebrated *Improvisatore*. The first time he played in public, he gave his concerto in B minor, his *Sentinelles*, and a *Fantasia*. Critics found fault with the first, as too long, and too meagre in some of its parts; and did not think the two other pieces equal to some of the productions with which he had before charmed amateurs in a few private circles. The more fastidious also found fault with his manner of playing the piano-forte. It was observed that he treated this instrument too much as a representative of the orchestra and organ. On his second public appearance he gave his delightful concerto in A minor, Op. 85, together with the *Ronde Brilliant*, which produced general satisfaction; though it was remarked that the effect which he gave to some of the rapid movements by excessive emphasis, was displeasing, and savoured too much of affectation. In his third and last concert, he performed his beautiful *Septetto*, which called forth a spontaneous burst of applause. His *aria*, *Matilde de Genise*, was thought stiff and in an obsolete taste.

— We have been informed that a singular prejudice prevails, both here and at Moscow, against the music of Beethoven, and which has been encouraged by the example of a celebrated professor — r —, who is accustomed to speak of the works of Beethoven as the productions of a madman, and carried his animosity so far as to refuse to accompany one of his popular pieces. Some artists of eminence have, however, succeeded in softening down this prejudice, among whom M. Böhm has led the way, by bringing forward his six Quartetts.

MOSCOW. A journal of music has lately appeared here, conducted by a society of the artists of the place. Whether it will long maintain itself in opposition to the many difficulties that undertakings of this kind have to experience, time only will show.

ODESSA. A taste for music is rapidly increasing in this town. An Italian company which has been here several years, has been lately increased, and now includes several actors, who would do honour to any theatre in Europe. This company is under the management of M. Bonaviglio, the author of the words to *Agnese*. The stock of pieces is well varied, and Rossini, at Odessa, as well as in other parts of Europe, is the public favourite. His *Barbiere di Siviglia*, *La Gazza Ladra*, *Cenerentola*, &c., always draw a good company; and *Clotilda*, *Il Matrimonio Segreto*, *Griselda*, and *Agnese*, likewise have been performed with success.

A Philharmonic Society, recently formed by several amateurs,

also gives musical evening parties, which are much frequented by the inhabitants of the town, and the strangers who frequent Odessa, during the bathing season.

NORDHAUSEN. June, 1823. It must be a subject of great satisfaction to the friends of the excellent and the beautiful, in the arts, and particularly in music, to see how widely the latter extends its dominion, and finds patrons not only in every metropolis and city, but also in towns of less celebrity, and where the means of supporting it must be very limited. This is the case in the little town mentioned above. The *Creation of Hadya* was lately given there with considerable effect, by an orchestra composed of two hundred performers, as well as the *Requiem* of Mozart, to which equal justice was done, and in which the chorus parts were given with great spirit and correctness. This was followed by Schiller's *Glocke* (Bell) by Romberg; the *Seven words of Jesus* by Haydn; the *Four Seasons* of the same author; the grand *Hallelujah* from the *Creation* of Kansen, and several other works of the same kind. The concert was honoured with the assistance of three amateurs of eminence, the state counsellor Seiffart, a gentleman of considerable taste and judgment, together with his two sons, the elder of whom, a finished piano-forte player, delighted the assembled *dilettanti* with the spirit and brilliancy with which he gave Hummel's concerto in A minor, while the younger exerted, in several airs, powers of voice of the higher order.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

THIS theatre has not yet begun its musical season, strictly so called; though the manager has been very well, — or, at least profitably, — engaged in producing and performing a magnificent spectacle, called *The Cataract of the Ganges*, in which music is a partner assuredly, but holding a share so insignificant in point of value that its name might as well have been left out of the firm. A new opera is in preparation, and Mr. Braham is re-engaged: next month, therefore, we shall, doubtless, have plenty of materials for remark furnished by this house.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

THE managers here have made great efforts in the operatic department, and proportionate success has attended their enterprise.

On the 5th of last month, a new historical drama, entitled *CORTÉZ, or the Conquest of Mexico*, was brought out at this theatre, the music by Mr. Bishop. This piece has fallen a good deal under the displeasure of some of our daily and weekly critics: the chief cause of offence seems to be the horses employed in it. But really upon this point we cannot help agreeing in what the manager says, in a deprecatory advertisement prefixed to the book of songs:—"With regard to the horses, the hope only is expressed, that as they have been often applauded when introduced merely for stage effect, they will not be less favourably received when their appearance is sanctioned by history, and is highly important to the interest and probability of the drama." The use of these noble animals upon the stage, though generally absurd in the

highest degree, is not so ridiculous in the present play as has been represented. But even granting as true all that has been said about it, the public have acted wisely and consistently in not being too scrupulous upon the subject: a public that can tolerate and patronise such mischievous trash—such ultra-vulgarity—as *Tom and Jerry*; that can tamely suffer a notorious swindling foreigner, who has escaped from punishment as a condemned felon, to appear before them periodically, in a principal national theatre, and in a very conspicuous character,—ought not to be shocked by the introduction of a few beautiful, sagacious horses to their notice.—However, we are perhaps travelling a little out of our immediate province; we will, therefore, merely add, that this drama is constructed for effect, in which it is completely and incontestably successful, and forms a most imposing spectacle. The music is of a superior kind, and announces in every part the scientific composer,—his knowledge of the human voice,—his skill in employing the various instruments of the orchestra, and his thorough acquaintance with the greatest works of the best schools: but it is not music of a popular kind; not a single piece is encored; not one air is carried out of the theatre to haunt the imagination for the next fortnight: the opera has more of knowledge and study in it than fancy, and is addressed rather to the judgment of those who are learned in the art, than to the ear of the multitude, which can only receive impressions from striking melody. Yet, we cannot help wondering that the *Round*, “Yes, ‘tis the Indian drum;” Miss Paton’s song, “Alas! for Tlascala;” and one for Mr. Duruset, the first words of which we do not recollect, produce not more effect. The overture begins with a charming slow movement; but an *allegro*, à la Rossini, follows, that is not in the same good manner as its precursor. The instrumental music throughout, may, in point of physical sound, challenge competition with any stunning noises that the combined efforts of all the mechanical machinery in Sheffield can produce.

————— when Bellona storms,
With all her battering engines bent to rase
Some capital city, —————

she cannot exceed the din which Mr. Bishop creates by means of his trumpets, trombones, side drums, double drums, clash-pans, gongs, and gunpowder!

Miss Paton is very prominent in this opera, she not only sings, but acts her part, admirably. We should be doubly grateful to her if she would omit the *bravura* in the last act. Miss Love is a most interesting performer, and is a very good substitute for the charming Miss Tree; she has a voice remarkable for its depth and beauty; but she should never sing above C, (the third space in the treble,) the moment she ascends beyond the compass of a contr’alto, her vocal sweetness deserts her, and her notes are harsh and untuneable. Mr. Duruset affords us more pleasure than any male singer at this theatre; were his voice equal to his taste, he need not shrink from rivalry.

On the 23d, Mr. Sinclair, who six years since was a popular singer on these boards, returned to the theatre, having passed all the intermediate period in studying and performing in Italy. We recollect having been much pleased by the sweetness and flexibility of his voice formerly, and were not amongst those who expected any great change to ensue, either in his natural or acquired means, by a residence beyond the Alps. Some critics have compared his vocal strength with that of Mr. Braham: the comparison on this point was not necessary, as he has power enough for any good purpose, his voice appearing to us to have acquired additional force from time. His falsetto remains the same; it possesses vast extent, and has been justly said to resemble the artificial tones of Mr. Incledon. These sounds are not very powerful, and we candidly avow, that we should not be displeased were they completely inaudible; they lead to nothing but a succession of unmeaning *roulades*, and remind us only of those tones which a disobedience of nature’s “prime decree” produces. *The Cabinet* was injudiciously chosen for his re-appearance, and we shall withhold our opinion of his general merits till we have heard more of him, in some other opera. The song that he introduces, by Rossini, might, we think, be very prudently withdrawn.

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THE HARMONICON.

No. XIII., JANUARY, 1824.

MEMOIR OF GIOVANNI PAISIELLO.

THE subject of this memoir was born at Tarento, on the 9th of May, 1741. His father was an eminent veterinary surgeon, in the service of Charles III., king of Naples. He was placed; at an early age, in the Jesuits' college at Taranto; and it being the custom of these fathers to direct the office of the Virgin to be sung at all their festivals, they observed, while their young pupil was chanting the service, that he had a fine voice, and an excellent ear. This also attracting the notice of D. Girolamo Carducci, a chevalier of the same city, who, during passion week, gave concerts of sacred music in the church of the Capuchins, he prevailed upon the young Paisiello, to sing a few pieces from memory. The boy, who had not completed his 18th year, gave such proofs of his capacity, as to induce Carducci to advise his father to send him to Naples, and to place him under the tuition of some celebrated professor of music; but, being an only child, his parents would not give their consent. To the reiterated solicitations of the chevalier they at length yielded, and the interval that elapsed previously to his departure for the capital was devoted to the study of music, under an ecclesiastic, a secular priest, named Don Carlo Resta, an excellent tenor, and who played skilfully on the arch-lute. On this instrument, Paisiello practised about two months with so much assiduity, as to learn the elementary parts of a science, in which he was destined to attain unrivalled celebrity. He then set out for Naples, accompanied by his father, and was admitted, in June, 1754, into the institution of St. Onofrio, over which the celebrated Durante presided. Here he prosecuted his studies with such success, that in the course of five years he attained the highest rank in the seminary. He was occupied during four years in composing masses, motettos, oratorios, and a comic interlude, which was performed in the same institution. This piece brought him into public notice, and procured for him an order to compose an opera for the theatre of Bologna, in 1763.

At the Theatre di' Marsigli, at Bologna, appeared, *La Pupilla*; *i Francesi brillanti*; *il Mondo alla rovescia*.

At Modena, — *Madama l'Orchestra*.

At Parma, — *Le Virtuose rivali*; *i Sogno d' Abano*.

At Venice, — *Il Giglone*; *le Pescatrice*.

At Rome, — *Il Marchese Tulipano*.

At Naples, — *La Vedova di Bel genio*; *l'Imbroglione delle Vajasse*; *l'Idola Cinese*; (to this piece is ascribed the origin of the *Opera buffa* at the little theatre of the court

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of Naples); *Lucio Papirio*; *il Furbo mal accorto*; *l'Olimpia*; *Peleus*, a cantata on the nuptials of Ferdinand IV. and Maria Carolina, of Austria.

At Venice, — *L'Innocente fortunato*.

At Milan, — *Sismano nel Mogolle*.

At Naples, — *L'Arabo Cortese*; *la Luna habitata*; *la Contesa dei Numi*.

At Rome, — *La Semiramide*; *il Montezuma*.

At Naples, — *Le Dardane*; *il Tamburro Notturmo*. At Venice, the same, with alterations and additions.

At Milan, — *L'Andromeda*. He likewise composed, in this city, twelve *Quatuors*, for two violins, a viola, and harpsicord.

At Turin, — *Annibale in Italia*; *i Filosofi*; *il Giocatore*.

At Naples, — *La Somiglianza dei Nomi*; *l'Astuzie Amoro*; and a sanctuary mass, with two chorusses, for the funeral of the Prince Royal D. Gennaro di Borbone; *gli Scherzi d'Amore et di Fortuna*; *D. Chiscio della Mangia*; *la Finta Maga*; *l'Osteria di Mere chiaro*.

At Modena, — *Alessandro nell'Indie*.

At Naples, — *Il Duello Comico*; *D. Anchise Campanone*; *il Mondo della Luna*.

At Venice, — *La Frascatana*; *la Discordia Fortunata*; *il Demofonte*. At this time he was engaged for the King's Theatre, London; but an invitation from the court of Russia induced him to break his engagement.

At Naples, — *Socrate Imaginari*.

At Florence, — *Le Grand Cid*; *il Finto Principe*.

At Rome, — *Le Due Contesse*; *la Disfatta di Daria*, with an air of two movements, *Mentre ti lascio, o figlia*, sung by the celebrated tenor Anzani, and which has served as a model for all future composers.

At Naples, — *Dal Finto il Vero*. This piece marks the period, July 28, 1776, when the court of Naples went, for the first time, to the comic opera. In that year, Paisiello set out for Russia, and entered the service of Catherine II., with a salary of 4,000 roubles, 900 in addition for instructing the grand duchess, a country-house found him six months in the year, at a rent of 2,000 roubles, which, with casual emoluments, produced an annual income of 9,000 roubles.

PAISIELLO remained in Russia nine years, in the course of which he composed, — *La Serva Padrona*; *il Matrimonio inaspettato*; *il Barbiere di Siviglia*; *i Filosofi imaginari*; *la Finta Amante*, this opera was composed on occasion of the journey of Catharine to Mohilow, in Poland, where she had an interview with Joseph II.

B.

il Mondo della Luna, in one act; *la Nitteti*; *Lucinda ed Armidoro*; *Alcide al Bivio*; *Achille in Sciro*, a cantata for Prince Potemkin, and an interlude for Prince Orloff. During his residence in Russia, he composed for his pupil, the Grand-Duchess Kederowna, consort of the Grand Duke Paul Petrowitz, several sonatas, voluntaries and pieces for the piano-forte, in two volumes. He likewise published a collection of rules for accompanying from a score. This small performance was printed in Russia, and on its publication the Empress conferred upon the author a pension of 900 rubles *per annum*. At Warsaw he produced the oratorio of *la Passione*, the words by Metastasio, for King Poniatowski.

At Vienna he composed for the Emperor Joseph II. the opera of *Il Re Theodore*, and twelve symphonies concertante. He returned to Naples, and King Ferdinand IV. took him into his service in the capacity of chapel-master, with a stipend of 1200 ducats *per annum*. Immediately after this appointment, he composed his opera of *Antigono*.

At Rome, — *L'Amore in gapuzo*; *la Molinara*.

At Naples, — *La Grotta di Trofonio*, *le Gare generose*, was the first serious opera that appeared with introductions and finales.

Paisiello at this time received an invitation from the King of Prussia to visit Berlin; but he could not accept *l'Olimpiade*; *il Pirro*. The last mentioned production it, being attached to the service of the King of Naples.

At Naples he published, *i Zingari in fiera*, and composed about the same time for the obsequies of Gen. Hoche, a funeral symphony, which was required by a handsome present from General Bonaparte. His next productions were, *la Fedra* with accompanying ballets; *la Varie gelosie*, and *Catone in Utica*.

He refused a second invitation to go to Russia, for the reasons that induced him to decline an engagement at Berlin. The King of Naples commanded him to set to music *Nina, o la pazzia per Amore*, for the little country theatre of Belvidere. This piece was afterwards performed at the theatre of the Florentins, with the addition of the quartett.

Giunone Lucina was composed for the ceremony of offering thanks after the accouchment of Caroline, Queen of Naples. In this cantata, we find for the first time an air interspersed with chorusses, and which has since found many imitators. It was succeeded by *Zenobia di Palmira*.

Finding it impossible to accept of another invitation to go to London, he transmitted to the King's Theatre the opera of *la Locanda*, which was afterwards performed at Naples, under the title of *il Fanatico in Berlino*, with the addition of a quintett. He next composed a grand *Te Deum* on the return of the King and Queen of Naples from Germany; a cantata, *Dafne ed Alcide*, for the academy of *dei Cavalieri*, and another of the same kind (the return of Perseus) for the Academy of the Friends; *Elfrida*; and *Ekiva*.

At Venice, — *I Giurati d'Acquagenta*.

At Naples, — *la Didone*; *l'Inganno felice*; *l'Andromaca*.

In 1799, a revolution taking place in the kingdom of Naples, the government at once assumed the republican form, on the 1st of January, the rulers appointed Paisiello the National Director of Music; but after the restoration of the royal family, his acceptance of the appointment was deemed a heinous offence, and still he had purified himself from the charges alleged against him.

He was suspended from all his functions. At length, after the lapse of two years, he resumed his situation at court, and all his former appointments.

Soon after his reception into favour, Napoleon Bonaparte, then First Consul of France, gave him an invitation, and the King of Naples furnished him with a despatch, with orders to proceed to Paris, and to hold himself at the disposal of the First Consul. Alquier, the French Minister at Naples, urged Paisiello, on the occasion of his departure, to mention the distinctions and salary which would be acceptable to him. He replied, that he would be quite satisfied with the honour of serving the First Consul.

On reaching Paris, he was provided with a commodious suite of apartments, elegantly furnished, a court equipage, with suitable attendants; a salary of 12,000 francs was assigned to him, and a gratuity of 18,000 more for incidental disbursements, besides a liberal remuneration for travelling expenses.

At Paris, various high appointments were offered him — such as Director of the Imperial Academy, of the Institution of Music, &c. He declined them all, and was contented with that of Master of the Chapel, for which he selected a company of excellent performers. He composed for this chapel thirteen sacred services of music, consisting of masses, motettes, &c., and the opera of *Proserpine*, for the Academy of Music; a grand mass with two chorusses, a *Te Deum*, and prayers for the coronation of the Emperor.

Finding, after residing two years and a half in France, that the climate did not agree with his wife, he returned to Italy, but continued to transmit to Napoleon a sacred composition for the anniversary of his birth.

In a few months after his arrival at Naples, Paisiello received another invitation to visit Paris, but declining it, which was urged as a reason for not accepting it.

The family of the Bourbons being compelled to quit Naples, King Joseph Napoleon, who ascended the throne, confirmed Paisiello in his situation of Master of the Chapel Royal, of Composer and Director of Music to the Household and Chapel, with a salary of 1800 ducats.

At the same time, the Emperor and King did him the honour to send him the Cross of the Legion of Honour, which King Joseph delivered with his own hands, assigning him, at the same time, a stipend of 1000 francs.

He afterwards composed the opera *Pittagorici*, which may serve as a model for poets and musicians, and which procured him from the King the decoration of the Order of the Two Sicilies; he was likewise nominated a Member of the Royal Society of Naples, and President of the Musical Direction of the Royal Institution.

Joseph Napoleon, having proceeded to Spain, Joachim Napoleon, his successor, confirmed M. Paisiello in all his places. At the period of the Emperor's marriage with the Archduchess of Austria, M. Paisiello felt it his duty to present a sacred composition to her Majesty, and in return, she sent to him a present of 4,000 francs, accompanied with a letter from the Grand Marshal of the Palace, expressive of her sense of obligation to him, and the high estimation in which she held his talents.

Besides the situations already mentioned, M. Paisiello was Master of the Chapel of the Cathedral of Naples, in which he composed several services *alla Pastorale*.

Paisiello was the first who introduced the viola into the comic opera at Naples, and clarionets and bassoons into the theatres and churches of that city. He has, also, the

merit of being the means of effecting the removal of the prohibition on the audience, from expressing applause or disapprobation of authors and performers, at the theatre of St. Carlo. The first instance of the kind that occurred in the opera of *Papirus*, while Carlo Raina was executing an air, that the king set the example of applauding the actor, which was enthusiastically followed by the audience.

Paisiello, now chevalier, was nominated a member of several learned societies; and among them, the *Académie Napoleone*, at Lucca; the Italian Academy, which met at Leghorn; the Sons of Apollo, at Paris; and in December, 1809, he was elected an associate of the Institute of France.

This great musician died at Naples, the 5th of June, 1816, aged 76. That city rendered him funeral honors, in causing to be executed a mass for the dead, found amongst his papers. The same evening his *Nina* was performed at the opera, when the King of Naples and the whole court attended, to shew the interest they felt for an illustrious composer, who, for half a century, had honoured modern Italy.

Dr. Burney, speaking of Paisiello, says, "In 1770, he was the only composer in Naples who could make head against the high favour in which Piccini then stood, after his *Buona Figliuola*. We were so happy as to hear him improvise in music at Sir William Hamilton's, where, having dined, he was begged to sing a scene of an opera; but there being none at hand which he liked to perform, he said, 'date mi un libretto,' and the words of the first opera which could be found, having been put on the harpsichord desk, he composed and sang, extempore, three or four scenes in so exquisite a manner to his own ingenious accompaniment, that no studied music or singing we ever heard, of the greatest composers or performers, ever pleased us so much. It was not written music—it was inspiration."

"Paisiello," says the Chevalier Le Sueur, "was not only a great musician; he possessed a large fund of information, he was well versed in the dead languages, and conversant in all the branches of literature, and on terms of friendship with the most distinguished persons of the age. Endowed with a noble mind, he was above all mean passions; he knew neither envy nor the feeling of rivalry."

"He composed seventy-eight operas,—twenty-seven serious, and fifty one comic,—eight intermezzi, and an infinite number of cantatas, oratorios, masses, and motetts, *Te Deums*, &c.; seven symphonies for the Emperor Joseph II., several piano-forte pieces for the Queen of Spain, and many theatrical scenes for the Court of Russia."

To the foregoing details, little can be added concerning the works of this celebrated composer; but, in order to complete the Memoir, it is requisite to subjoin a few observations on the peculiarity of his genius, and the nature of his talents. He possessed an extraordinary fertility of invention, and a happy facility of discovering subjects full of nature and originality; an exquisite taste, and an elegance and mellowness of melody, by which he has far surpassed all contemporary composers, and served as a guide to those who may pursue the same path. His productions, though chaste, simple, and without affectation of learning, are uniformly correct and eloquent; and his accompaniments are clear and effective. As to expression, simplicity seems to form its principal feature: yet he well knew how to vary his tones,

and to interest the passions, without any diminution of that grace and elegance which seemed to be peculiarly his own.

His manners were courteous, and his demeanour uniformly prudent and dignified: no composer, in any age, it may be safely affirmed, was more universally beloved and esteemed, in every nation in Europe; none, from private worth and professional talents, ever more justly merited to be so, and none ever received a greater portion of applause, or a more uninterrupted uniformity of success.

PRESENT STATE OF MUSIC IN VIENNA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HARMONICON.

Vienna, December 10th, 1823.

Sir,

I gladly take up my pen to assure you how much pleasure it affords me to communicate with the *Harmonicon*; and I profit by that part of my journey already accomplished, to send you a few lines of intelligence, which may, perhaps, not be wholly useless to your work.

On arriving here in the middle of October, I found the state of the opera as follows: the late Italian company under the direction of Mr. Barbaja, had left so strong an impression of its merits, that the greatest part of the public were quite enraptured with their remembrance of a Fodor, a Lablache, a Donzelli, and a David; and I may even say that the public taste was nearly spoiled for all other music; the true fashionables were, in fact, no more to be seen at a German opera. At this crisis M. von Weber, Director of the Royal Opera at Dresden, arrived here with his last production, a new opera called *Euryanthe*. From the composer of the *Freyschutz*, it was natural to expect something extraordinary, and the partisans of the German opera began again to encourage fresh hopes. It was represented in the latter part of October, and the audience let no occasion slip of expressing to the composer their complete satisfaction; he was forced to appear on the stage at the end of each act.

A young songstress, Madlle. Sontag, was received with the most enthusiastic applause, and a chorus of hunters (*Jaeger-Chor*.) was repeated three times. In short the Italian party was, for this evening, completely overwhelmed. The latter representations were not, however, quite so brilliant, as the amateurs found it more difficult to hum this deep and learned music, than that of Rossini.

It is not true that Salieri, as many of the papers have announced, is dead. The weakness attendant on old age, renders him, however, totally inactive. He has preferred to take refuge in the public hospital, rather than become an incumbrance to his unmarried daughters.*

In November M. Moschelles gave three concerts in the court theatre. Public curiosity was raised to the highest

* We are very much rejoiced to learn from our obliging and valuable correspondent, that the account of the death of Salieri, which we copied from the French and German papers, and inserted in the *Harmonicon* for November last, was a piece of truth. That so celebrated a musician,—the Imperial Composer, the author of *Tarare*, of *Les Danaides*, and of twenty-five more operas, besides other works for the church, the concert room, and the chamber;—that Salieri, who not above thirty years ago, was the idol of Vienna, Paris, and all Italy, as Rossini is now,—who was set up, and supported, by the Imperial Court, and by the haughtiest of that city, as the rival and opponent of Mozart, whose inimitable productions were, by such means, rendered for a time, fashionable;—that the first

pitch in consequence of his long absence; and the interest of his fellow-townsmen, which has accompanied him through every step of his career, was highly excited. His reception and success have more than equalled the expectations of his most sanguine friends, and his performance went beyond even their hopes. At his third concert he played on the magnificent instrument by Broadwood, which was presented to Beethoven by a few of the principal English professors. This afforded the public a new and unexpected pleasure, for the vast superiority of such a piano-forte over any that this city has ever produced or possessed, gave an effect to his performance that was quite unlooked for, and added much to the delight and astonishment of the company. The Viennese openly express their unwillingness to part with him, but he intends to return to your golden shores very soon.

Mr. Hindle, a young professor, lately excited great astonishment by his performance on the double-bass, and we almost hope he paffer to possess, in him, a German Dragonetti.

Beethoven notwithstanding his deafness, is perfectly well in health, and in high spirits; he is now composing a new opera.

Should any part of the foregoing seem at all interesting, pray make such use of it as you may think proper.

FOREIGN MUSICAL REPORT.

MILAN. A new Opera semi-seria was produced here from the pen of Mercadante, entitled *Adele ed Emerico*. The success appeared to be complete, if we might judge from the applauses of his friends, and the *risotti*† who summoned the *maestro* to make his appearance three times during the piece. But good judges took this *furor* for a *fiasco*, and so it really proved, for on the two following evenings, the composer obtained this honour but once, and the music was performed to empty benches. The cause of this might be attributed in the first place, to its unheeded length. The first act consists of twenty-two scenes, some thirty in the text of the *libretto*, and lasted full two hours, sixteen minutes. The second act has nearly as many scenes, and lasted an hour and three quarters. In this evil the poet shares a part, but he is forced into it by the present usages of the theatre, where every singer will have his *cavatina*, his *scena ed aria*, his duet, &c.; propriety and consistency being, of course,

tered, fêted, extolled, nay, almost deified, Salieri, should now be compelled to seek refuge under a roof supported by charity, is such a breach of the generosity, of the justice, of those classes that enjoyed the fruits of his genius, that we cannot find terms sufficiently strong to express the indignation which such a fact rouses. — It affords the moralist an ample field for reflection; let it check the personal vanity of the artist, and teach him that that applause alone is valuable, that that notice alone is to be courted, which leads to an early, though it may be but a moderate, independence! — Editor.

† The Piano-fortes that are made abroad, are so inferior to those of English manufacture, that they admit of no comparison. The German instruments, in particular, are so light in the touch, that the most rapid passages of octaves, of thirds, and of sixths, may be slid upon them, in a most easily manner, with one hand, and their sound is, proportionately, as feeble as their touch. The tone of a Broadwood piano-forte would, therefore, excite as much surprise in Vienna, as the first sound of a copper drum did in the Sandwich islands, when Lord Brouse visited them. — Editor.

† The literal meaning of *risotto* in Italian, is a dish of prepared rice, which is a great favourite with the Milanese. Now the composer wishes to ensure his place a certain portion of that applause, which he is perhaps doubtful whether his own merits will obtain, he is obliged, in addition to a free admission, to treat certain people with a *risotto*, which is equivalent to a good glass of wine with us. Hence the phrase *quanto risotto!* which implies that a composer or singer has purchased the applauses of some particular occasion.

out of the question. Mercadante has furnished us with nothing new; he is a true disciple of the Rossinian school, and disgusts us with the *crambo repetita* of his master. If Rossini were the only composer in the world, his compositions, though all cast in the same mould, would have a certain relative merit; but his music is of that kind, which lies particularly open to imitation, and as it has become so popular with the many, every new composer will model his style upon it, so that it will be Rossini from one end of the chapter to the other. We know of no exact remedy, till the evil cures itself. Had nature destined Rossini for a Haydn or a Mozart, he would have had no imitators. The compositions of Mercadante abound with passages of sweet and imposing harmony, but in the eyes of the true amateur, these will not be sufficient to cloak his defects. The very overture of the present opera, bespeaks that the hand of a master is not there. Even the former Italian masters did not excel in this species of composition, for in their time, instrumental music was but on a low scale compared with what it is at present. The modern composers of Italy, have adhered to the same system, though instrumental music has since attained to its acmé; and the reason is, that they want the learning necessary to accomplish this object. How does Rossini get over this difficulty? Why, like another Alexander, he cuts the Gordian knot after the first part of the overture, and starts back again at once to the commencement; his disciples pursue the same accommodating plan. And these good people, forsooth, in mimicry of the great Mozart, must have a knack of bringing forward their overtures on the very evening of the rehearsal, that it may have the air of being composed on the spur of the occasion. This ridiculous vanity has occasionally exposed some of these gentlemen to no small mortification, when the composition has been recognised as an old acquaintance, that had perhaps been forgotten in their desks, and which they therefore hoped was forgotten.

As to what is to be expected from the talents of M. Mercadante, time only will show. He seems well versed in song and in the knowledge of instruments, but he betrays a poverty of invention, and a deficiency in the knowledge of his art; for merely to conduct a subject through a variety of keys, a point in which Rossini frequently fails, cannot surely be deserving of so high a name; but as the whole art, seems now limited to such a *condotta*, it is no wonder that tediousness should be the consequence, since such a display affords so little, either for the judgment or the imagination of the hearer.

Another new Opera was also produced here, entitled *Chiara e Serafina, ossia il Pirata*, by Gaetano Donizetti. It met with very moderate success, which was in a great measure attributed to the fatiguing length and dullness of the *libretto*. The music contained many passages of merit, which were not marked with the stamp of Rossini; but they did not please, and indeed the same may be said of the parts, which were evident imitations of this master's style and manner.

We have been favoured with the following particulars of this composer's life and works.

Gaetano Donizetti, is a native of Bergamo, born in the year 1797. He learned the rudiments of music in the Lyceum of that place; he subsequently studied composition under Simon Mayr, and afterward finished his musical education under Padre Mattei. During this period he composed several overtures, compositions for the church and cantatas. After his return to Bergamo, he composed quartets for two violas, viola and violoncello, various masses and other pieces for the church. Some years he has devoted his attention to theatrical music. In Venice he composed the Opera of *Enrico, conte di Borgogna*; afterwards the three *Farsi*, — *La Follia*; *Le Nozze in Villa*, and *Il Falegname di Livonia*. In Rome, the Opera of *Zoraide di Grenada*; in Naples, the Opera *La Zingara*, and the *Farsa, La Lettera anonima*; and for Milan, the above-named Opera of *Chiara e Serafina*.

VIENNA. With pleasure that the indefatigable Beethoven has composed several new Overtures of various characters and in different styles. He is also said to have nearly completed his grand mass, composed for the Grand Duke, Rudolph, Cardinal Bishop of Olmütz, and the public may shortly expect to be gratified by its appearance.

REVIEW OF MUSIC.

CORTEZ, OR THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO;
An Historical Drama, performed at the Theatre Royal
Covent Garden, composed and arranged for the Piano-
Forte, by HENRY R. BISHOP, composer, &c. to the
Theatre. (Goulding, D'Almaine, and Co.)

1. OVERTURE.
2. SONG, "There's a mountain-palm!" sung by Miss Love.
3. ROUND, "Yes, 'tis the Indian drum," for four voices.
4. DUET, "Stay, Amazith, stay!" sung by Miss Paton and Mr. Durusett.
5. SONG, "Sweet as the breath of burning Pine!" sung by Mr. Durusett.
6. BALLAD, "Alas, for Tlascala!" sung by Miss Paton.
7. SONG, "There blooms a sweet flower," sung by Mr. Durusett.
8. SCENA, "Shame to Manhood," sung by Miss Paton.
9. SONG, "Widow of Estremadura," sung by Mr. Fawcett.
10. DUET, "Must there ever in life's chalice be," sung by Miss Paton and Miss Love.

This Opera is not published entire, but the above ten pieces, which, indeed, exclude but little of the whole work,

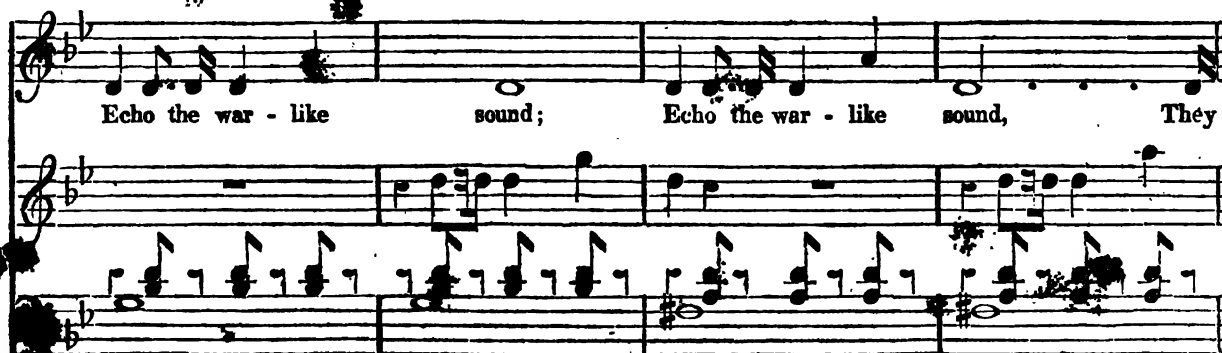
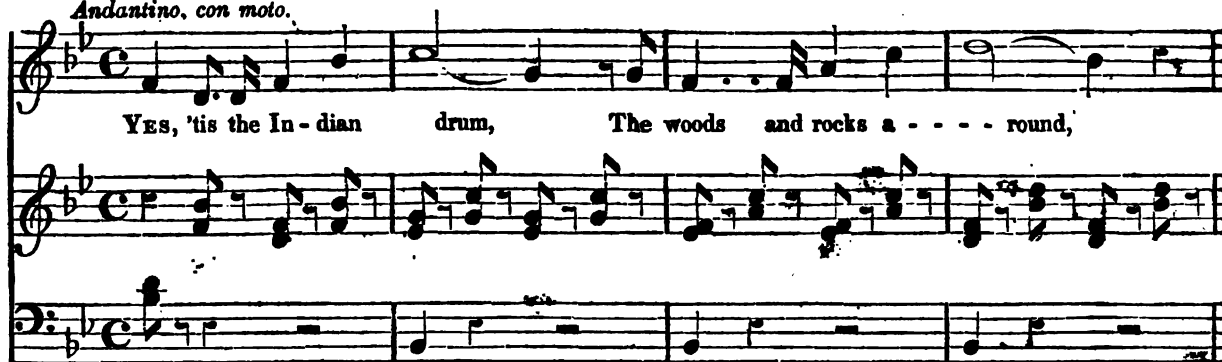
are printed singly. In the foregoing list we have placed them in the order of performance.

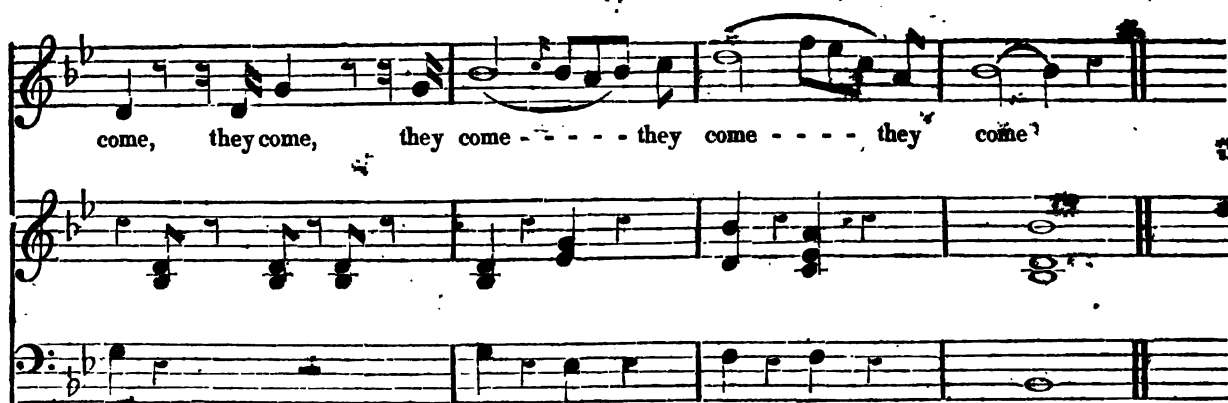
The slow opening of the Overture shews the master; the rest of it, an *allegro molto*, is prodigal of physical sound, but very sparing of musical effect: the first part is addressed to people of taste; the second to people in the galleries.

The song, "O, there's a mountain-palm," is rather pretty, but common; the length given to the word "mountain," divides it from the other member of the compounded term, and renders the meaning of the line unintelligible.

The Round, "Yes, 'tis the Indian drum," for a soprano, alto, tenor, and base, has more of genius in it than any thing in the Opera, and is managed with great dramatic effect. The four performers enter on the scene separately and successively, each appearing precisely at the moment when he is to take his part in the Round. This produces a very charming result: but the piece is too good to obtain an encore. The following is the subject of it:—

Andantino, con moto.





The Duet, No. 4, possesses more elegance than originality. A modulation in this, from D major to F sharp minor, is not used in vain. The effect of the whole is to tranquillize and please.

No. 5, is a slow, impressive air, which, however, we should have liked better if the fourth line of the poetry had terminated in the eighth bar of the melody: by extending it to a ninth bar, the rhythm is broken. Some German writers on musical rhetoric, consider this redundancy in the last member of a period, in the same light as an alexandrine in poetry: the present instance of it, we admit, is not without a precedent.

The Ballad, "Alas! for Tlascala!" is the most popular piece in this play: the reason is obvious—it has the most discernible air, the rhythm is regular and distinct, and the accent is clear and correct. It is not positively new, perhaps, but it is exceedingly pleasing. Nearly all that we have said of this ballad, will apply to the song, No. 7; but it does not seem to be so great a favorite with the public.

The *Scena*, as it is erroneously called, is a bravura more calculated to gratify the vanity of a singer, than the taste of a well-judging audience. A composer cannot be expected to produce a "Bid me discourse," or a "Should he upbraid," for every opera.

"The Widow of Estremadura," is a mere vehicle for some comic verses; all the other verses in the piece are only vehicles for the airs. We take this opportunity of observing, that we never yet met with any thing in the shape of lyrical poetry so entirely independent of metrical laws as the songs, &c. in this play. Many of them, we really believe, were written to the music, they are so irregular in the number and character of their feet. The Duet, No. 10, is a case in point, in which the poet and composer have produced a rhythm that we can neither scan nor beat. This is, nevertheless, in some respects, pretty, and gains applause.

We have not been so much gratified in viewing the music of this opera as we expected. Some allowance must undoubtedly be made for not seeing it in score, but in an adapted state; and a few of the pieces, perhaps two or three of the best, are not published. One of the finales which is very striking on the stage, is among the latter: this is too long and too complicated for private use, and could not, with any chance of sale, have been printed.

1. RONDO ELEGANT, with an INTRODUCTION, for the Piano-Forte; composed and dedicated to Lady Caroline Ashley Cooper, by FERD. RIES. Op. 122. (John Goss and Son, Music Sellers to His Majesty, 112, Regent Street.)
2. THEME, from Mozart's opera, "Il Serraglio," arranged as a Ronde for the Piano-Forte, FERD. RIES. (Clementi and Co.)
3. A MOLDAVIAN AIR, with Variations for the Piano-Forte, by FERD. RIES. Op. 105, No. 4. (Clementi and Co.)

The Rondo Elegant is an elaborate and scientific composition, suited to piano-forte players of a high class only; for it requires a commanding hand, great powers of execution, and, to perform it well, no little musical experience. The Introduction, an adagio of two pages, is quite in the newest German style, which is chiefly characterised by awe-inspiring, black masses of double-demisemiquavers, that are enough to overwhelm rational performers with despair; and are as unnecessary, except in a few rare instances, as—passing into the other extreme,—the ancient breve, large, and long. We do not blame Mr. Ries individually for using this perplexing and forbidding sort of notation, he only complies with a practice that is too general; but we censure the practice itself, for wantonly throwing difficulties in the way of students, and causing many to abandon an art that they love,—discouraged and desponding. If, it will by some be asked, is the evil to be remedied?—We answer, by doubling, at least, the apparent length of the notes, and diminishing their real duration, either by the power of the Italian word used to indicate the movement, or by a pendulum, an infinitely more precise and philosophical measure, the most convenient form of which is Maelzel's metronome.—The Rondo, in A flat major, is really an elegant air, and in every variety of shape which it is made to assume, will be much liked by those who have acquired a relish for sudden and *recherché* modulation, and have skill enough to enter into the ingenuity of the composition. It is a studied work, and ought to be performed by the studious only, who will discover in it many occult beauties to indemnify them for their trouble. The greater part of the subject is contained in the subjoined notes:



The Theme from Mozart's opera, *L'Enlèvement du Sérail*, is the lively Bacchanalian duet, "Vivat Bachus! Bachus lebet!" which is arranged in a popular manner, and makes a very animating, shewy rondo, that passes off quickly, leaves a very agreeable impression, and may be learnt, without the cost of much labour, by all tolerable performers.

The Moldavian air is not one of Mr. Ries's happiest efforts; it is mechanical, and seems as if written in an un-inspiring moment, to perform some mercantile engagement. This is not the first Moldavian air that we have seen: some few years ago one was published, which, by an odd coincidence, was dedicated to a Miss Mary Davis.

1. **VARIATIONS sur un Thème original de la Bohême, pour le Piano-Forte, composées par CHARLES CZERNEY.** Op. 46, (à Vienne, chez Steiner et Comp. Imported by Boosey and Co., Holles Street.)

2. **VARIATIONEN für das Piano-Forte, von J. P. PIXIS; 55tes. Work.** (Wien, bei Steiner und Comp. Imported by Boosey and Co.)

The Bohemian air chosen by M. Czerney as the subject of eight variations, is so plaintive, tender, and beautiful, that we have given it a place in the musical part of this number. Although we do not trace any strikingly new feature in the variations added to it, yet they are written with so much taste, and preserve so judiciously the character of the melody, that we recommend the work, which consists of only a few pages, to our readers. It will yield them, we are inclined to think, much gratification; and as it contains excellent passages for the practice of those who are tolerably good performers, it may also be taken as a study, for it combines the useful and the agreeable. The following harmony in the last variation, is a little high to English ears at present, though becoming common in Germany:—



The two variations by M. Pixis, are upon a lively air very common in Germany, "Bauer, häng' de in Pummerl an;" they are brilliant, and require no inconsiderable share of the powers of execution. The second of them has more originality than is usually discoverable in variations, and it produces an extremely good effect. We have never before seen the name of this composer, but from the present specimen of his talents, we shall inquire for more of his productions.

BRILLIANT VARIATIONS for the Piano Forte, to the favorite Air, "Ma Fanchette est Charmante;" dedicated to Her Serene Highness, Mademoiselle d'Orleans, by HENRY HERTZ. (London, published by Boosey and Co., Holles-street.)

Henry Hertz is a very young piano-forte player, who has lately been surprising all Germany, the country of musical prodigies, by the precocity of his talents. He is now filling every salon in Paris,—that wonder-loving city,—with grimaces and cries of *étonnant!* and is very shortly, says rumour, to astonish all London by his slight-of-hand accomplishments. The present work is, probably, his harbinger; it betokens wonderful executive powers in the composer, but it affords us only a hope that his imagination, taste, and expression, are in proportion to his agility. This publication contains an *Introduzione* of three pages, the Air with six variations, and a finale of six pages; making in the whole, twenty-three pages. The subject is a beautiful French melody, which will be found in our present Number, and cannot be too much commended; but the variations shew no relationship to it; they are a collection of passages which the author has mastered and wishes to display. In fact, difficulty is the main thing that he appears to have aimed at, and in so youthful an artist this may be pardoned. As his experience increases and his understanding strengthens, he will learn that music does not deserve to be ranked as a fine art, when it only causes its auditors to stare, and does not make them feel: that excessive difficulty is only to be tolerated when productive of commensurate effect, and that *per se* it is worse than ridiculous,—it exhausts the patience of most, and wastes the life of all who attempt to overcome it.

1. **GERMANICUS, Rondo alla Waltz, [à la Valse] with an Introduction, for the Piano-Forte, by T. LING, jun.** (Op. 7.) (Royal Harmonic Institution, 246, Regent-street.)

2. **MARIE LOUISE, ou le Favori de Buonaparte, a favorite French air with Variations for the Piano-Forte, by HENRY COMPTON, Organist of Dartmouth, Devon.** (Clementi and Co.)

3. **LA RECREATION, a favorite Polacca, for the Piano Forte, by JAMES SALMON.** (Blackman, New Bridge-street, Southwark.)

The subject of the Rondo by Mr. Ling is very common as a waltz, but he has treated it with spirit and ingenuity. The enharmonic modulation, page 6, is extremely well brought about, and the return to the principal key is not less ably managed. We recommend this as an animating, good piece for tolerably advanced players.

No. 2, is a well-known, agreeable air, to which Mr. Compton has written some variations that differ so little from the great mass of other variations, that he hardly

need have given himself the trouble to re-produce them. However we find no other fault in them.

La Recreation is a short, unpretending, pretty polacca, similar in time, accent, and air, to most other polaccas.

"**RULE BRITANNIA**," arranged as a DUET, for the Harp and Piano-Forte, by OLIVIA DUSSEK. (Clementi and Co.)

A DUET for the Harp and Piano-Forte, or two Piano-Fortes, composed by J. DE PINNA. (Royal Harmonic Institution, Regent-street.)

We can hardly imagine a more beautiful melody than *Rule Britannia*; none can raise so many brilliant images in a patriotic mind; but it has been so often chosen as a theme for variations, that it is thoroughly exhausted, and worked to perfect barrenness. We are therefore not surprised, and by no means impute it as a fault, that Miss Dussek has found it sterile of novelty, and that she has not been able to elicit from it a passage that has not been written at least a hundred times before. We regret that she did not choose a less common subject, from which she might have drawn something that we could have complimented her upon, for we are always happy in being able to praise and encourage the efforts of female genius; added to which, the name of Dussek must for ever excite an interest in its favour in the bosom of every lover of music.

Mr. De Pinna's duet may please the author's partial friends; beyond that circle he must not hope for much approbation as the meed of his present publication. It does not contain a single new thought, but it puts forth the following harmony, for which our readers may find an appropriate epithet:—



and for eight of these pages, the sum of three shillings is charged. We have omitted to state, in the title of this duet, that it is dignified with the term *Opera*, — Op. 4. —!

A SELECTION OF CHANTS, never before published; together with a Sanctus, and Kyrie Eleison. The whole in score, with an adaptation for the Organ or Piano-Forte, by GEORGE CLELAND, Organist of St. Mary's Chapel, Bath. (Goulding, D'Almaine, and Co., Soho Square; and Mayhew, 17, Old Bond Street.)

The chants that have been in use in our cathedrals since the Reformation, far excel those of the Romish, or any other church. Indeed, the quantity of sweet melody and good accompaniment that may be found, condensed in the small compass of a few bars, in the English chant, is remarkable, though a comparatively small number of people are aware of the circumstance.

This collection contains thirty double, and six single chants, of which four are by Mr. Cleland, several by Dr. Pring, of Bangor, and the rest by various contributors; amongst whom are two amateurs, John Hallet, esq. and the Rev. G. Slater. Nearly all of them are worthy

of adoption in churches where choir service is performed, and some of them have considerable merit. One of these, by the Editor, we insert.



Two or three by Dr. Pring are clever; but No. 29, by the same, is too whimsical in its modulation for a place of worship. Nos. 4 and 24 exhibit false fifths improperly managed, very disagreeable in effect, and quite unallowable in a kind of music which ought to be written in strict obedience to the severest laws of counterpoint. This collection is printed in score, with a figured base, and an organ part is placed under each chant, for the convenience of those who are not familiar with the C clefs, or with thorough-base.

1. DIVERTIMENTO, à la Polonoise, for the Piano-Forte, by JAMES CALKIN. (Clementi and Co.)
2. THE LISLE, a French March, adapted for the Piano-Forte, with Coda and Rondo, by J. MC MURDIE, Mus. Bac. Oxon. (Clementi and Co.)
3. A SONATA, for the Piano-Forte, with an accompaniment for the Violin, by HURSTON B. CLOUGH, (Op. I.) (Clementi and Co.)

Mr. Calkin's Divertimento has all the vivacity that belongs to its style of music, and being written by an artist who has in good earnest studied composition, would have been a satisfactory work, had it not been extended far beyond the limits to which its materials ought to have confined it. The subject, rather a trite one, is too often repeated, and the curtailment of three pages will much improve the whole piece. In the Introduction some very agreeable harmony appears, the only fault of which is, that it terminates too soon.

Whoever can reach an octave may play *The Lisle*; and he who plays it once will not be encored, either by his hearers or himself. A more feeble attempt has rarely, if ever, been ventured in print. We are however, bound, in courtesy to the University of Oxford, to impute the fault to the French composer. But who is to be answerable for the two undisguised octaves, in the first bar of the third staff, at page 7, that afford so little comfort to the ear?

Mr. Clough's Opera I. does not announce the bursting forth of any great genius: the three movements of his sonata have not enabled us to discover even the dawn of any brilliant talent. We have diligently examined every page of his publication, in search of a new idea, but have failed in tracing the slightest symptom of one, though we met in every line with old acquaintance, that reminded us, not unpleasantly, of our youthful days. Without being able to bestow any very flattering praise on this, its author's first work, we can say, with justice, that it contains nothing offensive to the rules of musical grammar, or to good taste, and that, as it is written in respectful imitation of three great piano-forte composers, it may safely be taken up by those who desire easy and innocent music, preparatory to their undertaking productions of a higher kind.

1. "AH CAPISCO," the celebrated Quartett, from the Opera of Corradino, arranged as a DUET for Two Performers on one Piano-forte, by S. GOADBY. (Clementi and Co.)

2. THE CELEBRATED CAVATINA, "D'un Tenero Padre," from the Opera of Corradino, arranged as a DUET for two performers on one Piano Forte, by S. GOADBY. (Clementi and Co.)

The subjects of these two duets are the best that could be found in an opera which does not abound in very superior materials of any kind, though the interesting performance of Mad. Ronzi di Begnis, both as a singer and actress, gave to it more success than it merited. The first comprises two movements, an *andante*, and an *allegro*, the latter particularly sprightly, and much in the style of the Cavatina "Cara deh attendimi," given in our last Number. The duet, No. 2, consists of but one movement, the second part, or base, of which is so easy, being a mere accompaniment of chords, that a very young practitioner may venture upon it. Thus it is well adapted for two sisters, of whom one is advanced much beyond the other. Both duets are well arranged for the instrument, and are gay and pleasing.

1. AIR, "And has she then deceived me?" from ROSINI, adapted and arranged by JOHN SINCLAIR, and sung by him in the Opera of The Cabinet. (Dublin, published by J. Willis.)

2. SONG, "Oh Lady, ne'er think I'll prove false to thee!" as sung by Mr. Sinclair, in The Cabinet. Composed by JOHN SINCLAIR. (Dublin, published by J. Willis.)

It matters very little what is introduced into such an opera as *The Cabinet*; we shall therefore say nothing in this part of our Journal upon the propriety or impropriety of admitting new compositions into old operas, but content ourselves by stating, what, indeed, must be very obvious to all our readers, that neither of these songs belong to the opera in which they are now performed. The

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first consists of a short movement; *andantino*, which is a delicate and impassioned melody, followed by an *allegro moderato* that has all Rossini's mannerism, and is remarkable for the jocundity of its style, though the words, as will be seen, are complaining and mournful—if they have any meaning at all. As an example of that accentuation which a *discerning public*—as play-bills say—receive "with the most enthusiastic applause," as Mr. Sinclair states, we quote the following passage—



We cannot resist giving the words at length of this movement, which may answer the purpose of a rebus at the present merry season. We shall be obliged—in the *Lady's Magazine* phrase—to any of our readers for a solution of them—

"How swift each hour fled in her bower,
When Love his pinions gave them;
And seem'd to rest within her breast,
Who hence now bids him wave them.
And Love is flown for ever,
The bloom of life is past,
Alas! I shall never see her more!"

Mr. Sinclair's own song is tender and pretty; it is, however, so like some other air very familiar to us, that, but for the title-page, an undoubted authority, we should have mistaken it for the revival of a well-known melody. The composer has contrived to hide the wretched metre of the nonsense-verses to which he has set the melody, and his accentuation is very correct; but he has been guilty of an oversight in the third bar of the symphony, which, though not discernible to all ears, may as well be rectified in the plate, for the benefit of those whose organ is delicate. We allude to these notes—



3. MORAL SONGS, written by W. F. COLLARD; the music composed and adapted by J. C. CLIFTON. No. 12. (Clementi and Co.)

4. "TAKE, OH! TAKE THE ROSY CROWN," the much admired song in WEBER's celebrated opera, "Der Freischütz," arranged with an accompaniment, by C. M. SOLA. (Clementi and Co.)

5. SONG, "The charmed bark," from the tales of Allan Cunningham; composed by J. M. HARRIS. (Monro and May, 11, Holborn Bars.)

6. SONG, "Send round the rosy cup," by J. MONRO. (Monro and May.)

The twelfth Number of the Moral Songs turns out a duet, the first half of which is the Romance, "Aurora; ah Sorgerai," from *La Donna del Lago*,—given in the *Harmonicon* for March,—and the remaining part is added by Mr. Clifton. Upon the general principle we are hostile to any great alteration of an author's text; but in this case, a departure from the original is attended with consequences so beneficial, that the fault and justification go together.

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No. 4, is the air and chorus from Weber's *Frieschütz*, given to English words in the fifth Number of the *Harmonicon*. M. Sola has taken it from the German adapted copy, and has altered a very few notes in the accompaniment, most injudiciously, merely to be enabled to say that he has done something. Thus he has published it, with a pompous title-page, wherein the name of the real composer is placed in a comparatively small character at a corner of the plate, while that of M. Sola, who has had little more to do in the arrangement than the engraver, appears in large, ornamented letters, in the most conspicuous part of the page; and not satisfied with this, he has, forsooth, dedicated it to a young lady.——M. de Weber's works dedicated by M. Sola!

No. 5. Mr. Harris's song is not without talent, but it is in sad want of the correction of an experienced harmonist. It is not worth while to remark upon the absurdity in the title-page, relative to the concerts of the nobility.

No. 6 is any thing but new and elegant; and the accentuation of the words is, most unfortunately, any thing but correct. The small expense at which music printed from pewter plates can be got up, is a great evil: the high price paid for it by the public is not a more heavy grievance. This may appear rather paradoxical, but it admits of the clearest demonstration.

Mr. Barnett has addressed a letter to us, for the purpose of "rescuing from mistaken criticism" his song, reviewed in the *HARMONICON* for December.

He confesses that the false accent which we condemned, arose from "the mistake of the engraver," who neglected to attend to the author's corrected proofs. Mr. B. adds, that "the same inaccuracy, in two other places, arises from the same inattention." The first passage, he says, ought to be thus—



We are happy to insert this explanation; though it is obvious, from Mr. B.'s own statement, that ours is not "mistaken criticism," but criticism which arose out of "the mistake of the engraver." An error we saw, and noticed: we could not tell, in such a case, that the fault was imputable to the engraver. Had we suspected this to be the fact, we should have given the author the benefit of our doubts, as we always make a rule of doing, if possible; for we know, by experience, how many mortifying blunders of printers escape, from one cause or other, correction.

A DAY WITH BEETHOVEN:

Extract of a Letter from Vienna to a Friend in London.

I now fulfil the promise I made on my departure for Germany last summer, of giving you, from time to time, an account of whatever might appear to me interesting in the fine arts, particularly in music; and as I then told you that I should not confine myself to any order of time and place, I commence at once with Vienna. This is the city, which, speaking of music, must be called by way of eminence, the capital of Germany. As to the

sciences, it is quite otherwise, it being generally considered as one of the most inferior of the German universities. The north of Germany has at all times possessed the best theorists: the Bachs, Marpurg, Kirnberger, Schwenke, Türk; but the men most celebrated for composition were always more numerous in the south, above all in Vienna. Here Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, Hummel, M. v. Weber, Spohr, &c. not only received their musical education, but most of them produced the works which have acquired them the greatest celebrity; and even at the present period Vienna abounds with eminent musicians: C. Kreutzer, Stadler, Mayseder, C. Czerny, Pixis, and that young prodigy on the piano-forte, Liszt. To give you a succinct account only of the present state of music in Vienna, would exceed the limits of a letter, I, therefore, will rather devote the remainder of this to one who is still the brightest ornament of that imperial city—to Beethoven. You must not, however, expect from me now any thing like a biography; that I shall reserve for a future communication. I wish now to give you only a short account of a single day's visit to that great man, and, if in my narration, I should appear to dwell on trifling points, you will be good enough to attribute it to my veneration for Beethoven, which leads me to consider every thing highly interesting, that is in the slightest degree connected with so distinguished a character.

The 28th of September, 1823, will be ever recollected by me as a *dies faustus*; in truth, I do not know that I ever spent a happier day. Early in the morning, I went in company with two Vienna gentlemen,—one of whom Mr. H. is known as the very intimate friend of Beethoven,—to the beautifully-situated village of Baden*, about twelve miles from Vienna, where the latter usually resides during the summer months. Being with Mr. H., I had not to encounter any difficulty in being admitted into his presence. He looked very sternly at me at first, but he immediately after shook me heartily by the hand, as if an old acquaintance; for he then clearly recollected my first visit to him in 1816, though it had been but of very short duration. A proof of his excellent memory. I found, to my sincere regret, a considerable alteration in his appearance, and it immediately struck me, that he looked very unhappy. The complaints he afterwards made to Mr. H. confirmed my apprehensions. I feared that he would not be able to understand one word of what I said; in this, however, I rejoice to say, I was much deceived, for he made out very well all that I addressed to him slowly, and in a loud tone. From his answers it was clear, that not a particle of what Mr. H. uttered had been lost, though neither the latter, nor myself, used a machine. From this you will justly conclude, that the accounts respecting his deafness lately spread in London, are much exaggerated. I should mention though, that when he plays on the piano-forte, it is generally at the expense of some twenty or thirty strings, he strikes the keys with so much force. Nothing can possibly be more lively, more animated, and,—to use an epithet that so well characterizes his own symphonies,—more energetic than his conversation, when you have once succeeded in getting him into good humour; but one unlucky question, one ill-judged piece of advice,—for instance, concerning the cure of his deafness—is quite sufficient to estrange him from you for

* A neat little walled town of Austria, famous for its hot baths, seated on the river Schwocha. This must not be confounded with the more celebrated town, of the same name, in Switzerland.

ever. He was desirous of ascertaining, for a particular composition he was then about, the highest possible note of the trombone, and questioned Mr. H. accordingly, but did not seem satisfied with his answers. He then told me, that he had in general taken care to inform himself through the different artists themselves, concerning the construction, character, and compass of all the principal instruments. He introduced his nephew to me, a fine young man of about eighteen, who is the only relation with whom he lives on terms of friendship; saying; "You may propose to him an enigma in Greek, if you like;" meaning, I was informed, to acquaint me with the young man's knowledge of that language. The history of this relative reflects the highest credit on Beethoven's goodness of heart; the most affectionate father could not have made greater sacrifices on his behalf, than he has made. After we had been more than an hour with him, we agreed to meet at dinner, at one o'clock, in that most romantic and beautiful valley called *das Helenenthal*, about two miles from Baden. After having seen the baths, and other curiosities of the village, we called again at his house about twelve o'clock, and, as we found him already waiting for us, we immediately set out on our walk to the valley. B. is a famous pedestrian, and delights in walks of many hours, particularly through wild and romantic scenery. Nay, I was told, that he sometimes passes whole nights on such excursions, and is frequently missed at home for several days. On our way to the valley, he often stopped short, and pointed out to me its most beautiful spots, or noticed the defects of the new buildings. At other times he seemed quite lost in himself, and only hummed in an intelligible manner. I understood, however, that this was the way he composed, and I also learnt, that he never writes one note down, till he has formed a clear design for the whole piece. The day being remarkably fine, we dined in the open air, and what seemed to please B. extremely, was, that we were the only visitors in the hotel, and quite by ourselves during the whole day. The Viennese repasts are famous all over Europe, and that ordered for us was so luxurious, that B. could not help making remarks on the profusion which it displayed. "Why such a variety of dishes?" he exclaimed, "man is but little above other animals, if his chief pleasure is confined to a dinner table." This and similar reflections he made during our meal. The only thing he likes in the way of food, is fish, of which trout is his favorite. He is a great enemy to all *gene*, and I believe that there is not another individual in Vienna who speaks with so little restraint on all kinds of subjects, even political ones, as Beethoven. He hears badly, but he speaks remarkably well, and his observations are as characteristic and as original as his compositions. In the whole course of our table-talk, there was nothing so interesting as what he said about Handel. I sat close by him, and heard him assert very distinctly, in German, "Handel is the greatest composer that ever lived."* I cannot describe to you with what pathos, and

I am inclined to say, with what sublimity of language, he spoke of the Messiah of this immortal genius.—Every one of us was moved, when he said, "I would uncover my head, and kneel down on his tomb!" H. and I tried repeatedly, to turn the conversation to Mozart, but without effect; I only heard him say, "in a monarchy we know who is the first,"—which might, or might not, apply to the subject. Mr. C. Czerny, — who, by-the-by, knows every note of Beethoven by heart, though he does not play one single composition of his own without the music before him;—told me, however, that B. was sometimes inexhaustible in his praise of Mozart. It is worthy of remark, that this great musician cannot bear to hear his own earlier works praised; and I was apprized, that a sure way to make him very angry, is to say something complimentary of his Septetto, Trios, &c. His latest productions, which are so little relished in London, but much admired by the young artists of Vienna, are his favorites. His second mass he looks upon as his best work, I understood. He is at present engaged in writing a new opera, called *Melusine*, the words by the famous, but unfortunate poet, Grillparzer. He concerns himself very little about the newest productions of living composers, insomuch, that when asked about the *Freischütz*, he replied, "I believe one Weber has written it." You will be pleased to hear, that he is a great admirer of the ancients. Homer, particularly his *Odyssey*, and Plutarch he prefers to all the rest; and, of the native poets, he studies Schiller and Goethe, in preference to any other; this latter is his personal friend. He appears, uniformly, to entertain the most favourable opinion of the British nation; "I like," said he, "the noble simplicity of English manners," and added other praises. It seemed to me as if he had yet some hopes of visiting this country together with his nephew. I should not forget to mention, that I heard a MS. trio of his, for the piano-forte, violin, and violoncello, which I thought very beautiful, and is; I understood, to appear shortly in London. The portrait you see of him in the music shops is not now like him, but may have been so eight or ten years back. I could tell you many things more of this extraordinary man, who, from what I have seen and learnt of him, has inspired me with the deepest veneration; but I fear I have taken up your time already too much. The friendly and hearty manner in which he treated me, and bade me farewell, has left an impression on my mind, which will remain for life. Adieu.

Edmund Schubert.

THE Editor of the ALLGEMEINE MUSIKALISCHE ZEITUNG, a most respectable musical journal, published weekly at Leipzig, has entirely misconceived the meaning of our article in the third Number of the *Harmonicon*, concerning the merits of the Philharmonic concerts. We never intended to compare these performances with those of any foreign country, though we think that they would bear us out in so doing; we only extolled them as the best that Great Britain does, or ever did, produce.

* Mozart expressed himself in a similar manner; and Haydn, when at a performance in Westminster Abbey, of the Messiah, was nearly overpowered by its sublime strains, and wept like a child.

THE DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

The Italian Opera is to open towards the end of the present month: it is rented for this and the next season, by Messrs. Yallop and Chippendale, solicitors, and Signor Benelli, who, for two or three years past, has been acting as a kind of assistant stage-manager at this theatre. It is to be under the direction of another committee, consisting of the Marquis of Hertford, Lord Glengall, the Hon. H. De Roos, and Colonel Cooke. Signor Rossini is engaged as composer and director of the music; he is to superintend the performance of his own operas, and to produce a new one; which, it is said, he has already commenced. The engagements, both for the opera and the ballet, are upon a large and liberal scale. Amongst those for the former are—

Mesdames—RONZI DI BEGNIS; COLERAN ROSSINI; PASTA; VESTRIS, &c.

Signors—GARCIA; CURIONI; FRANCESCHI, &c.

Signors—REMORINI; DE BEGNIS; PORTO, &c.

Conductor, Signor COCCIA.—Leader, Signor SPAGNOLETTI.

Poet, Signor STEFANO VESTRIS.

In the Ballet will appear during different periods of the season—

Mad. RONZI VESTRIS; Madlle. LEGROS; Madlle. IDALISE GRENER; Madlle. NOBLET, &c.

M. ALBERT; M. CHARLES VESTRIS; M. FERDINAND, &c. Principal Ballet-Master, Mons. AUMER.

The Theatre is to open with the serious Opera of *ZELMIRA*, from which we have already published four pieces in the *HARMONICON*. It is now in preparation, and Mad. Colbran Rossini is to make her first appearance in this country in the character of *Zelmira*.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

The new Opera so long promised at this theatre, has not yet been produced, and no novelty of any kind, in the musical way, has yet been given; so that we shall have but little to communicate under this head to our readers. On Thursday, Dec. 4th, Mr. Braham made his first appearance this season, in the character of *Henry Bertram*. He was received with an undiminished warmth of applause: indeed there was a something in the manner of it that seemed to be intended, not only as a proof of approbation and regard, but as a kind of pledge that no new

favourite should abate the attachment of the public to an old one. "*Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled*," was, as usual, called for a second, and a third time, to the injury of the singer, and to the annoyance of the rational part of the audience. A very sensible letter appeared upon this subject, in the *New Times*, at the beginning of last month, which we cannot too strongly recommend to the notice, and for the government of all who frequent the theatres. Dec. 11th, Mr. Braham performed the part of *Prince Orlando*, in *The Cabinet*. The house was crowded to hear him again in one of his earliest characters, and in an opera that contains so many pieces of his music, particularly "*The beautiful maid*," and the exceedingly popular *Pollacca*. The latter was actually demanded a third time, not, we are convinced, because it was sung with great spirit, but because a few people, who usurp the authority of the whole audience, called upon Mr. Sinclair to sing it thrice at Covent Garden Theatre. Miss Stephens performed the character of *Floretta* in the modest way that cannot fail to please; but it is not a part adapted to her talents; the waiting-woman requires more intrepidity of manner than she possesses, and, in truth, we should be very sorry now to see her assume the boldness that belongs to the *Soubrette*. Both Miss Stephens and Mr. Braham began the season in excellent voice, but it is to be hoped that ere long they will have something, that the public have not heard to satiety, for the exercise of their powers.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

The opera of *Cortez* has been reduced to an after-piece, by omissions that have brought it within the compass of two acts. This is a fate which we certainly did not anticipate, for it is infinitely superior to many operas that have run for weeks, nay months. We, in a great measure, impute its failure to the circumstance of Miss Tree not having retained her part in it; for, though we grant that Miss Love—a very pleasing and promising performer—went through the character of *Marina* most creditably, yet the former is so justly admired, and is so universal a favourite, that her absence from a piece, if even of greater pretensions than *Cortez*, would, at any time, very much endanger its success. *The Lord of the Manor* has been revived, in which Mr. Sinclair appeared with success; but no new opera has been brought out, though we hear that the *Freischütz* is translated and adapted, and may be expected very shortly.



CARL MARIA VON WEBER.

London, Pub. March 1, 1824, by J. Leigh, 18 Strand.

THE HARMONICON.

No. XIV., FEBRUARY, 1824.

MEMOIR OF CARL MARIA VON WEBER,

WHO has, of late, obtained universal celebrity, though a few years ago he was but little known, even in Germany, was born in 1786, or, according to another account, in 1787, at Eutin, a small town in Holstein. His father gave him a most liberal education, and in this he was assisted by his son's very early predilection for the fine arts, particularly painting and music.

The first regular instruction he received on the piano-forte, the instrument on which he has gained such a high reputation as a player, was from Heuschkel, at Hildburghausen, in 1796, and it is to this severe and learned master that Weber owes his energy, distinctness, and execution. The more his father perceived the gradual development of his talents, the more anxious he was to sacrifice every thing to their cultivation: he therefore took his son to the famous Michael Haydn*, at Salzburg. Owing to the austere manners of this master, young Weber profited but little by his instructions, though he made great exertions to learn.

About this time (1798), he published his first work, Six Fugues in four parts, which are remarkable for their purity and correctness, and received the praise of the *Musikalische Zeitung*. At the end of that year, Weber went to Munich, where he was taught singing by Valesi, and composition, as well as the piano-forte, by Kalcher. To him he is indebted for a full knowledge of the theory of music, and for a skilful and ready use of all the means it furnishes to the composer. Weber was now more indefatigable in his studies than ever, and began to apply himself to one particular branch of the art, in preference to the rest—to *operatic* music. Under the eyes of his master, he wrote an opera, *Die Macht der Liebe und des Weins* (the Power of Love and Wine), a Mass, and several other pieces; but all these were judiciously committed to the flames.

Soon after this, Weber, in the fullness of his lively, youthful spirits, entertained an idea of rivalling Sennefelder, of lithographic celebrity, and he went so far as to say, that the invention was his, and that he used machines more adapted to the purpose. In order to pursue his plan on a grand scale, he removed with his father to Frisberg, in Saxony, where the best materials were most conveniently at hand. The tediousness of so mechanical a business, however, could not fail very soon to tire a mind accustomed to more refined occupations, and the young

speculator resumed, with redoubled vigour, his study of composition. While a youth of only fourteen, he wrote the opera *Das Waldmädchen* (the Girl of the Wood), which was performed, for the first time, in November, 1800, and received with great applause at Vienna, Prague, and Petersburg. This opera spread, indeed, much further than the composer afterwards wished, considering it as a very immature and juvenile production.

An article in the *Musikalische Zeitung*, excited in the young composer the idea of writing in an entirely new style, and to bring again into use the ancient musical instruments, which then were nearly forgotten. For this purpose he composed, in 1801, at Salzburg, the opera *Peter Schmöll and his Neighbours*, of which Michael Haydn thus expresses himself in a letter:—"As far as I may pretend to judge, I must truly and candidly say, that this opera not only possesses great power and effect, but is composed according to the strict rules of counterpoint. To spirit and liveliness, the composer has added a high degree of delicacy, and the music is moreover perfectly suited to the meaning of the words." An equally flattering testimony he received from another of his masters, who concludes thus—" *urit maturè ut Mozart.*"

During one of his many professional travels with his father, in 1802, to Leipzig, Hamburg, and Holstein, his principal occupation was to collect and study all works on the theory of music, and, prompted by the doubts he entertained as to the correctness of most of them, he commenced studying harmony once more from its very elements, with a view of constructing an entire new system of music. The work entitled *Vogler, 12 Choräle*, by Sebastian Bach, analyzed by C. M. von Weber, may be considered as the fruit of those researches, and is equally interesting and instructive.

Soon after this, we find him, for the first time, entirely left to himself in the great musical world of Vienna, in the midst of Haydn, Vogler, Stadler, &c. Instead of being drawn away from his art by the innumerable amusements of so gay a city, he was, for a considerable period, more deeply engaged than ever, in study with the Abbé Vogler, who was extremely pleased with the earnest and unabated application of his pupil. During all this time, only two of his works—if they merit that name,—appeared in print, a Set of Variations, and Vogler's opera *Samori*, arranged for the piano-forte. After having finished his musical education at Vienna, under Vogler, he was called to Breslau, in the character of *Maestro di*

* Brother to the more celebrated genius.

Cappella. As he had to form here an entirely new orchestra, and corps of singers, he was furnished with a very favourable opportunity to improve himself in the knowledge of effect. The only work of consequence during his Silesian visit, was the opera of *Rübezahl*, i. e., Number Nip, of which the ill-famed mountain ghost has furnished the subject.

The commencement of the great Prussian war, in 1806, obliged him to quit his post at Breslau, and he entered the service of the Duke Eugene, of Würtemberg. Here he wrote Two Symphonies, several Concertos, and various pieces for wind instruments. He also published, at this time, an improved edition of his opera, *The Maid of the Wood*, under the title of *Silvana*; a Cantata (*Der erste Ton*); some Overtures, for a grand orchestra; and a great many solo pieces, for the piano-forte.

In 1810, he set out on another professional tour, upon a better concerted plan than before. At Frankfort, Munich, and Berlin, his operas were performed with much success, and his concerts were well attended. Once more assisted by the experience and knowledge of Vogler, who had then two other young artists of great talent with him, Meyerbeer and Gäusbacher, he composed the opera *Abu-Hassan*, at Darmstadt, in 1810.

From 1813 to 1816, Weber was Director of the Opera at Prague, which he organized quite anew, and wrote here his great Cantata, *Kampf und Sieg*, a most imposing composition. After the object of his visit to Prague was fulfilled, he once more travelled without any permanent appointment. Though he received the most handsome offers from all parts of Germany, he did not accept of any, until he was called to Dresden, for the purpose of forming there a German Opera. Such an invitation he could not resist, and it is to this Opera that he has for years devoted, *con amore*, his whole attention and activity.

It is pleasing to observe, that his labours in this department were not only crowned with complete success, but received the most flattering acknowledgment. It would, indeed, have been difficult to find a man more fit for such an undertaking than Weber, who unites so many splendid talents. He is a very original and learned composer, one of the greatest piano-forte players of the present day, and an extremely spirited director of the orchestra. To these he adds a thorough knowledge of the whole theory of music, of dramatic and operatic effect, and the greatest skill in blending the various instruments. Besides which, he is perhaps not excelled by any artist, except by Beethoven, as a man of general knowledge and polite literature. He is still in the capacity of Director of the German Opera at Dresden, but two years ago had leave from his sovereign to produce his opera *Der Freischütz*, at Berlin; and, in November last, his opera *Euryanthe*, at Vienna.

His works, that have appeared in print, are very numerous: they consist of pieces for various instruments, viz., Concertos, Concertinos, Pot-pourries, for the piano-forte, the clarinet, the hautboy, bassoon, and violoncello; of *Ständes*, Variations, Polonoises; of Grand Symphonies, Overtures, and of many Operas, among which the most important are—*Silvana*, *Abu-Hassan*, *der Freischütz*, and *Euryanthe*. His vocal compositions, in four parts, with accompaniment for the piano-forte, deserve particular notice, and principally the *Leier und Schwanke*, by Körner, in which he has shown his talent for poetry and diction. He is, at present, engaged in a work similar

to Gretry's *Essays on Music*, called *Künstlerlehren*, which promises to be highly interesting. His *Freischütz*, the words by Kind, has elevated him, as an opera composer, above all his German contemporaries: since Mozart's *Zauberflöte*, no other German opera has become so popular, or received such universal applause. The judgment, however, of the public is not a test till time has settled it, and it would be uncandid to apply it as such, at present, to Weber's work. Those who have heard the beautiful national melodies, which are so frequently sung in every part of Germany, by all classes, down to the peasant, the hunter, and the labourer, will agree, that *Der Freischütz* is not original, at least, so far as melody is concerned. *Der Jägerchor*, for instance, one of the most favourite airs in the whole opera, has been known in Germany, though perhaps with a slight variation, more than fifty years, and the same may be said of many others. The revival and improvement of beautiful ancient melodies, by so skilful a hand as Weber's, aided by powerful dramatic and scenic effect, which he understands so well, besides the attraction which so wild and extravagant a story could not fail to produce, have mainly contributed to render the *Freischütz* popular.—*Suum cuique!*—The critical writers of Germany have justly appreciated the overture as being strikingly appropriate, and indicative of what is to follow.

His last opera, *Euryanthe*, or, as the ardent people of Berlin have named it, *l'Ennuyante*, was produced in Vienna, last November, and did not succeed. It is too serious, and the subject, by Madame Chery, is, like most of her stories, feeble and uninteresting.

INTRODUCTION OF MOZART'S MUSIC INTO ITALY.

ABOUT the year 1803, the news of the splendid triumphs which Mozart's music was obtaining at Munich and Vienna, reached the ears of the *dilettanti* of Italy. At first, it excited some little commotion; but that was soon quieted by the resolute incredulity of national vanity. "What," said they, "a barbarian reap laurels in the field of the arts!"—They had heard, though they never understood, some of his symphonies and quartettes; but his composing for the voice was thought altogether absurd and impossible. The same was said of him in Italy, as was remarked of Shakspeare in France, by the literati of the *ancien regime*,—"he is an energetic barbarian."

In 1807, some Italians of distinction, whom Napoleon had taken in his suite, and whom circumstances brought to Munich, fell into conversation about Mozart; the result of which was, that they came to a resolution of trying one of his pieces; the "*Entführung dem Serail*," I believe. But to do justice to this opera, it was requisite to be a perfect orchestral performer; above all, it was necessary to be an excellent timist, and never to take any liberty with the measure. It was no longer a question of music that can be repeated by rote, or by hearing it sung once or twice over, like the "*C'est l'amour*," or the "*Ed tanti palpiti*." The Italian performers set to work, but nothing could they make of the ocean of notes that blackened the score of this northern artist. It was necessary that time should be scrupulously observed; that they should start together, and come out at the last note exactly

at a given moment. Indolent amateurs would term such scrupulosity mere barbarism; this word was on the point of escaping from their lips, and they were on the very verge of abandoning Mozart for ever. However, certain young men of consideration, who had more pride than vanity, thought that it was ridiculous for Italians to yield on the ground of difficulty. They threatened to withdraw their protection from the theatre, if the German opera, then in rehearsal, was not produced, and at last the work of Mozart was given; but

"Hec! quantum mutatus ab illo."

Poor Mozart! many of those who were present at this first representation, and who afterwards learnt to set a just value on the works of this great man, have declared, that a more lamentable massacre could hardly be imagined. The concerted pieces, and particularly the finales, produced a cacophony that was altogether alarming; it seemed as if a pandemonium of evil spirits had broken loose. Two or three airs and a duetto were the only things that floated above the surface of this ocean of discord. The same evening two parties were formed. The *patronism of the ante-chamber*, to use the expression of a celebrated critic, that great moral malady of the Italians, was aroused in all its fury, and issued its mandate through all the *cafés*, that no man born out of Italy would ever be able to compose a good air. The Chevalier M. was bidden to pronounce the following sentence in that measured solemnity of tone, which so strongly characterises him:—*Gli accompagnamenti tedeschi non sono guardie d'onore del canto, ma gendarmi*.*

The other party, headed by two or three young officers who had been at Munich, maintained that there were in Mozart not only different concerted pieces, but two or three little airs and duets, that had genius; and, moreover, even had novelty in them. The sticklers for the national honour had recourse to their grand argument—that a man must be a *bad Italian* who could admire music made by an *ultra-montanist*. In the midst of these contests, the representations of Mozart's opera reached their term, the orchestra playing worse and worse every evening. The better sort of people observed: "As the name of Mozart excites such hatred; as people are so desperate in their resolution to prove that he is *mediocre*; as we see him loaded with reproaches, from which even Nicolini and Pacitta (two of the feeblest composers of the day) have escaped; it is very possible that this stranger may have some genius."

This is what was said in the Countess Bianca's box, as well as in those of some of the first people of distinction in the town. I pass over in silence the gross abuse lavished in the public journals; every one knows that these were written by the agents of the police. The cause of Mozart seemed lost, and scandalously lost. However, a noble and rich amateur, one of that class of persons who have no great sense of their own, but who contrive to gain all the credit of it, by adopting every six months some paradox, which they furiously maintain on every occasion—this nobleman, having learnt by a letter from one of his mistresses in Vienna, that Mozart was the first musician in the world, began to talk of it with an air of great mystery. He sent for the six best performers in the town, whom he dazzled by the splendour of his mansion, and amazed by the *fracas* of his English horses and

calashes manufactured in London, and at last set them to play over to him, in private, the first finale of "*Il Don Giovanni*." His palace was immense; he immediately gave up to them a whole range of apartments. He threatened vengeance to any one who should dare utter a word about the business: and when a rich man does this in Italy, there is no danger of his not being obeyed.

It took the prince's musicians no less than six months before they could play the first finale of "*Don Giovanni*" in time. Then first they began to see Mozart. The nobleman engaged six singers, whom he bound down to secrecy. After two months' sedulous practice, they were perfect in their parts. After this, the finales and the principal concerted pieces of the opera were rehearsed at his country-house, and with all the privacy and caution of conspiracy. He had an ear like all the rest of his countrymen, and found the music admirable. Secure of his object, he began to speak of Mozart with less reserve; he allowed himself to be attacked in various quarters, and at length laid a wager, which did not fail to excite universal interest, and to form the grand topic of conversation through the whole of that part of Lombardy. It was, that he would cause certain pieces of "*Don Giovanni*" to be executed; and that impartial judges, who were to be chosen upon the spot, should pronounce that Mozart was a composer not inferior to Mayer and Paër, erring like them through an overweening fondness for German noise and racket, but upon the whole as clever as the authors of "*Sargine*" and "*Cora*." The other party were convulsed with laughter; they knew that their good friend was not an Aristarchus, but this wager was the dullest thing he had ever been guilty of. At length the important day arrived. The concert took place at his country-house, the music excited admiration, and he gained his wager without a dissenting voice. This brilliant exploit served him as a topic of conversation long afterwards, and he gained the credit of being less a fool by half than he was thought formerly.

This event made a great bustle; Mozart was in every one's mouth, his music was eagerly inquired after, and at last his operas were brought forward. "*Don Giovanni*" was given in Rome, about 1811: the parts were not sung amiss, but the orchestra was sadly puzzled with this new and difficult music. The time was any thing but correct, the instruments ran along one after the other in a manner very amusing to any one but a good musician; it was like a symphony of Beethoven played by a party of amateurs. In 1814, "*Don Giovanni*" was given at the *Scala*, and the success it obtained was incredible. In 1816, the "*Flauto Magico*," was also attempted, but it fell; however, "*Don Giovanni*" was resumed, and received with an enthusiasm, little short of extravagance, by every body. But the taste of the Italians always requires novelty; bad new music is, to them, infinitely preferable to the best, if more than two or three years old; and an opera of the great German composer has not been heard in all Italy for many seasons past.

STATE OF MUSIC IN SICILY*.

MUSIC is not so universal an accomplishment in these Southern regions, as it is usually imagined to be; for that eager desire that prevails in England for excelling

* The German accompaniments are not guards of honour to the air, but *gens d'armes*.

* From *Sicily and its Islands*, by Capt. W. H. SMYTH, R. N. 4th with Plates. London, J. Murray, 1824.

in this acquirement, is here restricted to professional people. Their compositions are generally too redundant, compass and execution being more attended to than melody. The guitar is the favourite instrument; and the lower orders are very partial to serenades, in which they sing airs that are often more characteristic, than either their theatrical or sacred music. The songs in the Sicilian dialect, though sometimes of a filthy description, are otherwise sprightly and pleasing; and several of their dances, as the "barubba" and the "tarantella," display some fanciful figures, pleasing changes, and animated evolutions, accompanied by the castanets, or a peculiar snapping of the fingers; degraded, however, by indecent postures. The "barubba" is also called the "Jana tuba," and is peculiar to the season of carnival; those who dance it are strangely dressed, have their faces painted, and exhibit all sorts of contortions imitating savages, to the sound of the drum and trumpet-shell, or "tuba;" in this will immediately be recognised the feast of Janus, which was also celebrated in the winter. The waltz is a great favourite in certain circles; notwithstanding which, I must agree with honest Goëthe, the German, that none but husband and wife can, with any propriety, be partners in this dance.

The peasants are fond of noisy instruments; and on many of their festivals, it is not unusual to hear ten or twenty tambourines beating the "tarantella" together, accompanied by violins, guitars, and the mandoline, a kind of small guitar, strung with wire, and played with a quill. They produce very melodious airs on rustic flutes made of reeds; and the mountaineers, who are tolerably expert players on the bagpipes, accompanied by a kind of flageolet, called ciaramela, parade the streets for nine days before Christmas, playing to every image of the Virgin and Child they meet with, and are even called into the houses by the devout, to propitiate their respective idols, corresponding to the lares or household gods of the ancients.

NEW OPERA, "THE RAJAH'S WIFE,"

By LOUIS SPOHR.

[From a Foreign Journal.]

SPOHR has lately produced at Cassel his new grand opera in three acts, entitled *Jessonda: or, the Rajah's Wife*.

The story is taken from Lemieres' *Veuve du Malabar*, and possesses considerable interest and stage effect. The scene is at Goa, on the coast of Malabar, and the outline of the story is as follows:—*Jessonda*, the young widow of a deceased Rajah, is, after the manner of the country, devoted to the flames. Having been forced to accept the hand of the Rajah, and though she had previously pledged her love to a Portuguese officer, whom the chance of war had thrown upon these shores, she advances reluctantly to meet her fate. The Portuguese are at this time besieging the town, and the officer hearing of the intended sacrifice of the object of his former love, scales the wall with a band of faithful followers, rushes into the town, and rescues the intended victim.

The overture commences with the subject that is afterwards employed in the scene of the funeral of the Rajah, and is full of powerful and increasing effect. The first scene displays the interior of a temple, where Brah-

mins and Bayaderes are assembled to solemnize the funeral obsequies of the Rajah. The powerful chorus of the former, contrasted with the more softened and lovely strains of the Bayaderes, (which are interspersed with dances, by the latter) and terminate in a grand hymn to Brahma, form the introduction: yet amidst all this variety, the beauty and unity of an entire whole are admirably preserved.

In this, as in his other works, Spohr, treading closely in the footsteps of Mozart, has proved that dramatic music may be brought into regular forms, without injury either to truth of expression, or theatrical effect. How great a master is Mozart in this respect! What a variety of objects does he unite together in his finales, and yet how admirably has he combined them into one grand, harmonious, and effective whole! How bold are the touches, how strong the colouring he has thrown into some of his characters, and yet without destroying the rhythm, symmetry, and keeping of the whole. The many may rest satisfied with mere force of expression; not so critics of more refined taste. It is time that they make this indispensable requisite in a finished product of art, but they also require something more; they demand that a due proportion of all the parts to the whole, a proper subordination of inferior effects to the great predominant tone of the piece, should be maintained throughout. That this can be done, is sufficiently proved in the productions of these two masters. But by genius alone can this be effected, by that genius which possesses an entire command of all the materials upon which it has to work, of that genius of which it can be truly said, *Mens agit motum*. Many composers, however richly gifted by nature in other respects, and however meritorious their compositions, in general want the power to form a consisted and harmonious whole; with them it is *unus et alter assinitur pannus*.

But to return to *Jessonda*. This solemnity over, the chief Brahmin commands a young priest to announce to the widow Jessonda, the destiny that awaits her. In a recitative and duet which follow, the characters of these two persons are strongly marked; the first has all the wild fanaticism of an old priest, while the other, who has only been forced into the service of Brahma, is impressed with a sense of the barbarity of this custom. This contrast of feeling is powerfully marked in the duet, which is considered as one of the most striking things in the opera. An Indian warrior appears, and announces that the Portuguese army is in motion and advancing towards the city. This awakens anew the deep hatred felt towards these strangers, and gives occasion to a short but powerful air and chorus, in which destruction is threatened, and imprecations called down on the invading foe. After this we are introduced into the apartments of Jessonda; she is overwhelmed with sorrow, but endeavours to console her desolate sister. We learn that she is faithful to her former love, which is announced in an air of great tenderness and pathos. After a short recitative, the finale commences with a scene in dumb show, in which the Bayaderes, by the breaking of staves, rending asunder a veil, and the extinguishing of torches, to the accompaniment of characteristic music, announce her intended sacrifice. The young priest now appears as the messenger of death; with averted face, and with feelings opposed to the duty, he is obliged to perform, he declares her doom in a plaintive and monotonous melody, with a slowly-moving accompaniment for the

stringed instruments, broken in upon by occasional beats of the drum. He raises his eye, and meets the look of the sisters; his speech fails him, and he stands motionless. Conformably to his sacred character, he has never yet beheld a woman unveiled. He at once becomes an altered being, and the music expresses this new state of his mind, in a manner which is indescribably striking, and full of enchanting effect. Then begins an impassioned quick movement, in which joy and sadness alternate, he is in love, and yet recollects he is a Brahmin. Being gently reminded by Jessonda of his duty, he tries to recover himself, and to finish the sentence which he has to pronounce. The sister approaches him in the attitude of supplication, and overcome anew by her charms, he is borne away by his feelings, feels his whole existence changed, and is determined to throw off the yoke which religion has imposed upon him. Here follows an extremely beautiful, though somewhat long, terzetto, with which the first act concludes.

The second act begins with a chorus of Portuguese, which is the same subject that has been interwoven in the overture. Their leader appears, and is saluted with warlike honours. A very spirited and original march follows. When the scene is cleared, Tristan D'Acunha remains alone with his friend Lopez, wrapt in melancholy thoughts; he reveals to his friend the story of his early love in these lands, before the fate of war had separated him from its object. This is expressed in an air *alla Espagnuola*; it is very beautiful in itself, though it appears of too soft a character for the hero D'Acunha. Lopez observes a train of women advancing from the town; they come from the Brahmins to announce that a female is on her way to a sacred spring, to prepare herself for a pious rite, and to solicit permission for her to pass without interruption. This is obtained. When D'Acunha and Lopez have retired, Jessonda and the Bayaderes appear. The introduction to the recitative that follows, is full of heavenly calm, and expressive of the composure that reigns in the bosom of Jessonda. She begs to be left alone with her sister. When the rest are retired, she asks her sister to gather some of the flowers that cover the meadow in rich profusion, in order to form a wreath of peace to the memory of her former love. During the weaving of this wreath, a duet takes place between the two sisters. Our space will not allow us to enumerate all the beauties that are thickly scattered through this opera, and therefore we are obliged to forego any remarks on this piece, on an air of the young priest, and a duet between the latter and Jessonda's sister, who acknowledge their mutual flame, and plan how to save the sister. The young priest determines to have recourse to the Portuguese leader, and he accordingly hastens to him. Jessonda and the Bayaderes return from the spring. Finale; a short chorus of the Bayaderes, interwoven with a solo air by Jessonda.

In the third act, D'Acunha appears in haste; Jessonda observes him, utters a cry, and falls in a swoon. Her lover makes his way through the women that surround her, raises her veil, and discovers his faithful Jessonda. The music employed during this scene is simple, but of powerful effect. D'Acunha kneels before his beloved, and supports her in his arms. She opens her eyes, and expresses her rapture at beholding him again. Lost in their ecstasies, the two lovers do not hear the warning voice of the Bayaderes, who announce the approach of the high priest and the other Brahmins; and are aroused from their delirium only by their appearance. Enraged

at beholding her who is sacred to the Gods in the arms of a man, and he too an enemy, they wish to tear Jessonda away by force. D'Acunha draws and defends her. Portuguese and Indians rush in from different sides, and prepare for an attack. A fine contrast takes place between the two different chorusses, which produces a very striking effect. The high priest reminds D'Acunha of the truce, and of his promise to allow the women to pass without interruption. He recalls this to mind in the deepest anguish. An *allegro agitato* follows, which is finely taken up by the chorus of soldiers, who stand menacing each other. This finale is rich in ideas, originality, and effect, and shows Spohr to be a complete master of his art, and deeply versed in the knowledge of scenic effect.

The introduction of the last act presents a picture of D'Acunha's distracted state of mind, which is happily expressed by broken and interrupted music, with scattered pieces from the last finale interwoven, which serve to awaken recollections of the parting scene between himself and the object of his love. He is seen wandering in melancholy mood along the sea coast; in imagination he views his Jessonda expiring in the flames. This is expressed in a recitative of such power, that we scarcely know anything that will stand in competition with it. From a soft and plaintive unisonous movement, the music gradually advances through harmonies of the most rare and touching kind, till it terminates in a burst of despair, at the moment when in fancy he beholds Jessonda throw herself into the flames. At this point he sinks exhausted into the arms of his friend Lopez. The young priest appears, and announces that the chief of the Brahmins had himself broken the truce, and had issued an order to set fire, that very night, to all the Portuguese ships. These words recal him to life; and, being released from the obligations of the truce by the treachery of the enemy, he is determined to attack the town, and a call to arms of an inspiring nature, concludes the scene. We are next transported to the square in front of the temple of Brahma, in the centre of which stands the image of the god. It is night, and thunder is heard rolling at a distance. From the interior of the temple the nocturnal hymns of the Brahmins break upon the ear. The thunder-storm approaches. A procession is seen moving from the temple, led by a group of wildly-dancing Bayaderes. They approach the statue of the god, and the chief Brahmin utters an imprecation of terrible effect. The storm increases; and a thunderbolt shatters into pieces the image of Brahma. This is attributed to the effect of Jessonda's guilt, and it is resolved that she shall immediately be sacrificed. The composition of this scene is in the highest degree grand, both with respect to the music and the scenic effect. Jessonda, ornamented for the sacrifice, appears flying in distraction before the pursuing Bayaderes.

A grand *scena* and air follow, expressive of the reviving hope of life, and of being united to her beloved; this movement is full of truth, and in a tone of pathos which admirably harmonizes with the rest of the scene. At this moment Jessonda's sister hurries in, and announces the approach of their deliverers: the Portuguese storm the town; the chief Brahmin demands the death of Jessonda; the Indians are seen flying in all directions, pursued by the victors; the Brahmins are forced to retire, Jessonda is saved, and a triumphal chorus concludes the piece.

ORIGINAL LETTER OF GRETRY, ON PHILIDOR,
WHO DIED IN LONDON IN 1795.

PHILIDOR is no more; but he will live in the memory of men. It will be long before his place will be filled in the two-fold career which he ran.* He was a profound musician; it was he who gave us first to hear upon the French stage, the melodious accents of the Italian, united to the force, harmony, and genius of the German school. In the arts, it is sufficient to add some new beauties to those already known, to merit the title of a man of genius. Philidor is, I believe, the inventor of pieces of music on various subjects, and in different contrasted rhythm. The Duo in *Tom Jones*, "Que les devoirs que tu m'imposes," is a masterpiece of its kind. All the world knows that the powerful mind of this celebrated artist was able to form with ease, combinations at once the most difficult, and most happy in their effect; he could arrange a succession of sounds with the same facility as play a game of chess. In this great game of difficult and yet effective combinations, he stood unrivalled; no musician ever possessed the art of throwing more power and clearness into his compositions than Philidor.

MEMOIR OF DANIEL STEIBELT.

D. STEIBELT was born at Berlin, in 1755. His father was well known as a manufacturer of piano-fortes. His musical talents were developed at an early age, and good fortune introduced him to the notice of William the Third, of Prussia, under whose patronage he was enabled to pursue his studies in playing and composition. He afterwards travelled abroad, and resided during fifteen years in London and Paris. It is to him that the Parisians are indebted for their first acquaintance with the *Creation* of the great Haydn. The French critics of this period were of opinion that the work abounded with many excellencies, but, upon the whole, was heavy and tedious. During his residence in Paris, it is said, that he gave considerable offence to his fellow artists, by assuming an air of hauteur incompatible with the modesty of a professor. He affected to despise his mother tongue, and preferred speaking bad French to good German.

In 1799 Steibelt returned to Germany, and afterwards went to Russia, where he had the honour of being nominated, by the Emperor Alexander, to the office of chapel-master. He died at St. Petersburg, the 20th of Sept. 1823, after a painful and protracted illness. Due respect was shewn to his memory by the united efforts of his brother artists, assisted by a great number of amateurs, who performed a solemn dirge to his honour.

Steibelt was not less esteemed as an admirable player, than as a pleasing composer. His *fort* lay in music of the bravura kind, which he gave with great precision, power, and effect, united to singular beauty and delicacy of manner. His compositions for the piano-forte, particularly those of the middle part of his life, had numerous admirers as well in Germany as in England, but particularly in France. This may easily be accounted for from the character of his music, which is full of gaiety, animation, and spirit, easy of conception and generally not difficult in the

performance. That portion of his works, which to us appears less subjected to the fashion of the day, and more abounding in richness and originality of invention than the greater part of his other compositions, are his *Etudes*, in two vols. But some of his sonatas, particularly that dedicated to Madame Buonaparte, will be admired so long as the piano-forte music of this age shall be esteemed. For other instruments, and a full orchestra, he wrote but little, and he shewed his judgment in so doing, for in the little he attempted his success was very limited.

He produced a few operas, which, however, appear never to have circulated beyond the limits of the cities for which they were composed. The last of his compositions of this kind was *The Judgment of Midas*, which he left to his son in an unfinished state, and, unfortunately, was the only thing he had to leave him, for Steibelt had the misfortune, like many other men of genius, to pay but little regard to economy, and the grosser things of this world. The embarrassment of his circumstances had no small effect upon the vigour and elasticity of his mind. In consideration of the merits of the father, and the distressed situation of the son, Count Miloradowitsch, of St. Petersburg, humanely suggested the idea of a great concert for the benefit of the latter, which produced the desired result.

Steibelt occupied the latter days of his life in re-composing his opera of *Romeo and Juliet*, the score of which he, on his dying bed, dedicated to the present King of Prussia, out of a feeling of gratitude for the patronage and favours he had received from his royal father. His two other operas, *Cinderella*, and *The Judgment of Midas*, were written for the Imperial French Theatre at St. Petersburg, where they are performed with considerable applause. Not being acquainted with these works, we can offer no opinion upon their character or merits, but that Steibelt considered *Romeo and Juliet* as his masterpiece, may be fairly inferred from the circumstance mentioned above.

Of Steibelt it may be truly said, that if he neither opened any new paths in science, nor enlarged its boundaries, at least he has done much for the cultivation and improvement of that which was already known. He has contributed very considerably to advance the interests of music, by increasing the number of amateurs through the medium of his instructions, and by means of his compositions, which have been, and many of them still continue, deservedly, among the most popular piano-forte works that the last thirty years have sent forth to the world.

ON THE SEMERIOGRAPHY, OR MUSICAL NOTATION OF THE GREEKS, BY M. PERNE,

[From a Report made to the Class des Beaux-Arts of the French Institute, by M. GINOUEN.*]

ONE of the most striking characteristics in all the productions of Grecian art, is simplicity. That of all the arts, perhaps, to which they appear to have attached the greatest importance, the practise of which was most widely spread among them, and to the explanation of whose theory they devoted the most profound attention, was music; and yet, strange to say, nothing is more complicated, more confused, more difficult to be understood and impressed on the memory, than the signs employed by them in their musical notation, at least if we are to

* At the opera-comique, and the Academie Royale.



Vincent Sc

D. STEIBELT.

London. Print. July 1824 by S. Leigh, 18 Strand.

believe all the learned men who have devoted their attention to this subject. Meibomius, the first who deciphered, translated into Latin, and explained by modern notation, the seven Greek authors upon music; Burette, who made it the subject of deep investigation, and of many learned memoirs; J. J. Rousseau, who, in his dictionary of music, endeavoured to explain to others, what the labours of Meibomius and of Burette had served but to render more obscure to him; La Borde, who to the investigation of difficult subjects brought that habit, the most common to superficial minds, of taking it for granted that he understood what he really did not; all these authors have so tended to confirm the idea of the difficulty, the alarming multiplicity, and complicated intricacies of the musical signs of the Greeks, that the study of it had long been given up in despair. From the prejudices thus raised against the signs of the art, an unfavourable feeling was almost generally excited against the art itself; and in the lamentable state of our information upon this subject, the most ardent admirers of all the arts of the ancients, had nothing to oppose to this prejudice, but a prejudice of a contrary nature.

Hitherto this favourable prejudice has been productive of no beneficial consequences. In order to render it effectual, a learned and industrious musician was to be found, who would retrace things to their source, who would study anew the original authors, and examine if these intricacies really existed in the original text, or arose from the wrong explanations of its interpreters. The latter had maintained, that the signs of the music of the Greeks, taken from the twenty-four letters of the alphabet, formed, by the various modifications of these letters, one hundred and twenty-five different characters; and that these one hundred and twenty-five characters again diversified, accordingly as they were employed for voices or for instruments, and as they occurred in one or the other of the fifteen modes of music, varied according to the three scales, &c., produced as many as 1620 notes, or signs of notation.

M. Perne was the first who had the courage to attempt this important task, which he undertook and has completed, according to the original texts. The satisfactory results of this undertaking he has set forth in a clear and well-written memoir. Let the friends of this most captivating of arts take courage; we are happy to say that the Greeks have not renounced in the instance of music alone, that noble and characteristic simplicity which predominates in all their other productions of art, and produces such enchanting effects.

Instead of multiplying the one hundred and twenty-five signs, M. Perne reduces them, in the first instance, to ninety characters, the half of these he afterwards assigns to the voice and the other half to the instruments. This limits to the number of forty-five such signs as were necessary to be known, according as the object was to learn music of the vocal or instrumental kind. He goes still farther: he demonstrates that, for the general use of practitioners, forty-four characters, instead of the ninety, might suffice, twenty-two for the voices and twenty-two for the instruments; and lastly, that as these forty-four signs are united in couples, and can as easily be considered as forming only one and the same note, as to be taken separately, these forty-four common characters may be considered as forming only twenty-two.

The memoir is accompanied by sixteen designs, executed with great skill, and admirably finished. They

serve to embody and render sensible to the eye all the propositions and demonstrations contained in the memoir. Here M. Ginguené gives a detail of the author's principal ideas, and points out the course that he followed in extricating himself from the labyrinth in which so many authors before him had been bewildered. In fine, it is clearly shown that the Greeks had a simple and uniform method of teaching their general system, since out of fifteen modes, they took only the notation of the Lydian mode, in the diatonic scale, as a medium for giving the examples upon which they founded their demonstrations. By means of the notation of this mode only, they taught the pupil the elements of the musical art; from this they gradually advanced to the knowledge of the other modes.

The whole of the characters for the voice and for instruments, amounted to one hundred and thirty-four, many of which were repeated, as well in the vocal as in the instrumental notation; so that the notation generally in use, consisted of only twenty-two couples of notes in the Lydian mode, and in the two co-relative modes, the Dorian and the Phrygian, in the diatonic scale only.

ROSSINI FÊTED AT PARIS.

ON the 15th of November last, some of the principal musical composers and theatrical performers of Paris, united to give a grand dinner to Signor Rossini, who rested a few days in that city, on his way to this metropolis. The entertainment took place in the great room of M. Martin, *Place du Châtelet*, which was ornamented for the occasion, by the most ingenious decorators. Medallions, encircled with flowers, were hung round the room, in each of which was inscribed in letters of gold, the title of one of the works of the hero of the fête. Above the chair destined as his seat, was suspended his cypher. When he entered, a band of wind instruments commenced the admirable overture to *La Gazza Ladra*. It is not easy to imagine a more brilliant coup d'œil than the table, filled by one hundred and fifty guests, presented. Signor Rossini was seated between Madlle. Mars and Mad. Pasta. M. Lesueur, placed exactly opposite to him, had Mad. Colbran Rossini on his right, and Madlle. Georges on his left. Mmes. Grassari, Cinti, and Denuri, sat next to these. MM. Talma, Boieldieu, Garcia, and Martin, were in the midst of this group of elegance and beauty. All the arts, all the talents, were there represented*, by MM. Auber, Hérold, Ciccéri, Pauseron, Casimir Bonjour, Milmont, Horace Vernet; we also saw with pleasure men whose high occupations did not deter them from joining a social meeting of the friends of the arts.

During the repast, well-known fragments of operas were performed, and listened to with an attention almost unexampled in such circumstances. It was a homage due to their author, and worthy of him. At the second course, Signor Biagioli recited an Italian sonnet of his own composition, in praise of the distinguished visitor; and M. Talma, yielding to the earnest wishes of his friends, read a translation of it with so much feeling as to excite the most powerful emotions. Some couplets were then sung by M. Baptiste and M. Martin, which were listened to with pleasure.

When the desert was served, M. Lesueur rose and gave the following toast,—“To Rossini! whose ardent genius has opened a new path, and formed an epoch in the art of music.”

* This article is from a French journal, therefore must not be understood quite literally. For instance, in a party that is said to have “represented all the arts and talents,” we find the name of no very distinguished poet, painter, or sculptor: Cherubini, the greatest composer in Paris, is not mentioned as being one of the company; nor Choron, the celebrated theorist. No rank appears to have graced the fête; and, in short, either the French report is very imperfect, or the meeting was not of the very brilliant kind that the writer would wish us to believe.

Signor Rossini replied by this toast—"To the French school, and to the prosperity of the *conservatoire*!"

M. Lesueur then gave, "Gluck!—rich in all the resources of German science, he felt the spirit of French lyric tragedy, of which he gave the model!"

Signor Garcia proposed, "Gretry! the most sensible, and one of the most melodious of French musicians."

Signor Rossini then gave, "MOZART!"

M. Boieldieu offered his toast in the following words, "Mehul!—I see Rossini and the shade of Mozart applaud this toast."

M. Hérold proposed, "Paesello! full of ingenuity and passion,

he rendered popular in all parts of Europe the Italian school."

M. Pauseron, (for M. Auber) gave, "Cimarosa!—the precursor of Rossini."

After each toast, the band played a short piece by the Master to whose memory it was addressed. It is needless to mention the applauses, the *bravos*, by which all these were followed.

The ladies having retired to take their coffee, Talma declaimed some passages. M. and Mad. Rossini appeared much affected. The former was heard frequently to declare, that he should preserve the recollection of the day, during the whole of his life.

REVIEW OF MUSIC.

A COLLECTION OF GLEES, CANONS, AND CATCHES, composed by the late JOHN WALL CALLCOTT, Mus. Doc. Oxon., including some pieces never before published; the whole selected and arranged with an Accompaniment for the Piano-Forte, ad libitum, together with a Memoir of the Author, by William Horsley, Mus. Bac. Oxon. Two volumes in large folio. (Published for the Author's Widow, by Birchall, Lonsdale, and Mills, New Bond Street, 1824.)

JUST as our present number was going to press, the above work appeared, we have therefore postponed an article that was intended to fill the space which this now occupies, in order that we may, as early as possible, testify our respect for the name of a man whose many private virtues, well-cultivated mind, and great professional merit, conferred on him a distinguished rank while living, and render interesting and entitled to immediate regard, whatever relates to his history, or is connected with his productions.

This collection comprises forty-one of the best and most admired of Dr. Callcott's glees, four of his canons, two catches, and one madrigal, engraved on two hundred and sixty-two plates: to these are prefixed a memoir of his life, and some remarks upon his compositions, which together with a dedication to the Catch Club, and a short preface, are contained in twenty-two pages of letter-press. The editor, Mr. Horsley, married the eldest daughter of Dr. Callcott, the propriety therefore of his superintendence of the work must be manifest: how he has executed his task we shall endeavour to shew in a few extracts, and by some observations with which we shall conclude this article. We now proceed to make a brief analysis of the memoir.

John Wall Callcott, son of Thomas Callcott, bricklayer and builder, was born at Kensington gravel-pits in 1766.

"Even in his infancy he gave indications of that love for literature, and for the acquisition of knowledge, by which he was afterwards so much distinguished. The pastimes in which children usually engage, had no attractions for him. Books were his chief delight; and, when he quitted them, it was to engage in some pursuit which had science for its object; and in which he displayed a degree of energy that was astonishing in one so young."

At the age of seven he was sent to a neighbouring school, which he attended daily for five years. He was then removed, "and from that period may be said to

have commenced the work of his own education," While at school he made considerable progress in the Latin classics, and began to study the Greek testament. At this time his father being engaged in the repairs of Kensington church, he was frequently in the habit of accompanying him thither. During these visits, the organ excited his attention; so much so, that part of his amusement at home, consisted in attempts to construct a similar instrument. It is probable that this employment first gave him an inclination towards music; for, in the summer of 1778, he obtained an introduction to the organist, and became a constant attendant in the organ-loft, where he obtained the first rudiments of the science. Music, however, was only considered by him as a recreation. He had determined to follow surgery as a profession, and, for a year, he engaged in the study of anatomy with great ardour. But in attending a very severe operation, "he received a shock which gave him a complete distaste for the profession; he fainted in the course of it; and, from that moment, resolved to abandon all thoughts of a profession which would expose his feelings to such agonizing trials.

"Music now engaged his most serious thoughts; and, his father having bought him a spinnet, he began in 1779 to practice diligently, with the view of making organ-playing his profession. But the spinnet did not long satisfy him. During the encampment in Hyde Park, which took place in consequence of the riots in 1780, he frequently heard the military bands; and was so much delighted with the effects of the wind-instruments, that he purchased a clarionet, and employed much of his time in practising it. He also began to make attempts in composition, and wrote music for a private play which was performed by his old school-fellows, at Mr. Young's.——At intervals he continued to improve himself in classical learning, and began to cultivate an acquaintance with the French and Italian languages, * * * and he was even induced to attempt the Hebrew and Syriac. Algebra and mathematics also occupied his attention.——Having practised the clarionet for some time, and becoming dissatisfied with the mechanical difficulties of that instrument, he procured a hautboy, and took regular lessons on it."

In 1783 he obtained the situation of assistant to Mr. Reinhold, organist of St. George's, Queen Square, and about the same time Dr. Cooke introduced him to the members of the academy of Ancient Music, at whose concerts he performed as a supernumerary hautboy. At this period also his inclination for glee-writing displayed itself, and in 1784 he produced "O sovereign of the willing soul," his first composition of this kind, which was sent into the Catch Club, and is printed in Warren's twenty-third collection. In 1785 he gained three of the gold medals given by this society; the fortunate pieces were "O

beautious fair," a catch; "Blessed is he," a canon, and "Dull repining sons of care," a glee. In this year he commenced bachelor of music, at Oxford. In 1786 he obtained two more medals from the Catch-Club; and upon the Glee-Club being established in 1787, he was appointed sub-secretary, Dr. Arnold having been named as president, and the celebrated Mr. Webbe as secretary. In this year he was admitted among the honorary members of the Catch-Club, and obtained two more medals. It was on this occasion that he exhibited an instance of unparalleled industry, for he composed and sent in no less than one hundred compositions for the prize! In 1789 he gained all the four medals, a circumstance unprecedented in the annals of the club. At this time he was elected joint organist of St. Paul's Covent Garden. He married in 1791, and in the following year accepted the situation of organist to the Asylum. In 1800 he was admitted to the rank of Doctor in music, by the university of Oxford, his exercise being a Latin Anthem. During the years 1804 and 1805 he was employed in writing his Musical Grammar, "which was the last considerable effort of his mind."

"Shortly afterwards he succeeded Dr. Crotch as lecturer on music, at the Royal Institution. That appointment gave peculiar satisfaction to Dr. Callcott, and he was delighted at the idea of following up what his predecessors had so well begun:—but it was too late.—The fatal injuries which his constitution had received from excessive exertion, now shewed themselves; and he was, all at once, rendered incapable of fulfilling any of his engagements."

The strong and general sympathy which Dr. Callcott's afflicting malady excited, and the generous ardour with which the public seconded the efforts of the most eminent professors to provide against any pecuniary evils that might arise from the unavoidable interruption of his professional labours, pronounced a panegyric upon him, both as a man and a musician, that language would have attempted in vain.

"After an absence of five years, we again had the pleasure to see him among us; altered, indeed, in some respects, yet still possessing those excellent and endearing qualities by which he had always been distinguished.—At the expiration of three years he was once more compelled to leave his home, to which he never returned. * * * * * In the spring of 1821, he was declared to be in imminent danger, and some of his nearest relatives hastened to attend him. * * * * * He died on the 15th of May, and his remains were brought to Kensington, and privately interred in the church-yard of that place on the 23d of the same month *."

[To be concluded in our next.]

1. **GRAND BRILLIANT FANTASIA**, for the Piano-Forte, composed by J. N. HUMMEL, maître de chapelle to the Duke of Saxe Weimar, (Published by Cocks and Co., 20, Princes Street, Hanover Square.)

2. **VARIATIONS POUR LE PIANO-FORTE**, avec accompagnement de deux Violons, Viola, Violoncelle, et

* We regret to learn that our printer cannot make room for the remainder of this article. We are strongly opposed to the practice of dividing a review, and shall rarely have recourse to so unsatisfactory a measure.

▲ VOL. II.

Basse, (deux Flutes et Cors ad libitum) par J. N. HUMMEL. Oeuvre 97. (Leipzig, au Bureau de Musique de C. F. Peters. Imported by all the dealers in Foreign Music.)

The *Fantasia* by M. Hummel is undoubtedly a very clever production, whereon a great deal of study has been bestowed; it is a work that none but a master could have produced, and which only a master-hand should attempt to perform, for no other can impart to it that extemporaneous character, that fine wildness, without which it must prove "flat and unprofitable." Indeed we feel that we should not be going too far in asserting, that a *fantasia*,—such as the present,—ought to be confined to the author of it himself, who would always be able, by slight variations from the text, and a few free touches, to give the effect of spontaneousness to it, without which it is good for nothing. We openly confess our distaste for this species of music, unless really produced *à l'improvisi*, it is then, if the effusion be not too long, very interesting, and sometimes elicits sparks of genius that are never struck out by labour, and which lose all their heat ere they can be penned down. Those compositions that, under the title of *fantasia*, Mozart, Steibelt, and others gave to the world, are more regularly constructed, and contain more definable subjects than this by M. Hummel, and though they take the same name, are very different in character: to such, of course, our observations are not meant to apply.

The work now under notice consists of twenty-six pages; it opens with a short, but a very good and expressive, slow movement, which, after nearly a page of arpeggios, breaks into an *allegro con fuoco*, the subject of which, and indeed of nearly all that follows, is this,—



At the 12th page a very elegant *largetto* is introduced, and extends to page 19, but before it arrives there it becomes rather tedious by its length: this passes into an *allegro assai*, wherein the foregoing *motivo* is renewed, though not much adhered to, and after a slight change or two in the time, the piece is brought to a termination.

The *Variations* for the piano-forte, No. 2 of this article, are very unlike the preceding, both in design and effect, though they also require a good performer to execute them. They are written to be accompanied by an orchestra, or, at least, by a quintett of stringed instruments, without which they cannot be given so as to render their author strict justice. The subject of them is a strikingly gay and brilliant air, which we presume is to be ascribed to M. Hummel, as nothing to the contrary appears. We here insert it, but excluding the *tutti* parts, which repeat each division of the melody.

E



F. The variations, seven in number, are composed with great ingenuity, and are full of those sparkling passages that excite and please most hearers, and dazzle all: they are exactly formed for a private concert, where there is one good piano-forte player, and a few amateurs, for the principal part demands an experienced and able performer, while the accompaniments are perfectly easy, and within the compass of all who understand time, and can just contrive to execute a few simple notes.

1. VARIATIONS to a theme in the opera of Jean de Paris, with a Grand Introduction by J. MAYSEDER, arranged for the Piano-Forte, Solo, by GELINEK. (Published by Boosey and Co., Importers of Foreign Music, Holles Street.)

2. VARIATIONS pour le Piano-Forte, sur la Quadrille favorite de sa Majesté L'Empereur Alexandre; composées par GELINEK. No. 85. (Clementi and Co.)

The Introduction by Mayseder to the variations of the Abbe Gelinek, has much merit, being new, and written with great taste and knowledge; though we heartily wish that he had represented his musical ideas by less awful characters than double demisemiquavers,—which he has used with a lavish hand,—and had indicated the movement, either by an Italian term, or by the metronome, the latter we should have preferred; but neither one nor the other is employed, and the performer is left to guess at the author's intention, which we take to be

Largo. A short piece of ecclesiastical harmony, in the first page of this introduction, has afforded us much gratification, and may not be unacceptable to such of our subscribers as are admirers of ancient music:—



The Theme is a very popular melody, commencing like the well-known air of Mozart, "*non piu andrai*;" we should not have liked it less had the plagiarism been continued, and the same air pursued. The variations are exceedingly shewy, but much too difficult for the nature of the composition: we willingly toil if a rich prize is to be the reward of our labour, but that industry is ill bestowed which merely enables us to vanquish a difficulty that need not have been encountered.

The Autocrat of all the Russias likes a gay, simple tune, if the subject of the variations, No. 2, be his favourite quadrille. From the same we are also enabled to guess, that an air need not be absolutely original to gain his affection, for the present is as antiquated as a



JOSEPH MAYSEDER

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estillon, in which form it appeared about the period when the emperor condescended to be born. It is, however, a very good lively theme for variations, and M. Gelinek has constructed eleven upon it, that are brilliant, exhilarating, full of display, and not very difficult of attainment to a tolerable proficient on the piano-forte. If the whole be thought too long, two, or even three, of the variations may be omitted, without damage to the effect of the piece. Which these should be, must depend upon the taste of the performer, or the judgment of the master; we do not, in so weighty a matter, presume to dictate to either.

MOZART'S Celebrated SYMPHONY, in G minor, newly adapted for the Piano-Forte, with Accompaniments for a Flute, Violin, and Violoncello, by MUZIO CLEMENTI. No. 5. (Clementi and Co., Cheapside.)

We have, in a former number of this work, spoken of Mozart's symphony in G minor, as a *chef d'œuvre*, having generally found that the soundest musicians prefer it to his others. Where all are so excellent it is difficult, perhaps, rash, to select one for the purpose of giving it the pre-eminence; nevertheless we must join in opinion with the many whose judgments we value, and give the palm to the work now under review. Italian musicians, and the adherents of their school, tell us that Mozart's compositions are deficient in melody: we never knew them cite any example in proof, but if instances to the contrary were required, the four movements of this symphony would furnish some of a most undeniable nature. Mr. Clementi has adapted it with the same ability that he has shewn in the former numbers, and, by his judicious management, has placed it within the reach of many performers who would never have attempted it, had the arrangement been made by a musician less skilful and experienced than this highly-distinguished composer and performer.

1. **THEME, alla Caccia, from Weber's opera Der Freyschütz, with Variations, and an Introduction for the Piano-Forte, by W. T. LING, JUN. op. 8. (Royal Harmonic Institution, 246, Regent Street.)**
2. **Une offrande aux Sœurs, RONDO à la Quadrille, with an Accompaniment for the Flute, ad libitum. Composed by the same. (Published by John Gow and Son, 162, Regent Street.)**
3. **L'Eloise, INTRODUCTION and RONDO for the Piano Forte. op. 9. Composed by the same. (John Gow and Son.)**
4. **A Favourite Air of Rossini, arranged as a RONDO for the Piano-Forte, composed by the same. (John Gow and Son.)**

From the style in which the above four pieces is composed, we are led to believe that Mr. Ling's experience has now taught him that simplicity of construction, and a moderate degree of ease, are absolutely necessary to music that is meant for general circulation. In such of his former publications as have passed under our notice, these qualities appeared to us to be too much neglected, and we hinted to him our opinion; if that has had any weight with him, we must, of course, feel flattered, while we hope and believe that he will not hereafter find cause to regret having been a little influenced by our observations.

The first of these pieces is the *Jaeger chor*, or huntsmen's chorus, from the *Freyschütz*, one of the most ingenious compositions in that clever and original opera. It is preceded by an Introduction of two pages, and drawn out into seven variations that are not devoid of ingenuity. No. 2, is an easy rondo, formed upon rather a pleasing subject, and consisting almost entirely of flowing passages of quavers, in six-eight time. The rondo named *L'Eloise*, is cold and unmeaning; from the title, something very much the reverse was to be expected, but names are not always correct indices to qualities. The air by Rossini, No. 4, is light and pretty, and as it is extended to only five pages, the want of contrast in the amplification of it is not oppressive.

1. **A Familiar VOLUNTARY for the ORGAN, Composed by J. C. NIGHTINGALE, Organist of the Foundling Hospital, No. 1. (Monro, and May, 11, Holborn-bars.)**
2. **A Ditto No. 2. Ditto Ditto.**

We learn with much satisfaction, from many of our correspondents, that organ music is in great request at the present moment, on account of the daily increase in the number of performers on that noble instrument. From the commencement of the *Harmonicon* to the day when we received the two voluntaries now before us, not one composition for the organ had been sent us to review; nor do we find that any thing in this branch has lately been published in London, though several works of a superior order have appeared in Germany. There is, however, an abundant supply of music belonging to the class of which we are writing, to be had, though, if novelty, for novelty's sake, be the principal thing desired,—if musical productions be inversely as the productions of the sister arts of poetry and painting, and valuable only when new,—then indeed, a real scarcity must be confessed. But to those who think that age is no more an objection to good music than to a fine poem, or an exquisite picture,—to such persons Handel's works, particularly his chorusses, together with the concertos of Corelli, Geminiani, and Martini, are inexhaustible sources of the scientific, the beautiful, and the sublime. To these must be added that incomparable collection, *Clementi's Practical Harmony*, which is a library in itself, and embodies the best works of all the German composers for the organ, as well as most of those of Italy and France. As fashion has not yet assumed any control over this department of the art, we may, without fear of reproach, venture to recommend the *ancient compositions* above-named, to such of our readers as have desired to have our opinion upon the subject of organ music.

We do not think that it would be candid to form an estimate of Mr. Nightingale's ability from these two voluntaries; they appear to be written for very general purposes, and ease in execution seems to be the chief point that their author has studied. They each consist of three short movements, in which the trumpet-stop, and swell, *à la Stanley*, are not forgotten. The second is by far the best, and contains a fugue, which, though very freely treated, has considerable merit, and possesses sufficient melody to please those who are not profound enough to understand its construction.

It would be unjust not to mention with praise the moderate price,—eighteen-pence,—at which each of these voluntaries is published.

1. "CRUDA SORTE," the celebrated Terzetto in Ricciardo e Zoriade, arranged for the Harp and Piano-Forte, for Lady Caroline Bentinck, by CIPRIANI POTTER. (Boosey and Co., Holles Street.)
2. THREE AIRS, from the opera of Zelmira, by ROSSINI, arranged for the Piano-Forte, with an Accompaniment, ad libitum, for the Flute, by M. C. MORTELLARI. (Clementi and Co., Cheapside.)

The Terzetto, "Cruda Sorte!" is one of the very few popular pieces in Rossini's *Ricciardo*. Some notice of it may be found in our first volume, page 100, where we have spoken of it in the favourable terms that it deserves, for it certainly went a great way towards saving the whole opera from condemnation. Replete with invention and spirit, and, consequently, full of effect, it always pleases, whatever form it may assume. That given to it by Mr. Potter is the best which it could have taken as an instrumental piece, the harp and piano-forte, with their united powers, being capable of rendering all the notes of the accompaniments, and of imparting almost an orchestral fullness to it. It is exceedingly well arranged, as might have been anticipated from the known ability of the adapter, and may be undertaken by moderately good performers, the harp part in particular, which is extremely easy.

The pieces selected by Mr. Mortellari for adaptation, from the opera of *Zelmira*, are the cavatina, "Ah! già trarcorse;" the aria, "Sorte secondami," and the cavatina, given in our 12th number, "Cara, deh attendimi." The first is a beautiful, plaintive melody for a base voice, in F sharp minor, a key that sounds formidably, to amateurs, but the time of the air is slow, and the notes consist chiefly of quavers, the execution consequently is not difficult. The next is a brilliant movement, the effect of which is considerable, though it demands no extraordinary nimbleness of finger. The third of these pieces is known to all our subscribers, we therefore, have only to say, that it makes a very lively good duet for piano-forte and flute, the latter taking so equal a share, that the term accompaniment would imply less than it really has to perform.

1. VARIATIONS on a favourite German Air, for the Piano-Forte, by JOSEPH MAYSEDER. (Cocks and Co. 20, Princes Street, Hanover Square.)
2. THE BEAUTIES OF HUMMEL, for the Piano-Forte, Book 2. (Published by the same.)
3. SIX EASY PIECES for the Piano-Forte, by J. N. HUMMEL of Vienna. (Banister, Goswell Street.)
4. A Collection of NEW FOREIGN MARCHES, for the Piano-Forte, by the most celebrated composers, Book 1st. (Cocks and Co.)

The first of these, by M. Mayseder, has all his gaiety, and the seven variations are brilliant; but both the theme and the variations upon it, are like a hundred other things of the same class.

The second book of the Beauties of Hummel contains an air with variations, written originally for orchestral accompaniments, in the manner of that already reviewed in this number, though not equal to it, in either invention or effect. The air itself is natural and agreeable, but the variations do not merit the same character, they involve and smother the melody, which is lost amidst a succes-

sion of elaborate difficulties that offer no adequate reward for the industry which they exact.

No. 3, seems to be published for the purpose of enabling very juvenile learners to perform something by a composer whose name is in vogue. The work may be made useful, particularly in schools.

The collection of marches, No. 4, promises to be a good and useful work: the first in the present Number is that in *Zelmira*, given in our last Number; the second is by Hummel, and is really "grand" in effect, and easy to execute; the third is from the *Freyschütz*, and the fourth, from the Count de Gallenberg's Ballet, *Alfred Le Grand*.

1. "There is a Bloom," a favourite Glee for Three Voices, as sung by Miss Stephens, Messrs. Vaughan and Bellamy, at the Vocal Concerts, composed and dedicated to Miss EMILY GREGG, by WILLIAM KNYVETT. (Harmonic Institution)
2. "A Choir of Bright Beauties," a favourite Glee for Four Voices, composed and dedicated to W. LINLEY, ESQ., by J. ELLIOTT. (Harmonic Institution.)
3. GLEE for Four Voices, written by W. SHEPHERD, composed and dedicated to Dr. CROTH, by J. Mc. MURDIE. Mus. Bac. Oxon. (Clementi and Co.)

The subject of Mr. Wm. Knyvett's glee is conceived in his happiest and most elegant style. We have heard a wish expressed that it had been developed in a single song, on account of the beautiful piano-forte accompaniment with which he has enriched it; but we cannot concur in this, because as a *vocal trio*, we think it as free from all objection as is possible. Had it really been a *glee*, as designated, the addition of an alto to complete the harmony, would have been more desirable than an instrumental accompaniment, which is apt to divert the attention, and deaden the vocal effect of such a species of music. But as a *trio*, the defective harmony whereof is supplied by the piano-forte, the soprano, tenor, and base voices for which it is composed, are quite sufficient for all the effects to be produced.

This glee, as it is termed, has been so often, and in such a variety of places, performed, and is so well known, that it is quite unnecessary to give any extracts from it. We, however, particularly point out to our readers the base solo, which is accompanied, throughout, in a most masterly manner, and with exquisite taste; and we congratulate Mr. K. upon a publication that will augment his reputation as a graceful melodist, and a good practical musician.

No. 2 is "A choir of bright beauties," by Mr. James Elliott, and though the first of his choir, we sincerely hope it will not be the last. *Decies repetita placebit*. It is in truth a delightful production, and correctly vocal. It is composed in the genuine style of the English glee:—that style which was brought to such perfection by Cooke, Webbe, Stafford Smith, Callcott, and other charming composers of the like stamp, the worthy successors of those admirable *Madrigalists*, Morley, Wylbye, Weekes, Gibbon, &c., &c. But, much pleased as we are with it as a whole, we can no more overlook its blemishes than its beauties, and therefore point out a violent assault upon the ear, which is made in the fifth bar of page 2, by a G sharp; thus—



The sharp fourth here is crude indeed, and is thus used more than once in the glee. How much better would have been an F sharp. The following harmony, too, at the ninth bar of page 2, is unaccountable—



Had the first tenor remained upon A, instead of rising to B, whereby the second is resolved into a fourth, the mischief would have been avoided. At page 6, bar 9, the progression of the tenor and bass is quite unallowable in this kind of composition. Example—



For a glee should be written in conformity to rather severe laws of counterpoint, particularly if the notes be long.

The movement in triple time is not so striking as the first, but it is, nevertheless, very sweet.—Mr. Elliott has fallen into an error, however, in the commencement, not uncommon indeed, but certainly one that ought to be more carefully avoided,—he has left the alto part with an unfinished sentence, so that if the words are read without reference to the other parts, they will run thus—“While Pan and fair Syrinx—the graces are banish’d.” The rest of the air is exceedingly elegant, and the return to the original subject as judicious in the composer, as it must be gratifying to the auditor.

Mr. Mc. Murdie's glee possesses much merit, though it cannot lay claim to any great originality. There is nothing peculiarly striking on the first movement, but the conception is judicious, and the execution correct.—The *allegro moderato* in the major key, begins very pleasingly, and there is a novel character in the next movement in D minor particularly in the subject. The *expressivo*, page 7, is elegant, and the change to the minor, upon the words “darksome melancholy,” exceedingly well managed;—but the descent in the alto, fourth bar, page 8, from E natural to B natural, against A flat in the tenor, and D flat in the bass, without any preparation, could not, but with extreme difficulty, be hit by the most experienced singer.

The last movement is decidedly the best, as having more of vocal character throughout.

Upon the whole, this is a well constructed composition, but the different subjects interrupt each other too quickly, and destroy the impression that would otherwise be made by the continuation of some striking point of melody or imitation; there is no time given for the attention to repose upon the particular strain that may have at first attracted it, and though the hearer may be pleased, it is,

at best, but a sort of hurried pleasure;—nothing fastens on his recollection.

1. BALLAD, “Dear vale, whose green retreats,” with an Accompaniment for the Piano-Forte, composed by THOMAS ATTWOOD. (Published by the Royal Harmonic Institution, 246, Regent Street.)
2. BALLAD, “Whene’er she bade me cease to plead,” The words written by ERASMUS MADOX, Esq., composed and published by the same.
3. BALLAD, “Mutual love,” the Poetry by the same, composed and published by the same.
4. BALLAD, “How oft where cooling zephyrs play,” composed and published by the same.
5. SONG, “The Beacon,” with an accompaniment for the Piano-Forte, by J. MC. MURDIE, Mus. Bac. Oxon. (Clementi and Co.)
6. BALLAD, “County Guy,” the words from Quentin Durward, the warble inscribed and recommended to Miss Stephens (the lady of the lute) by a Lark, whose song has been collected by TOMMASO ROVEDINO, by whom has been added an Accompaniment for the Harp and Flute. (Birchall and Co. New Bond Street.)
7. SONG, “County Guy,” from Quentin Durward, composed by WILLIAM ROOKE, Pianiste to the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. (J. Power, 34, Strand.)
8. RECIT. and AIR, “The moment of victory,” as sung by Mr. Braham, at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, written by E. Knight, Esq., composed by WILLIAM ROOKE. (J. Power, 34, Strand.)
9. “Love wakes and weeps,” SERENADE in the novel of the Pirate, set to music by H. J. BANISTER. (Royal Harmonic Institution, Regent Street.)

The first of Mr. Attwood's Ballads is an elegant and expressive melody, full of tenderness, and of that genuine taste which characterizes this gentleman's compositions. The accompaniment is judicious, aiding instead of rivaling the singer, and the words are most correctly set, not one doubtful accent occurring to distress an ear attuned either to poetical or musical prosody.

The second, “when e'er she bade me,” has not yielded us the same pleasure that we derived from the first; its subject and cadences are rather common, and the frequent repetition of the words takes from it the principal feature of a ballad.

No. 3, is smooth and pretty, though we cannot say so much in praise of the poetry, which is not very inspiring, certainly.

The fourth of these ballads is superior to the second and third, and will be generally admired, being composed in a popular style, and with a rhythm so decidedly marked, that the melody will impress itself on every ear.

Mr. Mc. Murdie's song, *The Beacon*, is a charming composition, and does him great credit. That he read the poetry of it with a discriminating eye before he set it to music, is evident from the accuracy with which the sentiments are expressed, and the unexceptionable correctness of his accentuation. The use of the term *largo melancolico* had better be avoided in the future impressions of this song; first because the stanza at the head of which it is placed, is expressive of hope, and,

secondly, because it is not quite correct in point of language.

No. 6, is one of the many efforts to put notes to the ballad in Quentin Durward. We have given the title of it at length, on account of its good-humour, and may securely add, that Mr. Rovedino, in setting these words, has succeeded as well as any, and better than most, of those who have preceded him in the attempt. He has written it in the key of A minor, and given a plaintive effect to it, very properly, in our opinion: but he has been betrayed into the error that others have fallen into, and introduced an imitation of the lark's notes, apparently over-looking the sense of the lines,—

The lark his lay
Who trill'd all day,
Sits hush'd his partner nigh.

No. 7, is another musical essay upon the subject mentioned in the foregoing paragraph, and is in no way remarkable.

No. 8, is a piece addressed to the galleries. We suspect that it contains some errors of the engraver, but there are others in it for which the composer must be answerable. The words are so displaced in setting, and thereby are so entirely devoid of meaning, that it is impossible to say whether or not justice has been done them. But we cannot help observing generally, and with regret, how fast poetical nonsense is gaining ground at our national theatres.

The song from *The Pirate*, No. 9 of the above list, is not without merit, as a melody, but the composer has been regardless of the poet's metre, and in one instance has sacrificed his sense. The following passage, appears, in this song:—



had it not occurred twice we should have imputed it to the carelessness of the engraver.

ANALYSIS OF NEW BOOKS.

Vie de Rossini, par M. De Stendhal. 2 vols. 8vo. Paris. 1824.

Memoirs of Rossini, with a Portrait. 1 vol. 8vo. Hookham, Old Bond-Street.

THE present is a book-making age; but among the numerous examples of this prolific art that daily come within our knowledge, we know of no instance more glaring than the present. The *life* of Rossini occupies about two hundred pages out of the 630 pages, of which the two French volumes are composed. But how, it may be asked, has the author contrived to fill up this mighty vacuum? The question will be more satisfactorily answered by a reference to the table of contents, where we find a long chapter upon the conflicting opinions of the *Miroir*, the

Quotidienne, and other French journals; another long chapter on Madame Pasta's voice; another on the politics and parties of the French theatres; a fourth on the management and economy of theatres in general; a fifth on the construction and decoration of the same; a sixth on the music of the Germans, English, and Scotch, &c. &c., subjects highly important, no doubt, to illustrate the talents and character of Rossini! We had sketched out a list of the paradoxes, contradictions, and whimsical opinions upon music, with which the work abounds, for the edification of our readers. However, upon revising our materials, they appear undeserving of serious notice, and would rather tend to weary the reader's patience, than to gratify his curiosity. In the translation, or rather selection from the work announced above, these absurdities have been judiciously omitted, and, therefore, we shall content ourselves with such extracts from it as will serve to render the memoir of Rossini in our first volume more complete.

Rossini made his *débüt* at Venice. The *Impresario* (Director) of the Theatre *San-Mosè*, not content with gaining, for a trifling consideration, the talents of a rising genius, who was patronised by the ladies in particular, thought, that as the young composer was poor, he might treat him cavalierly with impunity. Rossini at once gave a proof of that originality of character by which he has always been distinguished.

In quality of composer, Rossini's power over the orchestra was absolute, and he could oblige them to execute whatever he composed. In the new opera, therefore, of *La Scala di Sete*, which he composed for the insistent *impresario*, he brought together an assemblage of all the extravagances and whimsical combinations in which, it may well be supposed, a head like his is sufficiently fertile. For instance, in the *allegro* of the overture, the violins were made to break off at the end of every bar, in order to give a rap with the bow upon the tin shades of the candlesticks. It would be difficult to imagine the astonishment and indignation of an immense concourse of people assembled from every quarter of Venice, and even from the *Terra Firma*, to hear the new opera of the young *maestro*. This public, who during the greater part of the afternoon, had besieged the doors, who had been forced to wait whole hours in the passages, and at last to endure the "tug of war" at the opening of the doors, thought themselves personally insulted, and hissed with all the vengeance of an enraged Italian public. Rossini, not in the least moved by all this uproar, coolly asked the trembling *impresario* with a smile, what he had gained by treating him so cavalierly? He then quitted the theatre, and started at once for Milan, where his friends had procured him an engagement. However, a month after, he made his peace with the humbled manager, and returning to Venice, produced his *Tancredi*.

No adequate idea can be formed of the success which this delightful opera obtained at Venice, the city which, of all others, is considered as most critical in its judgments, and whose opinions, as to the merits of a composition, are supposed to hold the greatest weight. Suffice it to say, that the presence of Napoleon himself, who honoured the Venetians with a visit, was unable to call off their attention from Rossini. All was enthusiasm; *tutto furor*, to use the terms of that expressive language, which seems to have been created for the use of the arts. From the gondolier to the patrician, every body was repeating *Mi rivedrai ti rivedro*. In the very courts of law, the judges were obliged to impose silence on the auditory, who were ceaselessly humming *Ti rivedro*. Of this we have been credibly informed by many persons who were witnesses of the singular fact.

The history of this *scena* is curious. Rossini, in the first instance, had composed a grand air for the entrance of *Tancredi*, but it did not please the Signora Malanote, and she refused to sing it. What was still more mortifying, she did not make known this unwillingness till the very evening before the first representation of the piece. Malanote was a first rate singer; she was

in the flower of youth and beauty, and the gallantry of the young composer was obliged to give way to this no unusual saley of caprice. At first his despair was extreme: "If, after the occurrence in my last opera," exclaimed Rossini, "the first entrance of *Tancred* should be hissed, *tutta l'opera va a terra*."

The poor young man returned pensive to his lodgings. An idea comes into his head, he seizes his pen, and scribbles down some few lines; it is the famous *Tu che accendi*,—that which, of all airs in the world, has perhaps been sung the oftenest, and in the greatest number of places. The story goes at Venice, that the first idea of this delicious *cantilena*, so expressive of the joy of revisiting one's native shore after long years of absence, is taken from a Greek litany, which Rossini had heard some days before chanted at vespers, in a church on one of the islets of the Laguna, near Venice. At Venice, it is called the *aria dei rizi* (air of rice); the reason is this:—In Lombardy, every dinner, from that of the *gran signore* to that of the *piccolo maestro*, invariably begins with a plate of rice; and as they do not like their rice overdone, it is an invariable rule for the cook to come a few minutes before dinner is served up, with the important question—*bisogna mettere i rizi?*—(shall the rice be put down?) At the moment Rossini came home, in a state of desperation, his servant put the usual question to him; the rice was put on the fire, and before it was ready, Rossini had finished his celebrated *Di tanti palpiti*.

The overture captivated every heart. This was a fortunate omen for the composer. The national honour of the Venetians was still alive to the insult that had been offered them by the *obligato* accompaniment of the tin candlesticks. Rossini was conscious of this, and would not venture to take his place at the piano according to custom, and to the terms of his engagement. He anticipated the storm that awaited him, and had concealed himself under the stage, in the passage leading to the orchestra. After waiting for him in vain, the first violin, finding the moment of performance draw nigh, and that the public began to manifest signs of impatience, determined to commence the opera. This first *allegro* pleased so much, that during the applause and repeated bravos, Rossini crept from his hiding place, and slipped into his seat at the piano.

The following account of Rossini's mode of life, and of the manners of an Italian theatre, is amusing enough:—

Rossini visited in succession all the principal towns of Italy, remaining from three to four months in each. Wherever he arrived, he was received with acclamations, and fêted by the *dilettanti* of the place. The first fifteen or twenty days were passed with his friends, dining out, and shrugging up his shoulders at the nonsense of the *libretto* given him to set to music. At length, about three weeks before the first representation, having acquired a competent knowledge of the voices, he begins to write. He rises late, and passes the day in composing in the midst of the conversation of his new friends, who, with the most provoking politeness, will not quit him a single instant. The day of the first representation is now rapidly approaching, and yet he cannot resist the pressing solicitations of these friends to dine with them at a *osteria*. This, of course, leads to a supper; the sparkling Champagne circulates freely; the hours of morning steal on apace: at length, a compunctious visiting shoots across the mind of the truant *maestro*; he rises abruptly; his friends will see him to his own door; they parade the silent streets with "heads unbowed," shouting some musical impromptu, perhaps a portion of a *miserere*, to the great scandal and annoyance of the good Catholics in their beds. At length he reaches his home, and shutting himself in his chamber, is at this, to every-day mortals most ungenial, hour, visited by some of the most brilliant of his inspirations. These he hastily scratches down upon odds and ends of paper, and next morning arranges them, or, to use his own phrase, *instruments* them, amidst the same interruptions of conversation as before. At length the important evening of the first representation arrives. The *maestro* takes his place at the piano; the theatre overflows; people have flocked from ten leagues distance. The curious form an encampment around the theatre in their calashes; all the inns are filled to excess, where insolence reigns at its height. All occupations have ceased. At the moment of the performance, the town has the

aspect of a desert. All the passions, all the solicitudes, all the life of a whole population is concentrated in the theatre.

The overture commences; so intense is the attention, that the buzzing of a fly could be heard. On its conclusion, the most tremendous uproar ensues. It is either applauded to the clouds, or hissed, or rather howled at, without mercy. It is not in Italy, as it is in other countries, where the first representation is seldom decisive, and where either vanity or timidity prevents each man from intruding his individual opinion, lest it should be found in discordance with the opinion of the majority; in an Italian theatre, they shout, they scream, they stamp, they belabour the backs of the seats with their canes, with all the violence of persons possessed. It is thus that they force upon others the judgment which they have formed, and strive to prove that it is the only sound one; for, strange to say, there is no intolerance equal to that of the eminently sensitive. When you see a man moderate and reasonable in what regards the arts, begin to talk to him of history, politics, or political economy; such a man will make a distinguished magistrate, a good physician, a sound lawyer, an excellent academician: in a word, whatever you will, except an enthusiast in music or painting. At the close of each air, the same terrific uproar ensues; the bellows of an angry sea could give but a faint idea of its fury.

Such, at the same time, is the tact of an Italian audience, that they at once distinguish whether the merit of an air belongs to the singer or the composer. The cry is, *bravo David!* *Brava Pesaroni!* or the whole theatre resounds with *bravo maestro!* Rossini then rises from his place at the piano, his countenance wearing an air of great gravity—a thing very unusual with him—he makes three obeisances, which are followed by salvos of applause mingled with a variety of short and panegyric phrases. This done, they proceed to the next piece.

Rossini presides at the piano during the three first representations; after which, he receives his 800 or 1000 francs, is invited to a grand parting dinner, given by his friends, that is to say, by the whole town, and he then starts, *col veturino*, with his portmanteau much fuller of music paper than of other effects, to commence a similar course, in some other town forty miles distant. It is usual with him to write to his mother after the first three representations, and send her and his aged father two-thirds of the little sum he has received. He sets off with ten or twelve sequins in his pocket, the happiest of men, and doubly happy if chance should throw some fellow-traveller in his way, whom he can quiz in good earnest. On one occasion, as he was travelling *col veturino*, from Ancona to Reggio, he passed himself off for a master of music, a mortal enemy of Rossini, and filled up the time by singing the most execrable music imaginable to some of the words of his own best airs, to show his superiority to that animal Rossini, whom ignorant pretenders to taste had the folly to extol to the skies.

After composing operas for almost all the towns in the north of Italy, Rossini's introduction to the great musical capital of the south is thus described:—

The glory of Rossini at length reached Naples, where the astonishment was that there could be any great composer who was not a Neapolitan. The director of the theatre at Naples was M. Barbaja, formerly of Milan, who, from being a waiter at a coffee-house, had, by good luck at play, and, above all, by his lucrative situation of manager of a faro-bank, acquired a fortune of several millions of francs. Trained up to business at Milan, in the midst of French *fournisseurs*, who, in army contracts, made and dissipated a fortune every six months, he could not fail of acquiring a certain tact which was afterwards very useful to him. He had sufficient address to ingratiate himself into royal favour, and to obtain the post of director of the theatre *San Carlo*, as well as that of *Del Fondo*. He had judgment to see, that, from the manner in which the reputation of Rossini was gaining ground, this young composer, good or bad, right or wrong, would become the popular composer of the day. He therefore set off post, to find him out at Bologna. Rossini, accustomed to have to deal with poor devils of *impresarios*, who were almost always in a state of bankruptcy, was astonished at a visit from a *millionaire*, who would, probably, find it unworthy of his dignity to haggle about a few dozen sequins. An engage-

ment was offered and accepted on the spot. Afterwards, when arrived at Naples, Rossini signed a *scritura* for several years. He engaged to compose two new operas every year, and was moreover to arrange the music of all the operas M. Barbaja should think proper to produce, either in *San Carlo*, or the secondary theatre of *Del Fondo*. In consideration of this, he was to receive 12,000 francs per annum, as well as an interest in a bank for play, which was farmed out by M. Barbaja, and which brought in the composer some thirty or forty louis more yearly.

The musical direction of these two theatres, which Rossini had undertaken, without giving it a moment's reflection, is an immense task, a Herculean labour; incredible was the quantity of music he was obliged to transcribe and adjust, according to the compass of the voice of the different *donnas*, or according to the interest or caprice of their various patrons and protectors. This would have been sufficient to overwhelm a man of tender nerves or sombre habits; Mozart would have sunk under it. The gay and daring character of Rossini brought him through every obstacle, every snare that the envious laid to entrap him. All he saw in an enemy was a but for his fun and derision, in which he is a most perfect adept. Rossini entered with a light heart upon the heavy duties that had devolved upon him, and like the *Figaro* of his own *Barbiere*, undertook a thousand commissions that poured in upon him from every side. He got through them all with a smile, and a ready joke upon all who came in his way. This drew down upon him a host of enemies, the most sworn among whom, in the present year, was M. Barbaja himself, whom he has treated so unceremoniously as to marry his mistress. His engagement at Naples did not conclude till 1822, and has had a most decided influence upon his talents, his happiness, and the economy of his whole life.

Always happy, Rossini, towards the close of 1815, made his *début* at Naples in the most brilliant manner, with the serious opera of *Elizabetta, regina d'Inghilterra*. But in order to account for the success of the young composer, as well as for the mortifications by which he was surrounded after his arrival at Naples, we must for a moment retrace our steps. The personage possessing so great an influence at Naples; is a great sportsman, a great player at foot-ball, an indefatigable horseman; *un homme tout physique* (a man made up of physical qualities.) He possesses but one sentiment, and, it is more than probable that that sentiment itself is connected with these physical habits, and that is the love of hardy enterprise. As for the rest, he is a being without a heart either for good or evil; a being totally devoid of all moral sensibility of every kind, as it becomes a true sportsman to be. He has been called avaricious; this is an exaggeration, he cannot bear to transfer a guinea from one hand to another, but he will sign as many bonds upon his treasury as you please. King Ferdinand had languished nine years in Sicily, imprisoned as it were in the midst of people who were constantly annoying him with the terms parliament, finances, balance of power, and other outlandish words, which he could not comprehend, and, indeed, had no wish so to do. He arrives at Naples, and lo, one of the finest objects of his beloved city, that which of all others claimed the deepest regrets during his long absence, the magnificent theatre of *San Carlo*, is destroyed by fire in a single night. It is said that the monarch felt the blow more severely than the loss of a kingdom, or at least of a dozen battles. In the midst of his despair, a man presents himself before him, who says: "Sire, this immense theatre which the flames have devoured, I engage to rebuild in nine months, and more beautiful than it was yesterday." M. Barbaja kept his word. On entering the new *San Carlo*, 12th of January, 1817, the King of Naples for the first time during twelve years, felt himself really a king. From this moment M. Barbaja was the first man in the kingdom. This first man of the kingdom, this director of theatres, and speculator in banks for play, was also the protector of the Signora Colbrand, his first singer, who made a fool of him all day long, and of course had him entirely under her control. Signora Colbrand, now Madame Rossini, was from 1806 to 1815, one of the first singers of Europe. But voices, like other things, are not made to last for ever, and accordingly in 1815, it began to lose its power; or if we may venture to apply to her a term that is applied to vulgar singers, she began to *sing false*. From 1816 to 1822, Signora Colbrand usually sang a note too high or a note

too low; such singing would any where else have been called *execrable*; but it was not proper to say so at Naples. In spite of this little inconvenience, Signora Colbrand did not the less continue to be the first singer of the theatre *San Carlo*, and was constantly applauded. Surely this may be reckoned as one of the most flattering triumphs of despotism. If there is one feeling more predominant than another among the Neapolitan people, it doubtless is that of music. Well, during five little years, from 1816 to 1822, this people, all fire, have been mortified in a manner the most galling, and that in the dearest of their pleasures. M. Barbaja was led by his mistress, who protected Rossini; he paid to the monarch, *questo che bisognava pagare*,* (such is the Neapolitan phrase); he was beloved by this prince, it was necessary to support the part of his mistress. Twenty times have I been at *San Carlo*, Signora Colbrand began an air; she sung so miserably out of tune, that it was impossible to endure it. I saw my neighbours desert the pit; their nerves were horrified, but they did not say a word. Let it be denied after this, that terror is the principle of despotic government, and that this principle can work miracles! to obtain silence from a Neapolitan in his wrath!

The following characteristic anecdote is related of the opera of *Edoardo e Cristina*, which was produced at Venice in the spring of 1819.

Rossini, who was at this time desperately in love with Signora Chaumel, or *Comelli*, as the name was Italianized, could not tear himself away from Naples till within a fortnight previous to the opening of the theatre of Venice. To pacify the impatience of the *impresario*, he had transmitted to him from time to time a quantity of charming pieces of music. The words, it is true, were somewhat different from those that had been sent him from Venice; but who pays any attention to the words of a serious opera? It is always the same thing over again, *felicità, felice ognora, crude stelle, &c.*; and at Venice nobody reads a *libretto serio*, not even, I believe, the *impresario* who pays for it. At length, only nine days before the first representation, Rossini appears. The opera begins; it is applauded with transport; but unfortunately there was a Neapolitan merchant in the pit, who sung the *motivo* of all the new pieces, even before the singers began them. His neighbours were all amazement. He was asked where he had heard the new music. "New music!" said he, "why this is from *Ermine* and *Ricciardo*, things we have been applauding at Naples these six months. I was just going to ask you why you had changed the title of the opera. The duet, *Ah, nati in ver noi siamo*, which is one of the prettiest things, in *Ricciardo*, Rossini has changed into the cavatina of your new opera; and what is still better, he has not even altered the words." During the divertisement and the ballet, this fatal piece of news was circulated every where, and the *caffés* were full of *dilattanti*, who were seen conning the matter over, and endeavouring, as well as they could, to qualify their admiration. At Milan, such a thing would have roused the national vanity into fury; at Venice it only raised a laugh. Ancillo, a delightful poet, penned upon the spot a sonnet on the unhappiness of Venice, and the happiness of Signora Comelli. In the mean time, the poor *impresario*, distracted, and with ruin staring him in the face, runs to look for Rossini; he finds him: "Well what did I promise you?" says the latter with all the *sang-froid* imaginable, "to write something for you that should be applauded. This has been successful; *e tanto basta*. Besides, if you had but common sense, would you not have perceived by the soiled and worn edges of the copy, that it was only old music, I was sending you from Naples? go to, for an *impresario*! who ought to be more rogue than fool, and you are only the latter."

In the October of the same year appeared the *Donna del Lago*, on the theatre *San Carlo*, at Naples. The following is the account given of its first reception.

The public could not separate Rossini from the general discontent that was felt against M. Barbaja and the Signora Colbrand. Impatience at last rose to its height, and made itself

* What it was necessary to pay.

heard in a manner that could not be misinterpreted. I have seen Rossini quite ill with the *hisses* that resounded from every part of this vast interior. This, in a man of his natural indifference, and who feels a perfect confidence in his merits, spoke volumes. This took place at the first representation of the *Donna del Lago*."

The first scene created a feeling of pleasure. The solitary lake in the land of Ossian, with its interesting inhabitant guiding her solitary bark to the shore, gave a tone to the feelings altogether favourable to the character of the piece. Signora Colbran guiding her little bark with admirable grace, sung her first air, and very well. The public was all impatience for an opportunity to hiss, but none was afforded them. The duet with Davide that followed was equally well sung. At length Nozzari appeared, in the character of *Roderick Dhu*; he had to enter from the back ground, and from the nature of the scenery was placed at an immense distance from the orchestra. His part began by a strong *portamento di voce*. He swelled his voice into a magnificent burst that might almost have been heard to the *Strada di Toledo*. But as from the situation in which he stood, he could not hear the orchestra, unfortunately this burst of voice was nearly half a tone too low. I shall never forget the sudden outcry of the pit, delighted with a pretext to show their disapprobation. A menagerie of hungry lions let loose upon their prey, *Æolus* unchaining the furious winds, could convey but a faint idea of the scene.

Nothing can convey an adequate idea of the fury of a Neapolitan public, when either offended by a false note, or furnished with some just cause for satisfying an ancient grudge.

The air of Nozzari was followed by the appearance of a number of bards, who come to animate the Scottish troops to battle by the sound of their harps. This finale for three choirs is evidently an attempt on the part of Rossini to rival the ball-scene in *Don Giovanni*, with its three orchestras. The military march with its splendid trumpet accompaniment, heard in contrast with the chorus of bards is very striking. This first representation took place on a gala day; the theatre was illuminated, and the court was not present to place any restraints on the uproarious spirit of the audience. Nothing could equal the extreme hilarity of a number of young officers who filled *per privilegio* the five first rows of the pit, and who had drank deeply to the health of their king, as all good and loyal subjects should do. One of these gentlemen, at the first sound of the trumpets, began to imitate with his cane, the sound of a horse in full gallop. The public were struck with the facetiousness of the idea, and, in an instant, the pit is full of five hundred imitators, who join in this novel accompaniment. The ears of the poor *maestro*, however found neither novelty nor pleasure in such an addition to his music, it was but too ominous of the fate of his opera, and he sat upon thorns, in expectation of the fate that awaited him.

The same night he had to set off post to Milan, to fulfil an engagement, which had for some time been contracted there. We afterwards learnt that, with his usual spirit of gasconade, he had spread the report, both on the road and at Milan, that the *Donna del Lago* had been applauded to the skies. He thought he was telling a fib, and ought to enjoy all the honours of it, yet all the while he was only telling the truth. The fact is, that on the following day, the public was too candid not to acknowledge the act of injustice into which they had been betrayed, and, accordingly, the next evening the opera was hailed with all the applause which it so justly merits. The trumpet accompaniment was softened down by diminishing half the number of instruments, which on the first evening were really deafening.

I recollect that the same evening, after the opera, the *Principessa di Belmont*, exclaimed; "Oh, if the poor Rossini could but know of his success, what a consolation it would be to him on his journey! How melancholy he must be jogging along at this moment!" Little did we dream of the piece of gasconism he had been playing off on the road.

The following anecdote is related of the *Mosè*, known among us under the title of *Pietro L'Eremita*.

In the third act, the poet Tortola, had sadly perplexed the mechanists of the theatre by the introduction of the passage of

the Red Sea; he did not reflect that the execution of this part of the story was not so easy as the plague of darkness. From the situation of the pit, it is impossible to give a view of the sea except in the distance; in the present instance, it was absolutely necessary that it should appear more in the front ground, in order to represent the passage of the Israelites with effect. The mechanist of *San Carlo*, in attempting to resolve this important problem, had fallen most wofully into the ludicrous. The pit beheld the sea raised five or six feet above its banks, and the boxes overlooking the waves, saw the little lazaroni whose business it was to roll backwards the silken waves at the voice of *Moses*. The whole house burst into laughter, but they were good natured in their merriment; they would not be angry, and repressed those hisses, which an audience of our own would not have failed to pour forth without mercy.

The following season this opera was resumed with the same enthusiastic admiration of the first act, and the same burst of laughter at the passage of the Red Sea. The following day, one of my friends called about noon on Rossini, who, as usual, was lounging in his bed, and giving audience to a dozen of his friends; when to the great amusement of all, in rushed the poet Tortola, who, without saluting any one, exclaimed, *Maestro! Maestro! he salvato l'alto torzo*.—"Eh! che hai fatto? go. Maestro! I have saved the third act!" "Eh! what can you have done, my good friend?" replied Rossini, mimicking the half-burlesque, half-pedantic manner of this poor son of the muses; "depend upon it they will laugh in our faces as usual." "Maestro! I have made a prayer for the Hebrews before the passage of the Red Sea."—"Upon this the poet pulls from his pocket a large bundle of papers, as formidable as a lawyer's brief, and given them to Rossini, who immediately set about deciphering the desperate scrawl. While he is reading the poet salutes the company smilingly all around, every moment whispering in the composer's ear; *Maestro, è lavoro d'un ora*.—"He? lavoro d'un ora."—"What! the work of an hour!" exclaimed Rossini. The poor poet, shrinking into nothing, and trembling lest the composer should play off upon him one of his usual practical jokes, shrugs up his shoulders, forces out a laugh, and looking at Rossini, exclaimed, *Sì, signor; sì, Signor Maestro!*—"Well, if it has taken you an hour to write this prayer, I engage to make the music in a quarter of the time; here, give me a pen and ink." At these words, Rossini jumps out of bed, seats himself at a table *en chemise*, and in eight or ten minutes at the farthest, had composed this sublime movement, without any piano, and in the midst of the chatter of the conversation of his friends. "There," said Rossini, "there is your music, away about your business." The poet is off like lightning, and Rossini jumped into bed, and joins in the general laugh at poor Tortola's parting look of amazement. The following evening I did not fail to repair in good time to *San Carlo*. The same transports attended the first act; but when they came to the famous passage of the Red Sea, there were the same pleasantries, and the same disposition to laugh.

But this was repressed the instant *Moses* began the new and sublime air, *Dal tuo stellato eaglio*. This is the prayer that all the people repeat after *Moses* in chorus. Surprised at this novelty the pit was all attention. This beautiful chorus is in the minor key; *Aaron* takes it up and the people continue it. Last of all, *Elcia* addresses the same vows to heaven, the people answer; at this moment they all throw themselves on their knees and repeat the same prayer with enthusiasm; the prodigy is wrought, the sea opens to present a passage to the chosen people. The last part of the movement is in the major key. It would be difficult to give an idea of the thunder of applause that resounded from every part of the theatre. The spectators leaned over the boxes to applaud, exclaiming, *bello! bello! o che bello!* Never did I behold such a furor, which was rendered still more striking by the contrast it presented to the previous disposition of the house to be merry.

In spite of the quantity of Music Rossini has composed, he is said to be a man of indolent habits. Of this the following anecdote related of his earlier years bears testimony.

During his residence in Venice, in 1813, he lodged in a little room at one of the small inns. When the weather was cold he

used to lie and write his music in bed, in order to save the expense of firing. On one of these occasions, a duet which he had just finished, for the new opera, *Il Figlio per Azzeardo*, slipped from the bed, and fell on the floor. Rossini looked for it in vain from under the bed clothes, it had fallen under the bed. After many a painful effort, he crept from his snug place, and leaned over the side of the bed to look for it. He sees it, but it lies beyond the reach of his arm; he makes one or two ineffectual efforts to reach it, he is half frozen with cold, and wrapping himself up in the coverlid exclaims; "Curse the duet; I will write it over again; there will be nothing difficult in this, since I know it by heart." He began again, but not a single idea could be retraced; he sits about for some time, he scrawls, but no note can be recalled. Still his indolence will not let him get out of bed to reach the unfortunate papers. "Well, he exclaims in a fit of impatience, I will re-write the whole duet. Let such composers as are rich enough keep fires in their chambers; I can't afford it. There let the confounded paper lie. It has fallen, and it would not be lucky to pick it up again."

He had scarcely finished the second duet when one of his friends entered. "Have the goodness, to reach me the duet that lies under the bed." The friend poked it out with his cane, and gave it to Rossini. "Come," says the composer, snuggling close in his bed, "I will sing you these two duets, and do you tell me which pleases you best." His friend gave the preference to the first; the second was too rapid, and too lively for the situation in which it was to stand. Another thought came into Rossini's head; he seized his pen, and without loss of time, worked it up into a *terzetto* for the same opera. The person from whom I had this anecdote, assures me, that there was not the slightest resemblance between the two duets. The *terzetto* finished, Rossini dressed himself in haste, cursing the cold the whole time, and set off with his friend to the *casino* to warm himself and take a cup of coffee. After this, he sent the lad of the *casino* with the duet and *terzetto* to the copyist of San Mosè, to be inserted in the score.

In closing our extracts from this lively volume, we must, in justice to the translator, say, that he has judiciously rejected the wild *verbiage* with which the French work is overrun, and condensed all that is really worth preserving into a moderate bulk, and digested form. The facts, of course, rest on the authority of the French writer—be he Stendahl, Beale, or Bombet—let him take what name he pleases!

FOREIGN MUSICAL REPORT.

VIENNA. The principal Italian operas performed here during the autumn season, have been *Armida*, *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, *La Semiramide*, and *Macometto*. In the latter opera, the cautious composer has allowed the principal character, which was composed for Madame Colbran Rossini, to be heard only in concerted pieces; and has carefully avoided exposing her powers in an air. This has proved prejudicial to Madame Fodor's talents, who is thereby prevented from shining in her proper sphere. The birth-day of the director, Signor Domenico Barbaja, was lately celebrated here, and with two-fold honours: on the first evening by his countrymen, who paid their respects to him *alla maniera Italiana*, and treated him with Rossinian *bon bons*; on the second evening the German singers gave him a serenade in the street, which was applauded by the Italians from the windows above, with all the furor and stormy vehemence natural to this nation.

BERLIN. The principal operas performed here during the last months have been the *Freyschutz* of Von Weber, the *Swiss Family of Weigl*, the *Zauberflöte* of Mozart, the *Fidelio* of Beethoven, and *La Molinara* of Paisiello.

SPA. M. Moscheles gave a concert here, and which was very numerously attended, principally by English, though this place is much less frequented than formerly. A warm welcome was given to an artist who has before delighted this part of the world. He is on his way to Vienna, where doubtless fresh laurels await him.

MILAN. The operatic corps at present here is as follows: *prime donne*, Madame Bellocchi, Rosa Morandi, and Brigita Lorenzani; *primi tenori*, Luigi Mari, Luigi Sirlotti, and Stefano Lenzerini; *primo basso*, Filippo Galli; *primo basso comico*, Nicola de Grecia. The Scala opened with *Zoraida*, which was followed by *La Gazza Ladra*, *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, and *Otello*. Afterwards was produced what was called a new opera, by Pacini, entitled *La bella Tavernaja*, ossia *le Avventure d'una Notte*. But it was found to be nothing else than *La Gioventù di Enrico V.*, which had been produced at Rome in the carnival of 1820, vamped up under a new title. The whole opera is but a poor imitation of Rossini, and of Rossini not in his happier moments. The audience appeared completely wearied out, and seemed happy to escape from annoyance and disgust.

The theatre *Carcano* opened with *Teobaldo ed Isolina*, which had a considerable run. This was followed by the *Prevedenti Delusi* of Mosca, which was performed eight nights, and the *Ciotilda* of Coccia, which was given three times only. They were followed by Mercadante's *Elisa e Claudio*, which had a considerable run, and by the *Adelina* of Generali.

Drouet gave a second series of concerts here, but as he only produced the same pieces over again, his success was but mediocre.

A large MSS. was lately cleared of the accumulated dust of years that had gathered round it in the Ambrosian library, and it was found to contain nine manuscript masses of Josquin des Pres. Almost all of them have particular titles; the first is thus designated, *Josquin, quem dicunt Homines*: the second, *Josquin, de nostrâ Dominâ*: the third, *Josquin, malheur me bat*: the fifth, *Morales*: the sixth, *M. de la Rue*, *Quarti*: the seventh, *Josquin, Quarti*: the eighth, *Josquin, ave Maria*: the ninth, *Josquin, la sol fa mi re*. The question is whether this volume is unique, or whether these masses are known to exist in any other depository of ancient music.

PARIS. Among the institutions for singing in this city, that of the *Ecole Royale especial de chant*, under the direction of M. Choron, is particularly distinguished. This gentleman is already known to the public for many works upon music, as well as for his indefatigable zeal in its cause, and though a profound mathematician, he has devoted his attention exclusively to music, and has succeeded in establishing an institution, which is now under royal protection, and in which a certain number of pupils are maintained. M. Choron makes frequent visits to the provinces in search of fit subjects for his establishment. Those who are not gifted by nature with the necessary qualifications, are not received, whatever patronage may be exerted in their behalf; M. Choron cannot therefore fail to attain the great object of his efforts. He may not be considered as the real inventor of the system of mutual instruction. It is now twelve years since he first began to practise this mode of tuition, which he taught at that period in several schools gratis. In the institution above named, there is a weekly exhibition, for which a certain number of cards of invitation are issued. A selection of compositions for the voice, from the first masters, with accompaniments for the piano, is given by the pupils. A connoisseur who was present at one of these meetings has assured us that some of these pieces were admirably given, and that some of the female voices were of the greatest promise. Among many other compositions Scarlatti's excellent madrigal, *Cor mio*, was performed by five among them without any accompaniment; it lasted for ten minutes, and was given with such precision, that not one of the voices had sunk a single comma.

LAUSANNE. The great Swiss music-meeting, the eleventh since its establishment, took place this year in this romantic town. The festivity lasted three days; on the first there was a general rehearsal in the cathedral church, which, from the nature of the building, is unfortunately not favourable to music. The whole body of musicians and singers amounted to above three hundred, under the direction of M. Taillez of Strasburg, whose zeal in the cause we must commend, though we cannot do the same with respect to his mode of showing it. His manner of beating time is too violent and *outré*, and his furious stamping and vigorous exercise of his musical baton might well have been dispensed with. The second day's performance lasted from three till nearly seven. It opened with Haydn's splendid Symphony in E flat, which begins with a roll of kettle drums. The minuet was omitted as too gay for a church. This was followed by an Italian Cantata by Bontempo, which, from the frequent pauses in the choruses, presented considerable difficulties, which however were tolerably surmounted. This was followed by an overture of Niedermeyer, in the Rossinian style, and therefore of a gay and hurried character, not exactly adapted to a church. A selection from Rossini's *Mosé*, with the Italian text, was next given with great effect, with the exception of the celebrated *Preghiera*.

After a pause of about half an hour, the second part began with the overture of the *Freyeschütz*, which was executed with great spirit, but whether such a composition is suited to a church is another question. This was followed by the *Mount of Olives*, by Beethoven, which, on the whole, went off excellently, as it was music with which most of the performers were familiar. The effect of this composition, as well upon connoisseurs as amateurs, was indecipherable. Among three thousand spectators there was but one feeling on the subject: it was the triumph of the whole music feast.

On the third day a concert was given in the theatre. It opened with an overture by H. Späth, organist of Morges, which was feeble and trivial. Next came an air from Cherubini's *Saul*, which was striking, but spoiled in a great measure by the misplaced roulades of the singer. The celebrated quartett from Righieni's *Jerusalem Liberata*, came next, and was sung with considerable effect. A concerto for the piano, composed and performed by Neidermayer, a young artist of great promise, who to great power unites great feeling, gave much satisfaction. The first part concluded with an air from the *Mosé*, which was sung with great taste by Signora Zamara, a young Italian lady, who was greeted with three rounds of applause.

The second part opened with the duet from *Achilles*, which did not succeed, as the voices accorded very ill with each other, but amends were made by a solo on the clarinet, which was full of tenderness and feeling. This was followed by an air of Regnier, a romance of Biondini, with an accompaniment for the harp, piano, and flute by Moschelles, entitled *L'Avenir, le Présent et le Passé*, and the terminating quartetto of *Ricciardo e Zoraide*, the whole of which was excellently performed, but the performers seemed to forget the situation in which they stood, and gave themselves too many theatrical airs.

It may be truly said that the present has been the most splendid of all the meetings of this kind in Switzerland, and it augurs well for the interests of music in this romantic country. When it is considered what difficulties attend such a meeting as this, where so many artists are assembled, and particularly so many choirs are united who are strangers to each other, some trifling errors will be easily overlooked, and it will be rather a matter of surprise, that such general correctness and precision could prevail. All was unanimity, harmony, and good feeling in this meeting, which cannot but prove beneficial in more senses than one. It must tend at once to advance the interests of music, and of patriotic feeling.

The whole concluded with a banquet given in the great town-hall, to which all the artists were invited, and which was filled with numerous and respectable company. It was admirably conducted. The hall was splendidly illuminated and hung with festoons of flowers, among which were intermingled the escutcheons of the twenty-two Swiss cantons. Both ends were adorned with two large transparencies representing Harmony and Apollo instructing the Muses. But the most pleasing spectacle was a

group of children, who were arranged at the end of the hall, and performed Haydn's celebrated symphony, entitled *Berechtholdsgeden*, in which various children's instruments are introduced, a musical *jeu d'esprit* which he composed for the younger branches of the Esterhazy family. It was given with great spirit, under the direction of the son of M. Chavannes, the mayor of the town, who sung a pleasing and appropriate song with chorus, written by Mad. Chavannes for the occasion, which, from the patriotic sentiments which it contained, produced a powerful impression upon the spectators, and was applauded to the very echo. Many, many years may this music-feast be celebrated by the united inhabitants of Switzerland, in the bosom of peace, and in the undisturbed possession of their rights! This meeting has already taught the Swiss to feel the want of a musical society, to promote the interests of music, and accordingly a plan has already been set on foot for the establishment of one under the title of *Société de Musique Cantonale*: may every success attend so laudable an enterprise!

ST. PETERSBURG. The *Journal de Musique*, which we mentioned in a former number*, as being announced shortly to make its appearance, experienced considerable patronage at its first starting, but is now out of fashion, for, in Russia particularly, music is under the influence of this capricious goddess. Those concerts only are frequented which are by artists now in fashion; that music only is played which proceeds from the pen of composers who are in vogue; for example Field, Hummel, and Rossini—Mozart and Beethoven are almost laid upon the shelf; and in a word, those teachers of music only are sought after who happen to be in the rage.

With respect to church music here, the choir of the Imperial chapel is, perhaps, unrivalled in all Europe. The best voices in the empire are selected for this purpose, and in sopranos in particular it is no where to be equalled. All the foreign artists who visit this place express their unqualified approbation of the superior manner in which this choir is conducted. The chapel is under the direction of M. Bortnansky, who composes, or at least arranges the whole of the music sung. A M. Kolowsky has also produced many admired compositions for the use of this chapel. The effect produced by a union of so many excellencies is truly grand and imposing. Like the music of the Sextine chapel, the compositions are executed by voices only. Sometimes a superior voice is heard singing a solo, which is taken up by the rest and supported throughout, after the manner of an instrument *obbligato*.

STOCKHOLM. A new Journal of Music has lately appeared here. Should the undertaking be successful, it will augur well for the interests of music in the north.

THE DRAMA.

THE KING'S THEATRE.

EXPECTATION was raised to a great height on Saturday the 24th of last month, by the opening of this theatre in a newly-decorated state, and by a new opera; but that which excited the most vivid curiosity of all, was the promised introduction to a British public of the universally-fashionable composer of the day, Signor Gioacchino Rossini, who, it was announced, would upon this occasion conduct his own opera, *Zelmira*, in person. We will first say a few words of the embellishments of the theatre. These have been made by Signor Zara, the scene painter to the establishment, and, upon the whole, do his taste much credit. The colour of the *Salle du Théâtre*, or audience part, is a light green, relieved with a shade of the same colour. The curtains of the boxes are rose; the ceiling is blue, and divided into nine compartments, in each of which is painted a muse. Above the proscenium are the royal arms, in stone-coloured relief. Along the upper part of the principal circle of

* See *HARMONICON*, No. XII., page 201.

boxes, a range of arches is carried, in gold moulding, and below each arch is a crown proper. The other boxes have light gilt ornaments scattered over the pannels of the fronts, and all the boxes are divided from each other by a plain, slender pilaster. A very considerable degree of elegance is given to the appearance of the house, and as much has been done by the artist as the means by which he was limited would allow. But the *beau monde* are not satisfied with effect produced, as falling far short of what was expected in magnificence. The hangings of the boxes have a faded appearance, and are not made of silk, as they ought to have been, but of a kind of fustian, edged with a yellow galloon of the same fabric, giving not only a very inferior mean look to the house, but damping the sound in a most injurious manner. The drop curtain is newly painted: the ground is crimson, studded with gold stars, with a deep fringe of the same. The lustre from the centre, has been newly modelled, and is very superb.

The serious opera of *Zelmira* was brought out at Naples in 1822, it was prepared for the composer by A. L. Tottola, who altered it from the tragedy by M. de Belloy, author of *Gabrielle de Vergy*. The dramatic part is the most weak and absurd of all modern compositions of that kind, and such is the perplexity of the plot, that it is difficult to furnish any outline of it. We, however, must attempt the task, after giving the persons of the drama, and their representatives, which are as follows:

ZELMIRA, daughter of Polidoro . . .	Mad. COLBRAN ROSSINI.
EMMA, her friend	Mad. VESTRIS.
ILLO, a Trojan Prince, the husband of Zelmira	Sig. GARCIA.
ANTENORE, the usurper	Sig. CURIONI.
POLIDORO, King of Lesbos	Sig. PLACOI.
LEUCIPPO, a general, and friend of Antenore	Sig. PORTO.
EACIDE	Sig. FRANCESCHI.

A High Priest and Priests. Chorusses of Ladies; of the people of Lesbos; and of Warriors of Mitylene

The scene is at Lesbos, and the period, any time before the Trojan war.

A King of Lesbos, *Polidoro*, is dethroned by the governor of Mitylene, and the latter is assassinated by *Antenore*, who, by the assistance of *Leucippe*, is proclaimed king of the two countries. *Zelmira* pretends to divulge to the tyrant that her father has taken sanctuary in the temple of Ceres, which in consequence, is immediately ordered to be set on fire, and the daughter is supposed to be the cause of the horrid act. Her husband, *Illo*, returns at this moment from the wars, and is made to believe his wife guilty of a cruel parricide. But her royal parent has found an asylum in a subterranean recess which serves as the tomb of his ancestors. At length he appears, proves his daughter's innocence and filial care, and is re-established on the throne by his son-in-law, who overcomes the usurper, and is reinstated as lawful heir to the crown of Lesbos.

Out of these materials, Rossini has formed an opera that ought to be classed amongst his best works; but as it is our intention to examine it carefully in our Review of Music for next month, we shall add no more concerning its merits here. We have already furnished our subscribers with four pieces from it, and we had the pleasure to observe that three of them produced greater effect than most of the others,—" *Cara, deh attendimi*," " *Ciel pietoso!*" and the *Marcia festiva*.

Madame Colbran Rossini, who now made her first appearance in England, has long been known in Italy, chiefly at Naples, as a great singer: her style is pure, and her ornaments are graceful without being redundant. The delivery of her voice is in the manner of the best schools; what remains of it is sweet, but we fear that devouring Time has not left much of the original substance for us to judge by, and that her power will be found quite inadequate to the parts which she will have to sustain, and to the capacity of the theatre that she ought to be able to fill. *Zelmira* has not pleased, it must be admitted; why, we cannot tell: perhaps the reason is, that the music is too

good. It was written for David, and other persons with voices of unusual compass, and necessarily has been much transposed here, to adapt it to the performers engaged this season. Some little of its effect was certainly injured by these unavoidable alterations; and, for want of strength in the principal singer, the concerted pieces were materially deteriorated. This may account in part for its not having been received with general approbation; but after all, it will only account in part.

The orchestra is much improved by placing the *Mesestre*, who presides at the piano-forte, in the centre; the disposition of some of the wind-instruments is also altered for the better: but two individual changes have been made that will more than balance the good resulting from the other arrangements:—Mori, one of the finest violin-players in Europe, and highly qualified by long experience for leading the Ballet, is displaced without any cause; and Mackintosh, the best bassoon-player in England, is thrown out, to make way for a stranger, whose tones on the night of opening, excited,—not that pleasure and admiration which this instrument has hitherto never failed to produce in the orchestra of the King's Theatre, but downright laughter.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

A NEW comic opera was produced at this theatre on Tuesday, January 18th, under the title of *PHILANDERING, or the ROSE QUEEN*, written by Mr. Beaseley, the author of several very diverting pieces; the music composed and selected by Mr. C. E. Horn.

The following are the characters:—

COUNT AMARANTH, (in love with Matilda) . . .	Mr. BRAHAM.
PHILANDER, (in love with Emile) . . .	Mr. LISTON.
ANSELMO, (privately married to Lisette) . . .	Mr. MERCER.
JEROME, (a jolly old peasant) . . .	Mr. DOWTON.
PIERRE, (a severe old peasant) . . .	Mr. TERRY.
BLAISE, (in love with Pauline) . . .	Mr. KNIGHT.
LEONI LAPAIS, (Village Schoolmaster) . . .	Mr. HARLEY.
MATILDA, (in love with Count Amaranth) . . .	Miss FORDE.
EMILE, (in love with Philander) . . .	Miss STEPHENS.
PAULINE, (Jerome's daughter) . . .	Mad. VESTRIS.
LISETTE, (Pierre's daughter) . . .	Miss SMITHSON.

The materials are avowedly borrowed from the French opera of *Joconde*, which, as the readers of Italian poetry well know, is formed upon the episode of Astolpho and his squire, in Ariosto. Of this piece there seems to be but one opinion, in which we concur. But it runs:—*tant mieux* for the house, and as the present is not quite the Augustan age of the drama, there is nothing surprising in the success of *Philandering*.

The original music in this opera we shall have to notice in a future Review. The selected part, from Mozart chiefly, is well chosen and judiciously introduced. *Così fan tutte* has supplied most of the concerted pieces, amongst which, set of course to English words, are *Di serivermi ogni giorno*; *Sento, oh dio!* and part of the finale to the first act, which is applied to a similar purpose by Mr. Horn. A duet by the same composer, together with other pieces, were omitted the night we were present, and are, we suppose, cut out. A song from Caraffa is very beautiful. The finale to the last act is the popular French air, *C'est l'Amour*, very well harmonized.

This opera owes its success to the strong manner in which it is cast—Mad. Vestris, Miss Stephens, and Braham, aided by such performers as Liston, Downton, Terry, and Harley, would enable an ancient mystery to triumph. Would they were better employed!

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

Mr. Sinclair has appeared as *Carlos*, in the *Duenna*, with Miss Paton, in the character of *Clara*; the only musical novelty attempted last month at this theatre, and we regret to say, that we had no opportunity of hearing it; for it was unexpectedly suspended, by Mr. Sinclair's quitting town for a provincial engagement.



Portrait of him

FERDINAND RIES.

THE HARMONICON.

No. XV., MARCH, 1824.

MEMOIR OF FERDINAND RIES.

MR. RIES furnishes a strong exception to the usual remark of the quiet and unvaried course of the lives of those who devote themselves to art. His early years appear to have been marked by much change, and even adventure; his fate, in more instances than one, might almost be said to have been mixed up with public destinies, and crossed by public events. The French armies, indeed, whether under the earlier revolutionary generals, or under Napoleon, seem to have made him the peculiar object of their pursuit; for no fewer than four times were his interests immediately and deeply affected by their approach—a circumstance sufficiently strange to occur to one devoted to the cultivation of an art so eminently of peace. But we must not anticipate our narrative.

Italy and Germany seem to have an almost undisputed monopoly of giving birth to great names in music. Mr. Ries is a native of the latter "Land of Song." He was born at Bonn, in the year 1785, and appears to have inherited his fondness for his art; his father being director of the orchestra of the Elector of Cologne, in which his grandfather had formerly been first violin*. Like many others who have become eminent musicians, his taste and capabilities manifested themselves very early; as, at five years old, he began his musical education under his father, and afterwards under Bernhard Bomberg, the celebrated violoncello player. He was already promised a situation in the Elector's band, in the event of his answering the expectation to which he had given rise, when the French revolutionary army appeared, and in the general clearance which it made of every thing existing, swept away the electoral orchestra among the rest. The elder Ries was peculiarly unfortunate, as he was not only deprived of his post, but also lost a part of his property. Having a large family, the confusion incident on these misfortunes prevented much attention being, for some time, paid to the instruction of his son; who, nevertheless, composed a minuet when he was only nine years old—his first effort in that line in which

he has since become so distinguished. He appears, at this time, to have studied more from books, than under personal tuition; especially thorough-bass, in which, having no competent instructor, he was obliged to content himself with what knowledge he could acquire from the best writers on the subject. At last, when he was about thirteen, a friend of his father took him to Arnsberg, in Westphalia, for the purpose of learning thorough-bass and composition, from an organ-player of some celebrity in that neighbourhood. But, alas! the good people of Arnsberg seem to have been very ignorant, or very indulgent in granting musical reputation; for the pupil proved so much the more able to teach of the two, that the organist was obliged to give the matter up at once, and proposed to young Ries to teach him the violin instead. As a *pis-aller*, this was accepted; and Ries remained at Arnsberg about nine months, after which he returned home. Here he remained upwards of two years, improving himself in his art, with great industry. He used, as exercises, to occupy himself in putting Haydn's and Mozart's quartetts into score, and arranging them for the piano-forte; as well as the *Creation*, the *Seasons*, Mozart's *Requiem*, &c. Many of these have since been anonymously published.

At length, in the year 1801, he went to Munich with the same friend who had formerly taken him to Arnsberg. Here he was thrown upon his own resources; and throughout the trying and dispiriting circumstances which, with slight exception, attended the next years of his life, he appears to have displayed a firmness, an energy, and an independence of mind, the more honourable, perhaps, from the very early age at which they were called into action. At Munich, Mr. Ries was left by his friend, with little money, and but very slender prospects. He tried for some time to procure pupils, but was at last reduced to copy music at three-pence per sheet. With this scanty pittance, he not only continued to keep himself free from embarrassments, but saved a few ducats to take him to Vienna, where he had hopes of patronage and advancement from Beethoven. This celebrated man had been, in early life, the intimate friend of Mr. Ries's father; and the young man had (perhaps in consequence) made his works his chief and favourite study. He set out from Munich with only seven ducats, and reached Vienna before they were exhausted! His hopes from his

* It appears, indeed, to be a very musical family; for we have lately seen, in the *Zeitung für die Elegante Welt*, the account of the debut, at Cambré, as a violin-player, of a brother of Mr. Ries, a pupil of Spohr, whose success appears to have been so great, that he was frequently interrupted in the midst of his solo, by the applause of the whole audience.

father's early friend were not disappointed; Beethoven received him with a cordial kindness, alas! but too rare from men who have risen to eminence and distinction, towards those whose claim upon them is founded on the reminiscences of their humbler state. He at once took the young man under his immediate care and tuition; advanced him pecuniary loans, which his subsequent conduct converted to gifts; and allowed him to be the first to take the title of his pupil, and to appear in public as such.

At the arrival of Ries at Vienna, Beethoven was engaged in the composition of *The Mount of Olives*,—and as he was pressed for time, the first services rendered by his pupil were corrections of parts, &c., during the progress of this celebrated work. On the occasion of the young man's first appearance in public, Beethoven gave him his celebrated concerto in C minor, which was then in manuscript. Mr. Ries asked him to compose a cadenza for him, but Beethoven desired him to do it himself, and said that he would correct it. This was accordingly done, and the great composer was much pleased with his pupil's production,—with the exception of one difficult and ambitious passage, which he said was too dangerous to be attempted in public, by a pupil making his *débüt*. But with the true *philoprogenitiveness* of all authors—whether their art be music, poetry, or painting,—the young aspirant could not be persuaded to give up a favourite passage, and did not alter it. A few days before he was to appear, Beethoven made him play over the cadenza,—and as he stumbled at the passage, again cautioned him not to attempt it, as he could not make sure of it. The young man's pride was touched;—he went home, and practised over and over this fateful passage, till he was persuaded he had mastered it completely. At length the day arrived. Ries began, and went on with success and applause—he reached the cadenza—he reached the passage. Beethoven stood at his side to turn over for him; nevertheless he could not prevail on himself to leave out what he considered his happiest and most effective effort. He plunged boldly into it, and succeeded perfectly. Beethoven was delighted, and let the audience see that he was so. He afterwards said to his pupil, that he was exceedingly gratified and pleased, but that if he had failed in that passage, he never would have given him another lesson.

But, with all his kindness, Beethoven would give him no instructions in thorough-bass or composition. He said it required a particular gift to explain them with clearness and precision,—and besides that Albrechtsberger was the acknowledged master of all composers. This latter had almost given up teaching, being very old, and was persuaded to take a new pupil only by the strong recommendation of Beethoven, and by the temptation of a ducat a lesson. Poor Ries' ducats ran only to the number of twenty-eight; after this, he was driven to his books again. It is said that these lessons are all the instruction he ever had in the science of music,—a circumstance really wonderful, if we consider what he has since done. His musical memory, however, is reported to be of a remarkable description; it is said that before he went to Vienna, he could play by heart a great part of Sebastian Bach's fugues, and of the works of Mozart and Beethoven. We have heard that, since, in his own compositions, he has often noted only the orchestral parts, leaving his own (the *piano-forte*) part almost blank, to the great puzzling of those who were to turn over.

Mr. Ries remained at Vienna till 1805, when he again came into contact with the French army, and had nearly remained so for some time, inasmuch as he was drawn for the conscription. Bonn, where his family resided, being under the French government, the sons were liable to this hand-press, and Ferdinand Ries was one of the first drawn. He was, therefore, obliged to return home immediately, for his disobedience would have exposed his father and family to the risk of ruin. As the army of Austerlitz was now advancing on Vienna, he could not get a passport to return direct, but was obliged to go by way of Prague, Dresden, and Leipzig. The day was already named for his joining his regiment, on pain of being declared a deserter; so he set out, in the month of December, to plod his weary way on foot from Vienna to Leipzig; for, as all those who fled from the approach of the French army, took this direction, every possible means of conveyance were secured by those who had more power, influence, or money than our young musician. When he arrived at Coblenz, he immediately surrendered himself to the Commissioners of Conscripts; and here, that which had always been considered a heavy misfortune, saved him. At a very early age, Mr. Ries had lost the sight of an eye from the effects of the small-pox, and owing to this defect he was declared incapable of serving, and set free.

Few cases, we conceive, can speak more strongly than this the terrors of the conscription. That it should be possible for a young man, cultivating a peaceful and delightful art, to be torn from his occupation, his prospects, and his hopes,—to be plunged into the coarse, brutal, and contaminating society of a camp, and exposed to all the hardships and privations (to say nothing of the dangers) of a campaign,—is, indeed, a state of things which, we may well be thankful, never can exist here.

Mr. Ries subsequently went to Paris, where he remained nearly two years; but met with very little success either as a composer or performer. Several compositions, which all the music-sellers refused even at a very low rate, have since been printed in nearly every musical town in Europe, and by two or three music-sellers in Paris itself. Neither was he able to produce many pupils; and here, for the first time, he felt that slaking of hope which nearly all have experienced at some period, who have passed through a doubtful and difficult career. At one time he had serious thoughts of abandoning his profession altogether; to which resolution, his distaste, almost his disgust, for French music, is said very strongly to have contributed*. With this view, he applied to an

* With regard to French serious music—the screaming, the clagor, the thunder of the grand opera, we believe there are scarcely two opinions, among all who are not natives of France. One, who has done more for music than many musicians (Mr. Moore), has likened it to the attempt to

“—set a loud fit of coughing in pants,
Or compose a deep rumbling bass to a cholic.

But this general condemnation of French music has included a style which, though not of an high order, is, in its own way, delightful, and is strictly peculiar to France—we allude to the *vandervilles*, with which their *petites pieces* are interspersed. They are nearly always of a lively cast, and possess, for the most part, a piquancy, and—if we may so speak—an archness, which are equally charming in themselves, and rare to be met with in any other description of music. The words to these airs are as poetical in poetry as they are in music. Unlike our stage songs, which are, or still very lately have been, wholly unconnected with the subject of the scene, these *couplets* (as they are called by distinction) constantly

intentional friend to procure him a situation under government; but this friend dissuaded him strongly from so soon renouncing a profession in which he had made such progress, and shewn so much promise. He advised him to change the scene, and go to Russia; promising him at the same time, his assistance, if he returned with unaltered wishes.

Ries accordingly set out, and, going by way of Vienna, remained there long enough to come across the French army for the third time, on its advance on that capital in 1809. This time the Austrians made him a conscript, or rather seized him as a soldier by more summary process. He was sent to the barracks with a number of others to be drilled and disciplined—but the approach of the French was so rapid, that all such preparations were found to be too late, and the recruits were suffered to return to their homes.

In the next year, Mr. Ries set out for Russia; and he now began to be repaid for all his toils and disappointments, by the commencement of that success, which must always ultimately repay the union of merit and exertion. He went by Cassel, Hambro', Copenhagen, and so by Sweden to Russia. He made some stay in each of those towns, and met with considerable encouragement and success in all. This journey, however, was marked by that fatality which seems to have attended him whenever he came into the neighbourhood of belligerents, for the vessel in which he crossed from Sweden, was taken by the English, who detained their prisoners for eight days on a small rock.

At last he arrived at Petersburg, and here he met his old master Bernhard Romberg. In his company he went to Kief in Little Russia, where, and subsequently at Riga, Revel, and other towns, he gave concerts with eminent success and increasing reputation. After this, he prepared to go to Moscow; but his old friends the French, again interfered. The campaign of 1812 first impeded, and ultimately prevented his journey. He now resolved to come to England—perhaps in the belief, that it was the only country where he was likely to be free from the interruptions of French armies. Accordingly, he left Russia, and, after being nearly drowned in crossing the Gulf of Finland, arrived at Stockholm, where his reception was peculiarly successful and flattering. During his stay he was admitted a member of the Royal Academy of Music.

He arrived in this country in April, 1813; and having made himself known to that excellent performer, and worthy, sensible man, the late Mr. Salomon*, was by him introduced to the Philharmonic Society, of which he shortly afterwards was elected a member. What his success in England has been, the public, who conferred it, do not require to be informed. Not long after his arrival, he married an English lady of great merit, and possessing many personal charms.

always a combination of the dialogue, thrown into verse of remarkable point and gracefulness. These are always given with perfect distinctness of enunciation (the most of qualities in our singers); and though, as we before said, the music is most unpretending, the whole has a charm and effect which are often wanting to much more elaborate compositions.

* Salomon was a countryman of Ries, and had played out of the same book with his grandfather, mentioned above as a leader of the orchestra of the Elector of Cologne. He became so much attached to his townsman, that in his last illness, in 1815, he appointed him one of his executors, and left him a sumptuous legacy.

As a composer, Mr. Ries is, manifestly, a disciple of the Beethoven school; not only his symphonies, and other orchestral works, but his quartetts, piano-forte sonatas, and even his minor productions, evince his predilection for the general style of its founder. But he is too rich in invention, too independent in spirit, to be an imitator; and many of his productions shew an originality of composition, and a vigour of execution, that rank him with the great masters of the age. His compositions for the Philharmonic Concerts, if not equal to those of the three illustrious symphonists, may be placed next to them; and when he sits down to write at leisure, unrelaxed by the mind-debilitating occupation of teaching, in the prime of life as he is, we may rationally hope that his genius, unshackled, will display all its native energy, and yield that which will give him a still stronger claim to public admiration and gratitude.

Mr. Ries is justly celebrated as one of the finest piano-performers of the present day. His hand is powerful, and his execution is certain,—often surprising. But his playing is most distinguished from that of all others by its romantic wildness. By means of strong contrasts of loud and soft, and a liberal use of the open pedals, together with much novelty and great boldness in his modulations, he produces an effect upon those who enter into his style, which can only be compared to that arising from the most unexpected combinations and transitions of the Æolian harp. It is purely German, and shews him to be,—as we once before remarked,—a true-born native of that country to which, according to Richter, belongs "the empire of the air."

We regret to see that Mr. Ries' farewell concert is announced for the 3d of May; that is, selfishly speaking, we regret it, for, in other respects, it must be always gratifying to see men of talent and industry, who, from circumstances, have been obliged to exert that industry in a foreign country, enabled to return to their paternal fields, ere yet time has converted the ties which bind them there, into recollections only. We understand that it is Mr. Ries's purpose to withdraw from London to his beautiful birth-place†, and we heartily wish him the enjoyment of that happiness in retirement, which he has so well earned by his public exertions.

We are compelled to defer the catalogue of Mr. Ries' Works till our next Number.

ON HAYDN'S

DIE SIEBEN WORTE DES ERLOSERS AM KREUZ,

(SEVEN WORDS OF THE SAVIOUR
ON THE CROSS.)

THIS celebrated composition consists of seven adagio movements for a grand orchestra, and its history is rather curious. To those unacquainted with the circumstances to which it owes its rise, it may appear extraordinary to find seven adagios, for instruments only, following consecutively, and without any thing to break the uniformity, not to say monotony, of the composition. It will appear still more extraordinary that this instrumental music should be made to express, and convey an idea of the seven words of the Saviour. The fact is as follows: It

† Bonn is situated just at the commencement of the Valley of the Rhine, within view of the Gödesberg, the Seven Mountains, &c.

is the custom in the principal towns of Spain to celebrate with much imposing pomp the solemn festivities of the holy week, among which a kind of representation of the funeral of the Redeemer holds an important place. On this occasion, a preacher explains, in succession, each of the seven words pronounced by Christ from the cross. Interludes of solemn music, analogous to the subject, fill up the intervals that are left to the compunction of the faithful, between the explanation of each of these seven words. The Bishop of Cadiz, attracted by the great fame of Haydn, engaged him to write seven instrumental pieces, expressive of the sentiment of each of the seven words of the Redeemer, to be performed in the manner above described. Haydn, naturally of a religious turn, was inspired by his subject, and produced these sublime compositions, in which

" Spiega con tal pietate il suo concetto,
E il suon con tal dolcezza v' accompagna,
Che al crudo inferno intenerisce il petto.*" — DANTE.

When given in this manner, they could not fail to produce a striking and impressive effect, much of which would necessarily be lost, when the whole of the seven adagio movements were heard in unbroken succession. It has been justly remarked, that no man possessed of any sensibility for the fine arts, can find equal pleasure in two sublime pieces, especially if analogous in character, that follow each other in immediate succession. To remedy this evil; to break the monotony of their long succession of instrumental parts, Haydn afterwards added words and vocal music, which chiefly consisted of solo parts, interspersed with chorusses. But a difficulty presented itself in that portion of his subject that contains merely the words, *I thirst*, which was too short a text to be wrought into a separate movement. To obviate this difficulty Haydn introduced at this place a new grand instrumental passage, which all connoisseurs have pronounced to be a master-piece of art. The work has gained very considerably by this new arrangement, not only as the words form a commentary on the music, but also by the richness and beauty of the vocal parts, which give a finish and perfection to the whole. The occasional chorus-parts are introduced with great judgment, and produce the most solemn and impressive effect. The new additional passage for all the instruments of the orchestra, may unquestionably be regarded as one of the most perfect among the productions of Haydn's genius. On more than one occasion, when this great man was asked to which of all his works he gave the preference, his reply was, to the *Seven Words of the Saviour*.

ON THE CHEVALIER MORLACCHI'S ORATORIO, IL SACRIFIZIO D'ABELE.

[Extract of a Letter from Dresden.]

..... While in Italy the works of that celebrated poet, who has so long been the delight of all persons of taste, and who has lent to music the most sweet and impassioned sounds of which language is capable, have fallen into neglect; there is one place in Europe, where the

* He with such piety his thought reveals,
And with such heavenly sweetness clothes each tone
That hell itself the melting influence feels.

poetry of Metastasio is still held in honour, and where an Italian master has endeavoured to apply to them the most happy of his inspirations, and that place is Dresden.

The Chevalier Morlacchi has shown his veneration for this great poet, whose language was dictated by the graces, and on whose lips Italian poetry seems to have hung in all its sweetness, by setting to music his oratorio of the *Sacrifice of Abel*, which was executed during Passion Week in the Royal chapel at Dresden. It is ample praise to say, that the musician has executed his task in a manner worthy of the poet, and that he has set an example which, we trust, will be imitated by his compatriots. In the composition of this oratorio, Morlacchi has been guided by two principles, which, for the interests of the art that he cultivates, as well as in consideration of his own reputation, of the public, and of nature and truth itself, every master should be studious to follow. The first is, that the composer should consult his own dignity by adopting a worthy subject, for as music is the daughter of the passions, and as the power of song in bringing the passions effectively into play, depends entirely upon the poetry, so bad poetry must necessarily be destructive of the very life and spirit of the sister art. The second is, that the choice once made, the master should study most attentively the character of the poetry, and catch not only the sentiments to which the poet gives utterance, but also those that are left to the imagination to supply; developing, if I may so express it, the germs of those thoughts which the poet has not expanded, and thus becoming the organ and interpreter of his ideas, and not the presumptuous creator and prompter of new ones. The application of these two principles is conspicuous in the opera before us, which the master has selected with judgment and illustrated with genius. It is known that the mechanism of the dramatic action of many of Metastasio's dramas, presents some obstacles to the master who has to compose in the modern style. There are but few duets, still fewer tercettos, and no finales. On the contrary, there are many very long recitatives, which would not now be tolerated, and airs of such frequent occurrence, that they are found in almost every scene. A master of common talents would either have given up the task in despair, or have garbled and mutilated the text. Under such difficulties, how has the Chevalier Morlacchi acted? He has preserved the text entire, conquered every obstacle, and produced a composition abounding with beauty and rich in expression.

The present is his second attempt in the oratorio style. His first was the sacred drama of *Isacco*, in which he endeavoured to supersede the ancient form of recitative, by a new method of his own, which has obtained the name of *Declamazione ritmica*. This he has applied with increased effect in the present oratorio. Every word becomes animated by a certain expressive song, and the oratorio though composed of many pieces, yet forms so entire a whole, that scarcely a single part can be isolated from the rest. The great difficulty was to introduce concerted pieces in those places where the text did not prevent the obvious means of so doing, and yet where the wants of the music, of the master, and of the new taste of the public, required them. Ought Morlacchi to introduce other verses for that purpose? No. Ought he to make any change in the poetry of Metastasio? Who so presumptuous as to undertake such a task?

Morlacchi, therefore, by the mere dint of application and study, did that which no one had attempted before him. He discovered a method of composing a terzetto, a quartetto, and two duets from the words of the recitative only. The cognoscenti in the art can alone appreciate the difficulty of such a task, where, without altering the verse, without changing a single word, this composer has discovered the happy art of combining the dialogue, and of forming it into regular and consistent materials for song. Not to speak of the characters, which are kept no less distinct in the music than in the poetry, all the other requisites are found in this composition which can be demanded of a good master. A just comprehension of the poetry; the art of developing its meaning without becoming prolix by too many repetitions; of giving a distinct and decided colouring to the passions; of enforcing the majesty of sacred song by rich and genial accompaniments, without encroaching upon the melody; of throwing into the choral fugues, that terminate the first and second part, the grand style of Handel and Haydn; of giving the true expression of the words and adapting them to the proper qualities of voice; in a word, of attending to the combined effect of the whole: such are the qualifications which persons of taste and discernment will discover in the music of Morlacchi.

This composer is to be congratulated on the courage he has shown, in freeing himself from the trammels with which great names have encumbered the art; on the good taste he has displayed in choosing an admirable book for his object, and on the sound sense he has evinced in treading steadily the path of nature and truth; which, in the end, will ever be found to be the only true beautiful. Though still young, he has evinced the maturity of his judgment by adopting a style of his own, which displays marks of profound study, but never departs from the most chaste and beautiful simplicity.

It were devoutly to be wished that other masters of our time, would learn that the dramas of Metastasio are not incompatible with the style of modern music; that it only requires study and attention to enter into their spirit, in order to discover the practicability of adapting them to all the peculiarities of the present popular style. The return of these admirable dramas upon the stage, would compensate for the miseries we have been doomed to endure in this respect. The disgrace of the *libretto* that have been composed of late years is proverbial throughout Europe, and is cited as one of the many proofs of the degradation of our taste and literature. Let us free ourselves from this reproach; let us return to the good standard of better days. . . .

ON THE RANZ DES VACHES.

THE Ranz des Vaches* is an air which is sung or played by the mountaineers of Switzerland, as they tend their herds, or drive their cows to pasture. It is peculiar to that country, and of such high antiquity, that it is not known at what period it first made its appearance, or what particular canton can lay claim to the invention of the

melody. Some antiquarians have considered it as a remnant of the *Bucolics* of the ancients, a term derived from the particular occupation of the cowherds: *Bucolica dicta à custodiâ bovm*, says the commentator Servius. The term is derived from the Greek, and has been preserved by Athanasius, who, in his *Banquet of the Learned*, book 14, chap. 3, says; "Among the pastoral songs of the Greeks, there is one, called *bucoliasme*, which is sung as the herds are conducted to pasture. Diomus, a shepherd of Sicily, is reputed to be the inventor of it; Epicarmus makes mention of it in his *Alcyon*, as well as in his *Ulysses Shipwrecked*."

Such is the extraordinary influence of this air on the minds of the Swiss, that we are assured whenever it was heard by the soldiers of that nation employed on foreign service, they immediately melted into tears; many deserted, and some pined away, and died of what is called the *maladie du pays*; so ardent was the desire that it excited in them to return to their native land. The colonels of the Swiss regiments, are said to have been frequently under the necessity of forbidding it to be played under severe penalties, nay sometimes under that of death itself. It is in vain to seek in this air for energetic accents, or any inherent musical powers capable of producing such astonishing effects; the only character which a stranger can discover in it, is a certain pleasing wildness and simplicity. We must therefore trace the cause of this strange and magical influence to the power of reminiscence and association. Doubtless, this time awakened in the mind of the Swiss soldier the affecting remembrances of the scenes and sports of his infancy, of the tender attachments of his early years, and of all those simple modes of existence, the loss of which would be still more bitterly felt, from the very contrast of his present situation. It would transport him back to his vallies, his mountains, his waterfalls, his glaciers; above all, it would awaken in his bosom that love of liberty and independence, which is the pride of his countrymen. "*Freiheit, Freiheit*," (exclaims Gessner, in one of his Idylls) "*beglückt das ganze Land!*"—Liberty, liberty, thou blessing of every land! No wonder then that such recollections should have excited in the bosoms of the Swiss, when on foreign shores, a yearning for their native land, and have sometimes urged them even to the last extremities.

The consideration of this subject leads us to an important conclusion, a conclusion that will tend to explain all the wonders recorded of the simple music of the Greeks—that we must not seek in physical causes, for the great effects which modulated sound is capable of producing upon the human heart.

The idea generally entertained of the Ranz des Vaches, is of one individual air of that name. Upon inquiry it will, however, be found that different cantons have their particular air of that name. Among the most remarkable are the following:

1. The air published by Hoffer, in an essay, entitled *Dissertation sur la Nostalgie*, Basil, 1710; this is curious, as being the first of the kind known to have appeared in print:—

* This term appears to be derived from the two German words *Absevent* or *rang*, a rank or line of cows, as they followed each other to the pasture. This definition is rendered still more probable

by the circumstance of the cows being all called by their particular names, in the most ancient of these melodies.

I. RANZ DES VACHES OF HOFFER.



II. RANZ DES VACHES OF MONT PILATE.

II. The air of the shepherds of Mont Pilate, in the Canton of Lucerne; it is, like the former, without words. The shepherds of this country, which is less civilized than the rest of Switzerland, are accustomed to play it on the favourite instrument of these parts, the

alphorn, which is of such a construction, as to increase and prolong the sounds to a very considerable extent. Its effect during the stillness of night is extremely beautiful; its plaintive and languishing tones penetrate to the inmost soul.



III. RANZ DES VACHES OF THE CANTON OF APPENZEL.

III. The air which is sung in the Canton of Appenzel to German words. This is a transcript of the copy that was sent about the middle of the last century, to

Her R. H. the Princess Anne of England, wife of William IV., Prince of Orange. This *Ranz des Vaches* is considered as the model of all the others.

Andante.

Piu moto.

[To be concluded in our next.]

ROSSINI.

A *petite guerre* has been raging among the French journalists, concerning this celebrated composer. The *ultras* abuse, and the *liberals* laud him. They have translated the accounts which have appeared in the English papers, of his introduction at the Pavilion, his reception and conduct there, and each has selected such stories as best suited the particular object in view. There is good reason to believe that much of what has been reported upon this subject, is destitute of foundation; and it is stated, upon no mean authority, that the king was pleased with his visitor, who, certainly, was highly flattered and charmed by the affable manner of the British Sovereign. His Majesty possesses a great deal of worldly knowledge, and, in his heart, as much despises the sycophancy of courtiers, whether of high or low degree, as he values the independent spirit of a man of talent, who asserts,—in the respectful manner that good breeding and good sense dictate,—the dignity of his nature.

We do not mean to trouble our readers with any part of the controversy that has been carried on by the belligerents across the channel; the war is nearly terminated there, and the nine days' wonder is now finished here. The following, from a French journal, relates to the admission of the *gran maestro* as a member of the Institute.

"MUSICAL BULLETIN.

Rossini a Member of the Institute.

" 'Honour the arts, and artists will be produced:' such is the observation that has been made in every flourishing age of the arts, and which ought incessantly to be repeated. Those who have been scandalized at the honours recently conferred upon a celebrated foreign musician have shown, either that they have no true love for the arts, or that they are ignorant of the means by which they are made to produce works of excellence. But, a musician! say they. Well, and why not? Is it forgotten that above fifty thousand souls assisted at the obsequies of Grétry, and that the government of that period almost took umbrage at the enthusiasm that was testified by the people to their favourite musician? The fact is, that after this many persons of celebrity were buried almost incognito in the privileged vaults of the Pantheon. But can any restraints be laid upon music? Can it be prevented from being one of the most popular arts, and one that produces the most lively impressions on the mind?

"The *Académie Royale des Beaux-Arts* has just given a pleasing proof that it is still feelingly alive to the spirit of its institution, and that it knows how to render justice to merit, whatever the climate that has given it birth. The academy has adopted as its own a name celebrated in the annals of music, nay, in the annals of Europe; it has honoured itself by such a wise choice. In the sitting of the 13th of December last, M. Rossini was placed in the rank of one of the foreign associates. He thereby enjoys the privilege of a seat, of voting in its deliberations, and of taking the title of Member of the Royal Institute of France. By such an act, however, the *Académie* has given occasion to many interested and puerile declamations.

"We congratulate ourselves on being the first to announce this fact to the true lovers of the arts, to those who have too exalted a feeling and too enlarged a mind to require of an artist either his passport or his *act de*

naissance; in a word, to those who freely yield themselves up to all the delights which the music of Rossini imparts, without poring over the map to find in what part of Italy the little town of Pesaro is situated. We feel convinced that M. Rossini himself will be duly sensible of this flattering distinction, and that it will serve to confirm him still more strongly in his determination to exercise his talents for the French stage."

On the other side, the Count Walsh, in his *Notes sur la Suisse, et une partie de l'Italie*, estimates the merits of Rossini at a very low rate. In a review of his works,—inserted, by the by, in the very journal which contains the above eulogistic remarks,—are the following observations:—

"The fear of mortifying the nerves of our gentle Rossinists would be the only reason to prevent our citing a sacrilegious page, in which this author gives a very lively account of a representation of *Matilda di Shabran*, at which he was present in the *Scala* at Milan; but in so doing, we know we expose ourselves to all the fury of the Parisian dilettanti. M. le Comte Theobald Walsh has the audacity to maintain, and what is more, to prove, that the *Amphion* of Pesaro 'has only a certain number of combinations, within which he strictly limits himself, and which are reproachable with no other fault, than that of having been frequently employed before. That all things duly considered, the whole of his musical power is limited,—

"1st. To a grand modulation of a two-fold kind, adapted to the expression of joy and furious passion;—

"2ndly. To a system of repetition, which is sincerely to be regretted, but which is well calculated to produce that disposition of mind, which may not improperly be termed the *slumber of the soul*.

"3rdly. The *crescendo*.

"After all,' continues he, 'we must not be unjust to Rossini; he has many good points, and it would not be difficult to find in his thirty *chefs-d'œuvre*, at least a hundred bars, which the best masters would not be ashamed to avow. All things considered, his *opera seria*, compared to that of Mozart, is nearly the same as the works of Pizrecourt, when put in competition with those of Racine.'

"It will be seen that it is only at the risk and peril of M. le Comte Theobald Walsh, that we have ventured to repeat blasphemies like these."

THE COMPONIUM.

A Musical Instrument of a new Construction, now exhibiting at Paris.

THIS extraordinary instrument has excited considerable interest at Paris. Its ingenious inventor, M. Winkel, of Amsterdam, has given it the astonishing faculty of imitating extemporaneous performance, and of reducing into harmonic form all the possible combinations, which the most bold and fertile imagination could produce. The prodigies announced respecting it, at the same time that they awakened the curiosity, also excited the distrust of the musical public, as to the reality of the mechanical means to which such wonderful results were attributed. The charge of charlatanism to which this incredulity

gave rise against the proprietors of the *Componium*, rendered it necessary for them to prove that, in effect, what they gave out to be a machine, laid no further claim to human sensation than what it received from the hand of a man of extraordinary ingenuity.

In order to attain this object, which the proprietors had so much at heart, and to demonstrate the truth of their assertions, these gentlemen lately assembled a considerable body of savans, composers, and enlightened amateurs, among whom were Messrs. Le Sueur, Boyeldieu, Berton, Catel, Habeneck, Pâer, Biot, of the *Académie des Sciences*, Mr. Breguet, junior, the Duke of Grammont, le Comte de Montesquieu, &c.

The *Componium*, as tried before this assemblage of impartial judges, produced upon the auditory an effect difficult to be described. The astonishment of the hearers was at its height when, after having executed a march, with variations by Moscheles, the instrument was left to follow its own inspirations: the applause was loud and unanimous, and some exclaimed that it was altogether miraculous.

Still, the more perfect the execution, the stronger the feeling of incredulity became. Much discussion arose, the result of which was, a general and decided opinion that the effects of the *Componium* could be produced only by some highly finished automaton. This deduction, to which reason naturally led, might easily, by an inspection of the interior mechanism of the instrument, be strengthened into conviction. The company, therefore, requested Messrs. Catel and Biot to examine the instrument, and to decide by their report upon the future fame or condemnation of the machine. These gentlemen complied with the general request, and made the following

REPORT upon the *COMPONIUM*, a Musical Instrument of a new Construction, now exposed to Public Inspection.

"The proprietors of the *Componium*, desiring to give the public a clear and distinct idea of the instrument which they at present are submitting to their attention, have requested us to examine its internal mechanism, and to characterize the properties we have discovered therein. We trust we have faithfully complied with their request in the following testimony, which, marvellous as is the reality it presents, is yet literally and strictly correct.

"When this instrument has received a varied theme, which the inventor has had time to fix by a process of his own, it decomposes the variations of itself, and reproduces their different parts in all the orders of possible permutation, the same as the most capricious imagination might do; it forms successions of sound so diversified, and produced by a principle so arbitrary, that even the person the best acquainted with the mechanical construction of the instrument, is unable to foresee at any given moment the chords that are about to be produced.

"A single example will suffice to show the freedom of choice that is permitted by it. None of the airs which it varies lasts above a minute; could it be supposed that but one of these airs was played without interruption, yet, through the principle of variability which it possesses, it might, without ever resuming precisely the same combination, continue to play not only during years and ages, but during so immense a series of ages that, though figures might be brought to express them, common language could not."

Paris, Feb. 2, 1824. { Signed J. B. BIOT, de l'Académie des Sciences.
CATEL, de l'Académie des Beaux-Arts.

We have only to add to this report, for the information
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of our English readers, who may not be acquainted with the above names, that M. Biot is one of the most distinguished philosophers of the age, and cannot easily be imposed upon; for he is an admirable mechanic, and acquainted with music. M. Catel is the celebrated theorist, well known by his scientific work on harmony. Both rank so high as men of honour and ability, that whatever appears under their signature, is entitled to the utmost respect and credit.

ON SOME UNPRINTED MANUSCRIPTS OF MOZART.

From a letter to a friend in London.

Frankfort, on the Mayn.

As my first letter on the present state of music in Germany seems to have afforded you some entertainment, I feel a pleasure in sending you this second, which relates to subjects no less important to the musical world than my first.

You know the delightful little village of Offenbach on the Mayn, about four miles from this town, situated in one of the most fertile and beautiful districts of Germany; to this place I walked one day with my friend and travelling companion, Mr. M. on a visit to Mr. André the music-seller. We had not been long with him, when he took us up into his library, to shew us his literary treasures, particularly his extensive manuscript collection of Mozart's works, in the composer's own hand-writing; which, as is fully authenticated, he bought of Mozart's widow. He has, at least, eight large chests full, and I may say that the half of them is not yet printed. If you add to this the thirty or forty volumes in Haertel's edition of Mozart's works, it will give you no mean idea of the application and facility in writing of this composer. One should, indeed, think it would require nearly the whole time that Mozart lived*, merely to copy what he composed.

The first manuscript Mr. André shewed us, was an unfinished and defective opera, *L'Oro del Cairo*. For the most part it has only the soprano and the figured bass written out, the parts between being either left entirely blank, or containing only here and there a few scattered notes. Who would venture to put his hand to the filling up of these blanks? Mr. M., whose mastership on the piano-forte you know, inspired with enthusiasm at the sight of the original hand-writing of a composer he has such an unlimited veneration for, played to the greatest delight of all present so much of that opera, as was not defective either in melody or bass. Nothing, however, pleased us so much as the finale, which bears throughout the most evident marks of Mozart's genius. We all agreed, that if it were written with full harmony, it might justly be placed by the side of that to *Don Giovanni*, or of *Titus*. Mr. André possesses another unprinted opera of Mozart, *Thamos, King in Egypt*, which deserves particular notice on account of its excellent overture. *Apollo and Cynthia*, (also unprinted,) is in Mr. André's opinion Mozart's first great composition for voices with full instrumental accompaniment. It is curious that the chorusses from the opera of *Thamos* are found in many of his *Motetts*.

On my second visit to this gentleman I read a letter in Mad. Mozart's own hand, a great part of which related to the celebrated *requiem*. She distinctly says, that only a small part of that work was composed by her husband. She maintains that every thing from "*dies ira*," is by

* 35 years: He was born 1756 and died 1791.

other masters, and André assured me, that all from page ninety in the score of the *requiem* (Haertel's edition,) was by Siegmaier, consequently also the inimitable *Benedictus* *. But here we may justly be allowed to ask, in which other of Siegmaier's compositions is there any trace of a genius, such as could invent any thing so beautiful? Surely not in his Opera *The Mirror of Arcadia*, and this is considered his best work.

Besides many other unpublished fragments of operas and sacred compositions, I saw a very curious MS., a concerto for the horn, with this droll superscription. "Mozart has compassion on that silly fool, Leitgeber, and writes the fellow a concerto for the horn." He has given this player, with whom he seems to have been on a very intimate footing, a great many other ludicrous epithets, which, however, do not bear translating.

The manuscript of this concerto has all the colours of the rainbow; and in some very difficult passages, written in blue ink, he has added queries like these: "What do you say to that, Master Leitgeber?" As it is not in score, we could not judge of the merit of the composition.

The notes in the earliest manuscripts of Mozart are all very slovenly written, and the pages are full of frequent insertions and erasures; but his latter works, I mean all those to which he owes his great celebrity, are beautifully and clearly written in small notes. To the friends of Mozart, or what is the same, to the whole musical world, it must be agreeable news, that Mr. André is about to publish all those fragments of Mozart's operas, cantatas, sonatas, &c. exactly defective as they are, without the least addition from another master. When at Leipzig, Mr. Haertel who bought the other portion of Mozart's manuscript works, shewed me a large bundle of Mozart's letters, many of which I perused. They are all exceedingly lively and gay. To the biographers of Mozart they would have been extremely useful, as they fully exhibit his character. I. R. S.

MUSICAL PHENOMENON.

IN the more select musical circles, where the leading professors associate in the character of friends, rather than that of artists, there has been unobtrusively stealing into notice a child, in whom is developed so early and so extraordinary a talent for music, that the most fastidious predict for him a reputation of the highest order, and speak of him as the genius born to bestow a character for eminence in that art, which has hitherto been withheld by foreigners from the natives of this country. His name is George Aspull, and his present age only eight years.

His father was formerly in business, but not being successful in the pursuit he at first chose, was compelled to resort to music

* Either Mad. Mozart, or M. André, must be thoroughly mistaken upon this point: most likely both are in error. It has always been understood, and never before denied, that the whole of the *requiem*, except the latter portion only of the final movement, was the work of the one vast genius whose name it bears, and it carries in every part of it, internal evidence of the fact. Had another written the *Recordare* or the *Benedictus*, the *Confutatio*, or the *Hosanna*, he would have burst out of obscurity, and put in his claim to immortality. But after a lapse of thirty-three years, is it not very possible that a lady's memory may deceive her?—is it not equally possible that Mad. M. may not have expressed herself exactly as she intended in her letter? M. André's statement differs widely from hers. His assertion, if correct, deprives Mozart of almost half the work: hers, robs him of nearly all; that is, from page twenty of the score, (as printed by Breitkopf and Haertel,) to the end. There must be a grand error somewhere, and we shall be greatly obliged to our correspondent, or to any of our friends, for whatever assistance can be afforded towards elucidating this interesting subject.—EDITOR.

as a profession; and by diligent and successful practice has acquired some reputation as a performer on the violin.

It was not till his son had considerably passed the age of five years that he gave any indications of that decided bent which his mind has since taken; but the marks of genius he then discovered were so evident, that Mr. Aspull determined to undertake himself the care of his education in music, and devoted his whole attention to that object. The fruit of his care and assiduity is apparent in the surprising talent which young Aspull now displays. He performs on the piano-forte, at which he does not usually sit, his stature being so small as to render the position of standing that which gives him the most perfect command of the instrument. His fingers are extremely short, even for his age; with the left hand he cannot reach an octave so as to press down the two notes which form it at one time, and is only enabled to do so with the right hand with much difficulty, and by depressing the wrist. The impediment thus formed to the acquisition of the mere mechanical difficulties of the piano-forte, will be perfectly understood by all those who have ever attempted that instrument, but they have not prevented young Aspull from conquering the most complex and rapid passages that have ever appeared in the form of musical composition.

The compositions of Kalkbrenner and Moscheles, prepared for displaying in public the manual skill of those celebrated professors, are played evidently without the smallest effort by this extraordinary child. He has also made himself master of a difficult piece by Czerny, who wrote it as a trial of skill for all the professors of Europe, and in order to combine all the mechanical niceties of execution of which the instrument is susceptible. This piece, consisting of only one movement, occupies nearly forty pages of printed music, every one of which is crowded with rapid divisions, intricate modulations, and the most chromatic passages that the art of the composer could devise.

But the mechanical skill of young Aspull is that which has least surprised those who have had the pleasure of hearing him perform. A child with a certain cleverness and quickness of parts, may be taught by repeated efforts to conquer the greatest intricacies, and when conquered, there will remain nearly the same impression from them which results on viewing an exhibition on the tight rope, or the antic tricks of the unfortunate pupils of a posture-master. Mr. Aspull's pupil is not of this class. The boy's mind evidently participates in all that his hand executes. A passage which he is compelled to leave imperfect through a defect of physical power, does not stop or disconcert him, as it would an ordinary pupil, but he passes on to the next, and is as certain to give it with effect, as if himself had composed it. Short as the period is which young Aspull has devoted to the study of music, he has cultivated every style, and all with success. In these are included the concertos of Handel, and the fugues of the Bachs and Scarlatti, than which latter, perhaps, no works could possibly be selected less accessible to a juvenile student. Young Aspull unites with these the talent which is rare among professors, of *extempore* playing, at which, if permitted to do so, he will pass hours, and with a fluency that would indicate musical notes to be that vehicle by which he could best express his ideas. He sings ballads to his own accompaniment on the piano-forte, in a voice thin and weak, owing to his extreme youth, but with peculiar taste and delicate expression.

His appearance and behaviour do not differ from those of other children of the same age; but his manner, when performing on the piano-forte, is that of a person deeply attentive. The most rapid and involved passages do not produce a change of countenance, nor any sign of effort. Little study is requisite even for the most elaborate pieces; and those of ordinary difficulty he can execute at once, on being permitted to cast his eye over them before taking his station at the piano-forte. This extraordinary boy bears about him prognostics of future eminence, which could not have been greater or more conclusive in the person of Mozart himself.

The King, having heard the wonderful talents of this child described, expressed a wish to be enabled himself to judge of their reality. Young Aspull accordingly had the honour of being introduced to his Majesty, for the first time, on the 30th of February, at Windsor palace. A select party was invited to witness his performance. Young Aspull took his station at

the piano-forte at about half-past nine o'clock; and for the remainder of the evening, during more than three hours, had the *colat* of absorbing nearly the whole attention of the Royal party.

The specimens given of his proficiency were selected from composers of every style, and of every variety of difficulty, over which he exhibited a perfect mastery. The more elaborate pieces of Beethoven, Mozart, Hummel, Kalkbrenner, Moscheles, Kreutzer, and Clementi, were played in succession, with a force and precision that drew repeated exclamations of surprise from his hearers. The King, who the greater part of the time sat at his side, frequently interrupted his performance by cries of *bravo!*

and encouragingly putting the young performer on the back. The Princess Augusta, who has herself studied music with great success, honoured the juvenile pianist by turning over the leaves of the book from which he played. Between the instrumental pieces, for the sake of variety, young Aspull sang simple airs, accompanying himself on the piano-forte. The impression made on his Majesty and the whole company was that of unqualified admiration; and the King, to afford another opportunity of estimating his extraordinary powers, gave orders, when the party separated, that young Aspull should remain at Windsor, and be in attendance on the following evening.

REVIEW OF MUSIC.

A COLLECTION OF GLEES, CANONS, AND CATCHES,
composed by the late JOHN WALL CALLCOTT, Mus.
Doc.

[Concluded from last Number.]

WE now continue our notice of this work. Of the forty-one glees which it contains, seven have never before appeared in print, and as they are new to the world, we shall offer some cursory remarks on them, keeping in view that the author, who generally wrote for publication, and rarely withheld any thing that he thought would prove successful, did not himself bring them forth to view. Whatever merit, therefore, they possess will go to augment his reputation, but that reputation must not be allowed to suffer, should they not all be found upon a level with his other compositions. The titles of these, and the voices for which they are intended, are as follows:—

"As on the mournful poplar bough," two trebles and a base.

"Fill the horn of glossy blue," counter-tenor, two tenors, and a base.

"Radiant Ruler of the day!" Two trebles and a base.

"From the chambers of the East," counter-tenor, tenor, and a base.

"Sweet blossom, hear a father's sighs," two trebles and a base.

"Thou palsied earth," two trebles and a base.

"Why does beauteous Lina weep?" counter-tenor, two tenors, and two bases.

The first three are not equal to any of Dr. Callcott's well-known glees; they betray a sluggishness in the creative faculty, and might have been produced by a much less talented man. The fourth, "From the chambers of the East," is a composition very different in character to the foregoing, and carries with it the undoubted stamp of the author's genius. It is principally made up of three fugal points, quite vocal in their construction and effect, and not urged on into a learned mystification. A passage at the word "swell" (Vol. I. p. 127,) partakes too much of the nature of a musical pun; but in the same page we have the annexed four-elegant bars:—



heaves, O - - - cean heaves with fu - rious swell.



The fifth of these posthumous works, "Thou palsied earth!" from *Palestine*, the well-known poem by the present learned and pious Bishop of Calcutta, should have been called a Motett, certainly not a *glee*. In truth, it is quite out of its place in this collection, and we cannot but regret that it was not suffered to repose among the rejected MSS. of its author, for it is feeble in itself, and is still more so in connexion with words which demand the sublimest strains that music can yield.

"Sweet Blossom" is a very simple, but an extremely pretty, composition, exactly fitted for amateur performers. The words, breathing the tender affection of a fond father, were, it is supposed, written by Dr. Callcott, and appear to have been addressed, during his illness, to his son, then a child. As a father, they exhibit the author in a most amiable point of view. We perfectly agree with Mr. Horsley in considering the seventh and last of these as the best: it is written with great vigour, and is a happy mixture of skill in contrivance, and beauty in effect. It begins and ends with the subjoined agreeable subject:—



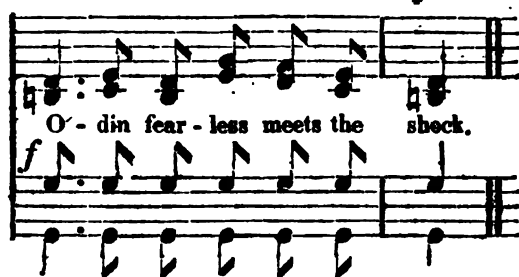
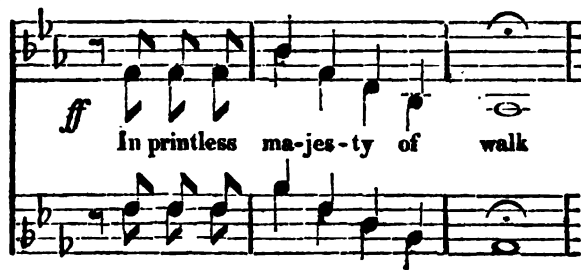
Why does beau - teous Li - - na



weep? Why does beau - teous Li - na weep?

H 2

There is vast grandeur in the following passage, contained in the second movement of this. The transition is admirable:—



In the second bar of the same, page 126, is an uncouth discord that might easily have been avoided; and in Vol. I., p. 127, 9th bar, we meet with another, still more harsh; both of these may be remedied without any difficulty. It must be granted, that in neither case is any law violated; but there are many things in and out of music, which, though strictly legal, are mightily disagreeable.

We must now say a few words as to the manner in which this work is edited.

Nearly all of Dr. Callcott's popular, and most justly-admired glees, are collected together in the two volumes. It does not occur to us that a single omission has been made, but with judgment; though we wish that "*Padre del Ciel!*" a fine madrigal, had been admissible. The addition of a piano-forte accompaniment is very prudent, for the great majority of singers require some support. But we desire to say, most emphatically, that whenever really skilful performers are united in a glee, any accompaniment is derogatory to their talents, and subversive of effect.

The MEMOIR is written in a plain, but strong and perspicuous, manner, and with great feeling. It is, in some parts, perhaps, a little too colloquial, and in a very few instances, matter is introduced which may seem irrelevant, and not immediately interesting to those who look only for the pure and unmixed biography of Dr. Callcott: but, as a whole, it will gratify his friends, and much increase the value of the publication.

To this memoir, Mr. Horsley has added an analysis of the compositions included in the present collection. It is, as might have been expected, an *elogue* rather than a *critique*; but where there is so much to praise, justice and friendship may speak the language of truth and of panegyric, in the same words.

This work is brought out in a most liberal manner, and will be ornamental to any musical library. The portrait of Dr. Callcott, engraved from a painting by his brother*,

* Augustus W. Callcott, Esq., R.A., one of the first artists, not of this country only, but of the present age.

is the strongest resemblance we ever beheld; it is fit to accompany the moral likeness,—no less faithful to nature,—delineated by his son-in-law and editor. With the latter we conclude our present article.

"If Dr. Callcott was entitled to our admiration as a musician, he had the strongest claim to our esteem and reverence as a man. By nature he was kind, gentle, and beneficent. He had no enemies,—he could have none. Violent and malignant passions never found any place in his heart; but whenever troubled by the folly or indiscretion of mankind, his sentiments on the occasion were always those of one whose philosophy is exalted by Christianity."

ZELMIRA, Opera Seria, in due atti, messa in Musica dal SIGNOR MAESTRO ROSSINI. (Vienna, Presso Artaria & Comp.)

Zelmira, though first brought out at Naples, was, we suspect, composed with an ultimate view to Germany, where good music is more appreciated than in Italy. Rossini wrote it at leisure, comparatively speaking, and we therefore find fewer things in it to remind us of himself, or of others, than in most of his operas. A steady determination to attend to rules sanctioned by time and experience, is obvious throughout the whole of it, and this is particularly distinguishable in the base of his score, which is conducted in the most irreproachable manner. He has also devoted greater attention to the expression of the words, and the passions are depicted in more faithful colours than is usual with him;—that is, he has read the poem deliberately; he has waited till the sentiment of the poetry suggested the *motivos*, and in adding his accompaniments, he has been governed by the prevailing character of the scene. Thus he has produced a work, which, whatever its present fate may be, will, with *Il Barbiere*, *Tancredi*, *La Gazza*, and *Il Turco*, descend to posterity, and keep his name long on the roll of fame. It is certainly unfortunate in being built upon a heavy, uninteresting drama, and in this country it has had the additional misfortune to be brought out with a performer in the principal character, whose powers have for some time been on the decline, and have undeniably proved deficient on the Anglo-Italian stage.

Zelmira has no overture; it begins with what is termed the *Introduzione*, which always comprises the whole of the first scene. It consists of a chorus, broken by two airs for a tenor, the second of which is in Rossini's most popular style:—

All^o.



The 2nd scene opens with a Cavatina in F sharp minor, "*Ah! già truscorse il dì*," a most pathetic air, sung by Polidoro, an old king, living in a mausoleum to secrete himself from an usurper. This will be thought,

by admirers of expressive music, the best melody in the opera; we therefore insert the subject of it, with as much of the accompanying base in small notes as we can include in one staff.

And. Sost.

Ah! già truscorse il dì, altro ne sorge an - cor, Ne riedi al ge - ni -

tor, Zel-mi - ra a - ma - - ta, ah! - - Zel - mi - ra a - ma - - ta,

This is followed by a splendid Terzetto, "*Scève conforto*," for a soprano, contr'alto, and base, in two movements; the first very original, but the last copied by the author, almost *notatim*, from his other compositions.

Ilo enters at the fifth scene, to the *Festive March*, given in the 18th Number of this work. In addition to the orchestra, a military band is brought on the stage, and the clangor becomes intolerable. The March itself, however, is a very spirited and novel composition. It is succeeded by the brilliant and original aria, "*Cara! deh attendimi!*" published in the 12th Number of the HARMONICON. A great deal of chorus is blended with this, which, of course, we omitted. The dramatic effect of the whole is very grand.

In the sixth scene *Zelmira* and *Ilo*, (soprano and tenor) sing a duet, "*Ah che quei tronchi accenti!*" in E flat, the

accompaniment to which is striking in its effect. The second movement of this is common and very inferior to the first. In the next scene is an air of the *bravura* kind, and like most others of that ranting class; but it is terminated by a chorus of priests, which, as a musical composition, approaches very near to the sublime, though it is one of the few instances in this opera, in which the sound is not in union with the sense. The priests give to the usurper a favourable interpretation of the oracle, and proclaim him king. The music certainly would seem to announce all the horrors that are

"In blackest midnight born."

We can only find room to insert a few bars of this, but they are valuable, and will convey a tolerably good notion of the whole, which is short. (Every base note must be played quite staccato.)

Andante.

Ah che quei tronchi accenti!

Ah che quei tronchi accenti!

The upper notes in the above accompaniment form the chorus, which is sung in unison.

The duet, "*Perchè mi guardi?*" for *Zelmira* and *Emma*, (soprano and contr'alto) is beautifully tender, and much in Paisiello's elegant manner. It begins in F minor, but the latter part is in the major key. This is the only duet in the opera that is calculated for amateur singers. After

this begins the finale to the first act, one of Rossini's most successful efforts. In order to communicate some idea of the fine opening of this, and of a lovely passage which soon follows, we shall blend the two in one example; though the minor is in fact divided from the major by many bars:—

Moderato.

Ah che quei tronchi accenti!

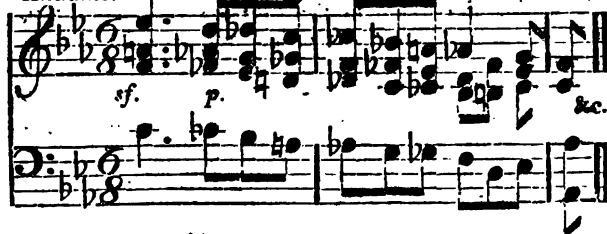
Ah che quei tronchi accenti!



In this finale is a good quintett, "*La sorpresa la stupor*," and the *stretto* begins with great grandeur. We are sorry that we have not space for an example of each.

The second act opens with the chorus, "*Pian, piano*," (published in our 18th Number) in which the *preghiera*, "*Ciel pietosa*!" (in our 9th Number) is introduced. Of these our subscribers are enabled to judge for themselves. But we must beg to recall their attention to a chromatic passage in the chorus, of so singular and effective a kind, that, being short, it will not be deemed intrusive to print it again.

Andante.



We regret not having room in the present article, to analyse so very curious a piece of harmony.

An accompanied recitative, "*Ah! che diffendi?*" follows this, which will ever be admired by real judges of musical expression, and be considered as one of the most ingenious works of its author. But we must hasten to conclude this article. A brilliant and shewy duet in E

major, for a tenor and oase, next succeeds; it is such as singers like, for the sake of display, but which seldom pleases any body but themselves. Some part of its accompaniment, however, is exceedingly clever. After this is a quintett, with a chorus, full of energy and dramatic effect. In it is the beautiful and favorite *andante* movement in A flat, "*Ah! m'illuso un sol momento!*" abounding in melody and pathos. A chorus of warriors follows this, and then comes the last finale; neither of these have any great merit, unless excessive loudness be a laudable quality.

Greatly as we admire *Zelmira*, taken altogether, yet we must allow that it has some faults that much diminish its effect in performance:—the chorus is redundant, mixing in too many scenes, and smothering some of the best pieces:—the accompaniment is frequently overpowering, and gives an excess of employment to the various instruments:—there is a want of relief, but this is the defect of the drama itself, rather than an error of the composer:—the *prima donna* is not prominent enough, she ought to have had an aria and a duet in addition to the few things assigned to her;—and, lastly, the military band employed on the stage only serves to augment the already overwhelming sounds of the orchestra. Some of these evils might have been easily remedied, and would, no doubt, have been attended to here by Signor Rossini, if he had had the good fortune to meet with some friend to advise with, as to the taste of this country, and the construction of the theatre.

POT-POURRI, for the PIANO-FORTE and HARP, composed by J. N. HUMMEL. The Harp part arranged from the Guitar by J. MOSCHELES. (Boosey and Co., Holles Street.)

A *pot-pourri* is a thing calculated for those who have not acquired any strong relish for what is substantially good in music, as well as for such as have enjoyed the solid to repletion, and fly for relief to that which is light. If confined within moderate limits, and well put together, it will please all people at some times; but if spun out, as is too usual, to an unreasonable length, and ill managed, it is the most hopeless and mischievous thing imaginable; hopeless, because air may be added to air *ad infinitum*; and mischievous, because it gives us a distaste for melodies, in themselves good, but damaged by association.

The present piece belongs to the favourable side of the case; it does not exceed a dozen pages, and the various airs are connected in a natural and agreeable manner. These are selected from *Jean de Paris*, *La Vestale*, *Don Juan*, *Il Re Teodoro*, and the *Freyhütz*; the waltz chosen from the latter popular opera, was published in one of the early numbers of the *Harmonicon*. This *pot-pourri* was originally written for the piano-forte and guitar,—rather an uncommon union,—and M. Moscheles has, very wisely, arranged it for the harp instead of the latter instrument. It is a very agreeable, useful production, for the airs are all really good, and are put into such a shape, that almost any two performers may play them; and, as the name of Hummel is becoming very fashionable, we expect to hear that his present work obtains an extensive sale.

MAYSER'S POPULAR RONDO, in the favourite Air of "Le Petit Tambour," arranged with an Introductory Movement for the HARP and PIANO-FORTE, and an Accompaniment for the FLUTE, ad libitum, by THOMAS ATTWOOD. (*Harmonic Institution, Regent-street.*)

Mayseder is one of the new names that have risen up rather suddenly, and acquired a considerable share of popularity in a comparatively short time. As well as an original composer, of acknowledged merit in a certain line, he is also a violin player of the highest order. He is settled at Vienna, and is spoken of as a performer that has no rival in his own particular style.

The subject of this "popular rondo" is this—

Allegro.



It is one of the gayest of this vivacious composer's productions, and puts every head into motion, wherever played. Mr. Attwood has converted it into a good trio for a domestic circle. The harp part is easy, and that for the flute still more so; but there are a few bars for the piano-forte, in F sharp major, that, at first sight, will alarm inexperienced musicians, though all fear arising from this source will be dissipated after a closer view, and when the passage has been played over twice.

or thrice. The introduction shews the master, and the arrangement of the air is exceedingly well executed. This will be acknowledged as a very enlivening, delightful combination, by all who play it correctly, and with spirit.

1. **TERPSICHOPE, *choix des pieces les plus belles, et les plus estimées, par Rossini, Weber, Mozart, Beethoven, &c., et mises pour le Piano-Forte, par Czerny, Pixis, Leidersdorf, &c.*** Nos. 1 to 4. (Wessel and Stoddart, 1, Soho-square.)
2. **EUTERPE, or a choice collection of Polonaises and Waltzes for the Piano-Forte, by foreign composers. Books 1 and 2.** (Cocks and Co., Princes-street, Hanover-square.)
3. **AMUSEMENT POUR LES DAMES, *Recueil periodique de Pièces Choisies pour LA HARPE, non publiées auparavant en Angleterre.*** No. 2. (By the same.)

The first of these collections contains only two pages in each number. The four numbers already published are, with the exception of a march from Rossini's *Elizabeth*, filled by the most popular pieces in Weber's *Freyhütz*. The price is fair, and the selections good.

The two numbers of *Euterpe* comprise ten short pieces, well arranged, from the works of Weber, Paer, Rossini, and Hummel.

L'Amusement pour les Dames is an useful publication for performers on the Harp, as containing a considerable quantity of good music, at a moderate price. This second number gives an air from Haydn's *Creation*; a march from *Alfred le Grand*; a theme and a waltz by Scherer.

1. **FOREIGN MELODIES for the FLUTE, selected from Berbiguer, Drouet, Gabrielsky, Rossini, Saust, Tulou, &c., by CHARLES SAUST. Books 1 and 2.** (Cocks and Co. Hanover Street, Hanover Square.)
2. **GRAMACHREE MOLLY, with Variations for the FLUTE and PIANO FORTE, by L. DROUET.** (Published by the same.)

The names of Saust and Drouet are in themselves commendatory of whatever they shall publish for the flute. This instrument, which fifty years ago almost every man could play upon, more or less, is daily regaining the favour that it once possessed, and its practice is rapidly spreading, amongst

The mob of gentlemen who live at ease.

But how different the performances on it in our day, compared with those known to our fathers!

It is impossible to enter the circle of musical amateurs now, and not find dilettanti who play, with facility, music that would have perplexed most professional players in the last age. The two books published by Mr. Saust are a proof of this, for the airs contained in them, though by no means difficult compared with what we are in the almost daily habit of hearing, would have enabled a good orchestra performer, half a century ago, to appear very respectably before the public. The first of these is a melody by Tulou, rather in the Scottish style, and, though not abounding in originality, is pretty from its simplicity. Eight variations are added to it, which are well contrasted, and of a moderate length. The second

book contains Rode's air, the well-known beautiful melody, rendered so popular by Mad. Catalani. With this are published one of the composer's own variations, and three others by Mr. Saust; the last of them requiring some skill and practice.

M. Drouet has chosen one of the most charming of the Irish airs for his divertimento, and has arranged it with some taste and judgment, not only for the flute, but also for the piano-forte. Either of the parts may be played by a performer of ordinary talent, though there is much of brilliancy and shew in both of them. As it is to be taken for granted that this is a republication, from a foreign copy, and that, therefore, there is no property in it, we cannot help saying, that the price, four shillings, is as unreasonable as impolitic.

FORTY EASY PIECES and EIGHT SHORT PRELUDES,
for the GUITAR, Composed for the Use of Beginners, by
FERDINAND CARULLI. (Boosey and Co., Holles
Street.)

AMONGST the once favoured musical instruments, now for some time neglected, and coming into practice again, is the guitar. To the exquisite and wonderful performances of M. Sor this may be attributed, he makes the instrument "speak so sweetly, and so well," that hundreds fly to "strike the chorded shell," who never before dreamt of what it was capable of producing. Its powers in almost every hand but his, are certainly very limited, and even he, the modern Jubal, cannot give it strength enough of tone to render it useful any where but in a small room. As an instrument, however, for the boudoir,—or still better for the alcove,—it is poetical and romantic, and will always possess charms, both in itself and from association.

M. Carulli's elementary book is a very good and useful work: the airs, if not strikingly new and melodious, are pleasing, and shew good taste. The fingering is good, and the preludes, which do not attempt too much, prove, so far as they go, that the author is well acquainted with harmony, and is master of some of its effects.

PHILANDERING; OR, THE ROSE QUEEN.

(Published by the Royal Harmonic Institution,
246, Regent Street.)

1. OVERTURE, composed by CHARLES E. HORN.
2. SONG, "Why what can a poor Maiden do?" sung by Mad. Vestris; composed by the same.
3. DUET, "Go whisper in my Lady's Ear," sung by Mr. Braham and Mr. Liston; composed by the same.
4. DUET, "Dearest Lady, pray believe me!" sung by Miss Stephens and Mr. Braham; composed by PAISIELLO; arranged by Charles E. Horn.
5. SONG, "Did I try to paint Temptation," sung by Mr. Braham; composed by the same.
6. SONG, "We know these Troubadours," sung by Miss Stephens; composed by CARAFFA; arranged by Chas. E. Horn.
7. SONG, "Reason and Love!" sung by Mr. Braham. The melody composed by Mr. BRAHAM; arranged and adapted by Charles E. Horn.
8. THE PICTURE SONG, sung by Mad. Vestris; the air by AUBER; arranged by Charles E. Horn.
9. SONG, "'Tis Liberty," sung by Mr. Braham; composed by CHARLES E. HORN.

10. SONG, "Sally Pell," sung by Mr. Harley; composed by the same.
11. SONG, "Oh! I feel sweet Words impart," sung by Miss Stephens, (an Irish air); arranged by the same.
12. SONG, "The Silent Stream," sung by Mad. Vestris; composed by the same.

In a short notice of this Opera in our last Number, we did not conceal the surprise we felt at its success, which we could only attribute to the strong manner in which it is cast. It still continues to run, and we can only say, *de gustibus*,—but "the proverb is somewhat musty." It is now our business to consider it musically, and we shall not detain our readers long over it. If they like *Philandering*, by all means let them enjoy it; but, as critics, we are too cold to participate in their amusement.

The Overture begins with a *pastorale*, and is so far in character with the piece. It flows on in a trite, unambitious manner, and therefore still continues appropriate.

No. 2, an apology for kissing, is a pretty song in A flat, sung in a very delectable manner by Madame Vestris. At least half of the good humour and tolerance of the audience may be attributed to this winning union of performer, poet, and musician.

No. 3, exhibits Mr. Liston in a kind of serious duet. The music, being of the most common kind, required a mixture of something uncommon to force it down.

The duet, No. 4, by Paisiello, is rather pleasing, though not one of his best efforts; but being well sung, it meets with considerable applause. It is perfectly easy, and may be performed by any two amateurs who are not very aspiring.

No. 5, is the most animated song in the piece, and the composer has not scrupled to borrow in aid the most brilliant passage from Rossini's fine air, *Di piacer mi balza il cor*. The effect of it is good, and Mr. Braham sings it with great spirit. The long division at the end is not only old-fashioned, but in the bad taste of ancient days. The words of this ought to have been a little reformed before they appeared in print.

The air by Caraffa, No. 6, ending in a short chorus, is the most deserving of all these published pieces. Simple, elegant, and possessing a good deal of originality, it is justly applauded, and really with "enthusiasm."

No. 7, *Reason and Love*, is a very pretty, sprightly melody, and there is much of archness and polite humour in the words.

No. 8. The air by Auber, a French composer, is dramatic, lively, and agreeable: much of its effect, however, depends on the singer and the scene.

No. 9, *'Tis Liberty*, is a noisy song, heard distinctly in the upper gallery, and there applauded.—Here we have a version of Eloisa's amatory doctrine about love and liberty. It ought to be sung only to the ladies in the saloon.

No. 10, is a Comic song. No. 11, an Irish air, is not very striking, and, besides two consecutive fifths in the tenth and eleventh bars, the words are wrongly accented in many places. But the latter is a fault that we have not discovered in any other instance throughout the whole of the present opera; a fact which redounds much to the credit of Mr. Horn.

The last of these is called an "original air:" the various phrases of which it is constituted were once so, past all doubt; but it is long since they had a legitimate claim to the merit of novelty.

Mr. BANISTER has informed us, in a polite note, that the errors in his song from *The Pirate*, noticed in our last Number, page 26, are to be imputed to the neglect of his engraver.

COLONEL MACDONALD'S

"Treatise on the Harmonic System."

OUR Review in Vol. I., page 192, of Colonel Macdonald's *Treatise on the Harmonic System, &c.*, has produced a long letter to us from that gentleman, in which he takes no pains to conceal his entire dissatisfaction with our account of his work; and, in language demonstrative of any thing rather than that philosophical composure which men of sense generally "affect, though they have it not," accuses us of misrepresentation and error; of flippancy, arrogance, daringness, &c. &c.

We heartily forgive the colonel for the epithets that he has thought fit to lavish upon us; they are such as critics are doomed to bear, and should never be provoked to resent; but in taxing us with "misrepresentation," a point on which our readers shall be enabled to decide from evidence, he calls upon us for some reply.

We are charged with mis-quoting his opinion of Mozart. At page 193 of our Review, we have used these words, "—he (Colonel M.) says, in the Preface, page xiii., that the overtures of Mozart are deficient in air and subject." Now we will extract, *verbatim*, the very passage to which we alluded:

"The author—(Col. M. is speaking of himself)—is an enthusiastic admirer of the compositions of the immortal Mozart, and has ventured to regret, that overtures and concertos of the most fascinating, animating, and brilliant description, should not have contained more of aria and subject."—*Col. M.'s Preface*, p. xiii.

If by thus bringing into contact the author's opinion, and our abridgment of it, we do not convince him that he has accused us, in this instance, wrongfully, we shall at least satisfy every other reader of the injustice of his imputation. But now we are driven to observe, what we purposely avoided before, that this short passage proves how unguardedly Colonel M. delivers his opinion on musical subjects. What! can overtures, &c., that want "more of aria and subject," be "fascinating, animating, and brilliant?" Is not air the most essential quality in any musical composition,—its vivifying principle? If an "overture or concerto" be deficient in subject, it is deficient in that which gives meaning to measured sounds. And is it possible to admire *enthusiastically*, and to *immortalize*, a composer, if he possess a defect that reduces him to the level of mere pedants? He who cannot find an abundance of air in the overtures to *Figaro* and *Tito*, and a copiousness of subject in those to the *Zaubersföte* and *Don Giovanni*, may write very well on more important subjects,—on *Telegraphs* and *Artillery*,—but he should leave music to others.

Colonel Macdonald accuses us of having "fastened upon a few terms" subjoined to his work, "principally" from "Grassineau's Musical Grammar." These "few terms" occupy no less a space than four folio pages, and, being definitions, must be received as the author's key to his own language. Many of such definitions appearing to us inapplicable and inaccurate, and likely to mislead, we felt it to be our bounden duty to expose some of them. We pointed out four, and without any trouble, might have quadrupled the number. We must here take leave to inform Colonel M. that Grassineau's *Dictionary* (not *Grammar*), is little more than an unavowed translation of Brossard's *Dictionnaire de Musique*, and that neither the one nor the other should be cited as an authority, without great caution. In what part, however, of Grassineau, does the colonel find the three first definitions, if they can be so termed, which we have

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extracted from his work in our criticism on it? We have diligently examined the articles *Accord*, *Diatonic*, and *Interval*, in Grassineau, and if Colonel M.'s interpretations be borrowed from that book, they are so "misrepresented," that we cannot trace them to their original source. It is true that, under the word *accord*, Grassineau quotes something about two cylinders, whose corresponding *lineal* dimensions are in the ratio of 3 to 2, yielding the musical 5th, but he does not offer this as any definition of the word; on the contrary, he refers the reader for an explanation of the term, to the article *Concord*, apparently in perfect ignorance that *accord* is French for *chord*; while this latter word he only employs to signify a string, and does not seem to be aware of its meaning in relation to harmony. Such is the authority upon which Colonel M. has mainly relied, in writing his Appendix.

Before this meets the view of the author of the *Harmonic System*, he will, most likely, have discovered several other points in his work upon which we might have strongly animadverted, had we been captiously disposed; but he may be assured that, in criticising his volume, we had simply the information of our readers, and the interests of science in view, and were actuated by any thing rather than a hostile feeling towards the author. We therefore gladly, on his pointing it out, correct an error, into which we were betrayed by too much fixing our attention on the colonel's second plate, wherein "the *sixth* harmonic octave, of quarter notes," makes a very conspicuous figure, and also several notes of the seventh octave: notwithstanding that the colonel's letter says, "in the plates, he carries the scales *only* to the end of the fourth octave, with a few chromatic semitones of the fifth octave." Our error consists in having said, in the middle of the first column of page 193, that the author has taken great pains to shew this *sixth* octave (instead of saying, fourth octave, $\frac{1}{4}$ th to $\frac{7}{8}$ th) to be practicable on the violin, tenor, violoncello, and double bass: whereas, except in this second plate, he generally limits his descriptions, as above mentioned.

We were the more easily led into this misapprehension, from the author having, in page 22, spoken of this *sixth* octave—as we understand him—as "being the octave of nature, and no effect of chance;" giving his opinion, that "had such properties of the octave been fully known when music began to assume the shape of a regular science, these rejected *natural intervals*—(meaning those derived from $\frac{3}{4}$ d, $\frac{3}{4}$ th, $\frac{3}{5}$ th, and 21 others, involving *primes* larger than 5, up to the $\frac{3}{4}$ d part of the string)—would have remained in the general scale of music;"—"in this as in all other things, *habit* has its effect, and a child might be habituated, in progress of years, to have as much taste for the *natural scale*, as for the *tempered* one of a mixed description;" the Colonel herein wholly overlooking the fact, that in refined concerts, of voices, violins, violoncellos, and other "perfect instruments," as to their power of producing intervals at pleasure, *perfect harmonies* (derived wholly from 1, 2, 3, and 5) and no *tempered harmonies* are ever heard or attempted.

Our excuseableness in making the error above admitted, is further shewn, even in the passage which the colonel quotes against us in his letter, from page 28, first column, wherein he says, "as before mentioned, it might be necessary to *tune the violin lower*, when it is wished to *play continued passages in the higher compass* of the harmonic system."—What is this but asserting, that the notes in the octaves exceeding the fourth or fifth (above the lowest string), are *practicable in performance*? against which doctrine our opinion has been honestly expressed, and is here repeated; and most decidedly so as to the intolerable effect of the *highly tempered concords*, which the colonel's "natural intervals" would introduce.

In order that our readers may see the grounds of our opinion on the latter point, we extract from Mr. Farey's article *HARMONICS*, in the *Edinburgh Encyclopedia*, vol. x., p. 640, published in 1816, a table of the *temperaments* of the first five octaves, of this very "scale of nature," which the colonel now offers, as a novelty "*altogether wonderful*!" (See page 23).

I

A TABLE of the several Aliquot Parts of a musical String, in five Octaves, from $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{1}{32}$ and part thereof: shewing the Notes and their Temperaments.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7
			Σ			
c	VIII. $\frac{1}{2}$	612	$\frac{1}{2}, \frac{1}{3}, \frac{1}{4}, \frac{1}{6}, \frac{1}{8}, \frac{1}{12}$		VIII. — 28 · 0Σ	G
B	VII. $\frac{1}{3}$	555	$\frac{1}{3}, \frac{1}{4}, \frac{1}{6}, \frac{1}{8}, \frac{1}{12}$		7th + 17 · 1Σ	#F
BB	7th. $\frac{1}{6}$	508	$\frac{1}{6}, \frac{1}{8}, \frac{1}{12}, \frac{1}{16}, \frac{1}{24}$		7th — 14 · 0Σ	F
A	VI. $\frac{1}{4}$	451	$\frac{1}{4}, \frac{1}{6}, \frac{1}{8}, \frac{1}{12}, \frac{1}{16}, \frac{1}{24}$		VI. + 11 · 0Σ	E
bA	6th. $\frac{1}{8}$	415	$\frac{1}{8}, \frac{1}{12}, \frac{1}{16}, \frac{1}{24}, \frac{1}{32}$		6th — 21 · 0Σ	bE
G	V. $\frac{1}{5}$	358	$\frac{1}{5}, \frac{1}{6}, \frac{1}{8}, \frac{1}{10}, \frac{1}{12}, \frac{1}{15}, \frac{1}{20}$		5th + 9 · 5Σ	D
bG	5th. $\frac{1}{10}$	311	$\frac{1}{10}, \frac{1}{12}, \frac{1}{15}, \frac{1}{20}, \frac{1}{24}, \frac{1}{30}$		5th — 19 · 5Σ	bD
#F	IV. $\frac{1}{5}$	301	$\frac{1}{5}, \frac{1}{6}, \frac{1}{8}, \frac{1}{10}, \frac{1}{12}, \frac{1}{15}, \frac{1}{20}$		IV. + 19 · 5Σ	#C
F	4th. $\frac{1}{4}$	254	$\frac{1}{4}, \frac{1}{6}, \frac{1}{8}, \frac{1}{12}, \frac{1}{16}, \frac{1}{24}$		4th + 27 · 2Σ	C
E	III. $\frac{1}{3}$	197	$\frac{1}{3}, \frac{1}{4}, \frac{1}{6}, \frac{1}{8}, \frac{1}{12}, \frac{1}{16}, \frac{1}{24}$		4th — 14 · 0Σ	B
bE	3rd. $\frac{1}{6}$	161	$\frac{1}{6}, \frac{1}{8}, \frac{1}{12}, \frac{1}{16}, \frac{1}{24}, \frac{1}{32}$		3rd — 9 · 3Σ	bB
D	II. $\frac{1}{2}$	104	$\frac{1}{2}, \frac{1}{3}, \frac{1}{4}, \frac{1}{6}, \frac{1}{8}, \frac{1}{12}, \frac{1}{16}, \frac{1}{24}$		2nd — 3 · 5Σ	A
bD	2nd. $\frac{1}{4}$	57	$\frac{1}{4}, \frac{1}{6}, \frac{1}{8}, \frac{1}{12}, \frac{1}{16}, \frac{1}{24}, \frac{1}{32}$			bA
C	1st. $\frac{1}{1}$	0	$\frac{1}{1}, \frac{1}{2}, \frac{1}{3}, \frac{1}{4}, \frac{1}{6}, \frac{1}{8}, \frac{1}{12}, \frac{1}{16}, \frac{1}{24}, \frac{1}{32}$			G
Literals	Numerals	Ratios	Temperaments	Aliquot Parts	Temperaments	Literals

The titles of the columns are placed at bottom, because the intervals read upwards. For clearly elucidating the subject, we have now added the first, third, fourth, and seventh columns above; also corrected some errors of the press, and retained only the nearest first place of decimals of Σ , as abundantly sufficient for every useful purpose.

It thus appears, from column 6, that eight of the Colonel's natural notes, supposing them successively sounded along with G, his key-note*, have temperaments which exceed a major

* It will be observed, that A is not a true major second above G (because $451 - 358 = 93\Sigma$, the grave II, or II^b, or minor tone $\frac{1}{2}$), but A[#], or accented A (462Σ) holds that rank: so also, bB is not a true minor third to G, but $\frac{1}{3}\text{B}$, or $\frac{1}{3} = 519\Sigma$, above G, or 161 Σ above G.

† It may be proper to state here, in the absence of a more extended table of schismata than that in the *Monthly Magazine*, referred to in p. 180 of our first volume, and in the *Edinburgh Encyclopedia*, Vol. ix. p. 275, that the schisma value of any of the ratios in col. 5 may

comma, or 11Σ; and that three of them, on important concords, exceed two commas, and approach nearly to the character of discords.

Those of our readers who may take the trouble to find, by the rule given in the note below†, the schisma values of any two of the harmonic notes of columns 5 and 6, by deducting one from the other, and comparing the remainder with column 4, may ascertain the temperament of these two harmonic notes when sounded together: and thus, cannot fail of easily satisfying themselves that "the harmonics of a string" are very improperly so called, except in the cases of $\frac{1}{2}$, $\frac{1}{3}$, and $\frac{1}{4}$ th of its length, and of some of the multiples of these, as $\frac{1}{6}$, $\frac{1}{8}$, $\frac{1}{12}$ th, &c., and that all the others are properly *false notes*, as is commonly said of them when sounded on the common trumpet, horn, &c., which cannot be introduced in concert performance (were it practicable to do so, correctly, on stringed instruments) without occasioning horrible dissonance, instead of improvement, notwithstanding all that the Colonel has advanced, or may advance to the contrary.

In one other immaterial instance, Colonel M.'s letter detects our Review (or our printer, rather‡) of error, viz., in line 19; column 2, of page 192, in quoting, = $\frac{1}{9}$ =, instead of, = $\frac{1}{8}$ =, as printed in his work, page 41; and on account of this error the colonel says, it is "no wonder" we did not understand this "fractional process," which he had correctly copied (with most of the other definitions in his alphabetical Appendix) from "the very able Musical Grammar of M. Grassineau, published in 1740;" and adds, "I am perfectly prepared to defend the definitions at the end of my work;" yet, on turning to Grassineau's Dictionary, we find, that the first five out of the eight fractions introduced in this stoutly-defended process ("reduction to," as well as the sign —, preceding the three last fractions, being the Colonel's mistaken interpolations) have nothing whatever to do with either *schisma* or *comma*, but express Dr. Wallis' mode of shewing how a major *Third* is compounded.

Having now disposed of the only two instances in which Colonel Macdonald's long letter detects real errors in our Review, we proceed to answer the call he makes on us, to point out any of the "mistakes in the abstruser parts" of his subject, alluded to at the conclusion of our Review, that he may have committed.

At page 21 Colonel Macdonald says, "when it is asked what causes a string, on being touched at an aliquot point, to curve into vibrations of the harmonic of the touched point, no satisfactory reason for the fact can be assigned;" and our (his own) ignorance on this point, is in a truly rhapsodical style, compared with the mysteries of gravitation, electricity, and magnetism, through more than half a large page which follows. Yet it so happens, that Daniel Bernoulli—a name introduced by the Colonel a few lines before,—did successfully, in 1762, investigate and demonstrate the whole theory of harmonic vibrations, for which it is here said no satisfactory reason can be given! Professor Robison, both in the Supplement to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, third edition, and in his *Works*, after minutely examining the Bernoullian theory, pronounces it correct; and that it accords fully, and receives confirmation from those very expe-

be found, from cols. 4 and 6, by this rule, viz. — From or to the Σ , in col. 4, answering to the numeral (of col. 2) mentioned in col. 6, deduct or else add (— or +) the temperaments which follow, and the remainder expresses (in the fifth octave) the interval above $\frac{1}{2}$ th of the string, considered as a key or base note. For example: $\frac{1}{3}$ = 57 — 3.5 = 53.5Σ, is the value of bD when C is the key, or of bA when G is the key: and again, $\frac{1}{4}$ = 612 — 28.0 = 584Σ, the false or highly-tempered harmonic value of c, or of g, octaves to C and G, &c.

In case it be wanted to know the interval between any of the notes here, and the note of the whole length of the string, instead of that, above $\frac{1}{2}$ th part thereof, expressed in col. 6) in such case, the Σ 's of four octaves, or 2448Σ, must be added to each of the results obtained by the above rule. For example: $\frac{1}{3}$ = 2448 + 53.5 = 2501.5; and again, $\frac{1}{4}$ = 2448 + 584 = 3032.0Σ, &c. When notes of the third octave, $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{16}$ th, are to be calculated, relatively to the whole string, the schismata of 8 VIII., or 1836Σ must be added: also, when those of the second octave, $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{8}$ th, are wanted, add 1924Σ; and for those of the first octave above $\frac{1}{2}$, add 612Σ.

‡ Who also, in line 15, has reversed two figures, and put 297, instead of 279, occurring five lines before.

the same page. In the more recent article on Harmonics, by riments of Mr. Watt, which are mentioned by the Colonel in Mr. Farey, already referred to herein, these circumstances are stated, and a far more conclusive experiment than that of Mr. Watt is detailed; wherein Mr. John Isaac Newton exhibited, to the eye and to the ear, the most perfect confirmation of every part of the theory of Bernoulli; Mr. H. extending his experiment to a visible ascertainment of the *concord pitch*, as the same writer has shown, under that article in Dr. Reed's Cyclopædia.

On the margin of the Colonel's plate 1, it is said, that after the work was printed off, except the table of contents and its postscript, the author discovered, that there is "a small degree of sharpness of the harmonic, compared with the same note, taken by pressure" (that is, stopped by the end of the finger in the usual way), and "the note of the open string is somewhat sharper than the same note taken by pressure, on a lower string;" and these he asserts to be owing, in the open string, to "a small portion close to the nut and bridge, which remains out of action, or does not vibrate." In the postscript it is said, that this small part of the string "is blunted or deadened," and again it is said to be "mortified and out of action," and this the Colonel says, he discovered after long study. We, however, consider this explanation to be wholly in error; occasioned by neglecting to consider, that the string of an instrument is stretched at no inconsiderable height above its finger-board, compared with the length of the string, and that when "by pressure" during performance or experiment, the string is brought down to bear on the board, an actual *lengthening* of the string takes place, in the proportion of the sum of the hypotenuses of two right-angled triangles, having a common perpendicular (equal to the string's height above the board) to the sum of their bases, which sum equals the open length of the string, and that this *increased length* of a pressed string, occasions a somewhat lower note, in the cases stated: instead of the imagined quiescent part of the open string, *shortening the sounding part thereof*, and so occasioning a somewhat higher note, as the Colonel erroneously assumes.

Here we might have closed our remarks, had not Colonel Macdonald's letter accused us of "fastening on a few of his definitions, unconnected with his work," and pretty strongly insinuated, that this had been done, because we could discover no other errors. We turn therefore to p. 12, line 6, from the bottom, and find it said, "a semitone major, is equal to the difference between a ninth and a sixth part of a string;" now $\frac{1}{9} \times \frac{4}{5} = \frac{4}{45}$ (a Vth), instead of $\frac{1}{15}$; or thus, $1940 - 1568 = 372$, and not 572.

Again, in Plate I., No. 4, the third part of a string is said to produce "a fifteenth," instead of a *major twelfth*, or VIII + V, or $612 + 358 = 970$; whereas the major fifteenth is yielded by $\frac{1}{12}$ of the string, = 2VIII, or 1242. We could easily, as we have remarked above, point out many other errors in the body of the work, some of which, as inimical to scientific precision and accuracy, unhappily illustrate the following assertion in Colonel M.'s letter,—"There is not a mathematical idea in my work, from beginning to end."

FOREIGN MUSICAL REPORT.

PRAGUE. A new opera has appeared here from the pen of M. Rietto, entitled *Prinz Nuredin*. Though not very remarkable as a whole, it contains some scattered beauties of no common order, among which may be mentioned the air at the entrance of the heroine of the piece, and a quartett in the second act, which is of very considerable power.

DRESDEN. A melodrama has been recently brought out here, entitled *La Giovinezza d' Enrico IV.* The music is by the Chevalier Morlacchi, *Maestro della Capella Reale*. When in Italy, he composed an opera under this name; from this composition he has selected some pieces, but the greater part of the work is new and original. Too high an eulogium cannot be paid to the genius and taste of this composer, who has so

admirably adapted the expression to his characters, so happily employed his musical colouring, and so ingeniously availed himself of the situations offered him, to give due spirit, as well as effect to the whole of the piece. Among the most admired parts are, the introductory duet; the brilliant and graceful cavatina of the Prince; a duet between him and the Count; the first cavatina of the prima donna; and the finale, which was full of dramatic life, fire, and spirit, and called forth repeated applauses. The second act was marked by an air which may well dispute the palm with the happiest productions of which our age can boast, as well as by a most magnificent quartett. The style of this composer is marked with great originality, and, with the exception of certain forms of recent introduction into music, awakens stronger reminiscences of the ancient school than that any other living author.

MANZ. A Requiem, a posthumous work of the celebrated Abbé Vogler, has lately been published here, of which repeat speaks very highly. The Abbé was a man of great reading and a classical scholar, as well as a profound musician, and perfectly acquainted with the genius of church music. But at the same time he was a man of great eccentricity of character. Of this, among many other instances, the following is related as not among the least remarkable. Though he was a profound virtuoso upon the organ, and knew how to treat that instrument with more dignity, science, and feeling, than any of his contemporaries, yet he prided himself on concealing this talent from the public, and in exercising his skill only in marches, light concertos, and little popular pieces of no depth of thought or power of execution. Hence he was generally regarded as a man of considerable talent, but, with regard to music, as a mere pretender to science; as a more fanciful, though not unamusing, amateur. In the same spirit of whim he furnished publishers with only a few trifling productions of the moment, while all the higher efforts of his genius he kept a profound secret, carrying them everywhere with him till his death; when the world discovered what a wrong judgment they had formed concerning him. The present is one of these productions, which evinces great depth of thought, joined to great elegance and profound feeling. Though he has trod upon dangerous ground, which was pre-occupied by the transcendent genius of Mozart; yet, undaunted by the splendour of a great name, he has thought for himself, and, by taking his own way, has arrived at the same end; and though the path he has pursued be different from that of this great master, it is, nevertheless, a sure and safe one; nay, in some few instances, an impartial critic might think himself justified in asserting that he has improved upon his great original, and struck out superior beauties of his own.

NAPLES. *La Medea*, the master-piece of Mayr, was lately brought forward on the San-Carlo with very considerable success. The whole strength of the house was brought forward to give effect to this production, which abounds with classic beauties of the first order. The Signora Feron sustained the part of *Medea* with great energy, and was admirably supported by Signor Nozzari. Their powers in the celebrated duet, *Codi al destin*, was crowned with universal applause. *Medea* has justly been considered as one of the most meritorious productions of modern music.

The title of *Maestro*, which, in general, is too indiscriminately lavished on every composer, has been judiciously and meritoriously conferred upon a scholar of the *Conservatorio* here, named Sapientza, who consecrated the first fruits of his muse to the principal theatre of his native city. The whole composition of his *Roderigo* is marked by a poetic taste, and distinguished by great sweetness of melody and purity of harmony, as well as much power, joined to great simplicity in the instrumental accompaniments. The concerted pieces are in general sweet and pleasing. A tertetto in the second act was loudly and deservedly applauded. All the singers most laudably co-operated in success of the piece, and among them Signora Feron and Signor Nozzari deserve particular notice. The Signora also obtained great success in her part. She displayed a clear and sonorous voice, and which was particularly powerful in the lower notes. In the tertetto she obtained the

most decisive triumph, executing some very difficult notes with the most perfect firmness and precision; and by the fire and energy of her declamation contributed not a little to give effect to the concerted pieces. This opera has already sustained several representations, and continues to be heard with increasing satisfaction.

After some interval, the *Barbiere di Siviglia*, has again been brought forward on the *Real Teatro del Fondo*, with renewed splendour and success. Expectation was raised to the highest pitch, and the crowd of spectators was immense. Signor Lablache, a native of this city, and a pupil of the royal conservatory here, after having sustained the glory of the first musical city in the world in other places, appeared, for the first time, on the boards of his native city. His talents corresponded to the high expectations that his fame in other places had excited. The applause was warm and unanimous, and he was ranked by the general voice in the class of first-rate artists, both as an estimable singer, and an accomplished actor. In addition to this, the Signora Fodor appeared in her favorite character, to share a portion of the enthusiasm of the evening. The value of this inimitable songstress may be felt, but cannot adequately be described. Her triumph is that spontaneous feeling which she awakens, and in which it is impossible for the coldest not to participate. His Majesty, who knows so justly how to appreciate true merit, was pleased repeatedly to applaud both these delightful singers.

MILAN. A weekly gazette, published at this place, has the following remarks on Rossini's *Otello*:—"Though the music, upon the whole, is good, yet we cannot but censure various passages, and even airs, which are taken, with little or no variation, from former scores. For instance, one of the duets contains the same military movement which occurs in *Tancredi*; in another place we have the *motivo* of the air *La calunnia*; in a fourth, we stumble upon a cantilena which is taken from the well-known *terzetto* in the *Barbiere di Siviglia*; and a little further on, in the ninth scene, we are entertained with a charming chorus, the subject from which is taken, with very little alteration, from the finale of *Demetrio e Polibio*. If we were disposed to go on, there would be no end of the list of these self-borrowed passages."

The *Ricciardo* of this master has also been attempted here, reduced into the form of an *intermezzo*. But its duration was short, and our account of it shall be equally so. It is sufficient to say that the managers have thought proper not to admit it into the *Repertorio* (List of Stock pieces).

A new opera was produced here in October last, from the pen of Generali, entitled *La Pamela Nubile*. The music is of a very soft and subdued nature; indeed the complaint was that it is too much so. It is evidently an attempt to imitate the ancient masters, but it has all the repetitions, drawing passages, and infinite *codas* or repeated termination passages, of the ancient style, without its powerful energy, solidity of thought, and those simple but grand cantilenas that distinguish the school of Cimarosa and Paisiello from the rapidity and noisy violence of that of the moderns.

A *Farsa*, in the Venetian dialect, entitled *Donne Avvocati*, by Sografi, came after the melancholy composition above-mentioned, to put the public in good humour, and was received with general applause.

FLORINON. A new opera, by the celebrated Generali, entitled *I Baccanali*, was lately produced here, at the *Teatro del Cocamero*. To give an idea of the success that attended this opera, when we state that, though but in two acts, the time of representation equalled that of an opera in three, on account of the encores of many of the airs. It promises fair to hold its course through the whole season.

TURIN. A new semi-serious drama has been lately produced here, entitled *Adèle ed Emérico, ossia: il Posto Abbandonato*, (The Deserted Post.) The materials of which this opera is formed are as follows: A captain who allows the post intrusted to his care, to be surprised by the enemy, while he has stolen away to enjoy an interview with a fair damsel, who proposes a

runaway match; a council of war, by which he is condemned to be shot; a general constrained to subscribe to the sentence which condemns a gallant young officer to death; a meeting of the two lovers, and their nuptials celebrated amidst the horrors of a prison; a band of soldiers, preceded by a muffled drum, that come to separate the two lovers, one of whom is led off to receive a couple of bullets in the head, and the other conveyed away in a fainting fit. Such is the story. But the worst part of the business is, that the music of *Adèle ed Emérico* is neither that of *Agnese*, of *Tancredi*, nay, nor even of *Elisa e Claudio*. The public, a severe but just judge, gave the very first evening no unequivocal signs of restlessness and annoyance, which they confirmed on the second, by gradually leaving a considerable vacuum in the pit, which went on progressively in *crescendo*. But how if it be found written in the title-page of the *Libretto*, that this music is by Mercadante? Well, even the good Homer himself sometimes nodded; and, in the present instance, the author of *Elisa e Claudio* has given the public a most perfect narcotic. Triviality in the thoughts, languor in the general effects, and useless and wearisome repetitions, together with a most unmerciful length, ensured to this opera a certain fall, which neither the efforts of the actors, nor the patience and good nature of the most forbearing audience, were able to ward off.

Teatro Carignano. A new comic opera has been produced here, entitled *Lo Sposo di Provincia*, from the pen of Signor Cordella, a young Neapolitan composer. The music is certainly not of the first class, but it augurs well of the future success of this rising artist. Many are the pieces in which this young composer has been ambitious to make a display of science, taste, and genius. What chiefly pleased in the first act was a *terzetto* for the *prima donna*, tenor, and bass; a bass solo admirably managed, and the *sestetto* in the finale. In the second act, a comic bass air, a duet between the *prima donna* and her attendant, a *terzetto* between the tenor and two basses, as well as a *rondeau* sung by the *prima donna*. Upon the whole, though defective in general power, this opera has many original beauties, and will most probably continue to please the listener it is heard. This, as things go, may be considered as no mean praise.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

The Members of the Philharmonic Society are now to be looked up to as the conservators of modern classical music; while the noble Directors of the Ancient Concert must be considered as the protectors of that which is of earlier date. But for these two Institutions, the greater part of that which is really excellent in the art, would be in no small danger of falling into neglect, for the present at least, and in the fashionable circles, where the rage for novelty is operating with great force.

The fourteenth series of these performances commenced on the 23d of last month. The following is the programme of the concert:

ACT I.

Sinfonia Eroica	Beethoven.
"Misericordias Domini," Madame Caradori, Miss Carew, Messrs. Terrail, Evans, Vaughan, Elliott, Nelson, and Welsh	Mozart.
Concertante for two Violoncellos obligati, Mr. Lindley and Mr. W. Lindley	Lindley.
Duetto, "Ti veggio, t'abbraccio," Madame Caradori and Miss Carew, (Il Ratto di Proserpina)	Winter.
Overture, <i>Der Freyschütz</i>	Weber.

ACT II.

Sinfonia in C.	Haydn.
Recit. ed Aria, "Mi tradi," Madame Caradori, (Il Don Giovanni)	Mozart.
Concerto Violino, Mr. Keisewetter	Mayseder.
Trio, "The flocks shall leave the mountains," Madame Caradori, Mr. Vaughan, and Mr. Welsh, (Acis and Galatea)	Handel.
Overture, <i>Zauberflöte</i>	Mozart.

Leader, Mr. F. Cramer—Conductor, Mr. Cramer.

The heroic symphony of Beethoven abounds in traits of genius, and the funeral march, which forms one of the movements, is full of fine dignified feeling: but three quarters of an hour is too long a time for the attention to be fixed on a single piece of music; and in spite of its merit, the termination of it is wished for some minutes before it arrives. Haydn's symphony in C, is one of his early works, and, therefore, more simple in construction than those of later date. It does not promise much at the opening, but the middle movements and the finale are so full of melody, and so ingeniously worked, that they please all tastes. The overture to the *Freyshütz*, the German opera that is now so much talked of, by Carl Maria von Weber, was performed for the first time at these concerts, and had ample justice done it. It is the composition of no ordinary man, and ought to be heard more than once to discover all its meaning and merit, for it is very original, and somewhat mysterious, and exactly suited to the drama which it is written to precede.

The Motet of Mozart is a delightful and masterly composition, but was so placed as to lose more than half of its effect. What a want of judgment!—to put a long, serious, sacred piece of music, immediately after an almost interminable, solemn, funeral symphony!—The voices also were either too many or too few; it is a quartett, or it is a chorus: if the former, one to a part is enough: if the latter, two are insufficient. The beautiful duet of Winter was well sung, and the aria from *Don Giovanni* did Mad. Caradori infinite credit. Handel's exquisitely beautiful trio was not so fortunate: Mr. Vaughan, as the tenor, left us nothing to wish; but English music should be given to English singers, therefore the soprano part was injudiciously sent to an Italian performer; and Mr. Welsh's voice is not all through strong enough for the bass part, though he sang it with good expression.

The *Concertante* was most admirably performed by father and son, and the moral feeling excited by the union, was nearly as powerful as the musical sensation. Mr. Keisewetter's concerto was wonderful; the *adagio* delightful. His execution is quite amazing sometimes, but not always perfect, and he has a jerking squeak,—we cannot find a better term for it,—in his high notes, that is perfectly anti-musical. Bating this, he is one of the finest players we have ever heard in this country. His *cadenza* was a master-piece in execution. The concerto has all Mayr's fire and animation.

Mr. F. Cramer,—whose return to these concerts will gratify all lovers of music,—led the band with that enthusiasm which is peculiar to him. He had by his side three other leaders, Spagnoletti, Keisewetter, and Mori, and the band consisted, as usual, of the *élite* of orchestral performers, who altogether produce a concert that is not excelled in any part of Europe. Mr. Cramer presided as the conductor of this powerful host, and completed the union.

THE DRAMA.

THE KING'S THEATRE.

SINCE our last, Rossini's *Barbiere di Siviglia* has been brought out here, but has not proved very successful. Madame Vestris is the *Rosina*, and none can excel her in the part, as to appearance and acting; but much of the music is entirely out of her compass, and in the concerted pieces she was scarcely heard. Signor de Begnis is a good *Don Bartolo*, the part so admirably played by Ambrogetti; but *Porto* neither looks nor sings as *Basilio* used to do, in the hands of Angrisani. He has a stupendous voice, but it wants flexibility for the comic opera. A Signor Benetti appeared for the first time in this country, in the character of *Figaro*: his voice is neither barytone, nor base; it is too low for one, and too high for the other, and he has very few pretensions as a singer. Upon the whole, this revival has proved a failure.

CONCERTS SPIRITUELS,—a far better term than oratorios,—are to be given at this theatre on the Fridays in Lent. We heartily wish them success, for they are the first attempt that has been made for some years to oppose a French speculator, who has

taken the two English theatres, for the avowed purpose of shutting up one, and thus endeavouring to exclude all fair competition.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

Lodoiska has been revived at this house. It was amazingly popular some five and twenty years ago, but we should be puzzled to assign a reason why. The dramatic part is absurd and dull; the music, except a single air, is insipid, and the conclusion is enough to stun all but artillerymen with its noise, and to poison all but pyrotechnists with its smell. But the horses!—aye, the horses!—they are very essential to a horde of Tartars, certainly; why then are some dozen of these mounted, and all the rest brought in on foot? It is evident from the getting up of this, that the whole reliance was placed on the cavalry and musquetry, for, with the exception of Harley, the parts are only filled by second-rate performers. But the horses draw, the swordsmen draw, and the guns fill the house,—with smoke at least. What more can be desired?

The *Merry Wives of Windsor* has been brought out, interspersed with several pieces of music, and thus converted into an operatical drama. The manager has been very strongly censured for this, but is he to blame if the public sanction his measures? they have the remedy in their own hands; if they do not choose to apply it,—if a song will attract when wit will not, Mr. Elliston is right in bolstering up Shakspeare with music,—

For those who please to live, must live to please.

The fact is, and it cannot be too often repeated, that in our large theatres, music is heard and horses are seen; and people will go where they are not likely to be disappointed. Open a smaller theatre, where no word will be lost, where no gesture will be unobserved, and an abundance of persons will be found to attend it, though it have no better attraction than Shakspeare and Otway, Congreve and Sheridan, with others of the same rank, unadulterated. In our next we shall give some account of the music introduced into this play; we have not yet had an opportunity to hear it.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

On Friday, the 13th of last month, a new opera under the name of *NATIVE LAND*, or, *The Return from Slavery*, was produced at this house.

Dramatis Personæ.

AURELIO DI MONTALTO, (a noble Genoese)	Mr. SINCLAIR.
GIUSEPPO, (a Senator)	Mr. FARREN.
TANCREDI, (a Naval Commander)	Mr. COOPER.
MARCELLO	Mr. DURSET.
PEREGRINO, (Valet to Aurelio)	Mr. FAUCETT.
CLYMANTE, (betrothed to Aurelio)	Miss PATON.
BIONDINA, (disguised under the name of Celio)	Miss TREE.
LAVINIA, (Sister to Aurelio)	Miss BEAUMONT.
ZANINA, (her Woman)	Miss LOVE.

A Genoese Noble, *Aurelio di Montalto*, betrothed to *Clymanthe*, having been taken prisoner by the Barbary corsairs, in vain endeavours to make his situation known in his native land, all his letters being intercepted and destroyed by his roguish guardian *Giuseppe*. During his captivity, the father of his mistress dies, leaving his fortune to his daughter, on condition of her marriage within a stated period. *Clymanthe*, cherishing a hope that her lover still lives, induces her cousin *Biondina*, to put on the disguise of a cavalier, and under the name of *Celio*, to assume the part of her intended husband. At this moment the piece opens with the spirited and well-imagined incident of a return of Christian captives from Moorish slavery, among whom, in reality, is *Aurelio*, but who, in consequence of his letters being unnoticed, suspects the fidelity of his mistress, and prevails on his liberator, *Tancredi*, to pass him off disguised as an Abyssinian stranger. In this habit he is invited, with his friend *Tancredi*, to the mock wedding of *Clymanthe*, which he in consequence attends in a transport of jealousy. In the mean time *Peregrino*, *Aurelio's* servant, in order to prove the affection of his wife *Zanina*, waiting-woman to *Lavinia*, *Aurelio's* sister, affects to have lost an arm, an eye, and a leg. Independent of the comic use of this incident, it leads to a detection of the treachery of *Giuseppe*,

just as *Aurelio* discovers that his apprehended rival is a woman. The conclusion may be easily anticipated: *Giuseppe* is pished, and the lovers made happy.

"The music" of this opera is "by Mr. Bishop, and the selections from Rossini." So the printed books announce; are we therefore to conclude that Signor Rossini's compositions are not music? Such is the logical inference. The dramatic part is said to be from the pen of Mr. Dimond, and though not very powerfully written, nor abounding in interest, betrays no vulgar taste, and has plot enough to keep the attention from nodding. The poetry indeed is of rather a superior kind, particularly when compared to the trash which we now generally are regaled with in English operas.

Of the music we cannot speak so favourably as we wish, it is altogether heavy; and, with two or three exceptions, has nothing to very much animate an audience. The song for Miss Tree, as *Celio*, "Is't art, I pray, or nature?" is very pretty, and the most original of all the new music. The duet from the French, sung by Miss Paton and Miss Tree, "Lo! when Showers descending," is exceedingly beautiful, and is another proof of the merit of those compositions which we affect to despise. A duet for Miss Tree and Mr. Sinclair, "Sir! Stranger," is very common, and has a *cadenza* at the end as long as the piece to which it is added. In this *cadenza* Mr. Sinclair carries his notes far above those of Miss Tree, who sings base to him. Perhaps this is because the lady is in male attire, but then the gentleman should have a dress corresponding to his feminine tones. If Mr. Sinclair will confine himself to his natural voice, which, though not so sweet as it was, is very good, and if he will sing with a little more feeling and animation, he will please, without having recourse to his falsetto, which betrays him into very wanton deviations from his airs, and is any thing but inviting to good critics, and rational people. The music by Rossini is selected from his *Ricciardo*, *Donna del Lago*, and *Turco in Italia*, and is not very handsomely treated. It is said that he went to hear it, and hardly recognised himself. The romance, "Aurora, ah Sorgerai!" from his *Donna del Lago*, and now set to the words, "Farewell! thou Coast of Glory!" is sung like a jig, though the movement is marked by the word *andantino*. Mr. Sinclair too gives it all the strength of his lungs, both behind the scenes and on the stage—for it is introduced as in the Italian opera,—never appearing to dream that it requires delicacy and feeling. Miss Paton and Miss Tree make very successful exertions in this opera; we verily believe that a considerable portion of the favour which it has gained, is to be attributed to the personal charms of the latter fascinating performer. Miss Love also is excellent as the waiting-woman, and Fawcett as full as ever of spirit and humour.

ORATORIOS.

On the 30th of January, King Charles's Martyrdom, an *Oratorio*, as it is called, was performed at Drury-lane Theatre, under the direction of Monsieur Bochsa, in which nearly all the principal English singers took a part, and the house was completely filled. A new Sacred Drama, under the name of "The Day of Judgment," by a composer named Schneider, transferred from the German to the English language, was produced for the first time, and pretty generally disapproved. It consists almost entirely of chorusses, and is not at all calculated to please a theatrical audience, nor will it much gratify any other; for though it is composed in a learned style, and shews the author of it to be a good *con'rapuntist*, yet it is so dry and dull, that it would put every body asleep, did not its noisiness deprive all hearers of this relief. Monsieur Bochsa is very unfortunate in his choice, and still more so in the titles of his pieces. His own *Deluge* nearly overwhelmed him, and now *The Day of Judgment* produces his condemnation. About seven years ago there was a still more serious performance at Paris, a French *Day of Judgment*, in which some high law personages filled very important parts; but when the principal character was called, it was found that, thinking he had no character at all, he had taken the shortest road to London. His expected engagement at Marseilles was thereby lost.

FRENCH THEATRES IN LONDON.

For some years past the performance of the French drama, in various shapes, has been tolerated in this metropolis by the Lord Chamberlain. It was first introduced at the Argyll Rooms, as a part of the amusement of the fashionable assemblies held there; and, at the dissolution of these, by the revival of the Italian Opera, in 1817, the small West London Theatre, in Tottenham-street, was opened by a company of French performers, who, from that time, have continued to represent short comedies, and farces with *vaudevilles*,—or little comic operas,—very successfully, and have always had an audience of very respectable rank. Most of the boxes in this small, but well-contrived, pretty theatre, are let by the season; others are open. The box-price per night is six shillings, and the pit three shillings and sixpence. No money taken at the doors, but *subscription tickets* are issued by the usual booksellers.

This theatre opened in January, under the management of MM. Cloup, Laporte, and Pelissié.

The musical part of these performances is the weakest, and no great attention seems to be bestowed upon it. But the other pieces are remarkably well got up, and are highly amusing. Laporte is a very finished actor, with great versatility of talent. In the character of *Pasquin* he reminded us of Harley, and in that of *Mimi*, Liston was brought to our view. He sings also very well: in short, he is the *Colonne du Théâtre*. Madlle. Delia is a very pleasing, gentle performer, and Madlle. St. Ange is one of the best actresses that we ever saw. Her comedy is all gaiety, bustle, and spirit, but unmixed with any thing at all approaching vulgarity.

An attempt was made on the 29th of January, to open a French musical theatre in the Concert Room of the Opera-House, which was fitted up with boxes, &c. The preparations for this purpose were very clumsy, and the dirt and darkness of the saloon spread a gloom over the whole of the evening. The speculators in this were two Frenchmen, who, finding it very inconvenient to live at home, are seeking their fortunes in this metropolis, the grand depot for ingenious gentlemen. The musical department was managed by a third native of France, Monsieur Bochsa, who also finds the climate of England much more congenial than that of his native country. The unfortunate performers, amongst whom were some of great talent, were inveigled here by the most flattering promises, and, we lament to say, were driven to the utmost distress, before they were able to return back. The strength of this little company was in its vocal corps, and we have seldom heard French singing so free from its usual faults, and so perfectly agreeable. But their reign only lasted one night; few went to hear them, and still fewer paid for their entertainment; and the bill of that evening was the first and last issued.

MR. JOHN DAVY

Died at his lodgings, May's Buildings, on Sunday, Feb. 22, 1824.—It is not a little singular that this ingenious musician, though only in his 59th year, should have outlived the whole of his kindred. Not one single relative could be found to attend him in his last moments. His life for many years past has been embittered by an illness of the severest kind, and he has often been heard to sigh for that relief which death could only afford.

He was a native of Crediton, Devonshire. When very young, he became a pupil of the celebrated Jackson, of Exeter. He arrived in London early in life, and soon distinguished himself by compositions that reflect the greatest credit on himself and his master. Naturally indolent, his works are but few—but those few display great talent. Among his miscellaneous songs,—“Just like Love”—“The Smuggler”—“May we ne'er want a Friend”—“Bay of Biscay,” &c., are the best known.

His last Operas were *Rob Roy Macgreggor*, and *Woman's Will*;—the former distinguished by the most tasteful and judicious adaptations; the latter, by much bold and original composition.

Owing to an habitual improvidence, the too frequent attendance on genius, poor Davy died in extreme indigence, without leaving even sufficient to defray the expenses of his funeral.

THE HARMONICON.

No. XVI., APRIL, 1824.

MEMOIR OF GIOVANNI BATTISTA VIOTTI.

THE late G. B. VIOTTI, the first violinist of his age, was born in the year 1755, at Fontaneto, a small village of Piedmont, situated between Trino and Crescentino. So rapid was the progress he made under his distinguished master, the celebrated Pugnani, that at the age of twenty, he was chosen to fill the situation of first violinist to the Royal Chapel of Turin. He remained in this place till the year 1778, and then proceeded on his travels; and after residing for some time at Berlin, directed his course towards Paris, where he displayed his talents in the *Concert Spirituel*. At this period, Jarnowick was the great object of public attention, and excited universal admiration by his concertos, which were full of beauty: but Viotti soon eclipsed his fame, as well by the elegance and grandeur of his compositions, as by the noble and powerful manner in which he executed them. The connoisseurs were delighted by his originality, fruitfulness of imagination, and fortunate boldness, to which he joined all the fire of youth, tempered by a pure and exalted taste. They were charmed with the beauty and novelty of his *motivos*, and the art with which he knew how to develop his thoughts, and work them up to the highest degree of perfection. Nothing could exceed his brilliancy in the *allegro*, but it was in the more difficult *adagio*, in that movement which tries and displays the master, that his powers were unrivalled.

His fame at length attracted the notice of royalty. Marie Antoinette sent for Viotti to Versailles. A day was fixed for a concert, in which his powers were to be called into action. All the persons of the court were assembled, and the performance began. Already the first bars of his favourite solo commanded breathless attention, when an outcry was heard in the saloon: *Place à monseigneur le Comte d'Artois!* In the midst of the tumult, the indignant Viotti coolly placed his violin under his arm and walked out of the room, leaving the whole court in amazement, to the great scandal of a numerous assemblage of spectators. Shortly afterwards this singular man made a resolution never again to play in public, which he scrupulously adhered to, as it related to France, where, ever after, none but his friends enjoyed the envied privilege of hearing him in their private concerts. Among these friends was the celebrated Mad. Montgeroult*, who had a country-house in the valley of

Montmorency. In the society of this amiable and gifted woman, in whom he found an enthusiasm for the art equal to his own, he was visited by his most brilliant inspirations. She would frequently seat herself at the piano, and begin a concerto *all' improvviso*. Viotti, catching in an instant the spirit of the *motivo*, would accompany her extemporaneous effusions, and display all the magic of his art.

In 1790, one of the deputies of the *Assemblée Constituante*, who had a range of apartments on the fifth floor of a house, prevailed upon Viotti, who was his intimate friend, to give a concert at his chambers. Princes, and a long list of *grandees* and ladies of distinction were invited. "It is now a long time," said Viotti, "since we descended to them; they must now ascend to us."

Mr. Viotti had a turn for repartee. One day when the minister Calonne, asked him which violin was the most true,—“That,” replied he with a significant look, “which is the least false.”

M. Puppo, whose talents upon the violin were great, and which Mr. Viotti was the first to praise, was fond of boasting that he was a scholar of the great Tartini, which was known not to be the case. On a public occasion, when M. Lahoussaye, who was really a disciple of Tartini, was present, Viotti begged him as a favour to give him a specimen of Tartini's manner of playing; “and now,” said he in a voice loud enough to be heard by all the company, “now M. Puppo, listen to my friend M. Lahoussaye, and you will be able to form an idea how Tartini played.”

Mr. Viotti remained in Paris till the unhappy revolution in 1790, which chased away the Muses from that devoted capital, when he joined the fugitives and escaped to England. In London he made his debut at Salomon's Concerts, where in a concerto of his own composition he excited no less admiration than he had previously gained in the capital of France. In the years 1794 and 1795 Mr. Viotti had some share in the management of the King's Theatre. Shortly after this he succeeded Mr. Wm. Cramer as leader of the Opera band, an office that he did not long retain, for in 1798 the susceptible feelings of this admirable artist were destined to expe-

* This lady who is still living, has formed a number of excellent pupils in the *Conservatoire* at Paris, and among others M. Pradher. She excelled no less in the *adagio* than the *allegro*, and her *Méthode*

Je piano, a work in which she progressively conducts her pupils from the simplest to the greatest difficulties, is well known to the public. After having finished her studies in counterpoint under Ant. Reicha, she published a collection of fugues, which have excited the admiration of some of the greatest masters of the art.

rience a shock, from which they did not for some time recover. When seated one evening, happy in the society of his friends, he was visited by an order from the minister, commanding him to quit England immediately. Doubtless this step was taken upon a suspicion that he was a partisan of the revolutionary principles, which at that period excited so much alarm in this country. Nothing, however, could be more ill founded or unjust than such a belief, to which the general habits of Mr. Viotti's life and manners gave the most unequivocal contradiction. It has been surmised, and with some appearance of justice, that this measure had its origin in the envy of certain brother-artists, though we would fain think otherwise.

In consequence of this proceeding, Mr. Viotti repaired to Holland, and soon after took up his residence in a retired and beautiful spot in the neighbourhood of Hamburg, called Schönfeld. However, in this retirement he was not idle. Besides producing some valuable compositions, he devoted himself to the instruction of the celebrated Pixis, who, accompanied by his father, spent a whole summer with him. He appears to have resided in Hamburg and its neighbourhood for nearly three years, for, in 1800, we find him publishing his *Collection des Six Duos Concertans, pour deux violins*, with his portrait. In the preface are the following words, alluding doubtless to the manner in which he had been treated in England: *Cet ouvrage est le fruit du loisir que le malheur me procure. Quelques morceaux ont été dictés par la peine, d'autres par l'espoir**.

In Hamburg he met with his former competitor, Jarnowick, who like himself had been obliged to fly from Paris, the scene of his former glory. The latter gave two concerts in this place, which obtained him more solid advantages than mere applause; but Viotti could not be persuaded to appear in public, and imitate his example.

In 1801, the storm having blown over, Mr. Viotti returned to London, and, having determined for ever to abandon music as a profession, associated himself with a very respectable gentleman in the wine trade; but at the expiration of many years, the undertaking proved, upon the balance, of so unprofitable a nature, that he was obliged to relinquish it, with the loss of the whole of his fortune. He therefore applied to one of his friends in Paris, to solicit his interest in the procuring for him some appointment in the gift of the French court. Louis XVIII., upon hearing of Mr. Viotti's situation, proposed his undertaking the direction of the *Académie Royale de Musique*. He repaired in consequence to Paris, and entered upon the office; but it was little suited either to his age, or to his quiet, retiring character, and as his administration was not a successful one, he solicited and obtained permission to retire upon a pension. In 1822 he returned to London, with the habits of which city he had become so familiarized, that they were to him a second nature. But his health was injured by the bustle and vexations inseparable from the management of a great theatre, and after visibly declining for some time, he died on the 3rd of last month, sincerely regretted by all those who know how to appreciate one of those rare geniuses, that are scattered at distant intervals along the path of ages.

Though Mr. Viotti had long retired from his profession, he nevertheless retained all his love for the art, and contributed every thing in his power towards its

advancement. At the formation of the Philharmonic Society, in 1813, he was one of the original members, and, as an honorary performer, not only led the band in turn with Salomon, F. Cramer, Yaniewicz, Spagnoletti, and Vaccari, but on the other nights took, with them, his seat among the *ripieni*; thus assisting to form an orchestral phalanx that certainly never was witnessed before, and may never again be equalled.

Mr. Viotti was a man of singular habits, arising from a sensibility which rendered him tremblingly alive to every impression. M. Eymar has thus described some of his moral qualities. "Never did a man attach so much value to the simplest gifts of nature, as he; and never did a child enjoy them more passionately. A simple violet which chance discovered to him buried in the grass, would transport him with the liveliest joy; a pear, a plum gathered fresh by his own hand, would, for the moment, make him the happiest of mortals; the perfume of the one had always something new to him, and the taste of the other something more delicious than before. His organs, all delicacy and sensibility, seemed to have preserved undiminished their youthful purity. In the country, every thing was to this extraordinary man a fresh object of interest and enjoyment. The slightest impression seemed communicated to all his senses at once; every thing affected his imagination; every thing spoke to his heart, and he yielded himself at once to its emotions." Of this turn of mind we have an instance recorded by himself, in the account given in the present number, page 58, of a *Ranz des Vaches* which he collected while on a visit in Switzerland, in 1788.

This delicacy of organization, was in Mr. Viotti, accompanied by remarkably quick intellects, and a correct judgment. Nearly the whole of his life was passed in the society of literary, accomplished, elegant people, and from the conversation and correspondence of these, his mind acquired a strength and refinement, which are commonly denied to the studious recluse. Amongst his intimate friends, he could name some of the most distinguished characters of the age in which he lived, and with the great he associated on terms of unoffending equality and unassuming freedom, for he was neither unconscious of his own rank, as a man of rare talent, nor forgetful of theirs, as persons of high birth and splendid fortune. In all his transactions, his conduct was regulated by the strictest notions of honour; his opinions were liberal, his feelings benevolent, and his manners those of a perfect gentleman.

Of the compositions of Viotti, those we would principally recommend to the attention of the amateurs of instrumental music, are his concertos in G, in A minor, in D and in E minor. The theme of the concerto in D, is in the highest degree brilliant, but it must not be forgotten that it is taken from a trio of Pugnani in E flat. The most popular of his trios are Nos. sixteen, seventeen and eighteen. The whole of his Duos are admirable, both in respect to invention and energy; they may be called concertos in miniature. Amongst his airs with variations, the most distinguished are *Malbrouk*, and the romance, *O ma tendre Muette!* A friend of the composer* thus expresses himself in speaking of these variations: "I had the good fortune to hear them executed by Viotti himself, but not as they are written; for this great

* This work is the fruit of the leisure which misfortune has procured me. Some of the pieces have been dictated by trouble, others by hope.

* M. Fayolle, to whom we are indebted for a large part of the details of this memoir. This gentleman is well known as the joint author of the *Dictionnaire des Musiciens*.

artist, in playing his own compositions always yielded himself up to the inspirations of the moment, and paid but little attention to the text before him. On these occasions, and particularly in arriving at a *point d'orgue*, he gave way to all his Pindaric fire and impetuosity, sometimes with the double chord, sometimes with finely shaded arpeggios, at others with passages *crescendo* and *decrescendo* in the higher regions of the strings, but without ever passing the limit of appreciable sounds; and all this in such a manner as to produce the most extraordinary contrasts, and, by a sonorous, and if I may so express it, a *magnetic* vibration of the chord, could cause emotions almost as lively and profound as those produced by the human voice."

The only vocal music which Viotti composed are two polonaise airs, or *polaccas*, which are *chefs-d'œuvres* in their kind; the one is *Che gioia, che contento!* which was sung by Viganoni in *La Villanella rapita*; the other is the air, *Consola, amato bene*, the rhythm of which bears a great similarity to the polonaise of V. Martini, in *La Cosi rara*, beginning *La Donna a dolce il core*. Dussek has given charming variations to both of these. The principal disciples of the school of Viotti are Rode, Libon, Alday, La Barre, Vacher, Cartier, Pixis, Mad. Paravicini, Melle. Gerbini, and Mori.

ORIGIN AND HISTORY OF THE CONCERT SPIRITUEL.

In the year 1725, Philidor, *musicien de la chambre du Roi*, and elder brother to the celebrated composer of that name, obtained from M. Francine, at that time manager of the opera, permission to give a series of concerts on those days, during the Lent season, on which, no performance took place. A contract to that effect was accordingly signed for three years, to commence on the 17th of March of the same year, for the consideration of a thousand livres the season, under express condition, however, that no pieces in the French language, nor from any opera, were to be sung. Philidor afterwards obtained permission to give this *Concert Spirituel* in the palace of the Tuileries, in the private theatre of which it continued to take place annually for many years. He subsequently obtained from M. Francine, a farther renewal of his contract for three years, and even with permission to introduce French words and music, as well as secular compositions. In 1728, he ceded his privilege to M. Simard, who appointed M. Monnet the director of the music.

In 1734, the *Academie Royal de Musique* took the management of these concerts into their own hands, and appointed M. Rebel director. The two brothers Besozzi, the one professor of the hautboy, and the other of the bassoon to the king of Sardinia, made their *début* the following year, and their duos had the most brilliant success. These two celebrated men, who were still living a few years since, were uncles to the M. Besozzi, who was leader of the band to Louis XVI; a proof that talents were hereditary in this family.

In 1741, M. Thuret, at that time manager of the opera, confirmed the grant to M. Royer for six years, for a consideration of six thousand livres per annum. So great was the success attending M. Royer's undertaking, that, in 1749, in conjunction with M. Caperan, he renewed the contract for fourteen years, at an increasing sum of one

thousand livres for the six first years, and three for the last eight.

On the death of Royer, in 1755, M. Mondonville undertook the administration of the *concert spirituel*, for the benefit of the former proprietor's widow and children. M. d'Auvergne succeeded him in 1762 and continued it with considerable success till 1773, when M. Gaviniés entered upon its management in conjunction with Messrs. Leduc and Gassu, and supported it with increasing splendour till 1777, when M. Legros and his associate M. Berthame embarked in the concern, and continued it till 1789. At this period, unfortunately, the affairs of the directors having become embarrassed, and the return of the king to the Tuileries having deprived them of their former place of performance, the *Concert Spirituel* received a blow from which it did not appear likely to recover. M. Legros quitted France for America, leaving his powers in the hands of M. Berthame, but, in spite of his zeal and talents, the latter was unable to struggle against such a combination of adverse circumstances.

At the period that such men as Gaviniés, Leduc, Lamoussais, Gassu, &c., were at the head of the orchestra, and when due care was taken to select for the instrumental parts such men only as were of acknowledged excellence, the *Concert Spirituel* attained to the highest degree of perfection, in the execution of the symphony. As to the choruses, amateurs were never perfectly satisfied with this part of the establishment; all that can be said is, that it would have been difficult to improve it, for various reasons, which we have not leisure in this place to discuss.

The great benefit arising from this institution was the opportunity which it afforded the students of music, and the public in general, of hearing, judging, and comparing the compositions of the great masters of foreign schools, and the spirit of emulation which it naturally inspired. Of M. Legros it is but justice to say, that he spared no efforts, no expense, to accomplish this desirable object. It was to his exertions that the public were indebted for their acquaintance with the great violinists Jarnowiek, Lamotte, Viotti, Eck, &c., and with professors on the horn, hautboy, bassoon, and clarionet, such as a Panto, a Lebrun, an Ozi, a Michel. It was to him that they owed the gratification not only of hearing a Todi, and a Mara separately, but of witnessing them exert their powers in the same orchestra, in order to dispute the suffrages of the public.

At the unfortunate epoch of the revolution, this, as well as all other concerts, ceased altogether. But when the reign of terror had passed, the administration of the *théâtre-Feydeau* undertook to revive the *Concert Spirituel*. The fullest success crowned the undertaking; never did concerts surpass these in the choice that was made of talents of the first order for the execution of music, both vocal and instrumental. This was the epoch of the glory of a Garat and a Walbonne. Amateurs hailed with joy the return of the best days of harmony, and the restoration of Italian music, which had, in some measure, been banished by the dispersion of the excellent Italian company, that had formerly delighted all those of unprejudiced minds and refined taste. The *Concert Spirituel* was at length embodied in the *Conservatoire*, and has ever since continued to advance with increasing reputation. All the schools of music, German and Italian, have been called to its aid, and the greater part of the grand compositions of the ancient masters have, at different periods, been revived.

ON THE RANZ DES VACHES.

[Concluded from page 40.]

IV. RANZ DES VACHES OF THE ORMONDS, VIOTTI'S COPY.

IV. The air sung by the mountaineers of the Ormonds, in the northern part of the Canton de Vaud, with words in *patois* Italian. There are several variations of this air, the most remarkable among which is that collected by the celebrated violinist, Viotti, of which he gives the following interesting account.

"The *Ranz des Vaches* which I send you, is neither that with which our friend Jean Jacques has presented us, nor that of which M. de la Borde speaks, in his work upon music.

"I cannot say whether it be known or not; all I know is, that I heard it in Switzerland, and once heard, I have never forgotten it since.

"I was sauntering alone, towards the decline of day, in one of those sequestered spots, where one never feels a desire to open one's lips. The weather was mild and serene; the wind, which I detest, was hushed; all was calm, all was in unison with my feelings, and tended to lull me into that melancholy mood, which, ever since I can remember, I have been accustomed to feel at the hour of twilight.

"My thoughts wandered at random, and my footsteps were as undirected. My imagination was not occupied by any particular object, and my heart lay open to every impression of pensive delight.

"I walked forward, I descended the valleys, and traversed the heights. At length chance conducted me to a valley, which, on arousing from my waking dream, I discovered to abound with beauties. It reminded me of one of those delicious retreats so beautifully described by Gessner: flowers, verdure, streamlets, all united to form a picture of perfect harmony.

"There, without being fatigued, I seated myself mechanically upon a fragment of rock, and again fell into that kind of profound reverie which so totally absorbed all my faculties, that I forgot whether I was upon earth.

"While thus sitting, wrapped in this slumber of the soul, sounds broke upon my ear, which were sometimes of a hurried, sometimes of a prolonged and sustained character, and which were repeated in softened tones by the echos around. I found they proceeded from a mountain-horn; and their effect was heightened by a plaintive female voice. Struck as if by enchantment, I started from my lethargy, listened with breathless attention, and learnt, or rather engraved upon my memory, the *Ranz des Vaches*, which I send you. But in order to understand all its beauties, you ought to be transported to the scene in which I heard it, and to feel all the enthusiasm that such a moment inspired."



V. RANZ DES VACHES OF MONT JURA.

V. An air but little known, sung by the shepherds of the Canton de Vaud, in the vicinity of the Jura, with the same words as the above.



VI. RANZ DES VACHES OF THE GRUYERE ALPS.

VI. The air sung by the mountaineers of the Gruyere Alps, in the canton of Fribourg. This is considered as one of the most beautiful of all the airs of this kind.

With respect to the air under this name, introduced by Rousseau in his *Dictionnaire de la Musique*, it resembles no one particular *Ranz des Vaches* among those acknowledged as genuine, though it bears many little analogies to several among them. It has evidently been compiled, or at least retouched, by this lively writer. Yet such is the sanction of a great name, that it has been implicitly adopted by several succeeding musicians as genuine. Grétry has introduced it in his overture to *William Tell*, and Adam has also employed it in his *Methode de piano du Conservatoire*, where it is arranged in imitation of echos. Laborde, in his *Essai sur la Musique Ancienne et Moderne*, has arranged it in four parts, and adapted words to it, of which the following is a translation :

When shall I once again be near
To all my bosom holds most dear ?
Our limpid fountains,
Hills so clear,
Huts so dear,
And sunny mountains.
And her, the pride of all the plain,
My fond and gentle Isabel ;
When in my native dell
Blythe shall I join the festive dance again ?

When shall I once again be near
To all my bosom holds most dear ?

Father, mother,
Sister, brother,
And my lambs,
With their dams.

When to my bosom press
My gentle shepherdess ?
When shall I once again be near
To all my bosom holds most dear ?

Pleasing as this national air is, by the naïveté and simple beauty it breathes throughout, still it is natural to suppose that the greater portion of its effect would be lost when separated from that local interest and from those associations which constitute its peculiar charm. When, amidst the bold scenery of the Alps, where nature reigns in all her savage grandeur, this wild pastoral swells upon the ear, softened by distance, mingled with the lulling murmurs of some distant waterfall and the tinkling bells of the browsing herds, and repeated by the echos of the neighbouring mountains, it cannot but possess a magic effect, which it would be vain to seek under other circumstances. It is these localities that constitute a great part of its attraction, and hang it round with those illusions that possess an irresistible influence on the heart.

Andante.

Allegro.

Andante.

ON THE UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPTS OF
MOZART.

(To the Editor of the HARMONICON.)

SIR,

Having read the extract of a letter from a correspondent at Frankfort on the Mayn, which appeared in your last, relative to some unprinted MSS. of Mozart, I hasten to answer the appeal which you make, in a note, for any assistance towards elucidating the subject of the celebrated *Requiem*. Among a mass of papers and anecdotes which I have been many years collecting for the purpose of illustrating the history of music, I have fortunately hit upon an original letter of M. Süsmayer*, addressed to Messrs. Breitkopf and Haertel, on occasion of their publication of that volume of Mozart's works, which contains this celebrated composition. As it affords an illustration of this curious point of musical history, I feel most happy in the opportunity of enclosing you this important document, and have the honour to be,

Sir,

Your obedient, and very humble servant,

FAYOLLE.

London, 15th March, 1824.

Extract of a Letter from M. Süsmayer, Kapelmeister at Vienna, to Messrs. Breitkopf and Haertel, dated Sept. 8, 1800.

You are aware, Gentlemen, that to me was confided the task of finishing the *Requiem* of Mozart. I will give you a detail of the circumstances by which I was led to undertake it. The widow of Mozart foresaw that the works of her husband would be objects of public interest. Death having surprised him in the midst of his labours, many composers were engaged to put a finishing hand to the work; but no one dared to compromise his talents by venturing a competition with the genius of Mozart. At last I was applied to, as it was known that I had executed and sung over with Mozart, several pieces of this composition; that he had often talked over the subject with me, and had communicated to me his ideas relative to that part of the accompaniment which still remained to be added. I have done my best, and shall be fully rewarded if the connoisseur shall find in my work any portion, however small, of the immortal genius of Mozart.

The pieces which Mozart had almost completed, are,

The *Requiem aeternam*,
The *Kyrie*, the *Dies iræ*, and the
Domine Jesu, Christe.

The four parts for the voice, and the bass of these four pieces are entirely from the hand of Mozart; but only the *motivo* of different parts of the accompaniment was written. The last couplet of the *Dies iræ* composed by him, is that beginning *Qua resurget ex favilla*.

From the couplet, *Judicandus homo reus*, the remainder of the *Dies iræ*, the *Sanctus*, the *Benedictus*, and the *Agnus Dei*, belong exclusively to me; but, in order to give more uniformity to the work, I took the liberty of

repeating the fugue in the *Kyrie*, at the couplet *Cum Sanctis*. * * * * *

The exact meaning of the foregoing extract from M. Süsmayer's letter, is not clear to us: we only understand from the former part of it, that he compiled the *accompaniments* to the *Requiem*; but the concluding sentence seems to lay claim to much more. We still shall be obliged by further communications upon the subject, and particularly invite those who read extracts from the HARMONICON, through the medium of the ALLGEMEINE MUSIKALISCHE ZEITUNG, to assist us in clearing away all the doubts that hang over this very interesting matter. —Editor.

CATALOGUE OF MR. RIES' WORKS.

The following is the List of Mr. RIES' Works, which we promised in our last number;—

Opera

1. Two Sonatas, Piano-Forte, dedicated to Beethoven.
2. Trio, Piano-Forte, Violin, and Violoncello.
3. Two Sonatas, Piano-Forte and Violoncello.
4. Three Marches for two performers, Piano-Forte.
5. Two Sonatas, Piano-Forte.
6. A Sonata, Piano-Forte and Flute.
7. Six German Songs.
8. Two Sonatas, Piano-Forte and Violin.
9. Two Sonatas, Piano-Forte.
10. A Sonata, Piano-Forte and Violin.
11. Two Sonatas, Piano-Forte, to Dr. Haydn.
12. Three Grand Marches, Piano-Forte, for two performers.
13. Quatuor, Piano-Forte, Violin, Tenor and Violoncello.
14. Variations, Piano-Forte, two performers.
15. Variations, Piano-Forte.
16. Three Sonatas, Piano-Forte and Violin.
17. Quatuor, Piano-Forte, Violin, Tenor and Violoncello.
18. A Sonata, Piano-Forte and Violin.
19. A Sonata, Piano-Forte and Violin.
20. A Sonata, Piano-Forte and Violoncello, to B. Romberg.
21. A Sonata, Piano-Forte and Violoncello, to B. Romberg.
22. Three Marches, Piano-Forte, for two performers.
23. Grand Symphony in D.
24. First Concerto, for Violin.
25. Septett, Piano-Forte, Clarinet, two Horns, Violin, Violoncello, and Bass.
26. A Sonata, l'Infortuné.
27. Cantata, the Morning.
28. Trio, Piano-Forte, Clarinet, or Violin, and Violoncello.
29. Sonata, Piano-Forte, Clarinet, or Violin.
30. Three Sonatas, Piano-Forte and Violin.
31. Six Exercises for Piano-Forte.
32. Six German Songs.
33. Three Themes, with Variations for Piano-Forte.
34. Sonata, Piano-Forte and Horn, or Violoncello.
35. Six German Songs.
36. Six German Songs.
37. Quintetto, for two Violins, two Tenors, and Violoncello.
38. Three Sonatas for Piano-Forte and Violin.
39. Variations for Piano-Forte.
40. Three Themes with variations for Piano-Forte.
41. A Polonaise, Piano-Forte, for two performers.
42. Second Concerto, for Piano-Forte.
43. Romance and Rondo, for Piano-Forte.
44. Sacred Song.
45. A Sonata, for Piano-Forte.
46. Variations for Piano-Forte.
47. Sonata, Piano-Forte, for two performers.
48. A Sonata, Piano-Forte, and Flute *ad lib.*
49. The Dream, Piano-Forte.
50. A Rondo, Piano-Forte.

* In our last, the name of this composer was spelt by mistake *Siegmayer*.

Opera

51. Variations, Piano-Forte.
52. Swedish Airs, Piano-Forte, and full Orchestra.
53. Three Marches, for two performers.
54. Two Rondos, for Piano-Forte.
55. Third Concerto, Piano-Forte, to Mr. Clementi.
56. Variations for Piano-Forte.
57. Rondo for Harp and Piano-Forte.
58. Trifles for Piano-Forte.
59. Two Sonatas, for Piano-Forte and Violin, dedicated to I. P. Salomon.
60. Forty Preludes, for Piano-Forte.
61. Three Quartetts, for Flute, Violin, Tenor and Violoncello.
62. Divertimento, Piano-Forte and Flute.
63. Trio, Piano-Forte, Flute and Violoncello.
64. Two Rondos, for Piano-Forte.
65. Three Themes, with Variations for Piano-Forte.
66. Three Themes, with Variations for Piano-Forte.
67. Two Rondos, for Piano-Forte.
68. Quintetto, for two Violins, two Tenors and Violoncello.
69. Sonata, Piano-Forte and Violin.
70. Three Quartetts, for two Violins, Tenor and Violoncello.
71. Sonata, Piano-Forte and Violin.
72. Three Russian Airs, Piano-Forte and Violoncello, to Charles Neate.
73. Two Themes, with Variations, for Piano-Forte.
74. Quintetto, Piano-Forte, Violin, Tenor, Violoncello and Double Bass.
75. Variations Rhenish Song, Piano-Forte, to I. B. Cramer.
76. Two Sonatas, Piano-Forte and Flute, *ad lib.*
77. Two Fantasias, Piano-Forte.
78. Two Rondos, Piano-Forte.
79. Mazurka, Piano-Forte and Harp.
80. Second Symphony, in C minor, to L. van Beethoven.
81. Two Sonatas, Piano-Forte.
82. Three Themes, with variations for Piano-Forte.
83. Sonata, Piano-Forte and Violin.
84. Four Rondos, for Piano-Forte.
85. Fantasia and Rondo, Piano-Forte.
86. Three Sonatas, Piano-Forte.
87. A Sonata, Piano-Forte and Flute, to C. Saust.
88. Three Themes, as Rondos, for Piano-Forte.
89. Notturmo, Piano-Forte.
90. Third Symphony, in E flat.
91. English Songs.
92. Two Fantasias, for Piano-Forte.
93. Polonaise for Piano-Forte, two performers.
94. Overture to Don Carlos.
95. Grand trio, Harp and two Piano-Fortes.
96. Four Themes, with Variations, for Piano-Forte.
97. Fantasia, à la mode, Piano-Forte.
98. Two Themes as Rondos, for Piano-Forte.
99. Two Allegri di Bravura, for Piano-Forte.
100. Grand Sestetto, Piano-Forte.
101. Three Themes, with Variations for Piano-Forte.
102. Three Themes, as Rondos, Piano-Forte.
103. Allegro Eroica, Piano-Forte.
104. Three Themes as Rondos, Piano-Forte.
105. Four Themes with Variations, Piano-Forte.
106. Rondo, Piano-Forte.
107. Quintetto, for Flute, Violin, two Tenors, and Violoncello.
108. Two Themes, with Variations, for Piano-Forte, two performers.
109. Fantasia, for Piano-Forte.
110. Fourth Symphony, to L. Sphor.*
111. Fandango, Variations for Piano-Forte, and Violin *oblig.*
112. Fifth Symphony.
113. Two Rondos, for Piano-Forte and Violoncello.
114. Sonata.
115. Fourth Concerto, for Piano-Forte, to I. Moscheles.
116. Rule Britannia, Variations, Piano-Forte, full Orchestra.
117. Divertimento, Piano-Forte.
118. Three Themes, with Variations and Rondo, Piano-Forte.
119. Polonaise, for Piano-Forte and Flute.
120. Fifth Concerto, Piano-Forte.

Opera

121. Fantasia, Piano-Forte.
122. Rondo Elegant, Piano-Forte.
123. Sixth Concerto, Piano-Forte.
124. Allegri di Bravura.
125. Sonata, Piano-Forte and Violoncello.
126. Three Quatuors, for two Violins, Tenor, and Violoncello.
127. Rondos for Piano-Forte.
128. Grand Ottetto, Piano-Forte.
129. Quatuor, Piano-Forte, Violin, Tenor, and Violoncello.
130. Divertimento, for Piano-Forte.
131. Fantasia, Piano-Forte. (Resignation.)
132. Seventh, or Farewell Concerto for Piano-Forte.
133. Two Fantasias, for Piano-Forte.
134. Two Fantasias, for Piano-Forte.

CAPTAIN PARRY ON THE MUSIC OF THE ESQUIMAUX.

THE following remarks on the music (if music it may be called) of the Esquimaux, are extracted from Captain Parry's* highly-interesting narrative of his recent voyage, published on the 27th of March.

"The whole of these people, but especially the women, are fond of music, both vocal and instrumental. Some of them might be said to be passionately so, removing their hair from off their ears and bending their heads forward as if to catch the sounds more distinctly, whenever we amused them in this manner. Their own music is entirely vocal, unless indeed the drum or tambourine be considered an exception.

"The voices of the women are soft and feminine, and when singing with the men are pitched an octave higher than theirs. They have most of them so far good ears, that, in whatever key a song is commenced by one of them, the rest will always join in perfect unison. After singing for ten minutes the key had usually fallen a full semi-tone. Only two of them, of whom Iligluik was one, could catch the tune as pitched by an instrument; which made it difficult with most of them to complete the writing of the notes, for if they once left off they were sure to re-commence in some other key, though a flute or violin was playing at the time.

"There is not in any of their songs much variety, compass, or melody. In the following specimens therefore which, in conjunction with Mr. Henderson, I wrote down from their singing, I can only promise that the notes are correctly given, and that I have done my best to put them into the time in which they are sung. Unharmonious as they will appear to musical ears, we thought them pleasing when sung in good time by a number of female voices.

"The first and much the most common of these is that in which the well known Greenland chorus, '*Ama aya*,' commences the performance, and is introduced between each verse, constituting about five-sixths of the whole song. When the words of the song are introduced, the notes rise a little for three or four bars, and then relapse again into the same hum-drum chorus as before, which to

* Journal of a Second Voyage for the Discovery of a North-West Passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific; performed in the years 1831-29-33, in His Majesty's ships *Fury* and *Hecla*, under the orders of Captain William Edward Parry, R.N., F.R.S., and Commander of the Expedition. Illustrated by numerous plates. Published by authority of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty. 4to. Murray, Albemarle-street.

do it justice is well calculated to set the children to sleep. The words of the song seem to be as interminable as those of 'Chevy Chase;' for the women will go on singing them for nearly half an hour, and then leave off one by one, not with their story, but their breath, exhausted.



"They have a second song, varying from the preceding one very slightly in the tune, and accompanied by the same chorus, but with different words.

"The third and last is the most tuneful of any of their

songs. The termination, which is abrupt and fanciful, is usually accompanied by a peculiar motion of the head, and an expression of archness in the countenance which cannot be described by words.



"There is only one verse in this song, and that, from its commencing with the word 'pilletay,' we supposed to be a begging one. Of the words of their songs in general, I cannot, from my imperfect knowledge of their language, pretend to speak very accurately. From the occasional introduction of the words 'sledge, canoe, spear,' and others of that kind with which we were acquainted, it is probable that their own exploits by sea and land form the principal subjects. The last song is

not so often sung as the first, which these cheerful creatures unconsciously strike up every hour in the day, and which seems to beguile the time both to themselves and their children, under almost any circumstances in which they can be placed. The men seldom sing, and perhaps consider it unmanly; for we never heard them but at our request, and even then they soon left the women to finish the ditty. Their province rather seems to be to invoke the muse of the women at their games."

SALVATOR ROSA, AS A MUSICIAN*.

SALVATOR ROSA was one of the most distinguished of those eminent men, whose genius has not been confined to their own more immediate path of intellect or art. As a painter, his name stands *alone*;—for, more fortunate or more daring than others who, strictly perhaps had equal powers, he struck out an original line for himself, and is thence cited as the representative, as it were, of a distinct *species*. The rugged, the gloomy, the majestic, are his characteristics,—so much so, indeed, that his name is often used as an epithet to denote such qualities or tastes. In this view, he is known to all; but the general reader is probably not aware of the great reputation which he acquired in his day, as a poet;—

still less would he *à priori* imagine that Salvator was pre-eminently distinguished by the grace, the gaiety, the brilliancy, the lightness, of that half acting half improvisation, which was so much cultivated and followed by the Italians of the middle ages. Indeed, it was by these talents that he first gained the vogue and popularity which secured his success as a painter, and that one or two of his finest pieces, which he had already exhibited, had failed to acquire.

But it is as a musician that we are to consider him; and for this purpose we shall avail ourselves of Lady Morgan's very entertaining volumes, of which we have subjoined the title. Not only was he able to accompany himself in his *improvisations* and songs,—but he set many of the latter to music himself, and thus united the threefold character of composer, singer, and poet, in his own person. Dr. Burney, in his *History of Music*, repeatedly mentions the compositions of Salvator, which he

* The Life and Times of Salvator Rosa. By Lady Morgan, 2 vols. 8vo., London, Colburn, 1824.

procured in Italy during his visit there in 1770,—and always speaks of them, not only as curious from the name of their author, but as of great merit in themselves, when considered with reference to the state of the science of Music in that age ;—(the middle of the 17th century.)

We do not purpose to give any thing like a review of Lady Morgan's book—or even to make an abstract of its contents. Our business is with the musical episode of Salvator's history, and we cannot do better than to connect the incidental notices of it, which are scattered through the work.

It appears that Salvator cultivated this art earlier than his own. He was originally intended for the church,—and was educated in accordance with that intention ; but his mind, of all others, was ill calculated for a monkish life ;—and at an early age he abandoned his probationary habit, and returned to his father's house. We now first hear of him in connection with music :—

Music, the true language of passion, which speaks so powerfully, and yet so mysteriously, to senses organized for its reception, awakening our earliest and perhaps our latest sensations of pleasure.—Music at this period of Salvator's life appears to have engrossed his undivided attention* ; and the authorities which he afterwards produced to sanction its pursuit, shew with what earnestness, and upon what philosophical principles, he cultivated the science. In the beginning of the seventeenth century, music in Italy was rapidly succeeding in the public taste to painting.

It was in Naples that the great school of ancient counterpoint, "the sophistry of canons," had been founded on the revival of the art ; but in the sixteenth century the pedantry of crude harmonies, the dry and geometrical modulations which were worked like a problem in the mathematics, and were gracious only to senses callous to the "natural concord of sweet sounds," were gradually yielding to a novel style of composition, expressively called "*La musica parlante*." Those flowing lyric melodies, which, by the name of *cantata*, succeeded to the intricate madrigal, were soon discovered by the sensitive Italians to be

"*Il cantar che nel animo si sente*†."

The first secular music in parts, consisted of harmonies adapted to rustic and street-ballads, such as were sung and played in Naples and its adjacent towns and villages ; and the "*villanelle arie*," and "*canzonette alla Napolitana*," were as popular at the latter end of the sixteenth century throughout the Continent, as the Venetian ballad and Provençal *vaudeville* were towards the end of the seventeenth.

All Naples, (where even to this day love and melody make a part of the existence of the people,) all Naples was then resounding to guitars, lutes, and harps, accompanying voices, which for ever sang the fashionable *canzoni* of Cambio Donato and of the Prince di Venosa. Evelyn, who visited Naples about this time, observes that "the country-people are so jovial and so addicted to music, that the very husbandmen almost universally play on the guitar, singing and accompanying songs in praise of their sweethearts, and will commonly go to the field with their fiddle. They are merry, witty, and genial, all of which I attribute to their ayre." Neither German phlegm nor Spanish gloom could subdue spirits so tuned to harmony, nor silence the passionate *serenatas* which floated along the shores, and reverberated among the classic grottoes of Pausilippo.

* The writer of the article "ROSA" in the Encyclopedia Britannica, in alluding to the English public having first become acquainted with Salvator Rosa's musical talents through the researches of the late learned and excellent Dr. Burney, observes, "From the specimens given, in the History of Music, of his compositions, we have no scruple of declaring that he had a truer genius for this science in point of melody, than any of his predecessors or contemporaries."

† That music which is felt in the very soul.

It was at this moment, when peculiar circumstances were awakening in the region of the syrens "the hidden soul of harmony," when the most beautiful women of the capital and the court gave a public exhibition of their talents and their charms, and glided in their feluccas on the moonlight midnight seas, with harps of gold and hands of snow, that the contumacious student of the *Padri Somaschi* escaped from the restraints of their cloister, and the horrid howl of their *laude spirituali*, to all the intoxication of sound and sight, with every sense in full accordance with the musical passion of the day. It is little wonderful if, at this epoch of his life, Salvator gave himself up unresistingly to the pursuit of a science which he cultivated with ardour, even when time had preached his tumultuous pulse to rest ; or if the floating capital of genius, which was as yet unappropriated, was in part applied to that species of composition which in the youth of man, as of nations, precedes deeper and more important studies, and for which, in either, there is but one age. All poetry and passion, his young muse "dallied with the innocence of love ;" and inspired strains, which, though the simple breathings of an ardent temperament, the exuberance of youthful excitement, and an overteeming sensibility, were assigning him a place among the first Italian lyrists of his age. Little did he then dream that posterity would apply the rigid rules of criticism to the "idle visions" of his boyish fancy ; or that his bars and basses would be conned and analyzed by the learned umpires of future ages,—declared, "not only admirable for a *dilettante*," but "in point of melody superior to that of most of the masters of his time*."

His musical productions became so popular that the "*spinners and knitters in the sun did use to chant them*," (an image which every street in Naples during the winter season daily exhibits ;) and there was in some of these short lyric poems, which he set to music, a softness and delicacy that rendered them even worthy to be sung

"By some fair queen in summer bower
With ravishing divisions of her lute ;"

still, however, they are more curious as compared to that stern strain of sharp invective, which runs through all his maturer compositions, and to that dark, deep, and indignant feeling which pervades all his satires. In mature life he may, and doubtless did, look back with a sort of melancholy envy upon the gracious emotions and brilliant illusions from which such strains arose ; and (with that mingled sentiment of regret and contempt, which is assuredly felt by all, who, having written when young, revert in a more advanced age to their early compositions,) he may have given a sad smile to those idle dreams which time had long dissipated ;—apostrophizing with Petrarch his first and fond effusions, the

"Dolei rime leggiadre
Che nel primiero assalto
D' amor usai, quand' io ebbi non altri armi."

He who has asserted that "the arts of painting, poetry, and music, are inseparable," because, perhaps, they were all united in his own person, had as yet only applied with diligence to the latter. Having acquired considerable mastery on the lute (for which, like Petrarch, he preserved a passion till the last year of his life,) he soon became one of the most brilliant and successful serenaders of Naples. Many of those gay and *gaillard*

* Burney's History of Music.—Of Salvator's Lyrics, Passeri observes, that he had "*lasciato correre in giro, alcuni suoi scherzi per musica, di varie idee, per lo più morale ed alcune tragiche, con un stilo facile, dolce e corrente, adattato alla proprietà del canto*."

None of his poetry is dated ; but there is internal evidence, in some of the pieces found in his music-book by Dr. Burney, of their being the effusions of a very youthful genius. Such as his sonnet,

"Star vicino al bel idol mio,"

and

"Più che penso a tuoi," &c.

See Burney's Hist. of Music.

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figures* which in after-life escaped from his graphic pencil and rapid graver, with hair and feather floating in the breeze, are said to have been but copies of himself, as he stood niched under the shadow of a balcony, or reclined on the prow of a felucca, singing to his lute the charms or cruelty of some listening Irene or Cloris of the moment.

This mode of life, of course, could not last very long; it was necessary that he should turn his serious exertions to some profession,—and a family connection drew them to that of painting. It is not our intention, as we have already said, to follow the fortunes of his wayward life; for them we refer our readers to the work from which we are taking these extracts,—and we can assure them that they will be well repaid by the very interesting matter with which they will find it to abound.

The following is the very entertaining account of his sudden acquisition of popularity, to which we have already alluded:—

Towards the close of the Carnival of 1639, when the spirits of the revellers (as is always the case in Rome) were making a brilliant rally for the representations of the last week, a car, or stage, highly ornamented, drawn by oxen, and occupied by a masked troop, attracted universal attention by its novelty and singular representations. The principal personage announced himself as a certain Signor Formica, a Neapolitan actor†, and appeared in character of Coviello. Coviello, one of the “seven masks” of Italy, or national dramatic characters, is the theatrical representative of the *Calabrians*. The wit of Coviello, therefore is supposed to be sharp as the air of his native Abruzzi. Adroit and vain-glorious, a Proteus in character, language, and manner, he still preserves his native accent and habit; and his black velvet jacket and pantaloons, studded with silver buttons and rich embroidery, were well calculated to set off the handsome person of the wearer, if he happened to possess one, and to give to his figure a certain air of elegance, strongly contrasted with his conventional mask, with its crimson cheeks, black nose and forehead. The present representative of this character displayed so much genuine wit, such bitter satire, and exquisite humour, rendered doubly effective by a Neapolitan accent, and “*i motivi dei lazzi nazionali*,” or national gesticulations, that other representations were abandoned; and gipsies told fortunes, and Jews hung, in vain. The whole population of Rome gradually assembled round the novel, the inimitable Formica. The people relished his flashes of splenetic humour, aimed at the great; the higher orders were delighted with an *improvvisatore* who, in the intervals of his dialogues, sung to the lute, of which he was a perfect master, the Neapolitan ballads then so much in vogue. The attempts made by his fellow-revellers to obtain some share of the plaudits he so abundantly received, whether he spoke or sung, asked or answered questions, were all abortive; while he (says Balducci) “*come capo di tutti, e pur spiritoso, e ben parlante, con bei ghiribizzi e lazzi spiritosi teneva a se mezza Roma*,” at the head of every thing by his wit, eloquence, and brilliant humour, drew half Rome to himself. He collected about him, says Passeri, the whole of the Roman population, to whom he gave the most humorous recipes. It is

* His figure says (Passeri) had, in all its movements, “*qualche sveltezza e leggiadria*,”—something agile and elegant.

† It was at this time the fashion, both in France and Italy, for all actors to appear before the public with a “*nom de guerre*,” and to conceal their own. Jean Baptiste Poquelin has immortalized that of Moliere by assuming it in one of his earliest dramatic campaigns. “*Il ne fit, (says Voltaire) en changeant de nom, que suivre l'exemple des Comédiens d'Italie, et de ceux de l'hôtel de Bourgogne. L'un, dont le nom de famille étoit Le Grand, s'appelloit Belville dans la tragédie, et Turlupin dans la farce. Arlequin et Scaramouche n'étoient que les noms de théâtre.*”

supposed that he borrowed the technicalities of these recipes from Giovanni Breccio, a celebrated Roman physician of that day. The contrast between his beautiful musical and poetical compositions, and those Neapolitan gesticulations in which he indulged, when, laying aside his lute, he presented his vials and salves to the delighted audience, exhibited a versatility of genius, which it was difficult to attribute to any individual then known in Rome. Guesses and suppositions were still vainly circulating among all classes, when, on the close of the Carnival, Formica, ere he drove his triumphal car from the Piazza Navona, which, with one of the streets in the Trastevere, had been the principal scene of his triumph, ordered his troop to raise their masks, and, removing his own, discovered that Coviello was the sublime author of the Prometheus, and his little troop the “*Partigiani*” of Salvator Rosa. All Rome was from this moment (to use a phrase which all his biographers have adopted) “*filled with his fame*.” That notoriety which his high genius had failed to procure for him, was obtained at once by those lighter talents, which he had nearly suffered to fall into neglect, while more elevated views had filled his mind.

Rome then abounded in private societies, or meetings, which, dignified with the title of “*Accademie*,” occupied themselves with literature and the arts; and “*Conversazioni*” of a less pedantic character, but still smacking of the *Precieuses Ridicules* of the *Hôtel Rambouillet* of Paris, were held by ladies of rank, and were more especially devoted to music, poetry, and gallantry. To such societies, whether held in the seventeenth or the nineteenth century,—in London, in Paris, or in Rome,—the talents which apply themselves to the senses rather than the intellect, and which, while they amuse all, inflict not the penalty of thinking or feeling upon any, are sure to command success: No *Lion* that was ever turned out for the amusement of the “*peu amusables*” of the supreme English circles, ever excited a stronger sensation, or was in more general request, than the Formica of the Carnival. To use a French phrase applied to the objects of the present day's idolatry, “*on se l'arracha*,” and the account which Pascoli gives of this sudden vogue might answer for a description of the “*grand succès*” of any idol of fashionable notoriety in the saloons of the Rue Saint Honoré, or the drawing-rooms of the “*west end* of the town.”

“*Rosa*,” says his biographer, “*who was eminently musical, and accompanied himself on the lute with wondrous skill, now went from one conversazione to another, singing and reciting, 'al improvviso,' thus extending his fame by giving himself up to society. He saw all Rome desirous to possess him; and it was now easy for him to make his singular genius known to all, not only as a painter, but a poet.*” It appears, in fact, from the testimony of Pascoli, that the lute and *canzonetti* of the delightful Neapolitan musician, “*gli facessero strada nell'uscir fuori come Pittore*,” “*paved the way for the fame of the painter.*” Salvator, whose satire on the style and passion for music then prevalent at Rome, made him so many enemies among the professional men of the day, found the Neapolitan *canzonette* still a novelty, though it had been introduced there so long back as 1611, by Della Valle. All the guitars in Rome were thrumming the *canzonettes* of Baptisto Bellis, which were but awkward imitations of that original excellence which Salvator had acquired at the fountain-head. Through all his struggles, and in the midst of all his labours, says Balducci, “*Si diletto in oltre modo della musica, e suonò il luto*,” he delighted beyond every thing in music, and played upon the lute.

Apropos of these ambulating theatricals, Lady Morgan introduces a detailed account of the Seven Masks, or traditional and established comic characters of Italy. To such of our readers as are not intimate with the subject, we can recommend it as especially entertaining; we regret that our space prevents our extracting it.

[To be concluded in our next Number, which will contain two of S. Rosa's airs, with an accompaniment.]

REVIEW OF MUSIC.

The SEA SONGS of CHARLES DIBDIN, with a Mémorial of his Life and Writings, by WM. KITCHINER, M.D., Four Parts, making one Volume in small 4to. (Printed for G. and W. B. Whittaker, Ave Maria Lane; and Clementi and Co., Cheapside.)

IF what we can gather from the little better than traditional history of the ancient Bard is to be relied on, Charles Dibdin was a faithful representative of that character, in so far as he combined in himself, moralist, poet, musician, and performer. As the Bard of modern times he may be said to stand alone, for Harry Carey,—whose *Musical Century* is made up chiefly of insipid, amatory ballads,—is not entitled to that denomination, and would now be forgotten, but for a single melody: while Moore,—one of the great poets of this Augustan age,—has not set many of his own enchanting songs, and, as a performer of them, is only known to a select number of his personal friends.

Had Dibdin written merely to amuse, his reputation would have been great, but it stands the higher, because he is always on the side of virtue*. Humanity, constancy, love of country, and courage are the subjects of his song and the themes of his praise, and while many a national foe, whether contending or subdued, has experienced the efficacy of his precepts, we are willing to believe that the sufferings which the lower orders of the creation are too commonly doomed to endure, have now and then been a little mitigated through the influence of his persuasive verse.

As a musician he is remarkable for the number and the originality of his melodies: with the exception, perhaps, of Arne, no English composer ever produced so many that are popular. They are purely British, and his acquaintance with any other school appears to have been extremely limited. Hence, he was a prejudiced artist, and we must also allow, that his knowledge of the rules of composition was not deep; his bases and accompaniments are too often demonstrative of this fact. But the defects of the latter are easily amended, though it would require a genius equal to his own to produce airs so full of animation, tenderness, and expression.

The present work contains a hundred and one songs upon sea subjects; to which a memoir of their author, occupying thirty-two pages of letter-press, is prefixed. This is from a life of Dibdin, written and published by

* The late Rev. Dr. Knox once told Mr. Dibdin, that he was the only man he ever knew, who could convey a sermon through the medium of a comic song: "an opinion," says Dr. K., "which he verified when he published his *Elegant Extracts*, wherein he introduced many of Mr. D.'s most interesting songs."

himself, abridged and continued to his death, by Dr. Kitchiner; from which we learn, that

"CHARLES DIBDIN was born at Southampton, on March 15th, 1745; his mother's father was a clergyman of Bristol, of the name of Garth; his grandfather on the father's side, was a considerable merchant, and founded a village near Southampton, which bears the name of Dibdin.

"Mr. D. was the eighteenth child, his mother being fifty at his birth! He had a brother twenty-nine years older than himself, Thomas Dibdin, on whose death he wrote the beautiful ballad of '*Poor Tom Bowling*.' This gentleman was captain of an East-Indiaman, and father of the present Rev. THOMAS FROGNALL DIBDIN.

"Charles Dibdin was educated at Winchester, with a view to the clerical function; his propensity for music, however, diverted his attention from every thing else, and brought him to London at the early age of fifteen."

Mr. Fussell, who succeeded the celebrated Kent as organist of Winchester Cathedral, taught him his gamut and table of notes; but Mr. Kent himself had the credit of having instructed him; though, says Mr. Dibdin in his own life, "except some anthems which he composed for me,—and very charming they are, for they are yet popular,—and which I learnt by ear, I never received the smallest instruction from him. The music I have was strongly in my mind from my earliest remembrance, and I know that no master could at any time have been of the least service to me."

We regret that Mr. D. should have entertained so erroneous an opinion as this, in his maturer years, and we earnestly guard all young students against so dangerous a delusion. He possessed a genius that overleaped many obstacles that would have proved insurmountable to ordinary minds: nevertheless, as we have hinted above, his compositions often betray the want of regular instruction. His first studies were the concertos of Corelli, which he scored from the single parts, and thus he was enabled to see "all the workings of his mind at the time he composed them." From this exercise, he says, he "learnt the valuable secret, that men of strong minds may violate, to advantage, many of those rules of composition which are dogmatically imposed."

"Mr. Dibdin exhibited a remarkable precocity of intellect, for at sixteen years of age he brought out an opera of two acts, at Covent Garden, called *The Shepherd's artifice*, written and composed by himself.

"His commencement as an actor, we believe, was as *Dametas*, in *Midas*. He afterwards performed other characters; we may particularly mention that he was the original *Mungo* in *The Padlock*, in the year 1768; in which, as well as in *Ralph*, in the *Maid of the Mill*, he displayed such originality of conception, that his early secession from the stage has often been lamented."

In 1778, he was appointed composer to Covent Garden Theatre, at a salary of 10*l.* a week, amounting to 800*l.*

during the season. But his usual remuneration was, for *First pieces*, to receive a third of the first nine nights, and for *After-pieces*, a sixth of the first six nights.

About 1782 he built the *Circus*, now the Surrey Theatre, and was the manager thereof till 1785. In 1787 and 1788, he published his *Musical Tour*, 1 vol. in 4to., and in 1789 brought out the first of those entertainments,—of which he was the sole author, composer, and performer,—at Hutchins's Auction Rooms, in King Street, Covent Garden, under the title of "*The Whim of the Moment*," which contained seventeen songs:—among them, the popular ballad of "*Poor Jack*," of which, Dr. K. might have added, 17,000 copies were sold.

Mr. D. gives, in his *Life*, the following account of some of his productions. "Though the songs which I have written and composed have amounted to a number far beyond credibility, yet they have employed, comparatively, a very small portion of my time. The same impulse that inspired the words, has generally given birth to the music, and those that are the most celebrated have been produced with the least trouble. I began and completed *The Sailor's Journal* in half an hour; and I could mention, perhaps, thirty very prominent songs, that did not take, in the writing and composing, more than three quarters of an hour each."—"No one of my entertainments has taken me more than a month in perfecting it."—"I have written, exclusive of *Sans Souci**, nearly seventy dramatic pieces of different descriptions, besides having set to music fifteen or sixteen, the productions of other writers. In the whole of those which I have invented and brought forward, are included more than *nine hundred* songs."—"I have never written down my compositions till they were wanted, either for a band, or for the engraver. I have now in my mind at least thirty songs, nearly twenty of which I have sung in public; of the music of which not even a single note has yet been written."

In our next number we shall republish his own interesting account of his dramatic works.

"Mr. Dibdin was an extremely neat and brilliant performer on the piano-forte, and the expression and effect with which he played songs, were certainly superior to any thing the Editor has heard."—"Mr. D. had a *haritone* voice, with enough *falsalto* to sing any song. He had a remarkably distinct articulation; so that, even after a slight paralytic affection, which he had several years before he took leave of the public, every word he uttered was easily intelligible; for he had that sensible idea about vocal music, that the true intention of it is, to render the words more impressive."—[We quote Dr. K. faithfully in his own language.]—"Mr. D. generally sung twenty songs, of four or five verses each, in his entertainment."—"When the Editor heard him perform, Mr. D. was between fifty and sixty. He was a temperate man, took no stimulus during his performance, and went through the business with great ease and cheerfulness."

"When Mr. D. retired, he went to Cranford, where he resided about three years."

Mr. Dibdin had a pension of 200*l.* bestowed upon him by Government, in 1803, and the public purse has seldom been better employed. But when Lord Grenville came into office in 1806, he was deprived of this well-earned pittance,—

"While *Meanness* clapp'd her hands, and *Justice* stared."

* *Sans Souci* was the name he gave to his little theatre in Leicester Place, Leicester Fields.

Dr. K. tells us, "on the Duke of Portland's coming into administration, his pension was restored to him." We are glad to hear of this restoration; it never came to our knowledge before. But concerning the Duke, there must be an error.

In 1810 a public dinner was given, for the purpose of raising a sum of money to purchase an annuity for Mr. Dibdin, which produced 640*l.* The promoters of this liberal measure were Benj. Oakley, Esq., of Tavistock Place, and the late James Perry Esq., of the Morning Chronicle. Mr. D. generously refused to profit exclusively by the kindness of his friends, and the annuity was purchased for himself and daughter, conjointly.

"At the latter end of the year 1813 he had a paralytic stroke, and died on the 25th of July, 1814, aged 69. He was buried in St. Martin's burying-ground, on the north east side of Camden Town."

On a slab placed over his remains by his wife and daughter, are engraved the following lines, from his pathetic song "*Poor Tom, or, the Sailor's Epitaph*."

"His form was of the manliest beauty,
His heart was kind and soft;
Faithful below he did his duty,
And now he's gone aloft."

In 1822, a meeting was held at the Freemason's Tavern, for the purpose of erecting a public monument to his memory; and, at a dinner given last month, at the same place, a sum of money was raised in order to carry this intention into effect.

The collecting together so important a portion of Mr. Dibdin's works as his sea songs, entitles Dr. Kitchiner to some praise, which we should have bestowed more freely, had the publication evinced that faithfulness and industry in preparing the copy, and care in correcting the proofs, which the public had a right to expect from an avowed editor, and a high price. As to the preparation of the copy given to the engraver, it may be said, that it required none, being that printed under the author's own direction. But Mr. Dibdin's songs, as published by himself, are very inaccurately engraved, both music and words, and what were evidently omissions and errors in them, should have been rectified, for the sake of the composer's reputation, if from no other motive. But the faults that appear solely in this edition, and which can in no wise be imputed to the copy, are grievously numerous, and in a work that required no haste in bringing out, and in fact was brought out slowly, are quite inexcusable. These charges, however, though weighty enough, are not the heaviest that we are obliged to prefer against it. Mr. Dibdin published many of his songs with only a base accompaniment, when, therefore, he added any other, it is clear that he considered it as very essential. Now Dr. K. has printed the whole of these one hundred and one songs, in two staves only, and without a solitary note, or sign of accompaniment, except a simple base line. So far as we can trace, he has entirely cut out, without a single exception, whatever scanty treble accompaniment the author originally published, and poor in point of harmony as, to a person unskilled in thorough-base, they before appeared, they are now still further impoverished. We can assign no motive for this, and can only add how much we are disappointed in the hopes we entertained of possessing a good edition of the interesting and excellent sea songs of our marine Bard.

SONATA for the PIANO-FORTE, Composed by L. V. BEETHOVEN. Op. 110. (Clementi & Co., Cheapside.)

BEETHOVEN's compositions more and more assume the character of studied eccentricity. He does not write much now, but most of what he produces is so impenetrably obscure in design, and so full of unaccountable and often repulsive harmonies, that he puzzles the critic as much as he perplexes the performer. Nevertheless, in whatever comes from his pen may be seen occasional gleams of that splendid genius which shone so bright in his earlier works, and the present Sonata may be adduced in proof, for though much of it is *outré* and capricious, yet it has many points wherein the author appears arrayed in some of his most pleasing attributes. For instance, how melodious and expressive the four opening bars!

Cantabile.



The movement, of which the above forms a part of the subject, runs through eight pages, and is a good deal chequered with beauty and whim. The next, an *Allegro*, promises exceedingly well at the commencement, but its harmony is soon disturbed by such unwarrantable dissonances as these,—



which are often and distressingly repeated. A very chromatic *Adagio* of two pages, in B flat minor, follows this, and leads to a fugue in three parts, in A flat, upon the annexed subject,—



which, after the interruption of a short *Arioso*, appears in this inverted form,—



The management of these points evinces no little ingenuity and labour, but the result is not equal to the effect produced from this species of composition by the ancient masters; for, with about three or four exceptions, modern fugues cannot bear any comparison with those of the 17th and 18th centuries. It is dangerous to tread

on ground which has been so long and so successfully occupied by such contrapuntists as the Scarlattis, Handel, and Sebastian Bach. The present is not the age of Fugue and Canon; but the last forty years have produced much better things, of which Beethoven has contributed a full and noble share.

DIVERTIMENTO for the PIANO-FORTE, Composed by G. E. GRIFFIN. (Printed for the Author, Northumberland-street.)

THIS is the first new work by Mr. Griffin that has come under our view since we entered upon our critical office. We receive it with pleasure, for as the author has a rich fund of musical ideas to draw upon, and does not exhaust his means by writing too much, there is always a vigour and freshness in his productions, which invariably announce the experienced master and sound musician.

The present *Divertimento* is an elegant composition: it begins with a very spirited and fanciful movement, introductory to a *Larghetto*, "an English air" of great beauty, and rather familiar to us, though we cannot recall the words to which it is set. We insert a few bars of the melody, to enable such of our readers, as have better memories than ourselves, to assign a name to it.—



The second, third, and fourth bars are also in the Scottish ballad of *Auld Robin Gray*, but in which of the two the right of primogeniture is vested, we are at a loss to say. A Pastoral Rondo in six-eight time, of seven pages, completes this divertimento, the subject of which, though not uncommon, is ably treated, and it passes on, through various modulations, to the end without flagging. Like all Mr. Griffin's music, this piece lays well under the hand, and whoever plays his favourite March, may venture to undertake the present work.

POT-POURRI for the PIANO-FORTE, the Themes from Rossini's Operas, Composed by CIPRIANI POTTER, No. 2. (Chappel and Co., 50, New Bond-street.)

THIS is a clever *melange*, composed of popular subjects from *L'Otello*, *La Donna del Lago*, and *Il Turco in Italia*. The materials are judiciously chosen, not only because they are intrinsically good, but as being, in their original state, exceedingly well calculated for piano-forte performance. They are ably blended, and the effect of the whole is brilliant and enlivening. But Mr. Potter has not yet learnt to stoop from the heights of science to the useful art of smoothing down difficulties; he is too fond of crowding together notes in very inconvenient situations, and every now and then he introduces a passage that the majority of performers,—and not bad ones,—find awkward and teasing, but which, by a slight alteration, might have been rendered easy, without any sacrifice on the part of the composer. Indeed those passages that are the least commodious for the hand and

for fingering, are commonly also the least productive of effect. The very first page of this *pot-pourri*, or, more correctly, the Introduction to it,—will serve to exemplify our observation, which we offer to the attention of Mr. Potter, because, considering him as a very distinguished musician, we wish to see his productions more widely circulated.

LA PROMESSA, a RONDO for the PIANO-FORTE,
Composed by J. A. MORALT. (Royal Harmonic Institution, Argyll Rooms.)

MR. MORALT is not a voluminous author, but all that we have seen of his composition shews a correct judgment and good taste. He is not very adventurous in search of new modulations, nor does he labour to produce what shall at once strike by its originality; but he writes like one who has a thorough knowledge of the instrument for which he composes, and never is chargeable with deficiency in elegance and expression.

This Rondo is in the impressive key of A flat; the principal subject of it is a little in the style of a *motivo* by Beethoven, and is comprised in twenty-four bars, the last eight of which are a repetition of the first part. The secondary subject is full of musical feeling, beginning thus,—



and both are pursued, in a shewy but not difficult manner, through nine very pleasing pages, that will gratify all who perform them, and may be made an improving lesson for practice for good players of the second class.

1. **IL ZEFFIRETTO, INTRODUCTION alla Marcia, and MOZART'S FAVORITE AIR, "Sull' Aria,"** newly arranged for the PIANO-FORTE, with an Accompaniment for Flute, *ad libitum*, by T. A. RAWLINGS. No. 7. (Royal Harmonic Institution, Regent-street.)

2. **L'AMANTE, INTRODUCTION, ALLEGRETTO à la Villageoise,** with the favourite air "Sul Margine d'un Rio," newly arranged, with Variations for the PIANO-FORTE, with an Accompaniment for the Flute, *ad libitum*, by T. A. RAWLINGS. (Published by the same.)

No. 1, is the beautiful duet from Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro*, transcribed with very little alteration from the original, and therefore necessarily good; for Mr. Rawlings is too staunch and experienced a musician to allow himself much latitude in such a case, and has adhered to the author with becoming fidelity. This, by the way, is what, in Paternoster-row, would be called downright book-making: the Introduction is something of an excuse, to be sure, but it is one of those apologies that will not avail much, if often repeated.

No. 2, gives the adapter more right to print his name in the most conspicuous character, for he has written three variations to the very popular and delightful air, "Sul Margine," generally supposed to be by Paisiello.

Though in adding these, he has not, we presume, strained his inventive faculty to its utmost point, for they are like a thousand other things of the same sort. But to find out any thing new in the form of a variation, would be to work a miracle, therefore we acquit Mr. R. on this score. Both of his divertimentos are short, a merit which secures our unqualified praise; and though as critics we may smile at such publications, yet, considering the way in which music is studied by the many, they do to supply the incessant demand for something new, and satisfy the craving appetite of those who only seek for nominal novelty, without concerning themselves much about its reality.

INTRODUCTION and VARIATIONS to the celebrated SWISS AIR, "Steh nur auf, schöner Schweizerbub," for the PIANO-FORTE, composed and dedicated to H. R. H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT, by F. HOFFMANN. (Wessel and Stodart, Soho Square.)

THE introduction is a charming composition, full of taste, and free from all affectation. The air is simple, but exceedingly beautiful, and the variations have surprised us by a something like newness in them, which we almost despaired of ever finding again in variations. They also possess no small share of elegance and brilliancy, and will enable a tolerable proficient to display and please at the same time. This publication is not unworthy of the Royal Personage to whom it is dedicated, who is not only an unaffected admirer, but a competent judge of what is really good in music.

1. **LE TROUBADOUR DU JOUR, a favourite French Romance, with Variations for the PIANO-FORTE,** by JAMES CALKIN. No. 1. (Clementi and Co.)

2. **CELUI QUI SUT, French Romance, with Variations for the PIANO-FORTE,** by the same. No. 2. (Published by the same.)

3. **CE QUE JE DESIRE, French Romance, with Variations for the PIANO-FORTE,** by the same. No. 3. (Published by the same.)

THESE are popular French airs undoubtedly, but we cannot exactly guess why, for though there is a certain degree of smoothness in them, amounting almost to prettiness, yet not one of the three has any remarkable feature. Perhaps their simplicity and unpretending character may have recommended them to notice: possibly they are the productions of composers with commanding names, or are sung by some favourite performer: in fact, we wish to make out the reason they are so much admired, and cannot thoroughly satisfy ourselves.

Mr. Calkin's variations are in the true spirit of resistance to innovation;—a variation *alla Marcia*, and another *alla Polacca*; triplets of quavers and of semiquavers; adagios and codas, &c. But he has written no passages that are irrelevant to the general character of each piece, nor is he chargeable with one instance of false taste. He has not produced any effects that are very original, but at the same time he has introduced nothing to offend the most fastidious ear. All three pieces are well adapted to the instrument, are easy, and will please those who are not very eager after *recherché* modulations and positive novelty.

1. **THE COUNTRY BUMPKIN**, a favourite Air, for **PIANO-FORTE, FLUTE, and VIOLONCELLO**, by C. F. ELEY. (Clementi and Co., and the Author, *Tavistock-place*.)
2. **"C'EST L'AMOUR,"** arranged as a **RONDO** for the **PIANO-FORTE**, by W. H. CUTLER, *Mus. Bac. Oxon.* Op. 39. (Clementi and Co.)
3. **RONDO BRILLANT**, on an admired air of Rossini, arranged for the **PIANO-FORTE**, by W. T. LING. (Gow and Son, 162, Regent Street.)

THE Country Bumpkin sends us back at once to the time of our grandmothers, who used to delight in dancing, or rather swimming, along to this tune. There must have been something very captivating in the figure, for the air itself has not many charms for modern ears: indeed there is a bluntness, not to say vulgarity, about it, to which the title suits exactly; and this appropriateness seems to us to be now its chief merit. We cannot help regretting that a man of Mr. Eley's talents should have employed his time upon such a theme, for we fear that he has bestowed it upon an unproductive, ungrateful subject.

"*C'est l'Amour*," is an animated, pretty air, let it appear in what form it may; but it certainly is not likely to gain any increase of popularity from the mode in which it is now published.

The *Rondo Brillant* is founded on one of Rossini's most characteristic airs, which, in a more simple form, would have made a very sprightly piece for the piano-forte. Mr. Ling entertained a very different opinion, and has not only given a great deal of labour to it himself, but has so arranged it as to call for an equal quantity of labour from those who perform it. The added passages do not lay well under the hand, and are extremely awkward for fingering. Besides which, other difficulties are mixed up in it, that have nothing in them to compensate for the trouble which it would cost a great majority of performers in overcoming them. Compositions that are intended for superior players, should be made up of superior matter: where no great effort of genius or invention is manifested, facility at least should be studied, which is always a recommendation to the multitude.

1. **THE SCOTTISH AIR**, "Let us haste to Kelvin Grove," introduced by Mr. Braham in Guy Mannerling, with Variations for the **PIANO-FORTE**, by J. C. NIGHTINGALE, Organist of the Foundling. (Monro and May, 11, Holborn Bars.)
2. **MOZART'S FAVOURITE AIR**, "Life let us cherish," with New Variations for the **PIANO-FORTE**, by M. MAYBRICK. (Royal Harmonic Institution.)
3. **AN INTRODUCTION AND RONDO** for the **PIANO-FORTE**, by JOHN HOPKINSON. (Royal Harmonic Institution.)

No. 1. is the beautiful air published in the third number of the Harmonicon. Mr. Nightingale has written six variations to it, which are very nearly akin to most other variations: but the piece is modest in length, and moderate in price, and though not a brilliant production, is free from fault, unless want of newness be one.

Mr. Maybrick shews some courage in attempting "new variations" to *Life let us cherish*; but nothing is to be achieved without a little enterprise. He has announced rather too much, and does not appear to have taken an

accurate measure of his inventive powers. We trace some very distant resemblance in this publication to a part of Woelfel's variations on the same theme; we also discover in it a few oversights in respect to composition, that are very inimical to established rule and musical effect.

No. 3. Contains a pleasing, and indeed, an elegant air, though it is not conducted in such a way as to lead us to imagine that an experienced composer produced it. The introduction wants rhythm, and shews no general design; the ascent of the diminished fifth in the sixth bar, is not to be justified upon any principle; nor is the following passage to be understood:—



unless it be an error, both in the manuscript and in the plate. The D, E, F, in the treble ought to be each a note lower, and the B natural and A flat in the base, should be B flat, and G.

1. **THE CELEBRATED CHORUSSES** from **HANDEL'S ORATORIOS**, arranged for the **ORGAN or PIANO-FORTE**, by J. C. NIGHTINGALE, Organist of the Foundling Hospital. Book I. (Halliday and Co., 28, Bishopsgate Street.)
2. **HAYDN'S CELEBRATED CHORUSSES** from the **CREATION**, for ditto, by the same. (Published by the same.)
3. "Cum Sancto Spiritu," **GRAND CHORUS** from **MOZART'S MASS**, No. 7, arranged as a duet for the **ORGAN, or PIANO-FORTE**, by J. M. MC. MURDIE, *Mus. Bac. Oxon.* Organist of the Philanthropic Society's Chapel. (Boosey and Co. Holles Street.)
4. **HANDEL'S OVERTURES**, arranged for the **ORGAN or PIANO-FORTE**, by THOS. KILLICK, organist of Gravesend. (Clementi and Co.)

THE first of these works contains six chorusses;—*For unto us, and Lift up your heads*, from the Messiah; *To thee Cherubim, and O Lord, in Thee have I trusted*, from the Dettingen Te Deum; *How excellent thy name O Lord*, from Saul, and *Then shall they know*, from Samson. A better selection could not have been made, and they are adapted with as much judgment as they are selected. There are passages in *For unto us*,—long divisions of thirds and of sixths, in semiquavers,—which cannot be rendered easy, without injury to the effect. Except these, all the chorusses that now appear may be performed by any person with a sufficiently strong hand, though he have not much power of execution.

No. 2, comprises, *The praise of God; Awake the Harp; The Heavens are telling; Achieved is the glorious work, and Sing the Lord*, all from the Creation. Although these are as well chosen as the former, yet they do not offer the same facilities to the performer; they require not only a large, powerful hand but considerable nimbleness of finger. They are arranged with ability, but it appears to us, that some of the parts might have been a little

thinned, so as to have rendered these excellent pieces more generally practicable.

The fine fugue from Mozart's Mass is well adapted as a duet by Mr. Mc. Murdie, and will make a very good study for either organ or piano-forte players. The upper part requires a performer of some experience in this learned sort of music, but we recommend it to all, as likely to improve both the hand and the judgment.

We are sorry to see Mr. Killick's unpretending, but very judicious arrangement of Handel's overtures, proceed so slowly, for it is a good work, and will be found exceedingly useful. The present number contains the overture to Esther, which is well known to most people, from being annually performed in St. Paul's Cathedral, at the Anniversary of the Sons of Clergy.

1. TWELVE WALTZES, for the PIANO-FORTE, by MAYSEDER. (Boosey and Co., Holles Street.)
2. FOUR GRAND WALTZES for the PIANO-FORTE, dedicated to the Princess Feodore, of Leiningen, by FR. HOFFMANN. (Wessel and Stodart, Soho Square.)
3. ZELMIRA WALTZES, arranged as DUETS for two Performers on the PIANO-FORTE, after Rossini's most favourite motivos, by H. PAYER. (Boosey and Co., Holles Street.)

MAYSEDER's twelve waltzes are full of that gaiety which is his characteristic; they are very pretty, and well adapted to piano-forte players in general.

No. 2, by Mr. Hoffmann are delightful waltzes, and have great merit as musical compositions, the first in particular, which is very clever and effective. Indeed all the four are written in a superior style, and are worthy the notice of the true amateur.

The *Zelmira Waltzes*, are, some of them at least, from the opera of that name. They are arranged with care, and are well suited either to the ball-room, or as agreeable duettinos for juvenile performers.

A COLLECTION of ADMIRABLE ITALIAN, FRENCH, GERMAN, SPANISH, and ENGLISH SONGS, with a progressive accompaniment for the SPANISH GUITAR, by G. H. DERWORT. Nos. 1 to 13. (Gow and Son, 162, Regent Street.)

THIS is really a very good publication for an instrument that every day is becoming more and more fashionable. The airs are selected with discrimination from amongst those that are most popular in the principal cities of Europe, to which accompaniments,—in most cases, two to each air,—are written, so as to suit persons more and less advanced on the Spanish guitar. Amongst the airs are, "C'est une larme;" *Le Carnaval de Venise*, with English words adapted to it; "*Partant pour la Syrie*;" "*The boatie rows*;" an air by Mozart, from *Le Serail*, &c. The manner in which these are engraved and printed, and the excellent quality of the paper, demand particular notice. At a time when the price of music is so high, the least that can be done is to publish it in a superior manner; a practice which is not always adhered to.

MUSIC IN THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

1. SONG, "With thee fair summer's joy appears," Sung by MR. BRAHAM. Arranged by T. Welsh. (Royal Harmonic Institution.)

2. SONG, "When it is the time of Night," Sung by MADAME VESTRIS; composed by CHARLES E. HORN. (Published by the same.)

3. SONG, "Crabbed age and youth," Sung by MISS STEPHENS; composed by C. E. HORN. (Published by the same.)

4. SONG, "Blow, blow, thou winter's wind," Sung by MR. BRAHAM. (Payne and Hopkins, 69, Cornhill.)

5. DUETT, "Love like a shadow flies," Sung by MISS POVEY and MR. BRAHAM; composed by JOHN PARRY. (Goulding, D'Almaine, and Co. Soho Square.)

6. SONG, "It was a Lordling's daughter," Sung by MADAME VESTRIS; selected and arranged by C. E. HORN. (Harmonic Institution.)

7. SONG, "Even as the sun," Sung by MISS STEPHENS; composed by C. E. HORN. (Published by the same.)

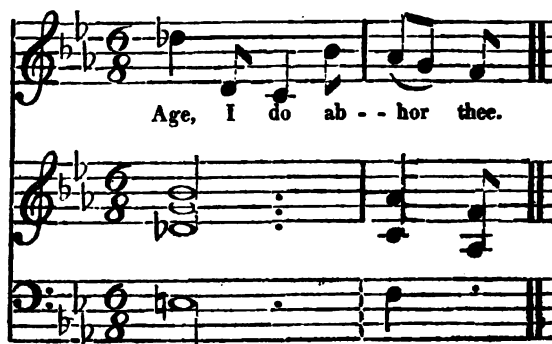
8. CANTATA, "A lover's eyes can gaze," Sung by MR. BRAHAM; composed by JOHN PARRY. (Goulding, D'Almaine, and Co.)

UNDER the head DRAMA will be found our general opinion of this play in its metamorphosed state: we now have to notice such part of the music as is published.

No. 1, is the Welsh air, *Ar hyd y nos*, to which the present words are well suited. We shall print it with the same in our next number.

No. 2, has great merit: it is a good deal in the old style, and very much in character with the play. It begins in E minor, and passes, in a very agreeable manner, into the relative major. Though some of the passages are not new, yet they are well put together, and produce a pleasing whole.

No. 3, is exceedingly pretty and well set. In good truth, the composer who is not inspired by such words, should betake himself to some other occupation. We particularly admire the expression of the sentiment contained in the following two bars:—



But the "Youth, I do adore thee!" is not equal to the passionate notes in Steevens's charming glee.

No. 4, is Dr. Arne's beautiful ballad; but what has it to do with *The Merry Wives of Windsor*?

The duet, No. 5, is rather pretty, and has some air in it; though the *cadenza* is exceedingly puerile, and *John Bull-ish*. But he who assigned such words to *Anne Page* and *Fenton* could not have previously read them; at least, with discriminative judgment.

We know not the composer of No. 6, but are sure that Mr. Horn might easily have selected a better song, from any collection in his possession. The words are most injudiciously chosen.

No. 7, which is meant for the *aria d'abilita*,—the shew-song for the first lady,—is a complete failure; though, out of respect to the delightful songstress who throws the shield of her popularity over it, the public applaud it. The way in which these words are selected and set, will hardly be credited: four out of the six lines are from the first stanza of Shakspeare's *Venus and Adonis*, and the other two are taken from a distant part of the poem, there not being the slightest connection between the former and the latter. In setting these verses, Mr. Horn has actually brought the first and second, and fifth and sixth lines together, so as not to produce even a semblance of meaning! For, "rose-cheek'd Adonis," he gives us, "Rose cheek'd Adonis;" and the first word in the following line,

Even as the sun, with purple-coloured face,
is studiously split into two syllables,—*E-ven*.

No. 8, is a bravura for the tenor. The author calls it a *cantata*, which is a misnomer: it is a recitative and air. The music is passable; as music, but in relation to the words, it is very faulty. The word "Gods," for instance, has first a long note given to it, and immediately afterwards, a pause, by both of which the sense is entirely changed,—the words are separated exactly at the point where their junction is peremptorily required. We should be glad to know to whom the substitution of the word "echo" for "drowsy," is to be imputed. As "re-echo," and "resound" are not in the printed book of the songs, we suppose that for this alteration we are indebted to the sagacity of the composer. Really it should be the duty of some person in the theatre to see that an author is not thus mangled and sacrificed.

1. THE FAIRY'S SONG; words by W. F. COLLARD; Music by J. G. GRAEFF. (*Clementi and Co.*)
2. SONNET TO BENEVOLENCE, written by Dr. DRENAN; the music by SAMUEL WEBBE. (*Clementi and Co.*)
3. BALLAD, "Sweet choice of my heart," written by W. F. COLLARD Esq. composed by J. C. CLIFTON. (*Clementi and Co.*)

No. 1 is a good song, and composed with a design that has resulted from a careful perusal of the words, and a full comprehension of their meaning. The symphony, and all the accompaniment, except the jingling semiquavers, assist the sense and the melody, and are strictly in character. We cannot pass this without remarking upon the poetry,—for so it really deserves to be termed,—the imagery of it is fanciful, and the verse harmonious.

No. 2 is an elegant song, set with good sense, and from the pen of a real musician. It is rather distinguishable for taste than novelty, but a work of taste always gives pleasure, though it may not excite a stronger feeling. The words are beautiful.

No. 3 is also more marked by a chaste, agreeable melody, and a judicious accompaniment, than by originality. It is published in C for a low voice, and also in E flat, its original key, for those who can reach G without difficulty.

FOREIGN MUSICAL REPORT.

VIENNA. A new opera appeared here, in the Kärnthnertheater, entitled *Euphémie von Avogara*, the music by Riolte. The story of the piece is full of absurdities, and the composer sunk under the heavy weight of the dull materials with which he was cruelly oppressed. This is the more to be regretted, as there were many parts which bespoke the hand of a master, particularly a rondo by Euphémie, and a scene of much energy and effect between the two heroes of the piece. The principal operas of the season, have been *Il Flauto Magico*, and Rossini's *Inganno Felice*, the latter was but coldly received; it is one of the author's juvenile productions, and not marked with any characteristic excellencies. But the great attraction of the season, has been M. v. Weber's *Euryanthe*, which was given here for the first time. The whole, particularly the chorusses, was received with loud and enthusiastic applause, and four times during the evening, the composer was called upon the stage to receive the homage of the public. It had the additional advantage of being admirably supported throughout.

A new romantic piece has been produced at the Leopoldstadt theatre, entitled *Der Leopard und der Hund*, (The Leopard and the Hound,) the music by Riolte. The part of the Leopard was performed by the famous representative of the brute creation, M. Mayerhofer, who is said to be engaged for a series of similar brute characters. However, on the present occasion the palm was borne away from him by his worthy pupil, a poodle in *natura*, who mauls his master with the best feigned rage in the world, so that all the patrons of his kin and kind, with whom the galleries were thronged, applauded even to the echo.

The admired Moschelles, after an absence of four years has visited this city again. His stay, however, was short, as his professional engagements claim his presence in England. He gave a concert which was numerously attended, on which occasion he performed a fantasia, in which he displayed the most surprising powers, joined to the highest elegance and perfection of art. The applause was unanimous, and it seemed the universal opinion, that the progress he had made during his absence, was beyond the most sanguine expectations.

Salieri, the composer, is so seriously indisposed, that great doubts are entertained of his recovery. Age shows its weakening effects upon the body as well as upon the mind; the general lot of humanity. *Senectus ipsa est morbus*.

BERLIN. We are happy to see that the bounty of the King of Prussia has been well bestowed, and that the two brothers Ebner, of whom we gave some particulars in page 199 of the Harmonicon of last year, have so well corresponded to the expectations formed of their early promise, that they have been admitted as members of the Chapel Royal at Berlin.

The only novelty here during the last season, was the opera of *Dido*, which was given on occasion of the anniversary of the birthday of the crown prince. The music is by Bernard Klein, a composer not unknown to the public, but whose compositions are marked with more depth of feeling, than purity of harmony and clearness of ideas.

LEIPSIC. In the concerts given at this place, the great object of attraction has been the celebrated Madame Cornega, pupil of Salieri, and from the theatre *San Carlo* at Naples. Nothing could exceed the admiration she excited by the wonderful powers of her voice, especially in a scene and air by Pucitta, a bolero of Caraffa, and variations for the violin by Rode. The latter were rapturously encored, and the audience were still more delighted and surprised, when she gave them in a quicker measure and yet with the same spirit and distinctness. It was a matter of general astonishment, that the human organ was capable of effecting such wonders, and had sufficient flexibility to rival the most difficult of instruments. But while the many wondered, the judicious few could not but lament this abuse of talents that

were destined for more noble purposes; that an organ designed for the expression of human feelings, should be converted into a piece of ingenious mechanism. On the same occasion, a quintett and chorus from *Jerusalem delivered*, an oratorio by M. Eberwein, which is still in MS. was received with much applause.

The opera here has increased in interest. In addition to the pieces already on the scene, the public were delighted with Spohr's *Libussa*, Beethoven's *Fidelio*, and the *Cortez* of Spontini. The opinions of connoisseurs respecting the latter opera are much divided. It must be allowed that some of the chorusses are very common place, that many of the airs are showy without much substance, and that some of the declamatory passages are not in the best taste; but notwithstanding these defects, the prevailing feature of the work is grand and imposing, many of the parts are rich in dramatic ideas, and full of grand harmonic effects, of which, if our limits would allow, we could give some striking examples.

DRESDEN. Nothing new has appeared at the opera here. The season opened with Rossini's *Ricciardo e Zoraide*, which was followed by *Tancredi*, *Der Unsichtbare*, (the Invisible) an opera in one act by Costenoble, *La Preciosa*, *Jean de Paris*, the *Freyschutz*, Kreutzer's *Cordelia*, *Abon Hassan*, an opera in one act by M. v. Weber. *Der Schweitzer Familie*, *Der Doctor und Apotheker*, and Mozart's *Entführung aus dem Serail*.

The gardens and places of public resort, show the progress that is daily making here in instrumental music of the higher order. Instead of the common tunes of which alone these orchestras were formerly capable, the public may now hear the compositions of Pleyel or Gyrowetz, and, not unfrequently, some of the latest symphonies of Beethoven or Ries, and thus improve their taste at the trifling expense of a *groschen*, (about two-pence.)

BRUNSWICK. The opera season has been very spirited here. Among other novelties, was Mad. Nina Cornega, first singer of the *San Carlo*. Her voice cannot certainly be called powerful, nor is its compass of any great extent, reaching only from C above gamut, to G in alt; but her powers of execution, joined with the greatest purity and precision, united to much grace and delicacy, ensure her the first rank among the most celebrated living singers of the day. The principal operas performed here during the season, have been the *Freyschutz*, *Il Flauto Magico*, *La Principessa di Navarra*, *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, Weigl's *Schweitzer Familie*, *Jean de Paris*, and Spontini's favourite opera of *Cortez*.

MUNICH. The season here opened with *Otello*, which was followed by *Jean de Paris*, *Der Müllerin*, Beethoven's *Fidelio*, and Cherubini's *Deux Journées*, which is performed in German, under the name of *Der Wasserträger* (the Water-carrier.) This was followed by that opera, of which it is remarked that it is always fresh and always new, the *Entführung aus dem Serail* of Mozart. The only novelties were the revival of *Der Doctor und Apotheker*, the music by Dittersdorf, and a new opera with which the season closed, entitled *Rappresaglia*, the music by Stanz. It gave general satisfaction, from the pleasing nature of the melodies. But it would not be fair to form a decided opinion of a piece, which was seen only for the first time.

Mehul's opera of *Joseph and his Brethren*, was lately given here, an opera that has now kept its place on the stage above fifteen years. This, as well as Cherubini's *Armand*, belongs to that class of compositions, which arose from an attempt to unite the German and French schools of music. After our ears have been so long accustomed to the music of the new Italian school, it is a curious contrast to listen to music like this. With respect to the manner in which this opera has been brought out, we have to make serious complaints against the omissions that took place in one part of the opera, in order to amuse the galleries. In the scene of the presents that pass between Jacob and his son, a part of the music has been omitted, in order to allow scope for the introduction of a train of camels, dromedaries, slaves, moors, gilded chests and coffers, and other gorgeous fooleries. Such remnants of the barbarous taste of the middle ages, in the number of which may be also classed the Moorish

dances introduced into *Otello*, ought to be scouted from the stage. The poet, and not the tailor and master of the wardrobe, ought to have the control in these matters.

The directors of the musical academy here, gave the *Weltgerichtes*, (Judgment-day) of Schneider, for the benefit of certain families at Hoff that had been sufferers by the overflowing of the Rhine, with a company of two hundred artists, who devoted their talents to this laudable object.

The celebrated Moschelles paid a visit to this place, where he gave a concert. The critics were delighted with his powers of execution, but found fault with his style and mode of treatment of the piano, which they did not consider as strictly orthodox.

Some short time after this, a concert was also given by the musical prodigy Lizst, the Hungarian boy, a pupil of M. Czerny of Vienna. By his delicacy of touch and powers of execution, accompanied with a feeling manner of performance almost incredible at his tender years, he excited the wonder and admiration of a numerous audience. It was observed that in his repetition of brilliant passages, but more particularly of adagio movements, his manner was not like that of a person playing passages which he had by rote. There was a spontaneous energy and display of mind, which gave a shade of difference to all his performances, that marked the presence of mind as well as of brilliant finger. He has our best wishes for his future success.

PRAGUE. On the national theatre of this place, a M. Koch made his appearance, and performed a concerto on—the Jewsharp! and will it be believed when it is asserted, that it was as rapturously applauded as a concerto of a Hummel or a Pixis. It would be well if the directors of this theatre, would bear in mind that the stage ought to be a school of genuine art and good taste, and not suffer themselves to degrade that scene on which the *Zauberflöte* of a Mozart is so frequently heard, for any momentary advantage that may arise from the introduction of a Jewsharp.

Another attempt was made to introduce a Mad. Dubsky, who plays on a new instrument called *Physharmonika*. She was accompanied by the orchestra, but played so much out of time that it was found impossible to follow her. She seems but imperfectly acquainted with her instrument, and met with but little applause.

After a considerable interval, the *Entführung aus dem Serail* has been revived here. The other operas given have been *Don Juan*, Paer's *Sargine*, and the *Così fan tutte*, in German words, under the title *Die Zauberprobe*. The libretto of this opera is from the pen of Abbate da Ponte, and it cannot be denied that it leaves much to be desired. An attempt has been made in the present instance to remedy this defect, but the person, who undertook the task has not been found adequate to it, for if the former book abounded with improbabilities, the present attempt to ingraft a magical story upon it, has betrayed the writer into still greater. Mozart identified his characters in tones of such truth, that the playful humour and *naïveté* of his waiting woman can be but ill adapted to an aërial spirit, and the low cunning of his Italian doctor is as little suited to the character of a magician, into which the present author has thought proper to convert them. By such a metamorphosis the beautiful effect of the whole is broken and deformed. But what is still worse, most unwarrantable liberties have been taken with the music. Several of the movements have been omitted, and others introduced, which are wholly out of character with the style of the piece. The consequence was that the opera neither satisfied the public at large, nor the connoisseur, who justly felt indignant at such liberties taken with their great classical author.

STUTGARD. Mozart's *Così fan tutte* has been produced here, under the title *Die verfauliche Wette*. The music has been scrupulously adapted to German words, without the omission of any of the parts, and the manner in which it has been brought out deserves honourable mention. The other operas given here, were Cherubini's *Faniska*, *Der Freyschutz*, *Mandarin*, *Azur*, *Marc Antonio*, *Tancredi*, *Ricciardo e Zoraide*, *Die Zauber-*

fôte, Jean de Paris, Die Müllerine, Die Wasserträger, Don Giovanni, Cenerentola, Il Barbiere di Siviglia, Paer's Lustigen Schuster, (the Devil to Pay,) Das Geheimnis of Salié, and Lindpaintner's Sulmona, which was abbreviated, and all for the better.

HALBERSTADT. M. K. M. Hummel gave a concert at this place, assisted by his able and promising pupil M. Baake. He gave his concerto in A minor, the *Sentinelles*, and a new Rondo, and concluded with a *Fantasia*. It is unnecessary to add, that his masterly performance was hailed with rapturous applause. Before he quitted the town, he played a *Fantasia* on the organ of the cathedral church; the amount of the receipts at the door he appropriated to the benefit of the poor.

NAPLES. The new opera, of which we before spoke, entitled *La casa a vendere*, continues to please. Spontini's *Vestale* has been repeated, and met with considerable applause. Donizetti has composed a new opera, entitled, *Alfredo il Grande*, and a new cantata, called *Aristea*. The opera did not meet with any great success on the first representation, but pleased more in the subsequent performances.

March 2d, 1834. Mad. Fodor took her benefit at *San Carlo* on the 27th of February. She chose *La Semiramide* by Rossini, but the sudden illness of Lablache prevented its being performed. She then fixed on *Otello*, but was, unfortunately obliged to change that too, on account of the indisposition of another singer. At last *Elisabetta* was announced, and performed. This had been the triumph of Mad. Colbran, and comparisons were incited that diminished the applause due to Mad. Fodor. The latter, as a singer, has qualifications which the other does not possess; but as an actress, as a dignified representative of Majesty, she loses much in the comparison; and besides, it is always dangerous to succeed an old favourite in her favourite part.

Mad. Fodor, Lablache, and the strength of the company, will shortly leave Naples for Vienna.

Since Barbaja seceded from the theatre, *San Carlo* has thrice been in danger of being burnt down. This excited suspicion, and the stage-manager, with other persons, have been arrested and committed to prison.

FLORENCE. A traveller recently arrived from this place has brought the information that Sig. Cellis's new opera, entitled *la Secchia rapita*, which was produced at the *Pergola* theatre, has fallen never to rise again. The singer Mariana is said to have made a very successful *début* in Nicolini's *Annibale in Bitunia*.

PADUA. The singers Bassi and Crivelli have maintained their former glory in Morlacchi's opera of *Teobaldo ed Isolinda*. Sig. Strepponi has produced a new opera here, entitled *Francesca da Rimini*, in which Mariana Sessi displeased so much in the first representation, that she sung in it for the first and last time. The part was consigned to Emilia Bonini. As to the opera, it is said to be a miserable piece of patch-work. Sig. Strepponi, who is also an apostle of Rossini, is said to be scarcely equal to the composition of a song, much less of an opera, having to boast of scarcely a single idea of his own.

BERGAMO. Mad. Canzi, the celebrated German singer, made her *début* here in Rossini's *Zelmira*, to which she did ample justice, though the opera itself did not please. The applause bestowed upon this singer's performance was general, and it was only regretted that some better subject had not been chosen for the display of her powers. As the opera has no opening song for the *prima donna*, Mad. Canzi was requested to introduce an air from the *Barbiere di Siviglia*, which was accordingly done, and though in an *opera seria*, no inconvenience was felt; these things can be managed without much difficulty in the works of Rossini.

LUCCA. A new opera has been produced here, entitled *Temistocle*, from the pen of Paccini. It is said to smack much

of Rossini, so strongly indeed as to be scarcely endured with patience. So thought the good people of Lucca, for it was received with a coolness that was perhaps worse than a failure.

PARIS. The dispute which was formerly maintained here with such violence and party spirit, between the Gluckists and Piccinists, is renewed between the abettors of Mozart and Rossini. Fierce as the struggle formerly was to adjudge the palm to the German composer, equally anxious are the partisans of the new school to tear the wreath of immortality from the brow of the German who is no more. All the world takes a part in this contest: the profession side with Mozart, the *dilettanti*, literati and editors of journals, with Rossini, and seek to gain over the many to their opinion. In this the latter party has immensely the advantage, for the press is open to them to make their daily proselytes. The journals generally contain some article upon this subject; the journals are in fashion, and therefore their opinions are daily, nay hourly, obtruded upon the public; hence hundreds are heard conversing and disputing on this subject, who have never in their lives heard a note either of Mozart or Rossini. If any of the professors venture to give an opinion, the cry immediately is; "oh, it is all envy! palpable envy!"

A biography of Rossini has lately made its appearance, with portraits of Rossini and Mozart. The author in his preface, compares Rossini with Napoleon. The anti-Rossinians have been rather severe upon this anonymous work.

"What has Mozart's portrait to do in the Memoirs of Rossini?" cries a Rossinian angrily. "Equally as much," replies an Anti-Rossinian drily, "as the ideas of Mozart in the scores of Rossini."

"And what points of comparison can be found between Rossini and Napoleon," asks another, "Nothing," replies a third, "except it be, that in the noise which they made in Europe, they were both fond of employing the drum."

A caricature has also appeared here with the title *Tambour Rossini*; the composer is represented as trampling violins and flutes under his feet, while he is laying on upon the double drum with all his might. At the same time with the other hand, he holds a trumpet to his mouth on which the thievish pie is seen perched.

March 5th. Rossini has accepted the situation of *Compositeur Français* to the *Académie Royale de Musique*. The treaty is signed; he is to produce two French and two Italian operas in the course of eighteen months, and his remuneration is fixed at 40,000 francs per annum.

March 6th. Mad. Szimanowska, pianiste to the Emperor and Empress of Russia, gave her first concert in the saloon of M. Pape, last night; she is a young, handsome native of Poland, and one of the finest *pianistes* of the present age. On the 14th the young Herz is to have a concert in the same rooms. I hope I shall be able to give you some account of it for your April publication.

March 11th. The attention of the musical public is fixed on the young Hungarian genius, Listz,—who shews an organization more musical than has ever been witnessed, in so youthful a person, since the days of Mozart. In the concert given by him, he exhibited a fertility of imagination, and a force and accuracy of execution, that astonished every amateur and professor present.

March 13th. A sort of fatality attends poor Barilli,—an amiable excellent man, and much esteemed by the public. He lost his wife in the flower of her youth and beauty: Mad. Barilli was known to all Europe for the true and enchanting manner in which she sung the principal parts in Mozart's divine operas. His son was ravished from him by a cruel malady: some months ago a fraudulent bankrupt, (now in London,) robbed him of all the fruits of his industry and economy, and very recently he has had the additional misfortune to break his leg. The administration of the *Théâtre Italien*, as a proof of their esteem, and of

their gratitude for his past services, have determined to give him a free benefit on the 21st of this month.

The *Tancredi* of Rossini has been translated into Dutch!—and not merely translated, but performed at Amsterdam, under this super-eminently-melodious title,—*TANCREE, groote opera, in twee bedrijven naar et Italianische, muziek van Rossini.*

AMSTERDAM. The season here opened with the *Barbiere di Siviglia*, which was followed by *Tancredi*, *Die Schöne Müllerin*, *Die Freyschütz*, and *Cordelia*.

The principal novelty has been a concert by Kapellmeister Hummel, in which he delighted the public with his concerto in A minor, which was followed by a brilliant Rondo, and concluded with an extempore Fantasia, which afforded ample scope for the display of his wonderful powers of execution. From this place he proceeded to the Hague, where he had the honour of performing in presence of her Imperial Highness the Princess of Orange.

ROTTERDAM. *Die Sociëteit der Harmonie* held their meetings lately, which were numerously attended; the public mind was for a time open to the charms of music, and for a moment at least contradicted the poet's assertion of

Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.

The selections were, however, mostly of the instrumental kind, and no great talent was displayed for song.

THE ANCIENT CONCERTS.

FIRST CONCERT,

Under the direction of His Grace the Archbishop of York, for His Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, Thursday, March 4th, 1824.

ACT I.

Overture.		
Chorus. O come let us sing.	(Anthem.)	Handel.
Song. O come let us worship.		
Chorus. Glory and worship.		
Monody. Forgive, blest shade.		Dr. Callcott.
Recit. No more in Sion.	(Judas Macc.)	Handel.
Song. Wise men flattering.		
Sestet and Cho. This is the day.	(Anthem.)	Dr. Croft.
Concerto 4th.	(From his Trios.)	Martini.
Air and Quartet. Our soul with patience.		Marcello.
Chorus. For unto us.	(Messiah.)	Handel.
Pastoral Symphony.		
Recit. acc. There were shepherds.		
Chorus. Glory to God.		

ACT II.

Overture to Henry IV.		Martini.
Luther's Hymn.		
Recit. Rejoice, my countrymen.	(Belshazzar.)	Handel.
Recit. acc. Thus saith the Lord.		
Chorus. Sing, O ye heavens.		
Recit. Alas! I find.	(Susanna.)	Handel.
Song. If guiltless blood.		
Psalm XVIII.	(St. Matthew's Tune.)	Dr. Croft.
Movement from the Lessons.		Handel.
Glee. When winds breathe soft.		Webbe.
Grand Coronation Anthem. Zadok the priest.		Handel.

The first Concert of the season took place on Thursday, the 4th of March, under the direction of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and assuredly we have been present at far inferior selections under his Grace's auspices.

The Chandos Anthem of Handel, "O come let us sing," was preceded by its spirited overture, as spiritedly performed;—nothing could exceed the precision with which every bar of the charming fugue was executed, and this was followed by the chorus and its double subject, to which the solemnly impressive quartett, "For the Lord is a great God," formed a most striking

contrast.—Then came Vaughan, delighting us with the chaste and affecting style of his "O come, let us worship,"—his expression in the simple strain at "and kneel" never was exceeded.

The Monody—"Forgive blest Shade" was repeated (it was performed last season) with this difference, that Miss Stephens and Miss Travis sang louder as they heard poor Bellamy's voice get weaker,—even Vaughan was a little too loud.—We are not quite sure that we do not prefer this touching strain in three voices, as Dr. Callcott originally composed it.—"Wise men flattering," from Judas Maccabeus, should have been given to Miss Travis;—it is much too *quiet* an undertaking for Mrs. Salmon:—She seemed impatient, and anxious to have done with it; and even her favourite *hopping* cadence did not, for once, seem to satisfy her; it is wonderful that this fine singer should think that it can satisfy any one else!—We wish she would not condescend to such tricking.

Dr. Croft's sublime sextett and chorus from his anthem, "This is the day that the Lord hath made," followed; and though the drums and trumpets were again introduced, they came in with better effect than on the former occasion:—still, they have no business there.

F. Cramer played Martini's fourth Concerto from the Trios with his usual delicacy and accuracy, but not with his usual energy:—He appeared to us to be labouring under indisposition. We must not forget to mention that he was very ably supported by the principal second violin—Griesbach, we believe, the brother of that delicious Oboe player whom we must vainly expect ever to hear again.—The next piece performed was a *novelty*;—but, what a novelty!—We saw Marcello's name to it, but *could* it be Marcello? It was an air and quartett from the 33rd Psalm. In one part we distinctly recognised the burden of Stevens's pretty glee,—*"Strike the Harp in praise of Bragela!"*

In good time, to make amends, followed, "For unto us a child is born,"—and never was it more perfectly performed by all parties concerned. It is, indeed, one of the most, if not the most sublime burst in all our mighty master's compositions!

The soothing pastoral Symphony, and the whole scene from the Messiah which followed, require no comment.

The second act opened with a bit of the old story—Martini's overture to Henry the Fourth, a piece we would rather have heard performed by the King's military band at Brighton, than in the Ancient Concert Rooms.—It is, however, a very effective composition—but, after all, why not have given a symphony or overture of Haydn or Mozart? "Why this iteration?"—This over and over again work?

"Luther's Hymn," as it is called—"Great God! what do I see and hear?" followed, and we must do Miss Travis the justice to say, that she sang it with very great force and feeling.

We never heard Mr. Bellamy to greater advantage than in the fine recitative from Belshazzar—"Rejoice, my Countrymen!"—It was evident that he thought of his inimitable predecessor, poor Bartleman! and that he was endeavouring to approach as near as very laudable exertions would permit him, to the same standard of excellence. We are happy in the opportunity of bestowing this commendation upon Mr. B., because we have sometimes witnessed, and had occasion to censure in him, a sluggishness, and a want of interest in what he was about, which a singer of his acknowledged science and judgment ought to be very careful not to betray.

Miss Stephens would have sung the song from Susanna, "If guiltless blood," better, had she bestowed a little more attention on her articulation. Mrs. Salmon may take the same hint and profit by it.

Then followed "Decies repetita placebit, non," in full clamour, double drums and trumpets—*St. Matthew's tune!*—We are quite weary of it.

The movement from Handel's lessons, skilfully arranged by Mr. Greateorex for a full band;—Webbe's *Queen Glee*, as it is called,—*"When winds breathe soft,"* and *"Zadok the Priest,"* concluded the concert, and upon the merits of these it is quite unnecessary to enlarge. The glee was well supported, but we prefer Miss Travis to either Mrs. Salmon or Miss Stephens, who sung on the present occasion, in glee singing: she mixes her voice better with the others.

SECOND CONCERT,

Under the direction of the Earl of Derby, for His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, Wednesday, March 10th, 1824.

ACT I.

Overture.	(Occasional Oratorio.)	Handel.
Glee. With sighs, sweet Rose.		Dr. Callcott.
Recit. First and chief.	(U Pensieroso.)	Handel.
Song. Sweet bird!		
Anthem. Ascribe unto the Lord.		Travers.
Concerto 2nd.	(Oboe.)	Handel.
Quartetto. Saints and angels.		Wolf.
Double Cho. He gave them.	(Is. in Egypt.)	Handel.
Recit. Ye sacred priests!		
Song. Farewell, ye limpid.	(Jephthah.)	Handel.
Authem. Sing unto God.		Dr. Croft.

ACT II.

Overture and Minuet.	(Iphigenia.)	Gluck.
Glee. Oh Nanny!		Carter and Harrison.
Recit. March, Air, and Cho., Glory to God.	(Joshua.)	Handel.
Song and Chorus. Vengo a voi.		Guglielmi.
Concerto 2nd.	(Opera 8.)	Martini.
Portuguese Hymn. Adeste fideles.		
Introduction and Chorus. Ye sons of Israel.	(Joshua.)	Handel.
Glee. O'er desert plains.		H. Waelrent, 1590.
Grand Chorus. Hallelujah!	(Messiah.)	Handel.

We have heard better selections of the noble and worthy Earl of Derby, than the above. The Overture to the occasional Oratorio it would be a waste of time to remark upon;—it gives us, however, an opportunity of paying a just tribute of commendation to the wind instrument performers; better, we have never heard, and Mr. Ling, on the oboe, acquitted himself at such a manner as to take considerably from our regret in the loss of Griesbach. He has, evidently, been practising since last season, for his performance was decidedly superior. "With sighs, sweet rose," is one of Dr. Callcott's most striking glees, and was charmingly sung by Messrs. William Knyvett, Vaughan, Durusset, and John Sale. The audience, however, did not appear fully to appreciate its merits. Mrs. Salmon sung "Sweet bird" after this, and contrived to spoil the most beautiful passage in the song. The charming melody, rendered so by its simplicity, upon the words "Most musical, most melancholy," at the first pause, did she so flourish away as not to leave us a note of it. This is barbarous; and we lose all patience when we think that there can occasionally exist so much bad taste, where there is so much general excellence. F. Cramer's accompaniment was, as usual, perfect. A very fine anthem, composed by Travers, followed. The duet, "Tell it out among the Heathen," a spirited movement, was admirably sung by Vaughan and Bellamy, and the latter executed the succeeding solo "Let the Heavens rejoice," a very difficult air, with an animation highly creditable to his taste and good feeling. The concluding chorus, "For he cometh to judge the earth," is truly ecclesiastical; the subject is full of devotion, and the simple "Amen" close, as judicious, as it is affecting.

In Handel's second oboe concerto, we had to notice not only the clearness and correctness of the oboes, but the not quite so correct *freaks* of Mr. Dragonetti on his double bass. The sudden *raps* (if we may use such a term) in which he indulged himself, occasionally, during the performance, he might mean to be effective; but it was done in a *tricky* manner, as Shakspeare would have termed it, quite unworthy of his great powers on his noble instrument, and certainly not to the honour of the admirable composition he had in hand. A quartetto beginning "Saints and Angels," composed by Wolf, came next, (who is Mr. Wolf?) and *novelty* shines, or is meant to shine upon us, again. The music is very pretty, and very *hymny*; but, if the title had not told us it was a "Funeral Anthem," we should have guessed it to have been some pastoral thanksgiving! We have no great mind for a repetition. The "Hailstone Chorus," is too clamorous for the room, and the Lancashire ladies do lend it a lift, that's the truth on't. It is a finely imagined chorus, but effective only where there is great space, and exact proportion of vocal strength. In the ancient concert orchestra, the treble voices predominate a great deal too powerfully. "Ye Sacred Priests," and the "Farewell," following, was warbled by Miss

Stephens, with her usual success. We only wish her to get rid of a custom (borrowed from the Italian schools, but not the less displeasing, particularly in sacred music) of *sliding* up to a high note from the bottom of her voice, instead of a clear burst upon it, at once:—so sung the fine English singers of old;—so sung Mrs. Sheridan, Mrs. Bates, and Mrs. Billington! and how much sweeter—how much more natural.

Dr. Croft's magnificent anthem, "Sing unto God," closed the Act; (by the way it is a piece of one anthem, and a piece of another; *why* so divided, we know not;) and it is not possible to conceive any thing more affecting in the venerable simplicity of its subject, than the chorus, "Cry aloud, and shout!" The point followed up at the words "Great is the Holy One of Israel!" and the *Dq* brought in by the tenor voices at the close of the passage, is in the old ecclesiastical style, and carries us back to Tallis, Farrant, and their great disciples, down to Purcell—though last, not least.

Before we take leave of this subject, we must observe that greatly and justly as Mr. Greatorrex is to be praised for the masterly manner of his conducting on the first of all instruments, we cannot approve of his forgetting, occasionally, that it is an organ, and *not* a piano-forte. If, in his extempore symphonies, he would indulge us with less of running up and down on the keys, and more of grave classical modulation, they would be certainly more appropriate preludes to addresses to the Deity.

The second act was opened by Gluck's Overture to "Iphigenia;" but it would have been heard, as well as performed, to greater advantage, had it been allowed to rest on the shelf for a season or two. The chorus from Joshua, "Glory to God," is one of Handel's giant efforts, and in the second part, where the trumpets proclaim, in the minor key of B, "The nations tremble at the dreadful sound!" the effect is quite appalling: but, we do not like, and never did, the duet between the voice and the trumpet, and the tedious repetitions rung upon the word "glory;" it is utterly beneath the dignity of such a composition, and—but, *aliquando bonus dormitat Handelus*, and rarely, indeed, is it that we catch him thus *napping*.

We do not remember to have heard before, the song and chorus of Guglielmi, which followed, but it did not strike us to be a very mighty matter; it begins—

Vengo a voi di lauri adomo
Del gran Tito Ambasciador;

and Mrs. Salmon was quite at home in it: it is, indeed, the style of music in which she decidedly excels.

2d Concerto, Opera 8. Martini. *Item iterumque!*

"Adeste Fideles." Ditto, ditto.

We should like, by the by, to know the name of the composer of this beautiful hymn; it is called Portuguese, and if the author be a native of Portugal, he need not be ashamed of owning it, on the present occasion.

The opening chorus in Joshua, "Ye Sons of Israel," is said to have been a great favourite of our late good old King's, and, if so, it is a proof of his taste and judgment. We do not know any chorus of Handel that is more replete with originality of design throughout, or possessing a richer variety of striking changes.

With the words of the glee, "adapted to the music of H. Waelrent," we beg to indulge our readers; we do not meet with such poetry every day.

O'er desert plains and rushy meers,
And wither'd heaths I rove,
Where tree, nor spire, nor cot appears,
I pass to meet my love.
What though my path were damask'd o'er
With beauties e'er so fine!
My busy thoughts would fly before,
To fix alone on thine.
No fir-crown'd hills could give delight,
No palace please mine eye,
No pyramid's aerial height,
Where mould'ring monarchs lie.
Unmoved, should eastern kings advance,
Could I the pageant see;
Splendour might catch one scornful glance,
Not steal a thought from thee.

The music was composed in the year 1590; but we really see no reason why it should have been fated to such an adaptation!

THIRD CONCERT.

Under the direction the of Earl of Darnley, Wednesday,
March 17th, 1824.

ACT I.

Selection from the Oratorio of Samson.	Handel.
Concerto 4th. (Oboe.)	Handel.
Recit. My cup is full	
Song. Shall I in Mamre's. } (Joshua.)	Handel.
Madrigal. Since first I saw your face.	Ford.
Recit. Divine Andante.	
Duet and Chorus. To arms. } (Bonduca.)	Purcell.

ACT II.

Overture. (Pastor Fido 2nd.)	Handel.
Anthem. O sing unto the Lord.	Handel.
Ode. Blest pair of Sirens.	J. S. Smith.
Air and Chorus. Come if you dare. (King Arthur.)	Purcell.
Duet. There is a river.	Marcello.
Chorus. No more to Ammon's God. (Jephthah.)	Handel.
Concerto 7th.	Corelli.
Glee. The last glimpse of Erin. (Irish Melody.)	
Chorus. Gloria Patri.	Leo.

Lord Darnley's selections are not always so good as was the present. The opening scene from Samson was extremely well performed, if we except Mrs. Salmon's song, "Ye Men of Gaza," which, we are concerned to say, she neither sung, nor took any pains to sing, well. She was quite out, once or twice, and several passages were spoiled by a sluggishness and indifference altogether as unaccountable as inexcusable. In this song, a great deal, to be sure, is left for the voice, but for that very reason should the greater attention be paid to it by the singer.

After the fine chorus, "O first created beam," we were as much gratified as surprised by Vaughan's execution of that most difficult of all Handel's tenor songs, "Why does the God of Israel sleep?" We had not expected from him such a display of power and animation. Braham, with twice the physical strength of our charming singer, never could make this song either a correct or pleasing performance; Vaughan managed, on this occasion, to do both. He succeeded wonderfully, too, in the recitative that followed, "My genial spirits droop;" it must be sung with the pathos that the words demand; but the modulation is, at the same time, so intricate, as to make a correct expression of the sound and sense together almost impracticable. Handel has not marked the chorus "As round about the stormy throne," to be sung, previously, as a quartetto; but the parts are so beautifully interwoven with each other, and the point of imitation so truly melodious, that we think it a most judicious practice.

Mr. W. Knyvett sung "Return, O God of Hosts," with his usual delicacy, feeling, and judgment; but it is time that he should be relieved from these over exertions of his fine voice: the song was never intended for a counter-tenor; it is for a low soprano.

The fourth oboe concerto was spiritedly performed, but the first fugue should not be repeated, as there is another following almost immediately: the repeats, indeed, are too frequent throughout the piece.

A Mr. Wheeler, a protégé, we understand, of the Archbishop of York, made his first appearance as a bass singer, and we are far from asserting that, when his voice and his judgment shall have received the necessary cultivation under an able and judicious master, he may not be brought forward as a respectable singer; but, at present, it will be a fatal injury done to this gentleman, in a professional point of view, if he be a second time placed in the orchestra of the ancient concerts; and, after all, Mr. Wheeler's trial was any thing but a fair one—putting him up to sing, for the first time, one of Bartleman's most powerfully affecting songs, "Shall I in Mamre's fertile plain," really looks very like wishing to get rid of him.

Ford's everlasting madrigal, and Purcell's "To Arms," closed the first act. We need not dwell upon the merits of either; the madrigal was beautifully sung, but we are heartily satiated with it, nevertheless. In the second act we have to notice, with much approbation, the simplicity and correctness with which Miss Stephens sung a duet with Vaughan, "O worship the Lord." "Blest pair of Sirens" is, taking the poetry

and music together, the most perfect of those serious odes which are calculated to inspire lofty as well as devotional feelings. With due deference to the able conductor, we would recommend a repetition of the concluding heavenly strain in chorus, with the organ only.

"Come, if you dare," is one of Purcell's most animating flights, and almost equals the "Strike home" of the Britons; but where are the other treasures of the Orpheus Britannicus? and why not a little of his sacred music now and then? They might search a long time, if there must be anthems, for a finer one than "O give thanks." Another novelty by Marcello, and, by many degrees, more insipid than the last, followed. We are very unwilling to apply such an epithet to such a composer, but we believe that Marcello is made to suffer very often great injury by the slovenly adaptation of his music to bad English words. The cymbal chorus was as effective as ever. The Irish Melody, Mr. Thomas Moore did not himself stay to hear; we caught a glimpse of the little Bard of Erin descending from the concert room as it was about to be warbled. Leo's majestic chorus concluded the concert; but, like the grand chorus in the Messiah, was lost in the hurry and flurry of the company's departure. Surely this is degrading music that ought not to be so degraded. Any noisy rattling chorus might close the performance, not solemn hallelujahs to the Deity!

FOURTH CONCERT.

Under the direction of His Grace the Archbishop of York,
Wednesday, March 24th, 1824.

ACT I.

Overture. (Esther.)	Handel.
Selection from the Oratorio of Judas Maccabeus.	Handel.
Concerto 1st. (Opera 3d.)	Geminiani.
Trio and Chorus. Sound the loud timbrel.	Avison.
Song. Tears such as tender fathers shed. (Deborah)	Handel.
Recit. acc. But bright Cecilia.	
Air and Gr. Cho. As from the pow'r. } (Dryden's Ode.)	Handel.

ACT II.

Overture and Chaconne.	Jomelli.
Song. What though I trace. (Solomon.)	Handel.
Air and Quartet. In my distress.	Marcello.
Recit. Brethren and friends!	
Recit. acc. O thou bright orb! } (Joshua.)	Handel.
Chorus. Behold! the list'ning sun.	
Trio. Fall'n is thy throne.	
Concerto 11th.	Corelli.
Scene from the Oratorio of Joshua.	Handel.
Psaln xxxiv. Thro' all the changing scenes. (New Version.)	
Double Chorus. From the censer. (Solomon.)	Handel.

The fourth of these concerts, under the direction of the Archbishop of York, must have afforded the new subscribers a rich treat on Wednesday the 24th ult. The selection from Judas, though the old members know it by heart, we must not complain of. Miss Stephens sung "Pious Orgies" very sweetly—she seemed to feel that it was not a song to be frittered away in trills and cadences, and we were highly pleased with her. Vaughan, whom we love to praise, but who must not escape our censure when we think he deserves it, did not shew his usual judgment and good taste in altering the time in the repetition of the strain, "Sound an alarm!" and to lengthen it, too, was the very worst way of altering; but any change was decidedly bad. The chorus, "We come, we come," was hurry, hurry, with a vengeance. We cannot, however, impute the blame wholly to the able Conductor at the organ; it is almost impossible to curb-in chorus singers when they have once started on full speed, but the greater caution should, therefore, be shown in giving them the rein. The selection should have ended with the chorus of "Hear us, O Lord!" but Handel had forgotten the drums and trumpets, the *sine qua non* of all closes.

Mrs. Salmon has sung "from mighty kings" rather too often. She does her best, we are willing to allow, to keep up the effect, but it won't do:—she is evidently as tired of it as we confess we are ourselves. "Sound the loud timbrel" was a delicious morsel for the young ladies: we forget whether we ever heard it before, and shall not break our hearts if we never hear it again.

Caldara's Sanctus was respectable.—The opening and close, solemn and appropriate, more so, however, for a church, than a concert room. The chorus from Dryden's Ode, was very ably introduced by Miss Stephens.—It is one of Handel's greatest efforts. The winding up the fugue upon the pedal point, is magnificent.

Mr. Wheeler indulged us with another of poor Bartleman's affecting songs:—perhaps the very finest, for pathos, of them all. Mr. W.'s "Tears," were moving, but not exactly in the way he intended. We have been told that this gentleman never has received any instruction, and that he is not a professional musician. We shall, therefore, abstain from all further comment on his performances. "What though I trace" was very correctly sung by Miss Travis, but this young lady is all correctness. We would rather catch her tripping now and then, with a little more feeling and spirit.

The chorus from Joshua "Behold the listening sun," has been rather waggishly commented upon by certain pun lovers and pun makers.—They say that Handel, when he thought of sustaining the *A* in *Alt* throughout the various modulations of the chorus, making the trumpet relieve the oboe, meant to describe the Sun standing still upon the former, and the Moon on the latter! but, *haud credimus*.—It is an ingenious and effective chorus, say what they please about it.

We know nothing of the composer of "Fall'n is thy Throne." Well, as Sir Hugh Evans says, "It's no matter." The 34th Psalm, New Version, we let alone; and, of the Scene from Joshua we have nothing material to say. The Censer Chorus from *Solomon* is almost too good for a Finale, but, as we are among those who stay till all is over, we have no right to complain.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

SECOND CONCERT, Monday, 8th of March.

ACT I.

Sinfonia in G minor *Mozart.*
Aria, Sig. De Begnis, "Madamina," (*Il Don Giovanni*) *Mozart.*
Concerto in C minor, (never performed in this country.)
Piano-forte, Mr. Potter *Beethoven.*
Duetto, Mrs. Salmon and Signor Garcia, "Amor! possente nomé!" (*Armida*) *Rossini.*
Overture, (*Les Deux Journées*) *Cherubini.*

ACT II.

Sinfonia in B flat *Beethoven.*
Recit. and Song, Mrs. Salmon, "From mighty Kings," (*Judas Maccabæus*) *Handel.*
Quartetto, two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello, Messrs. Mori, Watts, Lyon, and Lindley *Mayseder.*
Terzetto and Quartetto, Mrs. Salmon, Miss Goodall, Signor Garcia, and Signor De Begnis, "Quanto a quest'Alma!" (*La Donna del Lago*) *Rossini.*
Overture, *Egmont* *Beethoven.*
Leader, Mr. Spagnoletti.—Conductor, Sir G. Smart.

The symphony in G minor of Mozart, has, take it altogether, more charms for scientific ears than any other of his symphonies. It is not written *ad captandum*, for it has neither drums nor trumpets, but each movement has a clear and well supported design,—it is full of the learned contrivances of music, without any ostentatious display of them, and a distinct, beautiful melody renders every part of it buoyant.

Beethoven's symphony in B flat, is a fine, spirited composition, and not of so unconscionable a length as some of his others. His overture to *Egmont* has an extraordinary share of his wonderful genius in it.

The overture to *Les deux Journées*, is not so popular as that to *Anacreon* by the same composer, but it is far superior, when thoroughly understood. We have always considered it as Cherubini's greatest orchestral work.

Beethoven's Concerto in C minor, written upon the plan of Mozart's concertos,—in which the band does not act as a mere auxiliary, but is essentially and equally a part of the composition,—is a very masterly production, full of learning and elaboration, and not without effect for the many, for it has some passages that are intelligible to all hearers. Mr. Potter did ample justice to

it, and introduced a well-considered, appropriate cadence, at the *point d'orgue*, which gained him great praise.

The Quartett by Mayseder is one of his cleverest compositions, possessing more variety, and a greater share of expression, than usual. His habit is all gaiety,—to sparkle is generally his ambition; but here he has shewn more sentimental feeling, and has succeeded well in a style new to him. Mori performed the principal part of this in a manner very satisfactory to his audience.

Signor De Begnis in "*Madamina*," is always true to the character of the words, while at the same time he preserves all the musical effect of the song; and how beautiful that effect is!—How melodious, and yet how comic!—How ingenious, but how simple! The superb duet from Rossini's *Armida* was admirably sung, by Mrs. Salmon and Garcia, although the latter was suffering from a severe cold. "From mighty Kings," is a great favourite at these concerts: Mrs. Salmon certainly sings it in a splendid manner. The *morceaux* from *La Donna del Lago*, are very charming, and were much applauded. The whole concert was exceedingly well performed and gave general satisfaction.

THIRD CONCERT, Monday, 22nd March.

ACT I.

Sinfonia, No. 4 *Haydn.*
Duet, Madame Caradori and Miss Carew, "Ah guarda Sorella," (*Così fan tutte*) *Mozart.*
Quintetto, Flute, Oboe, Clarinet, Horn and Bassoon.
Messrs. Nicholson, Centrone, Willman, Puzzi, and Mackintosh *Reicha.*
Preghiera, "Dal tuo stellato soglio," from *Mosè in Egitto*, Madame Caradori, Miss Stephens, Miss Carew, Messrs. Begrez, Horncastle, Phillips, and Sig. De Begnis *Rossini.*
Overture, *MS.* (never performed) *Clementi.*

ACT II.

Sinfonia, Pastorale *Beethoven.*
Song, Miss Stephens, "Heart the seat of soft delight," (*Acis and Galatea*) *Handel.*
Quintetto, two Violins, two Violas, and Violoncello, Signor Escudero, Messrs. Watts, R. Ashley, Daniels, and Lindley *Beethoven.*
Sestetto, "Sola Sola," Miss Stephens, Madame Caradori, Miss Carew, Mr. Begrez, Mr. Phillips, and Signor De Begnis. (*Il Don Giovanni*) *Mozart.*
Overture, (*Le Nozze di Figaro*) *Mozart.*
Leader, Mr. Mori.—Conductor, Mr. Clementi.

The symphony by Haydn, is one of the twelve composed for Salomon's concerts, or the fourth grand, as it would have been well to denominate it; for all of these deserve to be distinguished from most of his earlier ones. This is not so well known as many of its companions, not being constructed upon such popular principles. The subject of the first movement is very original, and is enlarged upon in a most ingenious manner. The *adagio*, which was eminently well executed, was encored.

The pastoral symphony of Beethoven has many excellent points in it, undeniably; there is enough in it to set up two or three second-rate composers: but the subjects are too much spun out,—it is an interminable piece. The *andante* would please if about two-thirds of it were omitted: as it stands, it is upwards of a quarter of an hour in duration, and sheds its narcotic influence over the audience before it is half finished. In other parts of this symphony also, there is a great deal of false taste and whim, unworthy of such a composer.

The first act concluded with a new overture by Mr. Clementi, full of vigour and learning, and quite *à la mode* as to the power and brilliancy of orchestral effect. Mr. C. shewed the public that he knows, full as well as Beethoven or Rossini, the use of powerful machinery, and he did not spare it. It was a most gratifying sight to observe this celebrated, and now veteran musician, conduct, not only this, his own composition, but the whole concert, with the same firmness and animation that he possessed thirty or forty years ago.

The name of Reicha we do not recollect having ever before seen in a London concert. His quintett will lead, we trust, to a search for more of his works; it is extremely beautiful, though there is always something of a sameness in a *pièce d'harmonie*, or composition for wind instruments only. It was listened to

with a most profound attention, and seemed to please equally every description of hearer. The performance of it displayed the perfection to which these instruments have arrived, and we will venture to affirm, that five better players than were engaged in this quartett, could not be found together, in any part of Europe.

Signor Escudero is a very young performer, and was ill advised to make his first appearance at such concerts as these, where only the highest talents have any chance of succeeding. He appears to have a great love for the art, and plays very correctly, but wants power and experience. The quintett was not happily chosen, it is dry, and uninteresting.

Mad. Caradori and Miss Carew sang Mozart's pretty duet with great sweetness. *Preghiera* was not so well performed; but the sextetto, "*sola sola*," went off admirably, and Miss Stephens' "Heart, thou seat of soft delight!" affected everybody in a most visible manner. The song itself is one of Handel's most beautiful and finished things, and it lost none of its merits as it was now delivered.

CONCERTS SPIRITUELS.

THE present lessees of the King's Theatre are giving performances on the Friday evening, during Lent, upon the plan of the *Concert Spirituel* of Paris. The orchestra is erected on the stage, as at the Oratorios; the performance is divided into two parts, and, Mad. Culbran excepted, the whole vocal strength of the theatre, together with its fine band, are employed to give effect to it. To these are added, Miss Love, Mr. Kellner, Mr. Keisewetter, &c. At the first concert, March the 5th, *Le Sette Ultime Parole*, or, the Seven Last Words of our Saviour on the Cross, by Haydn, was produced, but without much effect; for the vocal parts were imperfectly performed, and the composition itself, though very fine as a scientific effort, is too monotonous, and too much depending upon religious emotion for effect, to please in a theatre.

Madame Catalani appears to be the greatest attraction of these concerts; her "Angels ever bright and fair;" "*Gratias agimus tibi*," and Luther's Hymn, on the first night, and since repeated, were marvellous performances certainly. Mr. Clementi has contributed two grand symphonies, the performance of which he conducted in person. M. Keisewetter's fine talents on the violin, have been called in aid; also Mr. Willman's and Signor Centorn's on the clarinet and oboe. The audience hitherto has been more respectable than numerous.

THE DRAMA.

THE KING'S THEATRE.

Since our last went to press, Mad. Catalani has engaged herself at this theatre for a certain number of nights. She made her first appearance on these boards, after an absence of ten years, on Saturday the 29th of February, in *Il Fanatico per la Musica*, an opera advertised as Mayer's, though scarcely any of his music was now suffered to remain; but in lieu of it, a quantity of very meagre stuff was introduced, much to the annoyance of genuine amateurs. Even the beautiful aria, "*Chi dice mal d'amore*," was rejected, and something of a very humble kind substituted for it! Mad. Catalani was received as her high character and great merits entitled her to expect. The house was overflowing on the first night, and the plaudits were unanimous. But afterwards, though the approbation did not diminish, the crowds did, and we rather think that all parties will repent of their arrangements, unless this wretchedly-produced opera is immediately thrown aside, and a much better system adopted.

Since Mad. Catalani last appeared here, a great change has taken place in the Italian opera; the public are no longer satisfied with one, or, at the most, two good singers, and three or four good,—that is to say, brilliant,—pieces. The whole must be nearly equal, and *morceaux d'ensemble*, well performed, are absolutely required. A flimsy aria di bravura will not now suffice, and the days of Fioravanti and Pucitta are passed away. A Ballet, brought out years ago at Vienna, under the name of *Le Songe d'Ossian*, has been produced here by M. Aumer, the only good part whereof, except a portion of a scene, is the music, which is selected with taste from the German instrumental composers.

* For the history of this work, vide No. XV. of the HARMONICON, page 33.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

The Merry Wives of Windsor continues to be performed here. Of these metamorphoses of Shakspeare's plays into operas, we have before declared our opinion; if the public like and encourage them, the managers cannot be blamed for their share in the business. The public theatrical taste is in a degenerating state, for reasons that, to us, seem very clear; but we do not grant that those who have the direction of our theatres are chiefly accountable for this deterioration, much less are the performers themselves blameable; they, as a body, never deserved to stand so high in public estimation as at the present moment.

Taken altogether, the musical part of this melodized play is very heavy; it impedes the action of a drama that depends, not on fine language, or comic dialogue, but on a rapid succession of events, for all the interest that it raises. And the music does not offer a sufficient excuse for its intrusion. Not one concerted piece is introduced, though there are voices enough to fill them well. Except a vapid duet or two, we have an unbroken succession of single airs, most of which are either very common, or very much out of their proper places. And of the way in which the poetry is selected from Shakspeare's works, we are unwilling to speak in the terms of reprobation that it deserves. The words of one song, "Even as the sun," are gathered from two distant stanzas in *Venus and Adonis*, that are completely unconnected in meaning, and make perfect nonsense. The poetry of another is collected from Biron's long speech, in Scene 3d, Act IV., of *Love's Labour Lost*, and the lines are thus put together,—

A lover's eyes will strike an eagle blind,
A lover's ears will hear the lowest sound.
From woman's eyes this doctrine we derive,
They sparkle still the bright Promethean fire;
And when love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Makes Heaven echo with the harmony.

The absurdity of all this is too obvious to need pointing out; but those who take the trouble to open their Shakspeare, and compare the above with the text, will not complain that their industry is "Critics' Labour Lost."

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

The new Comedy of *Pride shall have a Fall*, and the Opera of *Native Land*, continue to run at this house, and, for the present, we do not hear of any musical novelty being in preparation.

ORATORIOS.

It is true that M. Bochsa takes some trouble to present new compositions to the public; but he does not exercise much judgment in the selection of them. Activity is a very useful quality in a call-boy, but, unless joined to discretion, is a dangerous possession to a manager. *The Day of Judgment*, brought out on the first night, failed. *Jerusalem Delivered*, by the Abbé Stadler, seems doomed to the same fate; "it is heavy, dull, and unimpressive; noisy without energy," and pretending without any character.

A short oratorio, named *The Prophecy*, by an amateur, — Wade, Esq., was performed on the 24th. It has considerable merit; but neither time nor space will allow us to notice it any further in the present number.

MASTER ASPULL'S CONCERT.

Of this extraordinary child, a detailed account appeared in our former number. He has now been exposed to the test of public opinion. On the 25th of last month, a Concert was got up for his benefit, at the Argyll Rooms, in which he performed "God save the King," as arranged by Kalkbrenner; Hummel's *Rondo Brillant*, Op. 98; Impromptu, Kalkbrenner, and the "Grand Variations on the *Fall of Paris*," by Moscheles. That Master Aspull is a Musical Wonder, was the opinion of the whole room, and when we add, that all the above excessively difficult pieces were executed by him without a single hesitation,—two of them accompanied by the full band, from which he had no occasion to ask the slightest courtesy,—it will be granted that, as a performer, he rivals any of those precocious geniuses that have, at different times, astonished mankind during the last half century, or more. We regret not having room to make any further remarks on this subject in our present number.



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ARCHANGELO CORELLI.

THE HARMONICON.

No. XVII., MAY, 1824.

MEMOIR OF ARCANGELO CORELLI.

ARCANGELO CORELLI was a native of Fusignano, a town situated near Imola, in the territory of Bologna, and born in the month of February, 1653. His first instructor in counterpoint, according to Adami *, was Matteo Simonelli, a chorister in the pontifical chapel. It is generally believed that his master on the violin was Giambatista Bassani, of Bologna, a man of considerable talents, and justly famed for his excellency in that style of composition which Corelli early adopted, and which, to the end of his life, he fondly continued to cultivate.

Though to promote his progress in composition, Corelli doubtless practised upon the clavicembalo and organ, yet the extraordinary command he acquired in the performance of the violin, is a sufficient proof that his chief and almost constant application must have been directed to that instrument. It has been asserted by very respectable writers that, in the year 1672, Corelli went to Paris with a view to attend to the improvements which were making in music under the patronage of Cardinal Mazarine, in consequence of the establishment of a Royal Academy, but was driven thence by the jealousy and violence of Lully, who could not brook so formidable a rival. Burney, however, has clearly shown the fallacy of this statement. Gaspar Printz informs us that in the year 1680, he went to Germany, where his reception was worthy of his extraordinary talents and spreading reputation. Most of the German princes, but particularly the Elector of Bavaria, by whom he was for a time retained, received, and treated him honourably.

After remaining in Germany about two years, he returned to Rome, where he pursued his studies more ardently than ever, and, in 1683, published his first *Twelve Sonatas*. In 1685, these were followed by a second series, which appeared under the title of *Balletti da Camera*, and gave rise to a controversy carried on by the author and Paulo Colonna, concerning the diatonic succession of fifths, between the first treble and the bass of the allemande in the second sonata. In 1690, appeared the third series, and, in 1694, the fourth, which, as they consisted of movements adapted to the dance, he termed, like the second set, *Balletti da Camera*. But the share Corelli had in the performance of the music of an alle-

gorical representation at Rome, in 1686, invites us for a moment back to that period. James the Second of England, desirous of cultivating a good understanding with Pope Innocent the Eleventh, sent the Earl of Castlemain, with considerable pomp, as his ambassador to the court of Rome. Upon this occasion Christina of Sweden, who had lately abdicated the crown, and taken up her residence in the capital of Italy, entertained the city with an operatical drama, written by the celebrated poet, Alessandro Guidi of Verona *, and set to music by Bernardi Pasquini. The performance of a piece proceeding from the combined talents of one of the first poets, and one of the greatest composers of the day, produced at the instance of a Queen, and for the purpose of celebrating the recent ascension of a Catholic prince to the throne of a great empire, demanded for its leader the most skilful violinist of the time. The choice of course fell upon Corelli, and he acquitted himself with an ability, and produced an effect, correspondent to his exalted reputation.

About the year 1700, the opera had attained to great perfection in Rome, an excellence that may naturally be attributed to the circumstance of its being conducted by the united talents of Pasquini, Corelli, and Gaetani; the first presided at the harpsichord, the second led the band, and the third excelled by his exquisite performance on the lute. While thus engaged at Rome, Corelli was honoured by the regard of that liberal patron of poetry and music, Cardinal Ottoboni. We are informed by Crescembini, that he regulated the musical *accademia*, held every Monday evening at the cardinal's palace. It was here that he became acquainted with Handel, of whom the following anecdote is related. On one of these musical evenings, a serenata, written by the latter, entitled *Il trionfo del Tempo*, was ordered to be performed out of compliment to this great composer. Whether the style of the overture was new to Corelli, or whether he at-

* We find this drama in the poems of Guido, published at Verona, in 1726. It is entitled: *Accademia per Musica fatta in Roma nel real Palazzo della Maestà di Cristina Regina di Svezia, per festeggiare l'assunzione al trono di Jacopo, Re d'Inghilterra; in occasione della solenne Ambasciata mandata da S. M. Britannica alla Santità di nostro Signore Innocenzo XI.*

Personaggi.

Londra, Tamigi, Fama, Genio Dominante, Genio Ribelle, Cori di cento musici.

Bernardo Pasquini Compositore della musica; Arcangelo Corelli Capo degli istromenti d'arco, in numero di Centocinquanta.

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* Osservazioni per ben regolare il coro dei cantori della capella pontificia, &c. Rome 1711.

tempted to modify it according to his taste and fancy, does not appear, but Handel, giving way to his natural impetuosity of temper, snatched the violin from his hand. Corelli, with that gentleness which always marked his character, mildly replied : *Mio caro Sassone, questa musica è nello stile francese, di che io non m'intendo* (My dear Saxon, this music is in the French style, which I do not understand).

During his residence at Rome, the number of his pupils was very great: not only his own countrymen, but even persons from distant kingdoms, resorted to him for instruction, as the greatest master of the violin that had as yet appeared in the world. Among the most distinguished of his scholars must be reckoned Lord Edgumbe. It was under the auspices of this nobleman that Smith produced his fine mezzotinto print of Corelli, from the original portrait, painted at Rome by Henry Howard. The following anecdotes of this eminent musician were communicated by Geminiani, one of his most illustrious pupils, and who was himself an eye witness of what he related.

At the time Corelli enjoyed the highest reputation, his fame reached the court of Naples, and excited a curiosity in the king to hear his performance. He was accordingly invited, by order of his majesty, to that capital, and though very reluctant, yet he was at length prevailed upon to accept the invitation; but fearful lest he should not find any one to accompany him, he went attended by his own second violin and violoncello. At Naples he found Alessandro Scarlatti, and several other masters of eminence. He was entreated to play some of his concertos before the king: this he for some time declined, on account of not having his whole band with him; and there not being any opportunity for rehearsing. At length, however, he consented, and, in great anxiety and apprehension, performed the first of his concertos. His astonishment was very great to find, that the Neapolitan musicians executed his productions almost as accurately at sight, as his own band after repeated rehearsals, and when they had almost learned them by heart. *Si suona a Napoli!* (they play here at Naples,) whispered he to Matteo, his second violin.

After this, being admitted into his majesty's presence, and desired to perform one of his sonatas, the king found the adagio movement so long and dry, that, being tired of it, he quitted the room, to the great mortification of the timid and nervous Corelli. On another occasion, he was desired to lead in the performance of a masque, composed by Scarlatti, and which was also to be executed before the king. He was prevailed on to undertake the task, but from Scarlatti's imperfect knowledge of the violin, the part he had written for Corelli was awkward and difficult: in one place it went up to F, and, on coming to the passage, Corelli failed, and could not execute it. But what at once astonished and mortified him beyond measure, was to hear Petrillo, the Neapolitan leader, and the other violins, perform with ease the passage that had baffled his skill. This was succeeded by an air in c minor, which Corelli led off in c major. *Recominciano* (let us begin again), said Scarlatti, good-naturedly. Still Corelli persisted in the major key, till Scarlatti was obliged to call out to him and set him right. So mortified was poor Corelli with this public exposure, and the deplorable figure he imagined he had made at Naples, that he stole back to Rome in silence. The texture of Corelli's mind was all sensibility. He was tremblingly

alive to every impression, and what would scarcely have affected common feelings, was to him a source of intense pleasure or pain. A mind thus singularly constructed could not endure a rival, though not in the same branch of music in which he himself excelled. A haughty player, whose name Geminiani could not recollect, acquired such applause at Rome, that Corelli retired in disgust, and could never again be prevailed upon to exhibit his talents in public. All these mortifications, joined to the success of Valentini, a composer whose concertos and performance, though infinitely inferior to those of Corelli, were become fashionable, threw him into such a state of melancholy and chagrin, as was thought to have tended greatly to hasten his death.

This account given by Geminiani, of Corelli's journey to Naples, besides affording a characteristic anecdote of the man, throws a light upon the comparative state of music at Naples and Rome in his time, and exhibits a curious contrast between the fiery genius of the Neapolitans, and the meek and timid character of Corelli, so analogous to the style of his music.

The greater part of his concertos were composed many years before they were published. In 1712, they were beautifully engraved at Amsterdam, by Etienne Roger, and Michael Charles la Cene, and dedicated to John William, Prince Palatine of the Rhine, but the author survived the publication of this admirable work only six weeks. The dedication bears date at Rome, the 3rd of December, 1712, and he died on the 18th of January, 1713.

Corelli was buried in the church of *Santa Maria della Rotunda* (the ancient Pantheon,) in the first chapel on the left hand of the entrance to that beautiful temple, where a monument, decorated with a marble bust, is erected to his memory, near that of the greatest of painters, Raffaele. It was executed at the expense of his illustrious patron, Philip William, Count Palatine of the Rhine, under the direction of Cardinal Ottoboni. The bust represents him with a music-paper in his hand, on which are engraven a few bars of that celebrated air, the Jig, in his fifth sonata. The inscription on the pedestal is as follows:

D. O. M.
Archangelio Corellio a Fusignano
Philippi Willelmi Comitæ Palatini Rheni
S. R. I. Principis ac Electoris
Beneficentiâ
Marchionis de Ladensburg
Quod eximiis animi dotibus
Et incomparabili in musicis modulis peritiâ
Summis Pontificibus apprime caris
Italico atque exteris nationibus admirationi fuerit
Indulgentæ Clemente XI., P. O. M.
Petrus Cardinalis Ottobonus, S. R. E. Vic. Can.,
Et Galliarum Protector
Lyristæ celeberrimo
Inter familiares suos jam diu adscito
Ejus nomen immortalitati commendatus
M. P. C.
Vixit annos LIX. Mens. X. Dies XX.
Obiit IV. Id. Januarii. Anno Sal. MDCCXIII.

For many years after the death of this admirable musician, the anniversary of the day was commemorated by a solemn musical performance in the Pantheon. Sir John Hawkins informs us that, in 1730, an eminent master of his acquaintance was present at the solemnity, who stated that, the 3rd and 8th of the concertos were there performed by a numerous band, in which were

many persons who had been pupils of the composer. He added, that these two compositions were played in a slow, distinct manner, without graces, and just as they are written; whence he justly concluded that the same was the style in which they had always been executed by the composer himself. This annual solemnity continued as long as any of his immediate scholars survived to conduct the performance.

At the time of his death, Corelli is said to have been possessed of a sum of money equal to about six thousand pounds sterling. He was a passionate admirer of pictures, and lived on terms of great intimacy with Carlo Cignani and Carlo Maratti. His collection of paintings, with the sum above mentioned, he bequeathed to his constant friend and patron, Cardinal Ottoboni; a bequest, however, which might be thought to savour more of vanity than true generosity. Such appears to have been the Cardinal's own opinion, for he reserved only the pictures to himself, and generously distributed the remainder of the effects among the testator's indigent relations, to whom his property naturally belonged. His favourite violin, the case of which was ingeniously painted with emblematical designs by his friend Carlo Maratti, he bequeathed as a precious legacy to his favorite disciple, Geminiani.

Of the moral character and private life of this celebrated musician, all authors agree in speaking in the highest terms. Indeed, if any criterion may be formed of his natural disposition, by the sweetness and even tenor of his musical ideas, his temper and talents must have endeared him to all his acquaintance. Yet remarkable as Corelli appears to have been for his general mildness of disposition, of which we have before related a remarkable instance, yet there is an anecdote upon record, which shows that he was not unconscious of that respect which was due to his skill and exquisite performance. It is said, that when he was once playing a solo at Cardinal Ottoboni's, he observed the Cardinal and another person engaged in discourse, on which he laid down his instrument, and, on being asked the reason, he replied that "he feared the music interrupted the conversation."

He is related also to have been a man of considerable humour and pleasantry, of which the following is an instance. Receiving a visit one day from Adam Strunck, violinist to Ernest Augustus, Elector of Hanover, and learning in the course of conversation, that he was a musician, he asked him what was his instrument? Strunck modestly replied, that he played a little on the harpsichord and on the violin; and he then solicited the pleasure of hearing Corelli on the latter instrument. He politely complied; and, in return, requested a specimen of Strunck's abilities. The latter, after playing a few notes, purposely put his violin out of tune, and then played on it with such dexterity, attempering the dissonances occasioned by the mistuning of the instrument, that Corelli exclaimed: "I am called *Arcangelo*; but by heaven, Sir, you must be an *arch-diavolo*!"

Though the compositions of Corelli are so well known as to render any analysis of their merits unnecessary, yet a few remarks may not be misplaced here. Unlike too many of the productions of modern times, the compositions of Corelli were produced with slowness and deliberation: they were not only well, but long considered; not only revised and corrected by the author from time to time, but submitted to the private inspection of experienced and qualified judges, before their final subjection

to the judgment of the public. He had the prudence and patience strictly to adhere to the Horatian precept: *non sumus que prematur in aevum*. The character of his *Sonatas* is very diversified. The first and third series, termed *Sonate da Chiesa*, consist of fugues and slow movements, and are so grave, dignified, and solemn, as to have been deemed worthy of embellishing the divine service. The second and fourth series, styled *Sonate da Camera*, are full of brisker movements and have a due admixture of airs; these, for many years, furnished the inter-act music of the London theatres. But with the composer, the favourite opera seems to have been the fifth, since from that set he uniformly chose the pieces which he performed on great or especial occasions. With respect to the character of his works, judicious critics have remarked that their excellence is progressive. The first series presents but little comparative skill, and less invention; the second shows the author's advancement in his art; the third and fourth exhibit his genius and his science as rapidly matured; melody and fugue, happily combined, manifest his elegance and his learning, and display the flowers of imagination, arranged by a cultivated judgment. Of his *Concertos* justice demands an eulogium not less warm and enthusiastic. Nothing can be more majestic and dignified than the opening of the first; nothing superior in tenderness and delicacy to the third; and the harmony and modulation of the eighth, *Fatto per la Notte di Natale*, are irresistibly charming*. Another distinguishing feature in the music of Corelli, is the beauty and varied character of his airs. The *allmande*, in his tenth solo is as remarkable for spirit and fire, as that in the eleventh is for grace and delicacy. His jigs are in a style peculiarly his own: that in the fifth solo was never equalled. It is only in his minuets that he seems to fail; Bonocini, Handel, and Martini, have all excelled him in this kind of air. With respect to the solos of Corelli, they have ever been regarded, by the most eminent masters, as a classical book for forming the hand of a young practitioner on the violin; and it is said, that his *Opera quinta*, on which all good schools for the violin have since been founded, cost him three years to revise and correct. Tartini formed all his scholars on these solos; and Giardini was accustomed to observe, that of any two pupils of equal age and abilities, if the one were to begin his studies with Corelli, and the other by Geminiani, or any other eminent master whatever, he was certain that the first would become the best performer.

The character given of Corelli by his scholar Geminiani, does not do him justice; it seems a little tinged by jealousy, and very much influenced by a false notion of musical learning:—"His merit was not depth of learning like that of his contemporary Alessandro Scarlatti, nor great fancy nor an invention rich in melody and harmony; but a nice ear and very delicate taste, which led him to select the most pleasing melodies and harmonies, and to construct the part so as to produce the most delightful effect upon the ear." At the time of Corelli's greatest reputation, Geminiani asked Scarlatti's opinion respecting his master, which was thus unreservedly given: "I confess that I find nothing greatly to admire in his composition, but am extremely struck with the manner in which he plays his concertos, and the nice management of his

* For the opening movement and the *Pastorale*, see *HARMONICON*, Vol. I.

band, the uncommon accuracy of whose performance gives the concerto an amazing effect, even to the eye, as well as the ear;" for, continues Geminiani, "Corelli regarded it essential to a band, that their bows should all move exactly together, all up, or all down; so that at his rehearsal, which constantly preceded every public performance of his concertos, he would immediately stop the band if he saw an irregular bow." This opinion shews Scarlatti to have been a prejudiced judge, a trifling critic.

To sum up the merits of Corelli in a few words, it may be said that, generally speaking, his music is the language of nature. It is equally intelligible to the learned and the unlearned. For a long series of years, whoever heard it became sensible of its effects; for amidst all the numerous innovations which the love of change introduced, it still continued to be performed, and was heard with delight in churches, in theatres, and at public solemnities and festivals, in all the cities of Europe for the greater part of a century. Persons remembered, and would refer to passages of it, as to a classic author; and even at the present day, the masters of the science do not hesitate to pronounce of the compositions of Corelli, that, for correct harmony and elegant modulation, they are not to be exceeded. His productions continued longer in unfading favour in England,—where they still retain a due portion of esteem,—than even in his own country, or indeed in any other part of Europe*. They have, however, been compelled to submit to the wider resources of a Haydn, a Mozart, a Beethoven, who, finding the art in an advanced state, and furnished with a greater variety of instruments, and infinitely better performers, will probably, and perhaps justly, be considered by the generality of our musical readers, as having left at an immeasurable distance the efforts of their predecessors.

The appearance of Corelli's works was the means of promoting the practice of the violin throughout Europe, but especially in Italy, of which it has been remarked that, since the days of this composer, it has always maintained the superiority in its schools of the violin, through the medium of a Tartini, a Nardini, a Pugnani, a Viotti, and their disciples.

ROSSINI.

A WORK has lately made its appearance in Bologna, entitled, *Cenni di una Donna già cantante, &c.* "Remarks of a Lady still on the stage, upon Signor Maestro Rossini, in reply to an article which appeared in the summer of 1822, in the English Journal published at Paris, and which was copied into a Milanese Gazette of the same year."

The article here spoken of, appeared in the *Monthly Review*, an English Journal published at Paris. The authoress of the remarks does not mention her name in the title-page, but from certain observations made in the course of the work, we discover that it is written by a Signora Carolina Georgi Righetti †, a native of Bologna, and a

singer of considerable reputation, who boasts that Rossini wrote the part of *Rosina* in the *Barbiere di Siviglia*, as well as that of *Cenerentola*, for herself. The following are some of the remarks that occur relative to Rossini and his family. The composer made such proficiency under his first master, D. Angelo Tesei, as to be able, at eight years of age, to sing the soprano part in the churches. She, (the authoress) even when a girl, could not but be charmed with the manner in which he sung the parts of the *Gloria in excelsis*, beginning *We praise thee*, and *Thou who takest away*, says the Journalists with a significant leer. A few years after, he sung at the theatre *Zagnoni*, in *Paer's Camilla*, in which he filled the character of the son. Nothing was so touching as to hear him in the beautiful canon, *Sento in sì fiero istante*. The Bolognese already prophesied that Rossini would become one of the greatest singers in Italy. He studied the rudiments of counterpoint under the same master, and, in his fourteenth year, was placed under the tuition of Padre Mattei. It was in 1808, that he first appeared in the character of composer. Madame Georgi offers a variety of observations upon Mozart, and institutes comparisons, which she evidently feels herself embarrassed in the attempt to support. Rossini appeared as a composer only in his seventeenth year, whereas it is known that Mozart had already commenced that career in his sixth. (See, among other accounts, that of a very remarkable young musician, in the *Philosophical Transactions*, vol. 60, p. 54.)

The first symphony and first cantata of Rossini, are preserved in the musical archives of the *Liceo Filarmonico* of Bologna. After this period, at least so far as the authoress knows, Rossini sung no more at any theatre. From his sixth to his nineteenth year, he remained almost constantly at Bologna; for which reason, he may almost be considered as a Bolognese. Nothing, even at this age, remarks the authoress, could be imagined more easy than the manners of the youthful composer. (*Non è possibile trovare in anima umana maggior disinvoltura.*) There was always a great deal of waggery mixed up with the character of Rossini. In the letters which he wrote to his mother at Bologna, he was accustomed to draw a smaller or larger figure of a flask, (*flasco*) at the side of the account he gave of any new opera he had brought out, to indicate the degree of failure which his work had met with. The reader should be apprised that *fare flasco* is the Italian cant phrase for a failure. It is known that Rossini frequently writes in the greatest haste, and often amidst the chatter of his friends or the noise of a coffee-room. This was the case with his *Cenerentola*. But in his more serious compositions, as for instance in his *Mosè*, he shuts himself up in good earnest, and, as the authoress expresses it, *cerca e ricerca* (refers and refers again.) She declares that the *Barbiere di Siviglia* was neither written in haste, nor was any application made to Paisiello on the subject. By his marriage with Madame Colbran, Rossini is said to have come into a fortune of 70,000 Roman dollars, (nearly 20,000 pounds.)

Among other observations the authoress has the following:—"It is true that Rossini copies himself, but if a passage in one of his operas pleases, why should he not be permitted to transplant it into another, and see his favourite flower blooming in a second nosegay?" She declares that there is no truth in the assertion, that the *Di tanti palpiti* was borrowed from a Greek Litany*.

* They are still performed at the Concert of Ancient Music, and are, as they will for ever be, admired by all who have a real taste for music formed on unchangeable principles.

† Belloc, we are inclined to suspect.—Ed.

* See the HARMONICON of last year, page 133.

And supposing that it was, has he not, asks the authoress with her usual vivacity, the sanction of some of the greatest names for the practice?

The sally upon Mozart with which this work concludes, is too remarkable to be passed over in silence. *Finis coronat opus!* In drawing a comparison between the German and Italian composer, she expresses herself in the following manner. "The question that follows it is not so easy to solve. The Journalist maintains that the music of Rossini leaves no deep and lasting impressions on the mind, like that of Mozart. A French writer has justly observed, that music is a monarchy, of which song is the absolute sovereign, and the accompanying instruments her faithful subjects. According to this maxim, the operas of Rossini cannot fail to please the public more than those of Mozart. The music of Rossini is carried away from the theatres, and sung everywhere. Now where, in the operas of Mozart, are those popular and captivating airs which please the *dilettanti*? I have played the character of *Zerlina* in his *Don Giovanni*, where, with the exception of the air, *La ci darem la mano*, which however is so trivial, that neither the amateur nor the connoisseur feels any interest in remembering it, what is there besides that makes any deep impression upon the soul? This *Don Giovanni* of Mozart, which made such a noise in Milan and Florence, was very coolly received in the other theatres of Italy. [By-the-by, is it not strange that the authoress should be ignorant, that, at Naples, this opera had a run of nine whole months without interruption?] The general colouring of this, as well as of the rest of the operas of Mozart, does not appear to me to be in good keeping, (*non mi par sostenuta*;) much less that of the individual characters and sentiments. Frequently the peasant sings like the hero, and the most serious personages in a trivial style. The scene of the spectre in *Don Giovanni* is grand and terrific, but on the theatre *Del Corso*, we found in it only the *Quantus tremor*, and the *Tuba mirum* of the coldest pedants (*puriste*) of the last century. The Journalist maintains that the music of Mozart requires a great degree of attention, and great susceptibility of feeling, in order to penetrate fully into its depth and spirit. But attention can only take place where a real interest is excited. The impression of music is rapid, and can neither be deep nor permanent; mechanism in music can create only tediousness and yawning."—But of such stupid stuff as this, the impatient reader is already weary! We willingly release him from it.

SALVATOR ROSA AS A MUSICIAN.

[Continued from page 64.]

From this time, Rosa advanced rapidly in reputation and in wealth; and his house became the resort of some of the most intellectual and cultivated men in Rome. We extract some part of the account of this society:—

A person so distinguished, a character so ardent, with passions which time failed to subdue, and an imagination which lent its magic even to the merest objects of sense, naturally involved him at this period of his life, and in a society where love was the business of all ages and ranks, in ties, to which he brought more truth, devotion, and sincerity, than he found*.

A cantata which he wrote at this period, and which was set

* One of the most beautiful of his cantatas, rescued by Dr. Burney from oblivion, is a proof of this assertion. It is a vow of fidelity

to music by his friend Cesti, gives the impression of his being the most miserable and discontented of mankind. "All his lyrics, (says the elegant writer, who first made them known to the English public,)—All his lyrics were complaints against his mistress or mankind. But in his fifth cantata, he deems his afflictions, like the stars of the firmament, countless; and makes the melancholy confession, that out of six lustres which he had passed, he had not known the enjoyment of one happy day." (*Burney*.) This querulous melancholy, inseparable from the temperament of the highest order of genius, which is so prone to feel and to suffer, gives a charm to the character of Salvator, which his occasional flashes of gaiety and humour, his splenetic pleasantry and comic representations of the follies and vices of society, rather relieve and heighten, than decrease. While his pathetic cantatas, and their plaintive compositions, drew tears from the brightest eyes in Rome, the "potent, grave, and reverend signors" of the conclave, did not disdain to solicit admission to those evening *conversazioni* of the *Via Babuina*, where the comic Muse alone presided; but where, under the guise of national *naïveté*, veiled in a rustic dialect, and set off by the most humorous gesticulations, truths were let drop with impunity, more perilous than those, for translating which from the pages of Lucian a *protege* of the Grand Duke de' Medici was at the same moment confined by the Inquisition.

It was in these *conversazioni* that Salvator tried the point of the sarcasms against the church, the government, and the existing state of literature and the arts, which were afterwards given to the world in his published satires, and which still draw down on his memory the unfounded calumnies that imbibed his life.

The manner of the daring *improvisatore*, as left on record by his chroniclers, or handed down by tradition, was no less singular and attractive, than the matter which inspired him. The apartment in which he received his company, was affectedly simple. The walls, hung with faded tapestry, exhibited none of his beautiful pictures, which might well have attracted attention from the actor to his works. A few rows of forms included all the furniture; and they were secured at an early hour by the impatience of an audience, select and exclusive; either invited by himself or introduced by his friends. When the company were assembled, and not before, Salvator appeared in the circle, but with the air of an host rather than that of an exhibitor, until the desire to hear him recite his poetry, or to *improvvisare*, expressed by some individual, produced a general acclamation of entreaty. It was a part of his coquetry to require much solicitation: and when at last he consented, he rose with an air of timidity and confusion, and presented himself with his lute or a roll of paper containing the heads of his subject. After some graceful hesitation, a few preluding chords, or a slight hem! to clear his full, deep voice, the scene changed: the elegant, the sublime Salvator disappeared, and was replaced by the gesticulating and grimacing Coviello, who, long before he spoke, excited such bursts of merriment, *con le più ridicole smorfie al suo modo Napolitano*, (with the most laughable grimaces in

lity to his mistress, under all circumstances of time and change; and if the terminating stanza be deemed a *conceito*, it is certainly the prettiest that Italian poetry has been guilty of.

"E se la natura avara
Del suo mortal tesoro
Di questo crin mai le rubasse l'oro,
Povero, ma contento
Lo vedrò bianco
E l'amero d'argento."

Cantata VII., set to music by Luigi Rossi.

We agree so much with Lady Morgan as to the beauty of this point, that we would fain give it to our English readers, were it not for the extreme difficulty of rendering its grace and delicacy. Will they make all allowances, and take the following attempt?

If Time, penurious of his treasure,
Shall steal the gold from that bright hair,
Poor, but contented, still with pleasure
I shall behold the whiteness there—
Nay, love the simple silver more
Than e'er I prized the richer ore,

the true Neapolitan style) that even the gravest of his audience were ready to burst. When the adroit *improvisatore* had thus wound up his auditory to a certain pitch of exaltation, and prepared them at least to receive with good humour whatever he might hazard, he suddenly stepped forth and exclaimed with great energy; in the broad Neapolitan of the *Large di Castello*; "*Stento chiao vè, auxa gli uocci*." He then began his recitation: "Whatever were its faults of composition," says one of his biographers, "it was impossible to detect them, as long as he recited. Nor could their charm be understood by those who did not hear them recited by himself. When some of these productions were published after his death, it was supposed that they would lose much of their apparent merit, because his fervid and abundant genius, rich in its natural fertility, despised the trammels of art, as submitting talent to mean and slavish rules. The contrary, however, was the fact; for they excited universal admiration."

With a thirst for praise, which scarcely any applause could satisfy, Salvator united a quickness of perception that rendered him suspicious of pleasing, even at the moment he was most successful. A gaping mouth, a closing lid, a languid look, or an impatient hem! threw him into utter confusion, and deprived him of all presence of mind, of all power of concealing his mortification. When he perceived that some witty sally had fallen lifeless, that some epigrammatic point had escaped the notice of his auditors, he was wont to exclaim to his particular friends, when the strangers were departed, "What folly to lose my time and talent in reading before these beasts of burden, who feel nothing, and have no intellect beyond what is necessary to understand the street ballads of the *blind band*!" in his own Neapolitan, (to which he always had recourse when under strong emotion), "*Aggio io bene speso lo tiempo mio, in leggere le fatiche mie alli somari, e a gente che nulla intienne, avveza solamente a sentire non altro che la canzona dello cieco*." These "*ciechi*" still haunt the streets of Italy, to the delight of strangers. They are bands of itinerant musicians composed of the blind. That at Bologna is, at present, particularly excellent.

We subjoin the catalogue of Salvator's chief musical friends,—which does not appear to have been the less numerous or eminent for the attacks which he lavished on their profession, or rather on the general profligacy of its members. We quote the passage with the less scruple, as it must afford matter of pride to existing professors, from its striking contrast with what would be applicable in the present day:—

The musical talents of the composer of several of the best cantatas then in vogue, drew also around him the greatest masters of an age in which music was rapidly assuming an ascendancy over all the other arts. Cesti†, Legrenze, Cavalli, Ferrarì, Luigi Rossi‡, and Giacomo Carissimi, were not only the

* A Neapolitan idiom, meaning "Awaken and heed me," but literally translated, "Listen and open your eyes!"

† The Padre Marc-Antonio Cesti of Viterbo was a Minor Conventual, a pious ecclesiastic, and one of the most fashionable musical composers of the day. He gave his first opera, the "*Orontea*," to the Italian stage in 1649, and it remained a stock-piece for upwards of thirty years. In 1660 the Padre was still a first tenor singer in the Pope's chapel. The only scene of his *Orontea* extant was found in a MS. music-book of S. Rossa in 1777 by Dr. Burney. Passeri says of him, "Così celebre per la sua abilità nel canto e nei componimenti," &c.

Cavalli and Ferrari were at this time composing operas for Venice and Bologna, and for the private theatricals of Rome: no public theatre being permitted there before the year 1671, when one was opened in the *Torre della Nona*. To these musicians of the seventeenth century may be added Monti Verde, Saccati, and Tignali.

‡ The Rossis were by descent Neapolitans, but were naturalized citizens of Rome. About the time here alluded to (1640), Luigi Rossi was in the enjoyment of great celebrity, for his canzonetti and his opera of "*Giuseppe figlio di Giacobbe*," which was still extant towards the conclusion of the last century. Some of his *motets*, to be found in the Christ-church collection, are esteemed equal to those of Capella. The words of the canzonette beginning,

habitu of Rossa's house, but were all emblems of setting the verse to music, and this too at the very moment when that satirist was lashing the profession, sometimes with the nervous conciseness of Juvenal, and sometimes with the Attic severity of Lucian. Observing the manners of an age in which he deemed it an indignity to have been born, with the deep and philosophic view which distinguished all he thought and produced, Salvator perceived that the Church was making the same monopoly of music as she had done of painting, and would in the end degrade one art (as she had already deteriorated the other) to the worst purposes. The finest singers were now shut up in the Roman monasteries; and all Rome was then resorting to the *Spirito Santo*, to hear the sister Veronica, a beautiful nun, who, awakened emotions in her auditors that did not all belong to heaven.

It was in the palaces of the *Porporati* that the first musical dramas were given, which bore any resemblance to the modern opera, by which they are now succeeded in the "*Argentina*;" and the choir of the pontifical chapel (which gave the musical tone to all the churches of Christendom, while it engrossed all the patronage of the government) was gradually abandoning those learned combinations, and that solemn and affecting simplicity, which were calculated to answer the purposes of a passionate devotion, and to satisfy at the same moment the taste of the amateur and the enthusiasm of the devotee.

The first attempt at a regular drama was made at Rome in one of these palaces as early as 1633, three years before Salvator's first arrival there. It was called "*Il Ritorno di Angelica nella India*," and was composed by the then fashionable secular composer Tignali. Public operas were at this time performing in Venice and Bologna.

It may be curious to observe, that the instruments which were then found in the secular orchestras of Italy, were the organ, viol, viol de gamba, harp, lute, guitar, spinette, harpsichord, theorbo, and trumpet: while the court band of Louis XIII. and XIV. only consisted of the far-famed

"Four-and-twenty fiddlers all in a row;"

and even they were imported from Italy. The first and the most distinguished was Baptiste Lulli, brought from Florence by Maria de' Medici, at the age of fourteen. From a simple *violinier*, he became the founder of the French opera, and the model upon which Cambra, Destouches, and other French composers founded their braying monotonies. At the same period in England, the Music of Lawes and Bird was laid aside as profane, and replaced by those pious discords,

Such as from lab'ring lungs enthusiast blows,
High sounds attempted through the vocal nose.

Vicenzio Galileo (the father of the celebrated astronomer) remarks, however, in his *Dialogo della Musica*, that the best Italian lyrics were made for the English market.

While the music of the Church was thus gradually assuming an effeminate character, the palaces of the great were filled with the most worthless of the profession, of both sexes. The genius which went to the composition of the finest music, was then, as now, less prized and rewarded than the voice which executed it; and the profligacy of the public singers in Italy was no impediment to their reception into the first families of the country. Upon this shameless laxity of manners, and the visible degradation of ecclesiastical music, Salvator fell with a puritan's severity, scarcely surpassed by the anathemas of Calvin, or the vituperations of Erasmus. He attacked the style of singing in the pontifical chapel*. He attacked the vices of a profession which

"Or che la notte del silenzio amica,"

and of another called *La Fortuna*, are supposed to have been written by Salvator Rosa.

* See the first Satire from "*Che scandolo è il sentir*" to "*e gighe e sarabande alla distesa*," of which the following is a very un-poetical translation:—

Oh shameless! thus to hear an hireling band,
In holy temples raise a voice profane—
Mount sacred rostrums with soul fa in hand,
And hymn their God in bacchanalian strain—
A mass or vespers bray, bark hallelujahs,
And roar their pater-nosters and their glorias.

now, beyond every other, received the special patronage of the lords of the Conclave; and though his efforts at reformation were as yet confined to his recitations, and to the frank utterance of opinions over which he held no control, yet these philippics increased the number of his enemies, even more than an attack on religion itself would have done.

While, however, all the singers in Rome, with their patrons and partisans, took the field against the satirist, the great composers, distinguished alike for their genius and their morals, rallied round him; and the musical album of Salvator, brought a century after his death into England, (the land which has always been true to his merits, and in sympathy with his genius,) is a record that he offended none but those, whose enmity was distinction.

"Among the musical MSS. purchased at Rome in 1770," (says Dr. Burney in his History of Music) "one that ranks the highest in my own favour was the music-book of Salvator Rosa, the painter, in which are contained not only the airs and cantatas set by Carissimi, Cesti, Luigi (Rossi), Cavalli, Legrenze, Capellino, Pasqualini, and Bandini, of which the words of several are by Salvator Rosa, but eight entire cantatas, written, set, and transcribed by this celebrated painter himself. The book was purchased of his grand-daughter, who occupied the house in which her ancestor had lived and died. The handwriting was ascertained by collation with his letters and satires, of which the originals are preserved by his descendants. The historians of Italian poetry, though they often mention Salvator as a satirist, seem never to have heard of his lyrical productions; and as the book is not only curious for the music it contains, but for the poetry, I shall present my readers with a particular account of its contents, &c.—Other single airs by Luigi and Legrenze, the words by Salvator Rosa, fill up the volume, in which there is nothing so precious as the musical and poetical compositions of Rosa."

About this time, Salvator painted his celebrated picture of "The Sorceress," for his friend Carlo Rossi, brother to Luigi;—

While occupied on a subject so congenial to his wild and sombre imagination, it appears that Salvator painted as he thought, and wrote as he painted; for his poetical "incantation," set to music by Cesti, may be assigned to this period. Dr. Burney is of opinion, that this incantation furnished the idea of Purcell's celebrated cantata, beginning

"By the croaking of the toad."

This singular production is asserted to be "the happiest specimen of the strength and imagination of his poetry." It is a magical incantation of one distracted by love and by revenge. It bears a singular coincidence with the spells of Shakspeare's Hecate, and intimately assimilates the genius of one who was the Byron of painting, with his who is the Salvator of poetry. This coincidence is so striking, that one might be tempted to suppose it was an imitation, but that Salvator's acquaintance with Shakspeare's works "comes not within the prospect of belief." In one who, like Audrey, has to thank the gods for not making her poetical, to meddle with this incantation would be sacrilege! Its translation would come best from him who has conjured up the mysterious agency of "Manfred," and imagined scenes which the pencil of Salvator could best have illustrated:—

Where sinful eyes should drop their penance tear,
Where sinful hearts should woo returning grace,
The dilettante penitent, all ear,
Seeks faults in tenors, beauties in a bass;
While thrill's or fall's discordant shriek or howl
Lulls or distracts the vacillating soul.
Each sacred sanctuary now is seen,
Like some rude temple of the god of wine,
A Noah's ark, where many a beast unclean
Profanes the altar and defiles the shrine;
While in loose strain the Miserere's given,
And wafts the soul upon a jig to Heaven.

In the original the last lines stand—

"Cantar su la ciaccona il Miserere
Et con stilo da farza e da commedia
E gigue e sarabande alla distesa."

CANTATA DI S. ROSA.

All'incanto, all'incanto!
E chi nou mosse il ciel mova Acheronte.
Io vo magici modi
Tentar profane note
Erbé diverse, e nodi,
Ciò che arrestar può le celeste rote,
Mago circolo
Onde gelide
Pesci varij
Acque chimiche
Neri balsami
Miste polveri
Pietre mistiche
Serpi e nottole
Sangui putridi
Molli viscere,
Secche mummie
Ossa e vermini.
Suffumigij ch'anneriscano,
Voci orribili che spaventino,
Linfé torbide ch'avvelenino,
Stille fetide che corrompino,
Ch'offuschino,
Che gelino,
Che guastino,
Ch'ancidano,
Che vincano l'onde Stigie.
In quest' atra caverna
Ove non giunse mai raggio di sole,
Dalle Tartaree scuole
Trarro la turba inferna
Farò ch' un nero spirito
Arda un cipresso, un mirto,
E mentre a poco, a poco
Vi struggerò l' imago sua di cera
Farò che a ignoto foco
Sua viva imago pera,
E quand' arde la finta, arda la vera.

In despite of Lady Morgan's formidable denunciation against all sacrilegious translators of this fine and powerful piece of poetry, we shall use our best (although weak) endeavours to give some idea of it to our English readers. For we do not exactly see why they should be deprived of all acquaintance with it, till Lord Byron may be pleased to take the matter in hand. Our readers will bear in mind that our object has been, not to write an incantation of our own, but to translate as closely as we could that which Salvator has written,—which, we hope, may excuse that air of awkwardness which is almost inseparable from such translations:—

To the spell! to the spell!

What moves not Heaven can move Hell.

Now will I try, with magic rite,
The figures and the signs of Night—
Simplex and herbs, and all that may
Arrest the heavenly chariot's way;—
The circle which the wizard makes—
Dried mummies—fishes—bats and snakes,—
Balsams black, and chemie water,
Entrails soft from recent slaughter—
Mingled earths, and mystic stones,
Putrid blood, and worms, and bones!—

Pitchy vapours that darken—

And sounds that the ear,

As it pauses to hearken

Recoils from in fear;—

Turbid poisonous streams—

Fœtid drippings, whose steams

With their black and freezing breath

Spread corruption, waste, and death,

Like the fogs which rise and mix

In foulness o'er the waves of Styx!

From that dark cave, where never ray
Of the bless'd sun yet found a way,
My spells the hellish host shall call—
—The mates of the Tartarean hall!
A mingled torch, a swarthy sprite,
Of myrtle and of yew, shall light—
And, whilst by steps of slow decay,
The waxen image melts away,
His living self shall feel the same
Consuming by an unknown flame;
And as the feigned yields to the fire,
So will the real sink and expire!

In the general summing up of the merits of Salvator Rosa, in his many different lines of distinction, Lady Morgan speaks thus of his musical powers:—

As a musical composer, his merits must be estimated by the progress which the most charming of all the arts had made in his own times. The music of Milton's modern Orpheus,

"Harry, whose tuneful and well-measured song
First taught our English music how to span
Words with just note and accent," &c.

would, in the present day, be as little palatable to an English public, as the strains of Dante's favourite minstrel Casseli would; be endurable to the *cognoscenti* audience of "the *San Carlos*." It is enough to establish the musical genius of Salvator Rosa, that his compositions were pronounced by the most learned and elegant musical professor of the last century, to be "in point of melody superior to most of the masters of his time." Of this his beautiful air, preserved by Dr. Burney, of

Star vicino al bel idol che t'ama,

is a sufficient proof. Compared with the monotonous drone of Harry Lawes's celebrated love ditty,

A lover once I did copy,

it is quite a modern melody; and yet Lawes and Salvator were contemporaries*.

But, so true is it that a prophet is not honoured in his own country, that while the air of "*Vado ben spesso*," and others of Salvator Rosa's compositions are to be found in the elegant little musical albums of half the fashionables of London, with quadrilles by queens, and waltzes by duchesses,—in Rome, all to whom I applied (either personally, or through her Grace the Duchess of Devonshire, and my friend General Cockburn,) denied that Salvator ever had composed a bar: "they had never even heard he was a musician." They had probably never heard of the works of Baldinucci, Passeri, Pascoli, and other pictorial biographers, which are known and read every where, *but at Rome*.

With the above-named airs, we conclude this notice of Lady Morgan's work. They were published by Dr. Burney with only a simple base;—we have added to them a few notes of accompaniment, but these are all in a smaller character, and may therefore, be easily detached from the original.

[* It has always appeared clear to us, that Dr. Burney had seen but few of Lawes's compositions, or he would have entertained a very different opinion of his abilities. Some of his airs are superior to any of his day, and fully justify the encomiums of Milton, who was himself a performer and judge of music.—*Editor of Harmonicon.*]

No. I.—*Vado ben spesso cangiando loco.*

MAESTRO.

VA - DO ben spes-so can-gian-do lo - co, MÀ non so mai cangiar de - si - - o;

Va - do ben spes-so can-gian-do lo - - co,

Ma non so mai mà non so mai mà - -

- non so mai cangiar de - si - o.

No. II.—*Star vicino al bell' Idol che s' ama.*

ANDANTE CON
MOTO.

STAR vi - ci-no-al bell' I - dol che s'a - ma, è il più va - go di - let - to d'a - mor.

è il più va - go di - let - to d'a - mor.

AN ACCOUNT OF MR. CHARLES DIBDIN'S
THEATRICAL PIECES.

Written by himself, in 1788.

I SHALL, as faithfully as my memory will permit, state the success, both in profit and reputation, of every piece I have produced to the public. I am afraid, however, that I shall not be accurate in my account of the subordinate kind; for were I put to the torture, I could not enumerate some of the interludes and pantomines which have been done at *Sadler's Wells*, and other places; nor can I place those I do recollect in accurate order, as to dates. I will, however be as correct as possible, and where any intelligence is uncertain, I will myself sustain the loss, rather than fill up the blank by exaggeration.

1. *The Shepherd's Artifice*, performed in May, 1762 and 1763; this piece, which I wrote and composed at seventeen, was only got up for my own benefit. It has a thousand faults, and in particular, as at that time I did not know how to put my musical thoughts upon paper but by mere strength of imagination, it is impossible to describe the number of its inaccuracies. These, however, the same force of fancy enabled me to correct; and, without any assistance, I produced the same piece in a perfect state, by only listening to the faults as I heard them in the band. It was performed at two of my benefits, and each time brought a tolerable house; but it never came forward in the common business of the theatre. The music was very much applauded.

2. *Love in the City*, performed in the year 1764; a piece written by Mr. Bickerstaff, and performed but six nights. In this I composed the overture, first chorus, the finales of the first and second acts, and three songs. *Love in the City* has since been altered into the farce of the *Romp*, in which the chorus, the quintetto, the boxing trio, and "Dear me how I long to be married" are mine. This music I made Mr. Bickerstaff a present of.

3. *Lionel and Clarissa*—written by Mr. Bickerstaff, and performed in the season of 1767 and 1768. I composed for this piece about twenty-five things, for which trouble I received, at different times, forty-eight pounds—giving

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up the copyright. The sale of this music did not yield much, till it came out under the title of the *School for Fathers*; otherwise I think I should not have been so completely overreached in the following agreement.

4. *The Padlock*—written by Mr. Bickerstaff, and performed at Drury-Lane, in October 1768. The success of this piece is pretty well known all over the kingdom; it may not, however, be amiss to mention that no conception can be formed of the sale of the music. *Comus* is known to have sold very extensively, but after upwards of thirty years, three fourths of the original plates are still in use. What then will be said when I assure the public the *Padlock* in about twelve years, nearly wore out three entire sets! But how will their wonder be augmented when I declare, upon the faith of a man, that I never received, in the whole, for composing that music, but forty-five pounds; though I dare say the sale of the music alone yielded Mr. Bickerstaff nearly five hundred pounds. In addition to this, his benefit yielded two hundred pounds, Mr. Garrick made him a present of one hundred pounds, and the words must have also been greatly productive, for he kept the copyright—and, in the first eight years, there had been upwards of twenty three thousand copies sold. My agreement, however, was made before the piece came out, and I conceived his recommendation of me to Mr. Garrick, in the light of a great obligation; whereas, had I not been the stupidest of all idiots, I might have seen that my being pinned to Drury-Lane upon such easy terms, was a matter concerted between them. I hate to think of it.

5. *The Maid the Mistress*—performed in the summer of 1769, at Ranelagh, and written by Mr. Bickerstaff. Having made an agreement that season to compose for Ranelagh, and occasionally sing, for which trouble I was to have an hundred guineas, this piece comes within that article, and the music has never yet been published.

6. *The Recruiting Serjeant*—performed the same season, on the same terms. I published the music on my own account, and found it unsuccessful.

7. *The Jubilee*—written by Mr. Garrick, and performed in October 1769. It would be an endless task to go through the variety of circumstances which distinguish this memorable business; but nothing deserves notice

more truly than that Shakspeare might have laid very quietly in Stratford church—nobody would have disturbed his ashes—had not such a popular measure been the probable means of ensuring a plentiful harvest to Drury-Lane on the following season. And yet, it was managed with so much caution, so much wariness, that, according to the representation of the matter to every body who was concerned in it, there did not appear any such thing in agitation. This cautiousness answered two purposes—it not only drew many to Stratford who would otherwise have suspended their curiosity till they should see it in London, but it served as a feasible excuse for requesting every body's trouble and attendance for nothing. Thus, among the rest, I took unwearied pains, not seeing that I should materially assist in filling the coffers of Drury-Lane treasury, without any emolument to myself. All this, however, I could have forgiven, if I had not been obliged to sustain fifty humiliations. I will venture to say that had it not been for my music the audience would have shewn much more dissatisfaction. They were not in very good humour as it was. They heard certainly Dr. Arne's beautiful Oratorio of "Judith," and his charming music of the "Ode," and what was the most exquisite and inexpressible treat that ever transcendent abilities could convey, or longing ears experience, they heard Garrick repeat that Ode. Yet, being disappointed of the pageant, being wet through at the masquerade, they were certainly very much discontented; which dissatisfaction would more than silently have manifested itself, had not "The Warwickshire Lads, &c." brought them into good humour: yet was that very song privately set by Mr. Aylward, and the "Mulberry Tree" by Dr. Boyce, and had not my kind friend, Mr. Garrick, been told at a rehearsal, where I was not present, that mine were set the best for effect, he would have waved all delicacy to me, and have had theirs performed. George Garrick, who, where David's immediate interest did not clash, could be just to all the world, informed me of this fact. In short, Garrick, in relation to the *Jubilee*, manœuvred every where, and with every body. He procured abuse to be inserted in the papers, which he got all his friends to answer. He enlisted a prodigious number of volunteers, whose exertions he pretty liberally extracted, at their expense; and at length performed the same entertainment ninety-five times, in one season, at Drury-Lane, which he sent people a hundred miles not to see. The music of the *Jubilee*, having sold it, previous to the performance, at Stratford—except some trifling part of it—yielded altogether about forty-three pounds.

8. *Damon and Phillida*—the same season. This piece I was desired, by Mr. Garrick, to alter and new set. I was told that there was no settled price for such a job, but I might make out a bill. I conceived this a good opportunity to make me amends for the trouble I had with the *Jubilee*, and did it cheerfully. The piece was not often performed, but before the time arrived to talk of settling it, Mr. Garrick proposed to enter into an article for seven years, at six pounds a week for the three first years, and seven pounds for the other four; and in making the agreement he contrived—or Lacy, instructed by him, as I mentioned before—to include every thing that was yet unaccounted for; so *Damon and Phillida* went for nothing, except fifteen pounds, for which I sold the copyright of the music.

9. *The Ephesian Matron*—written by Mr. Bickerstaff. The same article went over to a second season at Ra-

malagh, where this piece was performed, and under this article I composed it. The publication of this music was sold on some eventual agreement, and I think yielded me only a few pounds—but I cannot say what. This piece was performed about thirty times.

10. *The Brickdust-man*, a little musical piece, performed at Sadler's Wells, written by Mr. Bickerstaff. This trifle had great success, and introduced an engagement which I entered into with Mr. King, which though no great matter as to emolument, was as good as Sadler's Wells could afford, and one of the pleasantest I ever made. Indeed I am happy to have this opportunity of acknowledging my great regard and respect for this gentleman, which I hold from principle, and the result of many years experience of his manly, liberal, and uniform conduct; and he must forgive me if, feeling thus, I here make a public acknowledgment of the letter I received from him at Manchester, wherein he subscribed to this book, and gave as a reason, that "he should be sorry to be left out of the list of my well-wishers."

11. *The Pigmy Revels*—a pantomime which was performed in the season of 1770 and 1771, with considerable success. I know not who wrote the words, I only set the music, and it produced me no emolument, as it came under my article.

12. *The Wedding Ring*—the season of 1771 and 1772. This piece I wrote and composed—but foreseeing the difficulties I was likely to encounter, had no intention of making myself known as the author. The world recollects the ignominy with which Mr. Bickerstaff left this kingdom, and an invidious public print had the audacity to attribute this piece to him. Finding the attack a very serious one, I immediately made an affidavit that Mr. Bickerstaff was not the author, and published it. This oath was called a prevaricating one, because it did not say who was the author, and a whole string of paragraphs of a most abusive kind were immediately levelled at me, in the same paper. I did not wait for the tedious forms of law, but endeavoured to take that sort of revenge which men perhaps imprudently endeavour to do, when the offence is beyond legal reparation. The printer however had as little courage to meet my anger, as he had principle in seeking to wound my character. He left town to avoid me, and for some time was not to be seen. I therefore moved the Court of King's Bench for him to shew cause why an information should not lodge against him for printing a libel. The rule was granted, and afterwards made absolute; and there is no doubt but the gentleman would have been publicly exhibited, had not my attorney taken it into his head, to decamp to France with the money, which, to the great credit of the Drury-Lane performers—who insisted upon taking up this atrocious matter as a public cause—was raised by a subscription among themselves to defend the action. On the first night of this piece, I was called on the stage, and required to declare the author, which I did without hesitation; and the matter taking this turn, I resolved, instead of concealing my name, always in future to announce it, and rely on the public for the event. I had a benefit for this piece over and above my article, which yielded me upwards of a hundred pounds. The publication of the music I undertook myself, and got nothing by it. Indeed I have always made this remark, that the music I have sold has yielded but very little, except to the publishers; and that which I have published on my own account has constantly brought me in debt.

13. *The Installation*—the same season—written by Mr. Garrick, and composed under my article. This I sold, with a set of harpsichord lessons, for a conditional sixty-five pounds. The conditions were fulfilled, and I received the money.

14. *The Ladle*—a little piece for Sadler's Wells, in the season of 1772, written and composed by me.

15. *The Mischance*—the same place, and also written and composed by me. For the publication of this piece, the *Ladle*, and the *Brickbat Man*, I received thirty guineas.

16 and 17. Two pantomimes—the names I cannot recollect. The publication of one of these I sold for ten guineas.

18. *The Grenadier*—written for Sadler's Wells, the same season by Mr. Garrick.

19. *The Widow of Abingdon*—written also for Sadler's Wells, the same season, by Mr. Hull. All these were composed under my article. They made up the entertainment of the whole season.

20. *Trip to Portsmouth*—written by G. A. Stevens, and performed at the Haymarket with good success. I received for the composition and the publication of the music nearly fifty pounds.

21. *The Deserter*—altered from the French, and performed at Drury-Lane in the years 1772 and 1773—the music partly retained, partly supplied from *Phidias*, and partly mine. For this piece I had a benefit, which yielded me about ninety pounds—the music turned out a very trifle—I got by the publication of the words about thirty pounds.

22. *The Christmas Tale*—written by Mr. Garrick, and performed the same season. The intrinsic value of this composition being equal to my whole salary, I expostulated with Mr. Garrick—who said he considered it in the same light, and I should have no reason to complain. My trouble on this occasion was inconceivable, and I expected my extra reward would be proportionable; but when the end of the season arrived, in the office were found two promissory notes of ten pounds each, which I had given by way of memorandums at two different settlements, and these were sent me by George Garrick, as a valuable consideration for my additional trouble. The publication of the music I sold for twenty-five pounds down, twenty-five pounds on the twelfth night, twenty-five pounds on the eighteenth night, and twenty-five pounds on the twenty-fifth. The piece was performed twenty-four times.

24, 25, 26, 27, 28 and 29. Two pantomimes, and four little pieces for Sadler's Wells, under my article.

30. A short masque in *Amphytrion*, in the season 1773 and 1774, under my article of course. I sold this music for some trifling sum.

31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36. Two pantomimes, and four little pieces for Sadler's Wells. Two of these I wrote, but though I recollect the subjects, I really do not the titles—'tis however no great matter, these six performances made up the entertainment of the season. I had nothing of consequence bid me for the music, and I did not choose to venture the publication of it on my own account.

37. *The Waterman*—performed the same summer, 1774, at the Haymarket. The success of this piece is well known. The benefit yielded me but thirty-five pounds. The publication of the words about forty-eight, and the music I believe about thirty pounds.

38. *The Cobbler*—performed in the season 1774 and

1775. Mr. Garrick would insist upon having this piece. I had taken to him the *Seraglio*, which was afterwards performed at Covent Garden; and which if I had been on the spot, I am convinced would have had better success; but he had conceived great displeasure at my bringing out the *Waterman* at the Haymarket, though under different pretences he refused to perform it himself, and therefore I must write, he said, a direct farce, and nothing else, which the more I altered the less I liked, though the alterations were to please him. At length, I understood he did not intend to perform any thing; but having urged him pretty strenuously, he said it should be done if I would get it up in a week. This I did to his astonishment; and the next news was, that the Lord Chamberlain would not license it. Upon my talking of waiting on Lord Hertford about it, as there was nothing immoral in it, all of a sudden a license arrived, and the piece came out. It was not greatly received, but after the fourth night it went on very well till the tenth, when—like *Liberty Hall*—it was damned by a party. I got from first to last by it about a hundred and twenty pounds.

39. *The Quaker*—was brought out for Brereton's benefit in 1775. This piece meeting with success, he bought it of me for seventy pounds, and sold it afterwards to Garrick for a hundred. Had I not parted with it in this way, however, I might have kept it by me, for Garrick had for some time determined not to produce any thing of my writing, if he could possibly avoid it. He had no idea that I intended to dabble in this way, when he signed the article, and therefore conceived my whole employ would be to set words of his writing; and a blessed time I should have had on't, if I had never done any thing else. For this purpose, he was scheming to get rid of Mr. Bickerstaff as fast as he could, and the very particular civilities he just then shewed that pretty gentleman, to cover his intention, probably procured him that scandalous and undeserved poem from Dr. Kenrick—his wishes however were anticipated, as the world knows. When I produced him the *Wedding Ring*, and afterwards the *Deserter*, he found I could make some stand in this way, and his discontent from that moment was evident to every body. He was like Captain Plume, he would not have a man who could write in his company. Indeed, the most tremendous weapon in the world to Garrick—was a pen. *The Waterman* following up the *Deserter* and becoming also very popular, my business was done. I have shewn how he behaved in the affair of the *Cobbler*; and as to the *Quaker*, he would not have suffered it to be got up at Brereton's benefit had not the latter insisted upon it as his right. Even then, the copy was submitted to his inspection, and he returned it with a sneer, saying, "he wished him success, but he was rather afraid the spirit would move the audience to damn it." Brereton took fire at this, and shewed it to his friend Mr. Sheridan, who spoke of it in terms of commendation. All difficulties were now at an end, Mr. Sheridan's pen was more to be feared than mine. The next season Mr. Garrick purchased it, as I mentioned before, but not with a view of performing it, for this piece did not make its second appearance till the management of Drury-Lane fell into other hands. Added to the seventy pounds, I received forty pounds for the publication of the words, and about the same sum for the music. It will be seen that I did nothing of consequence under my article, since the *Christmas Tale*, which was entirely owing to this jealousy

of Garrick's; in consequence of which he gave the *Maid of the Oaks* to Mr. Bartholomew, and *Alfred* to Theodore Smith; in both of which pieces, by the by, I received orders to make alterations, and set additional songs. Alterations I peremptorily refused to making, thinking it scandalously indelicate to those gentlemen; nor would I compose an additional song for *Alfred*—which Mr. Blanchard, of Covent Garden, then a child, may remember was intended for him—but, menaced with an action for the penalty of my article, rather than incur the forfeiture of five hundred pounds, I reluctantly set the song beginning, "What cannot beauty, lovely beauty do?" in the *Maid of the Oaks*.

40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45. My usual quantity of business for Sadler's Wells, in the season 1775.

46. *The Metamorphoses*—an after-piece, brought out at the Haymarket in the summer of 1776. When this piece had been performed four nights, I left the care of it to Mr. Foote, who promised to do every thing handsome in it, and went to France. The moment my back was turned however, he forgot his promise; for he only performed it once more, and I reaped no manner of emolument from it whatever. Indeed, every thing, about this time, went at sixes and sevens with him, for he never "joyed himself," after the business of the coachman. On the words I had a loss, and the music was never published.

47, 48, 49, 50. Business for Sadlers Wells. Mr. King did not call on me for more work this year.

[To be concluded in our next]

MR. MOSCHELES.

It is with sincere pleasure, that we are able, on the most unquestionable authority, to contradict the rumours which have been spread of the death of the celebrated Moscheles. In a very recent letter, dated from Prague, the latter end of March, he thus writes to one of his friends in London: "With the return of spring I feel my health fast recovering, and I begin to devote myself to my art; but to undertake a journey of any great distance is contrary to the advice of my medical advisers." He continues by saying, that it is his intention to make a tour from Carlsbad, to Dresden, Leipzig, Berlin, Hamburg, and from the latter place to London. It is on the authority of his own letter, that we give this information to our readers, and nothing has prevented his visiting London this season, but the severe malady which attacked him on his arrival at his native town of Prague, where he hoped to enjoy, for a short time, in the midst of his family, that domestic happiness which a long separation has deprived him of for many years.

R. S.

ACCOUNT OF SAVERIO MERCADANTE.

SAVERIO MERCADANTE was born in Naples, in 1798. He studied music under Zingarelli, in the *Conservatorio San Sebastiano*. In the beginning, he devoted himself to instrumental music for the space of six years, during which time he composed several overtures, ballet music, military airs, &c. It was at the earnest recommendation of Zingarelli, that he at last turned his atten-

tion to vocal composition. Incited by such high encouragement, he produced, first, in 1818, a grand cantata, entitled *L'Unione delle belli Arte*, for the *Teatro Fondo*, which met with a very favourable reception. After this, he obtained an engagement at the *Teatro San Carlo*, when his first opera, entitled *L'Apoteosi d'Ercole*, obtained considerable applause, and was said to augur well of his future success as a composer. It was on the first representation of this opera, that the young composer was called for by the public at the conclusion of a tarzetta, which was enthusiastically encored. In the same year, 1819, he composed for the *Teatro Nuovo*, the opera buffa *Violenza e Costanza*, which also met with a very flattering reception. In 1820, another opera was given by him in *San Carlo*, entitled *Anacreonte in Samo*. After this, he went to Rome, and composed for the *Teatro Valle*, an opera buffa, called *Il Geloso raveduto*; and in the Carnival of 1821; the opera seria *Scipione in Cartagina*, for the *Teatro Argentino*. In the same year, he produced, in Bologna, the opera seria *Maria Stuart*, as also the opera called *Eliza e Claudio*, for the same theatre. In the Carnival of 1822, he composed the opera seria *Andronico* for the *Teatro Fenice* at Venice.

On *Eliza e Claudio*, which was produced at our Opera last season, and experienced a failure, a foreign Journal has the following remarks. "In spite of the flattering reception which this opera received, both at Bologna and Milan, we cannot but express our unbiassed opinion, that it bespeaks but little of the hand of a master, though Paer, Generali, and Rossini excepted, he is considered as one of the most promising living composers of Italy. As to genius and creative powers, to judge from this specimen, M. Mercadante is entirely deficient of these first of requisites. He is almost wholly an imitator, and frequently a copyist of the ancient and modern Italian and German music. However, it must be allowed, that there is a considerable portion of song about his music; and this, together with a showy accompaniment, may account for the favourable reception it experienced. The predominant features of the music are altogether of the Rossini cast, though Cimarosa occasionally peeps forth too strongly not to be at once recognised; it is a Rossinian structure, with Cimarosa looking out at one of the windows. For the rest, we are every now and then reminded of Paisiello, Generali, Coccia, Haydn's *Creation*, the *Tito* and *Flauto Magico* of Mozart, and heaven knows who else. We pass over the musical offences against the words; they are so fashionable in modern Italian music, that it would be endless to notice them. M. Mercadante is extremely fond of the kettle-drum, where we are least prepared to hear it: but most of all is its introduction unpardonable in the first very pathetic duet, between the father and son. As we are upon the subject of this duet, there is another point to which we would call the attention of the masters of the present day. The second part repeats at the beginning the *motivo* of the first, to words that convey quite a different sense, while not even a different accompaniment is thought of, which might tend, in some degree at least, to soften down the inconsistency. But our opera composers in general, whether it be from ignorance or neglect, pay but little regard to the words; hence we hear so few concerted pieces that really merit that name. But to return to Mercadante; Who would believe it? this young composer begins already in a very praise-worthy manner to imitate Rossini in another particular. In the opera before us, he has actually made use of pieces from his for-

mer operas, which he has disbed up anew with all the *finesse* of an adept in the art. That it is possible to compose, in this manner, much more expeditiously, is a self-evident truth; but whether we should be made to pay a first-rate price for second-hand articles, is a question we leave to the decision of the musical forum."

MUSICAL DISCOVERIES IN THE AMBROSIAN LIBRARY. &c.

The success that has attended the researches of the celebrated scholar Angelo Majo, in the department of classical literature, has stimulated others to explore this grand depository of the learning of past ages, in order to illustrate the history of other branches of knowledge. In the HARMONICON of last year, page 162, we gave an account of the recovery of a musical MS., for which writers upon this art, had long sought in vain. An opportunity is now afforded us, of making our readers who are curious in such matters, acquainted with some further discoveries that have lately been made in this library, of which the following are the most interesting.

1. *Codex R. 47.* A MS. of the fourteenth century, which contains several mathematical treatises of the English Franciscan monk, Roger Bacon, among which is also one upon music, entitled, "Opusculum valde atile de musica." It is written in abbreviations which are very difficult to be deciphered, and fills twenty-eight folio pages. This treatise is not contained in the edition of Bacon's works, edited by Samuel Jebbe, M. D., and printed in London, 1773, folio. The following are the subjects treated of, the titles of some of which are inserted in the margin. Page 43, (*De numero*), which begins as follows: "Consequenter de numero aliquantulum similiter prout ad principale intentum sufficit, explicemus. Et primò interpretando, secundò definiendo, tertio dividendo, sicut prius fecimus, procedamus. Dicitur autem numerus, sicut Grammatici dicunt, à Numa Pompilio, imperatore Romano, qui numerum primum dicitur invenisse. Cum tamen Hugo de St. Victore in didascalon dicat arithmeticon à Pythagora primum fuisse inventum," &c.

Page 44, (*Sonus quid sit.*) "Post soni derivationem ejus definitio subjungatur. Est enim sonus secundum Boethium," &c.

Page 45. "Quot requiruntur ad complementum soni: quare aer recipit species sensibilium," &c.

Page 46. "Multiplex finis soni musici. — Divisio soni," &c.

Page 47. "Quid sit musica. Divisio musicæ."

Page 48. "Quomodo pulsus sive arteriæ musicæ moveantur. De secundo vero promissionis quomodo natura musicæ in pulsu inveniantur, sicut dicunt Galienus et Avicenna."

Page 49. "De genere musico instrumentali."

Page 5. "De consonantiis." In this page is the following figure:



Page 52-53. "De dissonantiâ, Diatesseron. Sex-

quialtera, Sexquitercia, &c. De superbi partiente." &c., where among other things, mention is made of "Tertia, sexta, septima et omnes hujusmodi dissonantiæ," &c.

Page 54. "Quare ex Diapason et Diatesseron nulla componitur dissonantia."

Page 55. "Quanto chorda superat aliam in longitudine, tanto superatur ab eadem in soni altitudine. Monochordi divisio regularis."

Page 57. The following is the conclusion of the treatise: "Et quoniam talis divisio semper maximas partes quærit, ideo terminos pauciores quærendo, litteras multas omittit, utpote intergamma vel g gravem à gamma octavam sex litteras intermedias octavam tantum quærendo necessario prætermittit, quæ sunt a, b, c, d, e, f. Primus itaque modus omnes sequentes comprehendendo ad monochordum componendum est expeditior. Cum tamen ex quolibet aliorum per se cognitorum fiat evidenter."

This treatise is altogether different from that by the same writer, entitled *De valere Musices*, and is not to our knowledge quoted by any writer.

2. *Codex O, 123*, of the fourteenth century, consists of eleven pages, and contains rules for singing the Greek music, &c., with a hymn of the Greek church. The title is in Greek and begins as follows: Ἀρχὴ οὐν διὰ ἀγῶν τῶν ὁμολογῶν τῆς ἑκκλησίας τῆς ἁγίας, &c.

After this follows the order of the notes, tones, &c. The whole is interspersed with musical signs, which for the sake of distinctness, are partly written in black, and partly in red ink. It concludes with a hymn set in the music of the Greek church.

3. *Codex R. 71.* This consists of one hundred and forty parchment leaves in folio, and contains provincial songs of the fourteenth century, partly with music.

In the library of the Marchese Gian Giacomo Trivulzio, of this city, there is a beautiful musical MS. of ninety-five parchment leaves in folio, by a priest of the name of Florentius, of the fifteenth century. The title-page, which has two divisions, is highly ornamented with miniature paintings and figures, of the school of Leonardo da Vinci, one of which contains the portrait of this celebrated painter. The notes, the Guidonian hand, and the other musical signs that occur in the text, are nearly all in gold. The text itself is also very clear. On one side of the above described title are the words: "Florentii Musici, Sacerdotisque ad illustriss. et ampliss. Dom. et D. Ascanium Mariam Sforziam, Vicecomitem ac Sancti Viti Diaconum Cardinalem digniss. Liber musices incipit." On the other side: "Florentinus Musicus et sacerdos illius an ampliss. Ascanio Cardinali Domino suo S."

From this title it may be conjectured, that the MS. was written in 1492. Then follows the dedication, after which a short index of the names contained in the text, and a table of contents. The Musical Treatise is in three books, which are subdivided into several chapters. The principal heads of the subjects treated are as follows: "De laudibus, virtute, utilitate et effectu musices. Quid sit musica; unde dicatur. De tribus musices generibus. Quid vox; unde dicatur, et quot ejus species. Quomodo in manu musices litteræ vocesque ordinantur. De Mutationibus. De signis acumen gravitatemque significantibus, et eorum officio. Quare in b, fa, mi, non fit commutatio. De Modis. De cognoscendis Antiphonis et aliis cantibus ecclesiasticis. De modo figurando notulas. De conjunctis. De consonantiis. De contrapuncto. De Compositione. De Neuma et Cadentia. De cantu figurato," &c.

REVIEW OF MUSIC.

**RICCIARDO E ZORAIDE, *Dramma in due Atti*, del
SIGNOR GIOACCHINO ROSSINI.**

THE first performance of this semi-serious opera took place at Naples, in 1818. It was introduced into England last year; by Madame Camporese, who, availing herself of the privilege granted to the *prima-donna*, of selecting a piece for her benefit, brought it out on that occasion at the King's theatre*. So little effect did it produce here, that we deemed it advisable to defer, for a time at least, a review of it: but the revival of an opera gives something like a consequence to it, and as it has been re-produced, in the vain hope that Mad. Colbran would gain for it more popularity than Mad. Camporese could obtain, we feel it incumbent on us now to notice it in this part of our publication.

Ricciardo e Zoraide is composed for five principal voices;—*Zoraide*, a Soprano; *Zomira*, a Mezzo-Soprano; *Agorante* and *Ricciardo*, Tenors, and *Ircano* a Bass. It is in two acts, the first consisting of an overture and eight pieces, and the second of four.

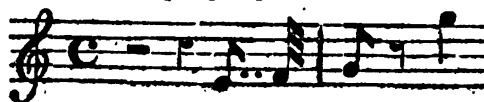
The overture hardly deserves the name; it should be considered as a part of the *Introduzione*.—We shall now follow the order and numbers of the author's score.

1. The *Introduzione*, comprising a martial chorus, formed of very original materials, and a recitative and aria for *Agorante*, which are followed by a renewal of the chorus. The second movement of the *Aria* in A flat, is the best part of it, and has some ingenious accompaniments.

2. A Chorus, intermixed with a few bars of air for *Zoraide* and her attendant, *Fatima*. The whole of this is very common-place.

3. A Duet for *Zoraide* and *Zomira*. The second movement, "*Qual insultante orgoglio*," an *andante*, is expressive, particularly a repetition of the subject in the minor key. This part, detached from the rest, is well adapted for amateur performers.

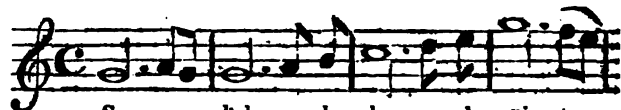
4. Terzetto, "*Cruda sorte*!" sung by *Zoraide*, *Zomira* and *Agorante*, is decidedly the most popular thing in the opera, and that upon which its success may be said to depend. It is in two movements, both in G major; the first *maestoso*, the second *vivace*. The former is full of bold originality and musical beauty; the very opening announces it as an offspring of genius:—



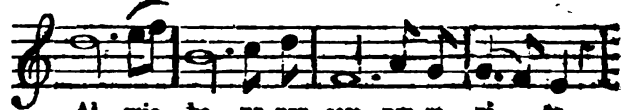
Cruda - sor - - - te!

after modulating delightfully through various keys, it arrives at a close in A flat, when a chorus, sung behind the scenes, unexpectedly breaks in. At the conclusion of

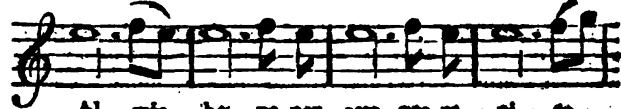
the latter, the second movement of the terzetto follows, composed upon the subjoined subject:—



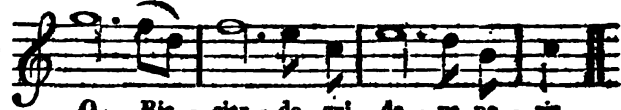
Sa - - ra l'al - ma de - lu - ca acher - ti - ta,



Al mio be - ne per sem - pre ra - pi - ta,



Al mio be - ne per sem - pre ra - pi - ta,



O Ric - ciar - do qui do - ve pe - ris.

This melody is sung by the three voices in succession, and whether publicly or privately performed, always is sure of gaining the admiration of its hearers. However Rossini had used it, or something very like it, before, and has not scrupled to imitate it more than once since.

5. A Chorus, not remarkable in the vocal part, but with good accompaniments.

6. A long laboured piece, called a Duet, though almost entirely sung by *Agorante*. A good passage or two may be found in this; but upon the whole it is an ordinary composition, and has appeared in Rossini's operas, under various guises, not unfrequently.

7. A loud, long chorus.

8. *Finale* to the first act. This is altogether a fine composition; but most of it had assisted in the triumphs of Rossini, long before the appearance of this opera. The Sestetto in it, "*Confusa, Smarrita*," without any accompaniment, in the manner of an English glee, is in a style that hitherto has never failed to produce effect on the Italian stage: but connoisseurs begin to discover a great sameness in these vocal *morceaux* of the popular *maestro*, and at length find them somewhat fatiguing. In fact, Rossini wears out his happy thoughts very fast, by a too quick and frequent display of them.

9. *Recitative and Duet*. The former has some good modulations, and the latter is pretty; but the materials are spun out much beyond their strength.

10. Duet, *Zoraide* and *Ricciardo*, "*Ricciardo! che veggo?*" The first part is a good composition in the declamatory style. The second movement, an *andante* in C minor, is novel in design, and imposing in effect; and the *Allegro* that follows it is full of passion, beauty and

* Vide, Vol. I., page 100.

science: a transition from A minor to C, at the words, "*Noi non abbiem che un cor*," is admirable.

11. *Quartett and Chorus*, "*Contro cento*." As a concerted piece, this has more quiet and tranquil charms, than any other in the opera. "*Cruda Sorte*," possesses a much larger share of fire and genius, and therefore strikes more forcibly; but those who love the calm pleasures of simple and pure harmony, will derive the greatest, and the longest continued gratification from this quartett. The opening for three voices at the words, "*Quanti dubbi, e quai sospetti*," and the unaccompanied part beginning, "*Qual inatteso fulmine*," have such intrinsic merit, that they will always be admired.

12. *The second Finale*. This is an elaborate composition, and the author has here paid more attention to the sense of the words than is usual with him; but it is overcharged with accompaniment, and long before the final note, the hearer is fatigued by the unremitting force of sound, and is eager for the relief which the fall of the curtain affords.

From this brief analysis it will appear, that there are five, or perhaps six, superior compositions in *Ricciardo*, and many may think that these are enough to stamp its reputation. But an opera must be judged of as a whole, and if the greater part be heavy and displeasing, the few good things,—though by contrast they must shine with more brilliancy at the time,—will not save the work from general neglect, should it even escape condemnation. One fault in this opera is, that, though some of the concerted pieces are excellent, there is not a single air in it that possesses any marked character. It is grievously in need of relief; even the Recitatives are all accompanied, and the mind in listening to it for nearly three hours, is wearied by an incessant combination of powerful sounds, that refuse to grant the ear one moment of repose.

1. *FANTASIA for the PIANO-FORTE*, in which is introduced the admired *ROUND*, from the *Historical Drama of CORTEZ*, composed by J. B. CRAMER. (Goulding, D'Almaine, and Co. Soho-Square.)
2. *THEME by Henry R. Bishop*, arranged as a *RONDO for the PIANO-FORTE with an INTRODUCTION*, composed by J. B. CRAMER, (published by the same.)
3. *ROMANCE*, by Henry R. Bishop, arranged as a *RONDO for the PIANO-FORTE with an INTRODUCTION*, composed by J. B. CRAMER, (published by the same.)

THEME, composed by J. B. CRAMER, (published by the same.)

THESE three pieces, the latest published works of Mr. Cramer, are adapted to the abilities of a numerous class of performers, in an age when so many attain a degree of practical excellence that, not very long since, would have been considered as almost the summit of perfection. They require neatness and delicacy, rather than rapidity and brilliancy of execution; and to give effect to them they must be played in a graceful, finished manner; in default of which, indeed, neither these, nor any of the compositions of the same author, can be performed without losing some of their most striking features, and suffering a very perceptible diminution of their beauty.

The *Fantasia* is built upon Bishop's charming *Round*, "*Yes, 'tis the Indian drum*," the subject of which will be found in the 13th number, page 5, of this work. The melody is so original, and fastens so immediately upon the hearer, that though it had fallen into less capable hands than Mr. Cramer's, something pleasing would, according to all rational calculation, have sprung out of it. Mr. C. has converted it into a very agreeable piano-forte movement of eight pages; he has modulated his theme *en reple*, through various keys, and relieved it by intervening passages, that are shewy, though not over difficult, and wherein his own peculiar style is distinctly visible. The air is preceded by a brilliant Introduction of three pages, in which the succeeding subject is slightly though skilfully touched upon.

No. 2. is the song "*He is all the world to me*," from one of Bishop's operas. The air is remarkably pretty; there is a gaiety in its style, and a pastoral simplicity in its cadences, which always engage attention and command applause. So far as the melody is concerned, it makes an excellent Rondo, and Mr. Cramer has set it off to advantage by his elegant accompaniment; but he does not appear to have put himself to much expense of thought in filling up the intervals between the recurrences of the air. What is introduced for the purpose of varying the theme and extending the matter to a sufficient length, consists of a succession of those cantering triplets of quavers, which are generally little better than an apology for the absence of that which would have required rather more exertion.

The *Romance* is a very beautiful air, of which the following bars form a part:



Mr. Cramer has bestowed more of his attention upon this subject than he seems to have afforded to No. 2, and has produced out of it a melodious trifle, in which his own genuine taste and expression appear in happy contrast to the heartless, but we hope ephemeral, style, that is just at present fashionable. The whole of this piece, with the *Introduction*, is comprised in eight pages, and may be undertaken without any fear of failure by the generality of performers.

1. **TWELFTH FANTASIA** for the PIANO-FORTE, with the favourite Themes in Rossini's *Semiramide*, composed by FERD. RIES, member of the Royal Academy in Sweden. No. 1, Op. 134. (Goulding and Co. Soho-Square.)

2. **BRILLIANT RONDO** for the PIANO-FORTE, in Bishop's Air, "When in disgrace," composed by FERD. RIES. Op. 104, No. 3. (Published by the same.)

MR. RIES excels, as we have before remarked, in the free kind of composition to which the name of *fantasia* is given; he seems quite to indulge in it: once furnished with themes, his labour appears to vanish, and the only difficulty that remains, is to confine himself within moderate limits as to duration, and to get to the final close.

The present *fantasia* is made up of subjects from the last new opera of the popular Italian composer. Mr. R. has selected seven, but not one of them is very new, though three or four are pleasing. They are most of them transposed from their original keys, an alteration almost unavoidable in a composition of this kind; and they are of course very much enlarged from the compiler's own stores. The latter parts of his task, and the blending of the themes in one continued piece, he has executed with his accustomed ingenuity, though he has introduced some few crude harmonies that we cannot reconcile to our auditory nerves.

The *Brilliant Rondo* is full of studied modulations and of passages "brilliant" enough, certainly, and therefore strictly in character with the title; but they will be found exceedingly difficult, by most who may attempt them, and are not very likely to repay in effect what they will cost in labour. This Rondo may possibly have been composed with a view to its republication in Germany, where, we have been told, piano-forte music is now valued in proportion to its difficulty; the *beautiful*, if simple, is there treated with an ill-dissembled contempt, and the *surprising* alone listened to and applauded.

1. **VARIATIONS** to a favourite Austrian Air, from the Comic Opera of *Aline*, composed by J. P. PIXIS. (Chappell and Co. 50, New Bond-street.)

2. **INTRODUCTION and VARIATIONS**, sur la Romance de Lafont, "C'est une larme," pour le Piano-Forte; composées par DUMON. Op VI. (Wessel and Stodart, 1, Soho-Square.)

PIXIS is one of the new names that Germany has recently brought forth; he is rated as a good piano-forte player, and has published many things within the last two years. Those which we have met with have chiefly been airs with variations, and generally rather in a difficult style: but the present work, though far from what is commonly called easy, is very practicable by a numerous

class of performers. The air, which is from an opera very popular on the continent, is gay and agreeable, and the five variations written upon it are shewy, though they do not display any great abundance of invention. They are however good for practice, and are within moderate bounds as to length.

M. Dumon's name is unknown to us, but his present publication makes us wish to see more of his productions, for it supplies nothing whereby his talent can be fairly estimated, and yet it tempts us to believe that he has ability, though of an eccentric kind. His ambition and enterprising spirit are clearly demonstrated in the *Introduction*, which also shows great activity in search of new harmonic effects; while it likewise betrays either great incorrectness in the engraver, or a disregard of some received maxims concerning musical composition. The air, by Lafont,—(the violin player we believe,)—is much admired in France, and is a very expressive melody. We cannot praise the variations for their simplicity or adaptation to the powers of the hand; they seem to be contrived rather to exercise the finger, and call the patience of the performer into action, than to encourage industry and gratify the ear. Though the most extraordinary feature in M. Dumon's publication is reserved for exhibition at the end of it.—The *Introduction* is in A three sharps; the air and variations,—except one in A minor,—are in the same; but the last modulates into A four flats, and actually terminates the piece in that key. This is indeed a novelty!—and we challenge any European composer, performer, music-seller, printer or collector, to produce a similar instance.

1. **DIVERTIMENTO** for the PIANO-FORTE, composed by J. A. MORALT. (Goulding and Co. Soho-Square.)

2. "And ye shall walk in silk attire," air by a Lady with an **INTRODUCTION and VARIATIONS** for the PIANO-FORTE by G. KIALLMARK. (Goulding and Co.)

3. *Isabel, the admired PAS DE DEUX*, danced by Miss Paton and Miss M. Tree, in the opera of *Native Land*, arranged for the PIANO-FORTE by G. KIALLMARK. (Goulding and Co.)

THESE three pieces will suit the same class of performers, being all in a familiar style, and easy to execute. Mr. Moralt's *Divertimento* consists of an *Introduction*, a *March* and *Trio*, and a *Polacca*. The latter is a very lively movement, well adapted to those who like to run over the keys with some appearance of brilliancy, but without the trouble of much previous practice.

No. 2 is not the Scottish air published in our fifteenth number, nor by any means equal to it, either in pathos or melody: nevertheless it has been sung in many places and not without applause. Mr. Kiallmark has put four variations to it, and has prefaced it by an introductory movement; but neither the variations nor the *Introduction* have any pretence to novelty, though they are rather pretty, and are equal to the majority of things of this kind that are constantly issuing from the musical press.

The *pas de deux* from *Native Land* is admired, not for its music, but because danced by two such popular performers as Misses Paton and M. Tree. The air, for which Mr. Kiallmark is not responsible, is an imitation of the well-known *guaracha*, but a very humble imitation of that characteristic and pleasing Spanish melody. We know not who is answerable for the harmonizing of the

subject; whoever it may be, ought to revise his work, and by making it conformable to undisputed rule, render it more agreeable to the ear. In the second variation is the following passage:—



and at page 7 this harmony appears;—



These are, very likely, oversights, but are very injurious to the taste of young performers, and should be guarded against.

1. A MILITARY DIVERTIMENTO for the PIANO-FORTE, composed by M. C. WILSON. (Clementi and Co.)
2. The popular AIR, "Oh! say not woman's heart is bought," composed by WHITAKER, arranged with an INTRODUCTION and EIGHT VARIATIONS, with accompaniments for the Flute and Violoncello, by SAMUEL GOADBY. (Whitaker and Co. 75, St. Paul's Church Yard.)
3. THEMA with variations for the PIANO-FORTE, by C. MAVIUS, JUN. (Preston, 71 Dean Street Soho.)
4. RONDO BRILLANTE, composed and arranged for the PIANO-FORTE, by T. S. ROBBENS. (A. Loder, Orange Grove, Bath.)

MR. WILSON'S Divertimento is a march of eight pages, the ground-work of which is a good subject, by Mr C. Horn, preceded by a short Introduction. Much of whatever merit may be ascribed to this piece, should be placed to the account of the latter gentleman, who, in furnishing the theme, supplied almost every thing, Mr. Wilson having augmented it by scarcely any thing else than a succession of those mawkish triplets, the very sight of which is enough to breed a fit of ennui. The few passages of another description that are added, are appropriate, and the whole divertimento is at least easy for the performer.

No. 2 is a very sweet air, and the variations have considerable merit; that is, they are superior to most of the things going by the same name, that pass under our view. This is, properly speaking, a trio, for the flute and violoncello accompaniments are *obbligati*, though not so announced in the title-page. It altogether makes a very

pleasing domestic piece, fit for three moderate proficient on the respective instruments for which it is arranged.

No. 3 is the work of an aspiring and dashing candidate for musical fame, but not of an experienced harmonist, or a practised composer.

Mr. Robbins is quite as ambitious as Mr. Mavius, and is also rather deficient in that skill, which the habit of writing alone will give. But in his *Rondo brillante* we find an intelligible design, an easy, flowing air, and much future promise. His rhythm is not always quite clear, and we take this opportunity to say, that, though the most valuable and essential quality in music, it is too often found wanting in modern compositions; to which we cannot help in part attributing the failure of many that are published.

MOZART'S Six Grand Symphonies, arranged for the PIANO-FORTE, with accompaniments for the FLUTE, VIOLIN, and VIOLONCELLO, by J. N. HUMMEL, Maître de Chapelle to the Duke of Sax Weimar. No. 3. (Chappell and Co., Bond-Street.)

WE have here a continuation of the work which has already been noticed in our Review. It is continued upon exactly the same plan, and is executed, both as to the important matter of arrangement, and the less essential points of printing, paper, &c., with the same ability, care, and liberality as called forth our former praise.

The third number is the popular symphony. No. 1, in Ciacchettini's edition in score; beginning,—



The fifth number is the fine symphony in D major, and not published in the edition in score. It opens thus:—



The fourth number we have not yet received, but both that and the last are, we understand, in a forward state of preparation, and will appear immediately. When completed, this will be a work that all amateurs, and even professors, ought to possess. Indeed the symphonies thus arranged are put into a practicable state for performing; while the scores,—which are not completed,—are only to be considered as works of reference, or for the study of those who seek the depths of musical science.

1. **AMUSEMENS DE L'OPERA**, selections from the latest foreign Operas and Ballets, arranged for the PIANO-FORTE, Nos. 3, and 4, (Boosey and Co. Holles-Street.)
2. **GRAND MARCH**, in Alfred, composed by COUNT DE GALLENBERG, arranged for the FLUTE and PIANO-FORTE, by Antonio Diabelli, of Vienna. (Wessel and Stodart, Soho-Square.)
3. Cocks's collection of **FOREIGN MARCHES** for the PIANO-FORTE, by the most celebrated composers. Book 2. (Cocks and Co., Princes-Street, Hanover-Square.)
4. **TERPSICHORE**, choix des pieces, tirées des Operas et Ballets, et mises pour le PIANO-FORTE. Nos. 5, and 6. (Wessel and Stodart, Soho-Square.)

THE third and fourth numbers of the *Amusemens de l'opera*, contain the Cavatinas, "*Che vide*," and "*Ah! già trascorse*;" the Terzetto, "*Soave conforto*," and "*Terra amica*," with "*Cara, deh attendimi*," (given in our 12th No.) all from Rossini's *Zelmira*. They are exceedingly well arranged,—by Leidesdorf, of Vienna, we believe,—and make excellent piano-forte pieces.

The March from the Ballet of *Alfred* is not very novel in its character, but is in a popular style, and quite easy for both instruments.

The two latter publications are for the purpose of furnishing the English amateur with the short and popular pieces from the Italian and German Operas and Ballets. The present Number of Cocks's collection, comprises Marches from *Elisabetta*, *Tancredi*, and *La Gazza Ladra*. The two numbers of Terpsichore contain a *pas de deux* from a ballet by Moscheles, and an air from *La Donna del Lago*.

1. Boosey's Selection of **AIRS VARIED, RONDOES, &c.**, for the PIANO and VIOLONCELLO, by the most admired Foreign Composers. Book I. (Boosey and Co. Holles-Street.)
2. Cocks's collection of **CHOICE PIECES** for the VIOLONCELLO and PIANO-FORTE, from the best Foreign Composers, by W. H. HAGART. Book I. (Cocks and Co.)

THE first of these is a *Rondollette* composed by R. Laska, with an accompaniment,—not actually *obligato*, but very decorative,—for the Violoncello. Though a trifle, this is the production of a master, and is a very charming composition; combining a most animating and pleasing air, with as much harmony, of the scientific kind, as the gay and easy character of the piece would justify. M. Laska, notwithstanding that he is a German, has condescended to make use of a chromatic passage from Rossini's *Zelmira*,—(see our fifteenth Number, page 46),—and with very good effect. As we much recommend this composition, to both Piano-forte and Violoncello players, we think it necessary to notice two important errors of its engraver. At page 1, 2nd base staff, bar 5, the first note should be G alone, without the E. Page 4, 2nd base staff, 2nd bar, the fifth quaver must be E natural.

No. 2 is, in fact, a duet, the violoncello being *obligato*. The principal subject of this piece is the air, "*E tu quando tornerai*," introduced in the chorus, "*Piu dolci e placido*," in *Tancredi*, and is one of the most popular things in that fine opera. It is very short and quite easy for the Piano-forte; but the Violoncello part, to

which the air is given, requires a performer of taste and feeling.

We are glad to observe how much progress this manly instrument, the Violoncello, is making. That the number of dilettanti performers on it is rapidly increasing, is apparent from the many works for it which are now publishing. We have been obliged to delay, till next month noticing several that we have received; amongst which are some that, upon a cursory view, appear to be of a superior order..

1. **FANTASIA** for the FLUTE, with an ACCOMPANIMENT for the PIANO-FORTE, in which are introduced Rode's air, with three new Variations, and an Original Bolero; by CHAS. NICOLSON: No. 7. (Clementi and Co.)
2. MAYSEDER'S First celebrated. **OLONAISE**, arranged for the FLUTE, with a PIANO-FORTE ACCOMPANIMENT, by J. C. WEIDNER. (Cocks and Co.)
3. **FLORA**, *Recueil des PIÈCES POUR LA FLUTE SEULE*, composées et arrangées par divers auteurs célèbres. No. 1, and 2. (Wessel and Stodart.)

If Mad. Catalani will venture to sing a violin air, surely the flute-player may presume to blow it. But Mad C. performs it most valorously, note for note as M. Rode plays it; while Mr. Nicolson, more prudently, adapts it to the genius of his instrument. This he has done with skill,—if it be allowed that rapid passages are calculated to shew the real beauty of the flute,—and, with the addition of a good Bolero, and a very judicious piano-forte accompaniment, has produced a composition which will be much admired by those amateurs who have arrived at a high degree of proficiency.

Weidner's arrangement of Mayseder's Polonaise is excellent: nearly all that we have said of the foregoing will apply to this; which, however, consists of but one movement.

Judging by the two first numbers of *FLORA*, it is likely to prove a good collection of short pieces for the flute, without any accompaniment. The first No. contains the favourite air in *Nina*,



with four brilliant variations by Keller.

The 2nd No. is the following air,—German, we think,—



To which the celebrated Gabrielsky has added five short, but difficult variations, in the space of two pages, and forming an extremely useful exercise.

1. BALLAD, "Only love, my love, the more," sung by Mr. Braham, written, and composed by JOHN PARRY. (Goulding and Co.)
2. SONG, "The days of our happiness," sung by Mr. Terrell, composed by CHAS. S. EVANS, of His Majesty's Chapels Royal. (Fitzwilliam and Co., New-Street Covent Garden.)
3. RECIT. and AIR, "He sought his sire," written by Mr. Montgomery, composed and sung at the Liverpool Concerts, by SAML. HENSHALL. (Fitzwilliam and Co.)
4. CANZONETTA, "The kiss, dear maid," as sung before HIS MAJESTY, by George Aspull, aged 8 years, written by Lord Byron, and composed by WILLIAM ASPULL. (Clementi and Co.)
5. SONG, "Miss Bridget Adair," composed by the same, (published by the same.)
6. SONG, "The Soldier's Adieu," composed by C. M. SOLA, (published by the same.)
7. SONG, "Henry and Susan," composed by W. I. CASTELL, (published by the same.)
8. HYMN, "Hosanna! to the Prince of Light," composed for four voices, by MARIA HINCKESMAN. (Whitaker and Co., St. Paul's Church Yard.)
9. "The Infant Vocalist," selections from the Nursery Rhymes, &c., with original airs, by ELIZ. EST. HAMMOND. (Mitchell, 28 New Bond Street.)

MR. PARRY'S Ballad is a pretty, unassuming melody, and the accompaniment, consisting of a few simple chords, is quiet, and in character with the air. This is called a 'Cambrian Ballad'; it seems to us to be entirely in the Scotch style.

No. 2 is faultless, as to composition and accent, but very common, and a few of its cadences are as old-fashioned as those that appear in the Lady's Magazine of fifty years ago.

The Introduction to the Recitative, No. 3, shews some talent for harmony, but a want of practice in it. A symphony to an air, differing in measure from the air to which it leads, is quite a new thing to us; but we neither understand the object, in the present case, of such a departure from received custom, nor do we like its effect. Both the words and music of this production are a little too bombastic for our plain understanding and simple taste.

Nos. 4 and 5 should, in common prudence, have been submitted to correction, before they were printed and distributed. We reluctantly say, that we have seldom seen two such unadvised publications.

Nos. 6 and 7 are both composed with taste. The latter by Mr. Castell, shews a good deal of strong musical feeling.

The Hymn,—for so we have called this piece, the fair author not having bestowed a title upon it,—is in $\frac{3}{4}$ time, and is the composition of a lady.

The *Infant Vocalist* is a modest publication, consisting of half a dozen pretty tunes, set to some very innocent nursery verses. Both rhymes and music are as simple as possible, and well adapted to the age and intellect of those for whom they are written. The moderate price of this little work is another recommendation of it; and is not unworthy of remark, in an age when quadrilles are sold at four shillings each.

FOREIGN MUSICAL REPORT.

VIENNA. In our last Number we mentioned the favourable reception which M. von Weber's Opera of *Euryanthe* had met with. We now extract the following criticism upon it from a Vienna Journal.—"The overture is bold and full of fire. It opens without preparation in a strongly marked allegro, in E flat major, the fundamental theme of which, is repeated in No. 4, and which progresses in grand masses of instrumental music, interrupted only by the cantilena of the middle theme in the dominant, till it gradually sinks in a cadence on the chord of the minor seventh of G flat, and concludes in a largo quartett for the stringed instruments *col sordino*. It then progresses by an enharmonic transition into B major, which is full of soft and plaintive effect. After singular modulations and a *point d'orgue* in F sharp major, the contra-basses give, at the entrance of the *tempo primo*, a fugue-theme in four parts *pianissimo*, during which the principal theme is heard with imposing effect, and closes with great spirit and grandeur. No. 1. The Introduction consists of a double chorus, which is full of grace and beauty, and is followed by a dance movement, in G major, *maestoso* $\frac{3}{4}$ time, which is full of spirit and originality. No. 2. A Romance in the true Troubadour style, in B flat major, *andante* $\frac{3}{4}$ time, which is succeeded by a short chorus. No. 3. G major, *allegro*, $\frac{3}{4}$ time, which terminates the whole introduction. No. 4. A Terzetto with chorus, A flat major, *maestoso assai* $\frac{3}{4}$ time, a grand composition, with an imposing *stretta*, the subject of which, has before been heard in the overture. No. 5. A Cavatina, *andantino* C major, $\frac{3}{4}$ time, full of pastoral simplicity. No. 6. An Aria, *agitato* E minor, $\frac{3}{4}$ time, and No. 7, duet *moderato* A minor, two compositions full of passion, with an accompaniment full of beauty and pure harmony. No. 8. A grand Scena for the heroine of the piece, *allegro fiero* E major, $\frac{3}{4}$ time, strongly expressive of the mingled passions of love, jealousy, rage, and revenge. No. 9. Finale of act 1, D major, the *chiusa* of which is one of the striking parts of the opera. The second act opens with a scene of midnight darkness, with a recitative of the bewildered hero, strongly expressive of terror. No. 10, *allegro con fuoco*, C minor, $\frac{3}{4}$ time. The intermediate passage, an *arioso cantabile*, in G major $\frac{3}{4}$ time, where his better nature seems to gain the ascendancy over his evil purpose, is truly admirable. No. 11. Duet, *allegro energico*, B flat major, $\frac{3}{4}$ time, this is a piece of the highest dramatic interest in the whole opera, of which it is impossible to convey an adequate idea in words; it must be heard in order, perfectly to comprehend its wild and striking character. No. 12. Air, *larghetto*, A flat, $\frac{3}{4}$ time, which breathes love and tenderness; the allegro movement has great truth of expression, joined to much grace and spirit. No. 13. A Duet, *vivace*, C major, $\frac{3}{4}$ time, is a masterly composition, and is felt as doubly delightful, when heard in immediate contrast with the last movement. No. 14. The Finale. The first chorus, *allegro moderato*, F major, $\frac{3}{4}$ time, has a singular effect from the broken nature of the movement; this changes into *pù mosso*, D flat major, $\frac{3}{4}$ time, displays many striking passages, and returns again to the melody of the overture, the same as in No. 4. The effect of this is happy, and shows the hand of a master, who has the whole of

his subject constantly before his eyes. This is followed by a quartett, *larghetto* A major, $\frac{3}{4}$ time; the artful manner in which the parts are blended one with the other is remarkable, for though each part seems to follow its separate *motivo*, yet they all harmonize admirably together; but it requires the utmost delicacy in the performance. The concluding chorus, in F minor, is full of beautiful harmonies and very striking in its effect. Third Act, No. 15. An introductory recitative and duet, *moderato*, A major, $\frac{3}{4}$ time, followed by an *agitato* A minor. No. 16. Air, B major. No. 17. Air, *largo* G major. All these pieces form a series of changeful passions, and the latter is happily expressive of filial piety. No. 18. A hunter's chorus, *allegro marcato*, E flat major, $\frac{3}{4}$ time, a powerful rival of the chorus of the same character in the *Freyschütz*, and which doubtless, will become as popular as the former. The eight hunting horns in echoing chorus are happily expressive of the joys of the chase. No. 19. Duet, with chorus, *larghetto* C minor, $\frac{3}{4}$ time, which properly speaking, serves as a kind of prologue to the following air, *allegro con fuoco*, C major, $\frac{3}{4}$ time, No. 20, which is expressive of high and triumphant joy. No. 21. Chorus of peasants, *allegretto* A major, $\frac{3}{4}$ time; there is great *naïveté* in this movement: the cantilena is extremely simple, and given at first in unison by soprano voices only, and the manner in which the other parts take up the subject is truly original. No. 22. A short powerful chorus, *allegro* B major, $\frac{3}{4}$ time. No. 23. A march for a nuptial procession, D major, *alla breve*, very characteristic and of a national character. The alternate interchanges of the major and minor keys are very piquant, and produce a very charming effect. No. 24. Duet, with chorusses, D major, $\frac{3}{4}$ time. This is a piece abounding with more striking effects than perhaps any other we could mention. What truth, what imposing grandeur! No. 25. Finale, *maestoso* E flat, $\frac{3}{4}$ time. The most striking part of this is a movement expressive of malignant triumph, *con furia* E major; a duet formed of fragments of the duet of the second act, C major, which terminates in a chorus; the concluding movement, *presto* E flat major, $\frac{3}{4}$ time, which is full of fire and characteristic energy."

VIENNA. Salieri still continues very much indisposed. But his illness is said to be rather that of the mind than of the body.

The operas performed here have been *La Gazza Ladra*, *La Molinara* of Paisiello, *Der Freyschütz*, *Il Don Giovanni*, and a new comic piece, founded on a French vaudeville, entitled *Ochsenmuelle*.

The celebrated Kalkbrenner has been here, and gave a concert which was well attended. It was thought that he particularly excelled in the selection he made from the compositions of Mozart.

A grand musical *Academia* was given here for the benefit of the City Hospital; the arrangement of the pieces for this occasion was as follows:

1st. PART.

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| 1. A new symphony in D, <i>allegro</i> and <i>andante</i> | Krommer. |
| 2. Aria | Rifaut. |
| 3. Concerto for the Violoncello | Merk. |
| 4. Quartett | Rossini. |
| 5. A Fantasia | Moscheles. |
| 6. A grand scena from the Opera of <i>Baal's Sturz</i>
(Fall of Baal) | Weigl. |
| 7. Finale from the same | Weigl. |

2d. PART.

- | | |
|---|-------------|
| 1. Aria | Mercadante. |
| 2. Trio for Flute, Oboe, and Trumpet by the brothers
Khayll. | |
| 3. Terzetto from <i>Ciro in Babilonia</i> | Rossini. |
| 4. A Concerto for the Violin | Mayseder. |
| 5. The Hunter-chorus from <i>Euryanthe</i> | Weber. |

BERLIN. Mozart's *Requiem* and Righini's *Te Deum*, were given in the Royal Military Chapel of this town, for the benefit of the widows and orphans of those who fell in the late war, for whom a fund is instituted here. The meeting was fully attended and completely answered the object which it was intended to promote.

The operas produced here have been Sacchini's *Oedipus en Colonne*, and the *Barbiere di Siviglia* of Rossini.

MUNICH. In speaking of *Die Müllerin*, a German journal has the following remarks: "Some one has called our town the very cradle of variations, and certainly not without foundation, for in no place of Germany or Italy, was there ever before established a school for variations, and a manufactory of *roulades*, as with us. In no place did a sonata of the throat ever call down such boisterous applauses, or draw such overflowing houses. A few of these *roulades* may be pardoned in the principal singers, but when those of the second and third order will aspire to make variations upon the simplest phrases, surely it is time for the most indulgent critic to raise his voice in reprobation of such absurdities. Relative to the disorders that have thus gained ground in song, we will take the liberty of quoting the words of a gentleman, who is at once an enlightened critic and an excellent composer.

"How, he exclaims, can the present public taste be said to have attained to the highest degree of refinement, when only gaudy and exterior forms, not intrinsic value, are required by the public; when only the former are relished, without the latter being felt; when, in the enjoyment of music, thinking and feeling are grown almost out of fashion, and hence such compositions only are applauded as excite neither ideas nor sentiments, because they possess neither the one nor the other; when, in compositions for the voice, the poem is considered only as a necessary evil, as a medium for the notes, and for the exercise of the vocal organ; when execution is every thing, invention nothing, or at least only so far something, as it affords a means to the former to dazzle by mechanical dexterity; when the notions of the style and character of music are so far confounded, or rather altogether left out of the question, that the concert is transplanted into the opera, the opera into the church, and instrumental music is sung; for to say the truth, what can be a greater proof of the most strange absurdity, of the most inconceivable depravity of taste, and deficiency of judgment that ever disgraced the art of music, than that of converting the human voice into a mere instrument? when, in a word, as a natural consequence of all we have advanced above, the beautiful works of the great classical composers, which were written for eternity, are, in a great measure, banished from the chamber, the concert and the stage, in order to make room for the ephemeral productions of the day."

MUNICH. *Abu Hassan*, one of the early compositions of C. M. v. Weber was produced here. Its texture is principally interwoven of splendid masses of harmony, with stripes of melody thinly scattered over the piece. This was followed by *Der Sänger und Schneider*, (the Singer and the Tailor,) founded on the anecdote of Farinelli, the music by Winter. The *Zoraide* of Rossini was also given here, but operas of this kind meet with but little success on our stage, a circumstance that is hailed by some as a happy omen of the approaching reign of a better taste. In addition to this, we had the *Sargino* of Paër, *Der Battelstudent*, *Il Don Giovanni*, *Figaro*, *La Donna del Lago*, *Gli Orazi e Curiaz* of Cimarosa, *La Rappressaglia*, by Stunz, and Rossini's *Pietra del paragone*, and *L'Italiano in Algeri*.

FRANKFORT. The latest operas given at this place, have been the *Libussa* of Kreutzer, the *Einsiedler* (Hermit) of Caraffa, and *Valentine von Mailand*, (*Valentine de Milan*) a posthumous work of Mehul, translated into German. This opera is said to abound with beautiful airs far above the common order, and was received with general approbation. *Siegmar*, an opera by Kapellmeister Guhr, has also been revived, and with so many alterations and additions as almost to amount to a new composition.

BOLOGNA. Allusions have been before made to the present melancholy state of church music in Italy, and it has been observed that all the prohibitions of the high church authorities against introducing profane music in the holy temples are of no effect. But this is not the only evil. As the festivals of the Catholic church are numerous, there exist many bunglers in music in every town and village, who patch together a few meagre pieces *alla Rossini*, and defraud the meritorious church composer of his just dues. In order to prevent such abuses, the cardinal Archbishop Obbizzoni has issued a circular to all priests and rectors of churches, in which he alludes to the existing statutes of the *Accademia de' Filarmonici*, and insists that they shall be rigorously adhered to. According to these, of the three classes of *Maestri Compositori*, viz., the *numerarij*, *sopranumerarij* and *onorarij*, only the first have the exclusive right to direct the music in the churches, and the *sopranumerarij*, only in case of a deficiency of the former; for which purpose a list of the names of the *numerarij* is added to the circular. The following paragraph bears upon the subject of these abuses: "We therefore take advantage of this opportunity to remind *Maestri di Musica*, organists, and all whose duty it is to attend to the good order and arrangement of the ecclesiastical *funzioni* (festivities,) that church music ought to be maintained in all its gravity and majestic solemnity, and not be confounded with that of a profane or theatrical character. Let it therefore be the special duty, as well of the arrangers and executors of church music, as of those to whom the regulation of the churches themselves belong, to avoid all such music as recalls to mind dances or operas, or any other sentiments than of that devotion and collectedness of mind which is suited to the temple of the Lord."

We cannot let the mention of this subject pass, without quoting a whimsical passage relative to the abuse of church music, which occurs in an old tract of the sixteenth century, entitled: *Delle Lettere volgari di diversi nobilissimi uomini ed eccellentissimi ingegni*. Venezia, 1567. In a letter upon music, at page 216, the writer observes, "They will sometimes say, 'Ah, what beautiful music has been sung at chapel to day!' 'Well, and what have you heard?'—They will reply, either the *Armed man*, or *Hercules*, or *The Duke of Ferrara*. What the deuce can the mass have to do with the *Armed man*, with *Hercules*, or the *Duke of Ferrara*? Surely devout music, a due recollection of mind, a fervent devotion and genuine piety, can have but little connexion with your *Armed man*, and your *Duke of Ferrara*!"

PARIS. April. Signor Barbaja has quitted the direction of the grand Opera at Naples; his successor is Mr. Glossop. This Englishman is at the same time contractor for the Theatre of Milan, and wishes to add to it those of Rome and Venice. The English, who hold so great a share of the commerce, strive nevertheless, to place themselves at the head of all the arts in Europe! The trade in female singers they take up instead of their traffic in slaves.

At the head of the company of which M. Barbaja is still director, and which he must take to Vienna, and afterwards to St. Petersburg, is that celebrated singer, Madame Mainville Fodor. Shall we never again see her in France? Mesdames Comelli, Dardonelli, Ferlotti, M.M. David, Robini and Lablache, form part of the company, which, we are assured, is the best in all Italy.

The young Sagrini, thirteen years old, professor of the guitar, gave a concert on the 15th of March, in the hall of Mons. Pfeiffer, *rue Montmartre*. The extraordinary and precocious talent of this young artist, has been attended by the most brilliant success. At the court of Turin, he astonished and charmed the most distinguished connoisseurs, and the same effect was re-produced at Paris.

THE ANCIENT CONCERTS.

FIFTH CONCERT.

Under the direction of the Earl of Darnley, concert of Ancient Music, Wednesday, March the 31st, 1824.

ACT I.

Overture. } (Alex. Balus.) Handel.
Chorus. Flush'd with conquest. }
Glee. Here in cool grot. } Earl of Mornington.
Recit. acc. Me, when the sun.
Song. Hide me from day's. }
Recit. But let my due feet. } (Il Penseroso.) Handel.
Chorus. There let the pealing.
Air and Cho. These pleasures. }
Concerto 5th. (Grand.) Handel.
Recit. acc. Now strike the golden.
Chorus. Break his bands. } (Alex.'s Feast) Handel.
Recit. acc. Hark! the horrid sound.
Song. Revenge! Timotheus cries. }
Grand Coronation Anthem. The king shall. Handel.

ACT II.

Overture. (Otho.) Handel.
Duet. O deliver me. } (Psalm VII.) Marcello.
Duet and Chorus. I will give. }
Glee. A gen'rous friendship. Webb.
Scene from *Tyrannic Love*. Purcell.
Concerto 11th. Geminiani Corelli.
Selection from the Oratorio of *Israel in Egypt*. Handel.

The fifth concert was decidedly the best we have yet heard this season:—The overture to *Alexander Balus* was followed by a good noisy, heathenish chorus enough, but we have once before remarked that it would be more judicious to introduce these kind of chorusses only when they are to be succeeded by some solemn invocation to the deity.—Handel has generally so contrived it, producing that effect of contrast which is at once a proof of his great judgment, and the versatility of his genius.—Lord Mornington's airy and fanciful glee "Here in cool grot," led us not inaptly to the heavenly recitative and air, "Hide me from day's garish eye."—It is, with scarcely any exception, the most deliciously soothing strain we ever heard, and Miss Stephens sung it better than we ever heard her perform it before.—She evidently felt every note. In the chorus "There let the pealing organ blow;" the organ *ad libitum* between each strain would have made a much more solemn impression, had the able conductor been less lavish of accompaniment with the right hand. If it were meant to

"Dissolve us into ecstasies
And bring all heaven before our eyes,"—

we must candidly confess that the effect was just the reverse. The last movement, "These pleasures melancholy give," might indeed "Take the imprison'd soul and lap it in Elysium." It is beyond all praise, and Mr. Greateorex's management of the pianos and fortes, does him the highest credit. The 5th *Grand* we have heard better played. The scene from *Alexander's feast* we pass over, and come to the Coronation Anthem, "The King shall rejoice," closing a very fine first act. This sublime composition is too well known to demand any particular observation on its merits. It is, from the first bar to the last, pre-eminently grand and characteristic, and the delicious quartetto "Exceeding glad shall he be," was never more chastely or feelingly sung.

The duet and chorus of Marcello which followed the overture *Otho* in the second act, is of a superior order to the pieces we have of late heard of that composer; but Mr. Lindley's flourishing Cadenza to the Symphony was, in every point of view, objectionable, not to say offensive; but it shows, alas! the all-prevailing power of vanity over men of the highest talent. It is quite impossible that Mr. Lindley's soberer judgment could have suggested a *capriccio* as a precursor to very sacred

words; but the opportunity of challenging that applause which he well knew he should receive from a certain part of his audience, was not to be resisted. The winding up the anthem, "I will sing praises," was very fine, and put us a little in mind of the fine point "Unto the Lord of Hosts," in the chorus "Your Harps and Cymbals." — Though meddling with Purcell be as dangerous as meddling with Shakspeare, yet we cannot withhold our congratulations from Mr. Greatorox on the complete success of his additions, vocal and instrumental, to "Hark! my Daridcar,"—they are most tastefully and judiciously made; particularly the introduction of the tenor part for Vaughan, which, without in the least disturbing our great countryman's delightful melody, fills up and greatly enriches the harmony.

The close of this selection, a rich scene from Israel in Egypt, would have sent us away in high gratification, had the duet, "The Lord is a man of war," been omitted. There must be some wheel-within-wheel-work, in this Mr. Wheeler's case, or he would not be thus allowed to "push established singers from their stools;" for Bellamy is assuredly the legitimate successor to Bartleman.—We were sorry too for Mr. John Sale, the more so, as we are seldom gratified in hearing his melodious voice and chaste singing, except in some *O Nanny* glee. To the succession of sublime choruses that followed the *Hailstones*, we can only add our general meed of praise and admiration; for to particularize would take up more time and space than we can spare. Those who wish to hear such perfect compositions performed in a perfect manner, should frequent the Concert of Ancient Music.

SIXTH CONCERT.

Under the direction of the Earl of Derby, Concert of Ancient Music, Wednesday, April the 7th. 1824.

ACT I.

Opening and Cho. <i>Te Deum laudamus.</i>	}	Graun.
Duet. <i>Te ergo quæsumus.</i>		
Chorus. <i>Te gloriosus apostolorum.</i>	}	Guglielmi.
Recit. acc. <i>Tranquillo in son.</i>		
Song. <i>Ombra adorata.</i>	}	Ricciotti.
Concerto 2nd.		
Selection from a Service.	}	Jomelli.
Scenes. <i>Already acc.</i>		
Grand Chorus. <i>How excellent.</i>	(Saul.)	Handel.

ACT II

Overture.	(<i>Ariadne.</i>)	Handel.
Duetto. <i>Qual analante.</i>	}	Marcello.
Song. <i>Come, thou goddess.</i>		
Chorus. <i>Haste thee, nymph.</i>	(<i>L' Allegro.</i>)	Handel.
Ode. <i>Hence, all ye vain delights.</i>	}	Webbe.
Song. <i>Softly rise.</i>		
Chorus. <i>Ye southern breezes.</i>	(<i>Solomon.</i>)	Dr. Boyce.
Concerto 2nd.	(<i>Grand.</i>)	Handel.
Sicilian Hymn. <i>O sanctissima!</i>	}	Handel.
Song. <i>I know that my Redeemer.</i>		
Grand Cho. <i>Worthy is the.</i>	(<i>Messiah.</i>)	

The sixth concert did not quite answer our expectations, and we lament to find ourselves already in the middle of our course with so little novelty to mention, and that little, of a very meagre description.

The opening of Graun's *Te Deum* has been so generally admired, and, really, too, by good judges, that we shall not presume to find fault. — Considered abstractedly, the music is certainly striking, still we think the style too operatical, and the instrumental accompaniments too light for the subject:—The strain should be an exulting one, no doubt, but let us remember it is the lifting up of the heart and voice to God. Mrs. Salmon could not be expected to do much with Guglielmi's song, for, to say the truth, we have heard far better specimens of his taste and fancy; there is really nothing praise-worthy in it. Ricciotti's Concertos are good compositions, but are not so well

calculated for a large, as for a small, band; the parts for the violins are so beautifully interwoven with each other that they require the most delicate and correct execution, and we have been better pleased with the charming concerto now under our consideration, when we have heard it played by a few choice performers at a private party. Jomelli's *Sanctus* was the great treat of the evening; for though not a novelty, it is of that choice description of Italian Church Music which we can always listen to with rapture, and never tire. The opening is astonishingly grand and impressive. The first act closed upon us with the opening chorus in *Saul*, preceded by that delicious bit, "Welcome, welcome, mighty king."

Come we now to act the second. After the overture to *Ariadne* and *Qual analante*, arose poor Vaughan, looking as "melancholy as a lover's lute," to sing for the 150th time "Come, come thou goddess,"—the chorus singers too *Ho hoed* away in the laughing chorus with most grave and decorous correctness. After so much jollity, it was time, for variety's sake, to treat us with a little in the mournful style, and Webbe's "Ode to melancholy," was most happily thought of: we must not, however, play with edged tools here, for this said ode is one of those admirable efforts of genius which it would be as stupid in us to condemn, at any time, or any where, as it is useless to praise. It was well sustained throughout by the principal singers. The *Second Grand* of Handel was, and is always, a great treat. The concluding fugue is the most spirited movement of the kind we ever heard; the double subject is admirably contrasted. Miss Stephens's "I know that my Redeemer," is *Sanctissima* and *purissima*: we have again the satisfaction of bearing testimony to her chaste and feeling style:—she sung the heavenly air, if not with the energy and lofty fulness of voice of the never-to-be-forgotten *Mara*, with equal if not superior, reverential simplicity. But what a conclusion of the Concert. The brightest jewel in Handel's diadem reserved to send the *Ancients* bustling and chattering away! Where was "Aloud let acclamations," or "Tyrants?" but to place the matchless winding up of the *Messiah* at the tag end,—O misery!—

"Take any shape but that!"

Handel could not help terminating his *Oratorio* with it; but as a detached piece, it ought to be introduced anywhere, rather than in the place of a voluntary to play the company to their carriages.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

FOURTH CONCERT, Monday, 5th of April, 1824.

ACT I.

Sinfonia in D.	Spohr.
Quartetto, <i>Cielo il mio labbro</i> , Mrs. Salmon, Miss Goodall, Signor Garcia and Signor Piacci	Rossini.
(<i>Bianca e Faliero</i>)	
Trio, Piano-forte, Violin, and Violoncello, Messrs. Neate, Mori, and Lindley	Mayseder.
Scena, <i>Ah perfida</i> , Signor Garcia	Beethoven.
Overture, <i>Fanciulla</i>	Cherubini.

ACT II.

Sinfonia in E-flat	Mozart.
Recit. and Air, "If guiltless blood," Mrs. Salmon (Susanna)	Handel.
Quartetto in D. Minor, two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello. Messrs. F. Cramer, W. Griesbach, R. Ashley, and Lindley	
Terzetto, <i>Se al volto</i> , Mrs. Salmon, Miss Goodall, and Sig. De Begnis (<i>La Clemenza di Tito</i>)	Mozart.
Overture, <i>Fidelio</i>	Beethoven.

Leader, Mr. Loder.—Conductor, Mr. Bishop.

Amongst the living composers of orchestral music, Spohr stands very high; his science, his knowledge of the powers of

various instruments, his elegant taste and indefatigable industry in revising his compositions, and in giving the highest finish to them, altogether impart a charm to his productions, which, if it be not felt and admitted by the multitude, is enjoyed and acknowledged by connoisseurs; and the grand test of his intrinsic merit is, that the more he is heard, the more he is admired. His works certainly are much elaborated, and it requires no slight knowledge of the art to be enabled to appreciate them. This is particularly the case with the symphony performed at the fourth concert, which does not unfold all its beauties to the un instructed hearer, but to skilful judges,—or, at least, to the majority of them,—it affords a high intellectual pleasure.

The beautiful quartett, *Cielo il mio labbro inspira*, failed in the performance: Mrs. Salmon became somewhat confused in it, and her want of firmness,—of which there is seldom any reason to complain,—communicated itself to the others; insomuch that, at the conclusion, the audience expressed,—some positively, others negatively,—their displeasure.

The trio by Mayseder is, like nearly all his music, distinguished for its levity and prettiness. It was executed with the utmost correctness, and, doubtless, strictly according to the author's intention, as Mr. Neate was, we are informed; personally acquainted with him at Vienna.

The *Scena*, "*Ah! perfida*" is a composition of Beethoven not generally known, nor will it ever be; for it can only be well understood by good musicians, who have some acquaintance with the Italian language. We can hardly point out so expressive a recitative, and so passionate an air. Garcia, in spite of a most severe cold, sang it with an energy, feeling, and taste, that we have never heard surpassed.

The overture to *Faniska* is exceedingly clever and original, but to please, it ought to be known almost by heart. There is great meaning in it, but the design is not very apparent at the first or second hearing. The symphony in E flat of Mozart is so universally admired, that any eulogium of it is now superfluous.

The introduction of the pathetic and lovely air from Handel's *Susanna*, is much to the credit of the managers, and Mrs. Salmon did it justice. Good music is not confined to time or place; we should be glad to hear Palestrina and Rossini on the same night, and are proud to say, that we derive as much pleasure from Handel's compositions as did Mozart, the greatest of modern musicians. The name of the latter leads us at once to the quartett played by Mr. F. Cramer, &c. A more chaste and finished performance was never heard at these concerts: no trick, no jirking, no squeaking; all pure and rational.

We wish that Italian music were always given to Italians to sing, when possible; and English music, to the English;—we mean, that music in which there is any thing like dialogue to support, and in which a thorough knowledge of the language is necessary to the effect. For want of attention to such a rule as this, the expressive Terzetto of Mozart lost some of its beauty.

We have, upon a former occasion, spoken of Beethoven's overture to *Fidelio*, as a remarkably fine dramatic composition. It is full of musical imagery.

CONCERTS SPIRITUELS.

These concerts went on to the end of the Lent season, Mad. Catalani being the chief, if not the only, vocal attraction which they could boast; and even this support failed on the last night, when, in consequence of indisposition, she was incapacitated from performing. This circumstance not having been announced in so public a manner as the nature of the case demanded, produced a violent clamour in the theatre, and Mad. Catalani was, after much interruption, and a long suspension of the concert, obliged to appear, *en deshabille*, accompanied by her medical adviser. Her appearance, and the statement of her attendant, then convinced the audience of the truth of her excuse, though they were not less indignant at having paid their money in vain.

The instrumental part of these performances has been excellent; with such a band as that of the opera, nothing less was to

be expected, and had the vocal department been properly attended to, and the whole managed with ability, the undertaking must have proved a very profitable one. The most successful effort of this fine orchestra was made in the performance of a movement in a new national symphony by Mr. Clementi, in which he introduces "*God save the King*" in an uncommonly scientific and ingenious manner, and with the happiest result. The same thing, however, had been done by Mr. Attwood, in his anthem performed at the coronation; the merit, therefore, of originating the thought, is due to the latter.

THE DRAMA.

THE KING'S THEATRE.

The Fanatico per la Musica found little or no favour on its revival, as we predicted. It was performed a few nights, for want of something else, and was then succeeded by Rossini's *Barbiere di Siviglia*, which was so gotten up, that it would not have endured a second representation, but for the disordered state of the vocal troop, which made it necessary to go on with this opera rather than shut up the house. Mad. Ronzi de Begnis has been confined to her room from the commencement of the season:—Signor Rossini and the other managers do not act together with perfect cordiality, and Mad. Colbran Rossini is much indisposed. Signor Garcia sang in spite of a cold, till he was obliged to withdraw for a time, leaving *Il Conte*, in the *Barbiere*, to Curioni; who, in his turn, was obliged to announce himself on the list of invalids, and in consequence, M. Begrez was engaged, that no further delay might take place in the bringing out of *Otello*, the opera chosen by Madame Pasta for her re-appearance in London. We concur so entirely in the following account of Mad. Pasta, and of her debut, given in a morning paper, that we beg leave to extract it, making a few verbal alterations.

"In the year 1817, when the Italian opera was rescued, by a new system of management, from impending destruction; a company was formed, which, for efficiency,—for the performance of really good music,—exceeded, beyond all compare, any that had before been collected together. In it were numbered Signors Crivelli, Ambrogetti, and Angriasani; Mesdames Fodor, Camporese, and Pasta, the two latter of whom had never before appeared on any stage.

"Madame Pasta was then only in her eighteenth year, and though she could not, at so early an age, and without any musical experience, compete with the two other admirable female singers, yet she shewed, most distinctly, the possession of a talent that wanted only a little time and culture, and a fair opportunity for displaying itself. She left England at the close of the season, and retired to Italy, where she devoted the whole of her time to study, and to the hearing of the best performers, but without the interference of any master.

"In 1823 she returned to the stage, and chose Paris as the place of her second debut, where she immediately produced a great sensation, and has ever since been rising in popularity, not only with the French, but with all the foreign visitors at that capital. Here, it is said, a Noble Marquess—who is supposed to be active in the direction of the King's Theatre this season,—heard her, and took immediate steps for bringing her to London; in consequence whereof, she re-appeared amongst us on Saturday the 24th of March, in the character of *Desdemona*, in Rossini's *Otello*.

"Madame Pasta's voice is a *mezzo-soprano*, its compass is extensive, and, though not strong, has quite power enough, except in the concerted pieces, in which she cannot contend successfully against the combined sounds of the other singers, and the thunder of the Orchestra. Her tones are rich and sweet, except when she forces them, and though devoid of that clearness and vibration which the real Soprano,—Madame Ronzi, for instance,—possesses, yet they are well suited to her style of singing, and to the characters which she will probably undertake. Her intonation is unimpeachable; we did not discover one false

note escape from her during the whole evening. Her style is pure, it is totally divested of all the spurious finery, the gew-gaw, that has been so prevalent lately. She adds very little to what "is set down" for her, and that little is not only in good taste, but in a taste that has a great deal of originality in it. Some modest ornaments, which she introduced in a most unpretending manner, went to the heart of every true lover of Song.

"As an actress Mad. Pasta is not less worthy of distinction; her expression and gesture are in excellent keeping with her singing; all three are the offspring of a deep feeling and a correct judgment. In figure she is rather below the middle size, but is exceedingly well proportioned. It may be recollected that her first appearance in this country was in male attire, and her form was then greatly admired. Her features are regular and expressive, and her whole countenance indicates a genius for the serious, rather than the comic drama."

Nothing could be more encouraging than Mad. Pasta's reception, and at the end of the opera she was called for, and shewed herself again on the stage, when she was received with acclamations.

DRURY-LANE AND COVENT-GARDEN THEATRES.

Since our last, nothing that requires noticing here has been brought out, or performed, at either of our National Theatres. Mr. Bishop leaves Covent Garden at the end of the season, and is engaged at Drury Lane, where he is to receive eight hundred pounds per annum; and, of course, the profits arising from the sale of his copy-right. The committee of the former theatre refused, it is said, to augment his salary, and Mr. Elliston,—very wisely, we think,—seized the opportunity of adding so much musical talent to his establishment.

ORATORIOS.

The Prophecy, an Oratorio from Pope's Messiah, composed by J. A. Wade, Esq., is certainly a very clever production. We have heard a considerable portion of it a second time, and find that its effect increases upon repetition, for its merits are of too deep a kind to be thoroughly developed at a first hearing. The Overture is *after*—using the word in the sense which painters employ it—that of Handel's Messiah,—and consists mainly of a well-written fugue. Another fugue, in the Chorus "In adamant chains," with a second subject, is as fortunate in effect as learned in construction.

Dr. Crotch's Ode on the accession of his present Majesty has been performed; but it is not a sufficiently popular kind of music to succeed in an English theatre. We regret to see that so excellent and respectable a professor can allow his name to appear in the bills, accompanied by such wretched quackery as "an orchestra of Harps," and three notes of admiration. Dr. Busby also brought forward a composition, but its reception was not very flattering.

Mr. Sinclair has tried his strength in Handel's music. We heard him sing, "Sound an alarm," and cannot from this specimen, encourage him with any praise; it ought to be delivered with strength and animation, most unquestionably, but not bawled out as if commanding a squadron of cavalry. He sang it also in *double quick* time, and in a style that may please uncultivated ears, but never will gain for him that applause which will make either his fortune or his fame. The taste for music is generally improving—though among the high vulgar and the low

vulgar it is still at the ebb,—and that manner which succeeded with the many twenty years ago, is fast growing into disrepute, and will soon be universally discountenanced.

We cannot close this article without noticing the unparalleled effrontery of *Monsieur Bochsa* in boasting of having combined so much *native Talent*. Pray of what country is the very undertaker of these Oratorios?—Is *Monsieur* to be classed amongst the *native talent* of England? If he had not, shamefully, been allowed to engage both the winter theatres, in order to close one of them, and so stifle anything like fair and advantageous competition, might not some *native*,—some *honest native*,—have had a chance of performing Oratorios, and of also trying his skill in getting-up Lent Concerts?

MR. RIES'S FAREWELL CONCERT.

On Thursday, April 8th, this celebrated composer and performer gave a Concert at the Argyll Rooms, for the purpose of bidding farewell to a country where he has been established many years, and by which he has been both admired for his talents, and esteemed for his private worth. We lose him with regret, and he will carry with him the good wishes of the English, wherever his own choice, or accident, may lead his steps.

The rooms have rarely been so full as upon the present occasion; the public flocked to them in crowds, without any solicitation, and thereby manifested, in the strongest practicable manner, their opinion of the artist whom they assembled to honour. Mr. Ries gave an excellent concert, in which he was assisted by most of the first performers in London. Messrs. Cramer and Kalkbrenner were prevented attending by casualties; but Mr. Clementi conducted a new overture, composed by himself, in person.

NEW CONCERT ROOM AT YORK.

At the late Yorkshire Musical Festival much inconvenience was experienced from the inadequacy of the Great Assembly Room to receive the multitudes who wished to attend the evening performances. The committee were anxiously desirous to provide more accommodation at the future intended festivals, and an opportunity having recently occurred of obtaining the premises lately belonging to Mr. Howlet, situated in Upper Lendall, and adjoining the end of the Assembly Rooms, a few gentlemen spiritedly purchased the same for two thousand guineas not doubting the public approbation. Upon these premises it is intended to erect a Concert-Room about one hundred feet long, sixty feet wide, and forty-five feet in height, capable of accommodating sixteen hundred persons on the ground floor, and a gallery to contain about four hundred more: the expense of this is expected to be about four thousand pounds. The front entrance will be into Upper Lendall, and on the left hand, if permitted, will be an entrance into the end of the Great Assembly Room; thus forming a promenade of nearly two hundred feet in length, and exceeding any other concert-room in the kingdom. It was determined at a recent committee meeting, at which the prompt securing of the premises was duly appreciated, that the next musical festival shall be held in September, 1825; and the evening receipts are to be first appropriated to defraying the expenses of the New Musical Hall. The building is then to be vested in trustees, for the benefit of the York County Hospital, and the Infirmaries of Hull, Leeds, and Sheffield, in all future time.



J. N. HUMMEL.

THE HARMONICON.

No. XVIII., JUNE, 1824.

MEMOIR OF JOHANN NEPOMUK HUMMEL.

THE most brilliant æra in the history of German music singularly coincides with the golden age of its poetry. At the time when, in the *north* of Germany, Klopstock, Wieland, Schiller and Goëthe, produced those sublime works which surpassed all that the German muse ever brought to light, Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven, saved the reputation of the *south*, by producing in the sister art immortal compositions in a universal language, that will hand down their names to all posterity. Each art has yet, it is true, its representative in Goëthe and Beethoven; but, like setting suns, they no longer shine with meridian brilliancy. As both arts were about the same time in their zenith, so both have been contemporaneously on the decline. The makers of verses and the composers of passages, have as much increased, as the inventors of poetical ideas, and of melodies, have diminished. But,—not to continue the parallel any further,—the few living musicians of Germany who form an exception to this assertion, and from whom the preservation of classical taste must be expected, belong nearly all to the old school. Spöhr, Hummel, C. M. von Weber, were not only cotemporaries of those great German composers, but lived in the same town, and in friendly intercourse with them. How beneficially this must have influenced their musical education, is self-evident. None of them had, however, in this respect, greater advantages than Hummel, as will be seen from the subsequent memoir.

J. N. Hummel was born on the 14th of November, in the year 1778, at Presburg. As early as his 4th year he received from his father, who was then music-master at the military institution of Wartberg, instructions on the violin, without much success. But when he, in the following year, had lessons in singing, and on the piano-forte, his natural talents burst forth on a sudden. Inclination and diligence had soon advanced him so far, that he could assist as singer in the performance of the church music; and on the piano-forte, he had, in one year, made such progress that he stood foremost among all the pupils at Wartberg. When, two years afterwards, the emperor Joseph abolished that institution, the father of Hummel chose Vienna for his abode. His son, now seven years of age, attracted, by his extraordinary execution on the piano-forte, the attention of all the connoisseurs, and they entreated the father to intrust the musical education of such a wonderful child to the greatest of all masters,—to Mozart. It is too well

known how much Mozart abhorred giving lessons; nevertheless he agreed to become the master of young Hummel, on condition that he should entirely be placed under him, and should live in his house. For two years Hummel had the advantage of this inestimable instruction, after which he travelled with his father and visited all the principal cities of Germany, Denmark, Scotland, England, and Holland. Every where he was heard with the most encouraging applause, for, except Mozart himself, no one had at so early an age acquired such a mastery of his instrument. After six years' absence he returned to Vienna, and began the study of composition under Albrechtsberger, who, indeed, has been the master of nearly all the modern Viennese composers of eminence. After this he enjoyed for some years the friendship and instruction of Salieri, which was of incalculable advantage to him in the dramatic department of his art. Weigl was then called the first, Süßmayer the second, and Hummel the third, scholar of Salieri. At the particular recommendation of the great Haydn, he received in 1808 an invitation to Stuttgart; but the negotiations were soon broken off. The Prince Nicolaus Esterhazy, who had just returned from London, and Baron Braun the manager of the Imperial Theatre, made him offers of engagement at the same time.—Hummel preferred the service of the Prince. His Highness being particularly attached to church music, Hummel had a favourable opportunity of trying his talents in this department, and his first mass received the entire approbation of J. Haydn. When a few years afterwards, the management of the Imperial Theatre fell into the hands of some noblemen, with Prince Esterhazy at their head, Hummel manifested his genius also in the province of dramatic composition, and several of his operas were well received. In 1811 he left the prince's service, and resided at Vienna, where, by means of his Piano-forte lessons, he communicated to others that knowledge of the instrument which he had himself acquired from Mozart. He occasionally made short journeys, and visited, in 1816, Berlin, Leipzig, &c., being every where received with enthusiastic applause, as the most extraordinary Piano-forte player of the day. From the end of the year 1816, to 1818, he was in the service of the King of Würtemberg as *maestro di capella*; and from 1818, up to the present time, he has resided in the same capacity at Weimar. As he is attached to the service of the Grand

Duchess, one of his principal occupations is to instruct Her Highness on the Piano-forte. Since his residence at Weimar he has made two great journeys, one to Petersburg and Moscow in 1821, and another to Holland at the end of last year. His works are very numerous, and amount to 105 at least; amongst which, those for the Piano-forte are by far the most numerous. His septetto, the concerto in A minor, and his grand duet, Op. 92, have mainly contributed to his great celebrity.

As a composer Hummel ranks very high, though it is principally on his Piano-forte works that his reputation rests. He is certainly not over scrupulous in availing himself of the materials of other masters, but like a man of taste, he interweaves them so skilfully with his own, that there is nothing heterogeneous in the composition of the whole. From no other composer has he borrowed so freely as from his own master—Mozart; and it requires no great ingenuity to discover the similarity in their Piano-forte works. Those of Hummel are much more brilliant and difficult, owing to the progress which Piano-forte playing has made within the last ten years. If any work in particular were to be named as being strictly his own, it would certainly be the Grand Duet for two performers on the Piano-forte. This, as it is his most beautiful production, is also the most original, and if the expression may be permitted, the most poetical. As a player, he has, on the continent, no other rival but Moscheles, whose style bears so much resemblance to Hummel's, that a parallel may form a part of the memoir which we shortly intend to give of his life, in the *Harmonicon*.

The works of Hummel are very numerous and we are only enabled to mention the principal ones. For the Piano-forte, with accompt., he has written Grand Concertos in B minor, and in A minor. Septuor, Op. 74. Grand Quintuor, Op. 87. Trios with Violin and Violoncello. Op. 12, in E flat. Op. 22. Op. 85, in G. Op. 65, in G. Op. 83, in E. Op. 93 in E flat. Op. 96, in E flat. Rondo brilliant with Orch. Op. 56, in A. Rondo brilliant with a Russian theme. Op. 98, in B. Concerto for Piano-forte and Violin *obbligato*, Op. 17. Quatuors for the Violin, Op. 30. Besides a great number of Sonatas, Rondos, Variations, Fugues for the Piano-forte solo. His Grand Mass, and Grand Duet, Op. 92, have already been mentioned.

His Dramatic works are *Helène et Paris*, a Ballet; *Das Belebte Gemähde*, ditto; *Sappho of Mitylene*, ditto; *Diana ed Endimione*, a Cantata; *Le Vicende d'Amore*, Opera Buffa; *Mathilde*, Opera in 3 acts. *Der Zauberring*, Pantomime &c. He is at present engaged on a new Italian Opera, *Mathilde de Guise*.

Having been always very prudent in the management of his affairs, M. Hummel is now in the possession of an independent fortune, such as enables him to keep a carriage, and to live in every other respect in the style of the opulent and great.

FROM THE F SHARP OF THE RUSSIAN IMPERIAL HORN MUSIC.

(To the Editor of the HARMONICON.)

SIR,

In a country where philosophy and political science are applied to the purpose of reducing man to his most

simple expression, all institutions have a particular character, which may appear strange to the civilized inhabitants of those countries, where some kind of liberty exists, and where the dignity of human nature is not abased to a condition that is merely mechanical and vegetative.

Russia, as you are well aware, is that part of Europe into which the light of science has the least penetrated.

You cannot be ignorant that music (I mean musical execution,) is a very different thing at Petersburg, from what it is at Vienna, Berlin, Milan, Paris, London, in a word, in any other part of the world, where melody has made some advances. A concert of harmony at Petersburg is composed of about four-and-twenty musicians. The functions of each of these performers, are limited to the giving of a note, of one single note. The most rigid and scrupulous attention is the only instinctive quality exacted of these bellows in the human form; hence they show no disposition for any other talent, because they have no idea of extending their range of thought beyond this limited sphere. They are in every respect automata, possessed of no determinate faculty.

Can you figure to yourself a man reduced to the condition of an organ pipe? Will you believe, sir, that the person who now addresses you, has, during thirty years of his life, been the *F sharp* of the music of the Emperor of all the Russias? I was called, at least I am willing so to believe, to more brilliant destinies; but a cruel event has changed my fate. My fortune having been destroyed in one single day, I was reduced to the necessity of soliciting the favour of the court; I hoped for an employment worthy of a thinking being, and they have conferred upon me that of a piece of mechanism. I became *mono-musical* at the rate of a hundred roubles per annum.

One day I took it into my head to play an entire air upon a flute, which had been sent me from France. As a return for my presumption, I received a dozen lashes of the knout, which were unsparingly applied, and my appointment stopped. After this I *blew* for six months for the King of Prussia, but wearied out at length by the rigorous treatment I was doomed to endure, I deserted from a body where no encouragement is held out to emulation, and from a country, where intelligent beings are converted into wind instruments, incapable of any farther degree of advancement. My comrades, G, B flat, and A, have followed my example. We are lately arrived in London, and wish to give some concerts. We purpose playing an air in four notes, and solemnly assure you that we will not cheat the public by being pleasing; we will scrupulously adhere to the prevailing fashion, and be only surprising.

We have, and that may prove a disadvantage, no condemned, fugitive felon in our band; nevertheless we hope that the novelty of our performance may excite some interest, and that it may inspire pity for the slaves, whom ignorance has reduced to the barbarous condition, in which was lately

Your humble servant,

KOULOFF,

Formerly *F sharp* to H. I. M. the
Emperor of all the Russias.

May 3d, 1824.

AN ACCOUNT OF MR. CHARLES DIBDIN'S
THEATRICAL PIECES.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF, in 1788.

[Concluded from page 90.]

51. *The Seraglio*.—This piece was accepted by Mr. Harris, previous to my departure for France, and performed in the season 1776 and 1777. I should mention also that I then left my affairs in the hands of Dr. Arnold, who superintended them till my return, and common justice bids me say, that he discharged his trust with great honour and fidelity, for which kindness I now give him my public thanks. I have yet every letter he wrote me, and really there are many of the kindest and most disinterested sentiments of friendship I ever read. To say the truth, he had trouble enough on my account; for the first stipulation Mr. Harris made was to alter the pieces in whatever way he pleased. In consequence of this, when I came to read in the paper the plot of the *Seraglio*, at Calais, I found it totally different from that which I had sent, and I remember the doctor's letter that accompanied the account of its reception, says, that if I were to see it I should scarcely know my own piece. Mr. Harris also obliged him to new set some of the songs, which he assures me was a most irksome task, but he rather undertook it than that the piece should not be performed. The benefit for this yielded me forty-eight pounds, the words fifty, and I sold the music for an eventual sixty pounds; forty-five of which became due.

52, 53, 54, 55. *The Razor Grinder*—*Yo, Yea, or the Friendly Tars*—*Old Woman of Eighty*—and *The Mad Doctor*—four pieces which I sent Mr. King from France. These pieces were sold out and out at a very reasonable price. But I again repeat that all my engagements with Mr. King were pleasurable ones, and had I made him a present of half I have done for him, I should still be under obligations to him.

56. *Poor Vulcan*—a burletta, performed in the season 1777 and 1778, at Covent Garden, and which I boldly pronounce, had it been given to the public in the state I sent it, would have had much greater success. It is uniformly said that the first act of this piece is remarkably complete; and it must be confessed that from the beginning of the second act to *Vulcan's* soliloquy is as dull as any thing possibly can be, and the reason is, the burlesque is totally dropt, and *Adonis*—by the assistance of Mr. Hall's somniferous muse, converted into a sighing, dying, sleeping swain; whereas I had made him a burlesque character, as well as the rest. The benefit for *Poor Vulcan* yielded about ninety-five pounds, the music was sold for fifty pounds, and the words for sixty pounds. At this time the expense of the benefits was raised, by the famous coalition of Mr. Sheridan and Mr. Harris, to a hundred guineas. I however would not pay it, nor was it, after my positive refusal, insisted on.

57. *The Gypsies*—an after-piece, written by me, and composed by Dr. Arnold. It was performed at the Haymarket in the summer of 1778, but was rather a losing game. The profits, had there been any, were to have been divided.

58. *The Touchstone*—performed in the season 1778 and 1779, a pantomime, written and composed by me, under a verbal agreement with Mr. Harris, at the rate of three hundred pounds for the quantity of three after-pieces, and every thing over and above to be paid for in proportion. This piece has been attributed to Mr. Pilon,

and to Mrs. Cowley. The fact is, that in spite of all I could do, Mr. Harris would be trying to foist in alterations, which had very nearly parted us before this entertainment came out. I consented however to none but a few that were made by Mr. Garrick. After the piece was out however, and fairly Mr. Harris's property, it was not in my power to prevent his doing what he pleased with it; and by this means that contemptible scene got into it of the roat, which I with particular pleasure acknowledge is not mine: the emoluments however were, and they consisted of a hundred pounds for the piece, as a performance, a hundred pounds by Mr. Harris for the copy-right of the words, and twenty pounds for the music.

59. *Rose and Colin*—a piece of one act, performed very frequently, and with great applause.

60. *Annette and Lubin*—of the same description, and performed as successfully.

61. *The Wives revenged*—rather longer, but of the same description. These pieces, together with the *Saloon*, the *Graces*, and the *Statue*, afterwards performed with great success at the Circus, are what I allude to in my letter to Mr. Harris. I received fifty pounds for each of them, and sixty pounds for the music of the three from Mr. Harris; the words I kept, which, according to custom, were unproductive.

62. A pantomime, the name of which I do not recollect. In it was introduced that song, "Give round the word dismount, dismount." It was only a revived thing, and together with the song sung so well by Mrs. Kennedy, in the *Comedy of Errors*, and some other matters, estimated at fifty pounds.

63. *The Chelsea Pensioner*—the same season. This piece came out with Miss More's *Percy*, which tragedy, though it is by no means devoid of merit, was not well received; and my opera had like to have suffered by being in company with it. The success of the *Chelsea Pensioner*, however, afterwards was very flattering; yet it was done but three nights in all, owing to the lateness of the season. Why Mr. Harris has not repeated it since, he knows best, as there were four songs encored on the last night it was performed. This piece was an overplus charge of a hundred pounds. The words I published according to custom at a loss, and the music, except a few songs which were introduced into a periodical work, never was made public.

64. *Mirror*—a pantomime burletta, performed with considerable success at Covent Garden, in the season of 1779 and 1780. This piece was strong satire, and therefore "cavied to the multitude," who, however, were charmed with the scenery. One circumstance marks this performance very strongly. The character of Punch, whose bibberty bino begot all the fal de rals and te de rees which have so largely contributed to make up the reputation of Mr. Edwin, and which was a satire upon nonsense, is now forgotten for nonsense itself. For this piece, I received a sixth of the six first nights, amounting to about a hundred and thirty pounds. The words yielded me about twenty pounds, and the music ten pounds.

65. *The Shepherdess of the Alps*—an opera, in three acts. This piece fell for want of support. I remember Vernon's saying, when he was asked why he did not get perfect, and play his best, "that he saw it was the general wish the piece should be damned, and, as in duty bound, he lent it a hand." My agreement for this piece was, to have a third of the nine first nights. It was performed but three. I received about seventeen pounds.

66. *Plymouth in an Uproar*—a piece brought to me by a seafaring gentleman. I made some alterations in it at his desire, and it succeeded pretty well, being performed about twelve nights. My share of the profits came to about sixty-five pounds.

67. *The Islanders*—an opera of three acts, performed in the season of 1780 and 1781. This piece had very good success, and is remembered to have contained some of Mrs. Kennedy's most favourite songs, and many other very popular things. I was to have had for it a third of the nine first nights; but the king coming to the performance on the sixth, I was obliged to submit to take in the tenth, which made a difference to me of more than fifty pounds. I however, from first to last, got by this piece about three hundred and fifty pounds. Instead of coming out in the course of the business in the second season, which it might have done with considerable reputation, Mr. Harris made me cut it down into a farce, and call it the *Marriage Act*. The alterations this piece underwent, previous to its coming out, were innumerable. Some few of them were suggested by Mr. Harris, but I'll venture to say it gained nothing by that. Mr. Woodfall saw a sketch of the first act, in a rough state, and in a letter which I have by me, declared it bid the fairest for popularity of any thing he had seen. It was certainly a very great favourite with Mr. Harris, who advised me not to confess myself the author, urging me with words "more than belonged to such a trifle;" for he said Junius was not yet known, and therefore he would not advise me to declare myself. To be sure there were some flying reports that Mr. Harris wrote it himself, but it will hardly be thought he wished those to be credited.

68. *Harlequin Free Mason*—same season. This piece had a prodigious run. I wrote the words and composed the music. My emoluments were seventy pounds from the theatre, I sold about 2,700 books, which yielded me—for so well are these things managed—about thirty-five pounds, and the music was distributed in a work called the "Lyrists," which publication yielded me nearly fifty pounds.

69. *Amphytrion*—performed in the season of 1781 and 1782. This piece was the only instance in which I made a point of securing myself. Mr. Harris and I parted, as I have before mentioned. I had nothing to do with conducting it, and it was performed but two nights. I received for it two hundred and eighty-five pounds.

70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84. *The Barrier of Parnassus, The Graces, The Saloon, The Milkmaid, The Refusal of Harlequin, The Land of Simplicity, The Passions, The Statue, Clump and Cudden, The Benevolent Tar, The Regions of Accomplishment, Lancashire Witches, The Cestus, Pandora, The Long Odds*. These, two or three other pantomimes, four or five intermezzos of a more trifling kind, and at least fifteen ballads, each taking twelve or fourteen airs and an overture, with a variety of other matter, make up what I did for the Circus; where, in the first season, I cleared upwards of nine hundred pounds; but from that moment, my connexion with this place has been a series of trouble, loss, and vexation.

85. *Liberty Hall*—performed with the success I have already stated, at Drury-Lane, in the season of 1785 and 1786. The benefit yielded forty-eight pounds, the words nothing, and the music—by which if it had been performed oftener, I should have received a considerable

sum—brought, though handsomely bargained for, no great matter.

86. *Harvest Home*—performed at the Haymarket, 1787. I was nine pounds in debt on the benefit; the words I sold for forty pounds, and the music did about as much as *Liberty Hall*.

These pieces, were I to go over every ground, would come up to very near a hundred, but Richmond, Marylebone, Exeter Change, and some other places where I have produced performances, shall be given in to heap up the measure. What I have done will astonish the reader sufficiently, for he will see that, in twenty-three years, I have received only about five thousand five hundred pounds, even when I add my different salaries and annual benefits.

To the foregoing historical catalogue of Mr. Dibdin's theatrical works, may be added, those pieces written, composed, and performed by himself at the Auction Room, in King-street, Covent Garden; at the Lyceum, and at his minor theatre in Leicester Place, Leicester Square. The following is a list of these:

<i>The Whim of the Moment,</i>	<i>Valentine's Day,</i>
<i>The Oddities,</i>	<i>The Sphinx,</i>
<i>The Wags,</i>	<i>The King and Queen,</i>
<i>Private Theatricals,</i>	<i>A Tour to the Land's End,</i>
<i>The Quizzes,</i>	<i>Tom Wilkins,</i>
<i>Castles in the Air,</i>	<i>The Divertisement,</i>
<i>Great News,</i>	<i>The Cakehouse,</i>
<i>Will o' the Wisp,</i>	<i>The Frisk,</i>
<i>Christmas Gambols,</i>	and
<i>The General Election,</i>	<i>Most Votes.</i>

ON THE REVOLUTION IN SONG EFFECTED BY ROSSINI.

[To the Editor of the HARMONICON.]

Sir,

The substance of the following remarks, I have found in the life of Rossini, and as my own opinion accords generally with the sentiments therein expressed, I have translated and condensed the critique from the French. Should you think it worthy of insertion, I shall be glad to see it in your impartial work. If it promotes discussion, so much the better; I shall be as happy in having my judgment corrected, as in finding it confirmed.

CRITO.

THE truly beautiful in song, began with Pistocchi, in 1680; his pupil, Bernacchi, made great improvements in 1720, but it was under Pacchierotti, in 1778, that this art was brought to perfection. These and subsequent great singers, for instance, Aprili, Farinelli, Ansani, Babbini, and Marchesi, were indebted for their fame to the system of the ancient composers, who, in certain parts of the opera, furnished the singer only a canvass to work upon, and he, faithful to the *motivo* of the master, gave it with the utmost simplicity and was content to introduce his ornaments only in the last twenty bars of the piece. What is more, there was not one of these great singers to whom his cotemporaries were not indebted for two or three admirable female singers. The history of a Gabrielli, a De' Amicis, a Banti, and a Mara, furnishes us with the names of the celebrated sopranis from whom

they learnt the secrets of their art. Many of the female singers of the present day, Signora Colbran, for instance, are indebted for their knowledge to Signor Velluti.

It was in the execution of passages of the *largo* and *cantabile spianato* kind, that the talents of these great singers shone forth so conspicuously. Now these are precisely the kind of cantilenas that Rossini so sedulously banished from his operas, after he had vitiated his taste at Naples, and adopted what is called his *second manner*. Formerly a singer spent six or seven years in forming his voice for the perfect execution of the *largo*; the patience of Bernachi is celebrated in the history of the art. But since Rossini has become the arbiter of taste, no one ever thinks of singing the *largo*, ill or well; and yet this is the song that touches the soul. The talent requisite for singing a grand *rondo* of Rossini, that in the "*Donna del Lago*," for instance, is a hundred times less than that required for doing justice to a grand air of Sacchini.

The most sincere among Rossini's friends, have reproached him, and with reason, of having encroached upon the territory of song, of having diminished those means by which it was enabled to hold dominion over the heart, and of having deprived the singer of such opportunities for an extemporaneous display of his powers, as were so frequently afforded in the days of a Farinelli, a Pacchierotti, &c., and which enabled them to work those wonders, which can only be effected by allowing due scope to the energies of the voice.

The revolution effected by Rossini has been fatal to the originality of the singer. Of what avail is it to him to lavish his labour in the fruitless task of rendering the public sensible, in the first place to the *individual* and *native* qualities of his voice, and secondly, to the peculiar expression which his individual mode of feeling can impart to it? In the operas of Rossini and his imitators, the singer is condemned to the mortification of never finding a single opportunity of making the public acquainted with qualifications which it has cost him the labour of years to attain. Besides the habit of finding every thing invented, every thing written in the music he is to sing, tends to destroy all spirit of invention, and check every impulse of a creative fancy. All that composers demand now-a-days of the artist is a *mechanical* and *instrumental* execution. The *lasciate me fare*, (leave that to me,) the usual phrase of Rossini to his singers, has come to such a pass, that the faculty is not even left them of filling up a simple *point d'orgue*. They find every thing ornamented after Rossini's particular manner.

Those bigoted *dilettanti*, who have sprung up during the reign of Rossini, or, if I may so say it, these sons of the revolution which he has caused, will pardon me if I have dwelt upon some of the advantages which expression, or, in other words, which the pleasure of the spectator, would gain from a due degree of respect being shewn to the rights of the singer. There is not less diversity in the human voice, than in the human countenance. Great as this diversity is in voices when *speaking*, it becomes a hundred times more striking in voices when *singing*. In the system of Rossini, this variety, this surprising diversity of shades is not allowed to appear. All his voices are made, more or less, to sing in the same style; hence the art must necessarily be impoverished, and after hearing two, or at the utmost, three of his operas, the rest would, from this cause alone, appear alike, even if his mannerism did not stamp them with the same mark.

T. W.

STATE OF MUSIC IN GENEVA.

It is with pleasure we are able to announce that while the delightful science of music is making so rapid a progress in other parts of Europe, its interests are not neglected in Switzerland. Not many years ago both church and chamber music in this place were at the lowest ebb; which may, in a great measure, be attributed to the unsettled state of the country, and the political storms by which this city was shaken. In such a situation of things, there necessarily can be no union, no association for the purposes of art or science. But other causes also existed, hostile to the progress of music; there was a want of schools for elementary instruction in the art, and certain prejudices existed against associations of any kind, which hindered many from taking an active part in such an undertaking. But, thanks to the great Helvetic Musical Society, and its late splendid meeting at Lausanne*; and thanks to certain active and liberal minded citizens of Geneva, those obstacles have been removed, and an association of dilettanti has already been formed, consisting of more than sixty active members, which has already held many meetings, and is making rapid advances towards accomplishing something worthy of their zeal in the field of orchestral music. It may not prove uninteresting to our readers to present them with the inaugural discourse pronounced by Professor Pictet, as president of the society, on occasion of their first meeting, which took place in the saloon of the Museum. We are the more induced to give this discourse entire, as it portrays the spirit in which the association has been founded, and explains the motives that have given rise to it and the nature of its constitution, in a short and comprehensive manner.

Discourse pronounced by Professor Pictet, at the first meeting of the Musical Society of Geneva.

"Gentlemen,

"You all participate in my feelings on rising to address you, and know the motives that have determined me so to do. We are met for the purpose of celebrating the establishment of a Musical Society, formed under the banners of harmony. This society has long existed in your fervent wishes and anticipations. The germ that has thus suddenly expanded into life and beauty, has long been fostered in your bosoms. More than ninety amateurs of music have spiritedly come forward, and entered into a mutual engagement to promote by their zeal, talents, and pecuniary contributions, the formation and maintenance of the *Geneva Musical Society*, under the hope and assurance that the number of its members will be shortly augmented. The society has established itself according to certain regulations, of which I shall presently have occasion to present you with an outline. I have further the pleasure to add, that it has associated to itself a certain number of ladies and distinguished artists, as honorary members, who generously come forward to promote the interests of the society by their talents and exertions, without any view to emolument. I cannot but hail this circumstance as a happy omen for our new society.

"But, perhaps, from the long neglect of music in Geneva, in past years, impressions might arise un-

* For a minute account of this Music Meeting, See Harmonicon, Vol. I.

favourable to its future progress. I therefore hasten to prevent these ill-boding fears, by a statement of facts.

"Fifty years since, though Geneva was neither so rich, so tranquil, nor so happy as at present, not merely one, but two concerts a week took place here; the one in the Town-Hall, the other in the *Unterstrasse*; to which amateurs of both sexes, made it a matter of pleasure, and I might add of duty too, to contribute by their talents. Artists, such as a Pugnani, a Viotti, a Jarnowick; the first singers of Italy, a Tosi, a Mara, an Amatini, considered it an honour to exhibit their talents in Geneva, where they formed an orchestra which was not unworthy of accompanying them.

"This, I may say, was the natural state of Geneva, when unhappily political troubles came upon us, and the interruption of civil harmony was the means of chasing away that of music. Finally, we lost our independence, and, during a space of fifteen years, the Genevese, were almost strangers in Geneva, and, like the Jews in their exile, were obliged to hang their harps upon the willows of their native streams.

"After the re-establishment of our freedom, a few votaries of music, of both sexes, rekindled the hallowed flame on the altars of harmony. For this, as for many other things, our grateful acknowledgments are due to an individual, who held a high magisterial situation*, and who, following the example of his worthy father, contributed very considerably, by his personal exertions and unremitting zeal, to the maintenance of a taste for instrumental music. It is highly gratifying to see him this day at the head of the active members of the society, and he will deign to receive the unfeigned expression of our grateful acknowledgments.

"The concerts that have, from time to time, been given in our town prove that there was no want either of talents or means, but merely of a favourable opportunity for displaying them. This opportunity presented itself in the meeting of the great Helvetic Musical Society in Lausanne. A few musical amateurs of our town were invited thither, and returned impressed with a conviction of the many, and even political, advantages of which such an association, by means of its occasional meetings, must be productive. They brought back from this place the most flattering proofs of the general wish that a central society of music should be founded in Geneva, which might perfect the plan begun by the society in Lausanne, and in process of time incorporate that with itself. These views were at once approved by those to whom the deputies from Lausanne had explained the general wish; the suggestion required but to be named in order to be adopted. A committee of five members was immediately formed, who called a meeting of amateurs, in which the foundation of a musical society, according to the principles of the other Cantonal societies, was determined upon. It was agreed that the committee should be increased to the number of eleven, to be divided into two classes, one of which was to superintend the management of the society, and the other the musical performances. The committee was empowered to draw up a code of regulations; at the same time a list was opened for subscriptions from such persons as wished to become members of the society. The number necessary to enter upon

proceedings, was quickly obtained, and the list still kept open for additional members. Finally, the code of regulations prepared by the committee was confirmed. The expedition of these measures, the facility with which they were carried into effect, the praiseworthy zeal of the artists, who, under the title of honorary members, have performed the duties of active members; all these are so many incontestible proofs of the good-will and powerful resources that exist among us. I beg the secretary to read an abstract of the rules and regulations of the society.

"After what you have heard, you will be able to form a correct idea of the spirit of our institution. The society consists of two kinds of members, the contributory or effective, and the honorary members. The former are again divided into the active, who render their personal services to the establishment as well as subscribe, and the inactive, who subscribe only. All honorary members are active. Our meetings will be of three kinds:—1st. Rehearsals, at which only the performers and members of the committee can attend; 2dly. Musical *soirées*, at which both the real and honorary members can attend; 3dly. The concerts, which are open to all members of the society, and as many of their friends as the nature of the place of meeting will admit.

"But these concerts can only take place after a sufficient number of rehearsals, which must be determined according to circumstances. It is thus only that unity and a decided and accurate mode of performance can be acquired, which are the fruit of practice alone. A good and desirable performance of the symphony in particular, can be attained only through constant and careful repetition, and uninterrupted attention to the orders, to the eye, and the action of the leader. The whole effect of the symphony consists in contrasts, in the *chiaro oscuro*, in the various shades of the *forte* and *piano*, disposed according to the spirit of the composer. It is even better that this should be overdone in the beginning, than not sufficiently attended to.

"I also take the liberty of reminding the gentlemen of the committee that they should not forget that the orchestra consists, in a great measure, of amateurs of unequal capacities, who would be discouraged by too great difficulties, or which, at all events, they could execute only in an inferior manner. Some time must elapse before we can consider our evening musical meetings in any other light than as a school of instrumental music, and the performers as pupils who can only be formed gradually, by time and attention. With the same view, I must beg leave to solicit the director of the music to spare the dilettanti with respect to the quickness of the time, which renders the performance more difficult, and might be the cause of leading them into confusion.

"I need not recommend the unconditional submission of the performers to the control of the leader. An orchestra is a troop of soldiers under arms; subordination is the first principle of their conduct.

"Gentlemen, I conclude by directing your attention to one object, which I consider of essential, and even of vital, importance to the active members of this society, and which happily depends solely and entirely on yourselves; this object is punctuality and exactitude in attendance at our meetings. It has been determined to enforce this by means of fines, but the object can only be fulfilled by the members making it a matter of conscientious duty, and by their bearing in mind that the absence

* M. Albrecht Turretini, formerly Procurator of the republic, who in these meetings sustains the place of first violin, and is in all respects a warm friend of music.

of one single member, without due notice being given, has the effect of injuring the whole meeting.

"Now, Gentlemen, we proceed to our first essay; may this be the signal and the omen of the long endurance of the happiness of the society!"

Scarcely had the applause with which this discourse was followed, subsided, when M. Schenker, the director of the music, gave the signal to begin. The instruments struck up Haydn's magnificent symphony in E flat, which, all circumstances considered, was given with admirable effect. Two other symphonies were given during the evening, one by Mozart and the other by Beethoven. It would have been unreasonable not to expect that the performance should be weak in some parts, and in others too strong; this could not be otherwise with performers so little acquainted with each other's manner, and the greater part of whom were amateurs that had never been accustomed to any other than isolated performances. Every Monday evening these studies are regularly pursued, and active measures are taking for consulting the interests of song also, as well as those of instrumental performances. Schools for singing have been established and emulation excited by the distribution of prizes. This cannot fail eventually to produce a beneficial effect, particularly upon the church music, in which, for a long series of years, there has been ample room for improvement.

It affords us great pleasure to be able to give an account of the advancement of the art in the different countries of Europe, and we shall take an early opportunity of detailing the different efforts that are making in Geneva to extend the domain of vocal music.

STATE OF MUSIC AMONG THE TURKS.

It was not till the reign of Amurath, that this art was cultivated or known among the Turks. That prince having ordered a general massacre of the Persians at the taking of Bagdad, was so moved by the tender and affecting air of a Persian harper*, that he retracted his cruel order, and put a stop to the slaughter. The musician was conducted, with four of his brother minstrels, to Constantinople; and by these the harmonious art was propagated among the Turks.

Under Mahomet the Fourth it flourished; and was almost brought to its perfection, principally through the exertions of Osman Effendi, who was himself a great master of the art, and formed a number of able scholars.

The first, however, that applied notes to Turkish airs, was Prince Cantemir. His book was dedicated to Sultan Achmet II., and is become very rare.

Although the Turks highly prize this work, they seldom use or imitate it; contenting themselves to compose and execute *memoriter*, according to their ancient custom: so difficult, it seems, is it to reduce to a regular scale of notation the theory of Turkish music. Not that it is with-

out system and rules, as some have too rashly advanced; it has not only all the *times* and sounds of ours, but possessing quarter tones, is much richer in materials, and consequently more melodious than ours.

Niebuhr was misinformed when he said, that the Turks of rank would think themselves dishonoured by learning music. So far from this, it makes an usual part of their education. It is only in public that they disdain to sing or play.

Guer, and after him other writers, have asserted, that in the infirmary of the seraglio there is a concert of vocal and instrumental music from morning to night, for the purpose of soothing the sufferings, and exhilarating the spirits of the sick and valetudinarian. But this is absolutely false, as the Abaté Toderini was assured, by a person who had been twenty years a physician of the seraglio.

The musical instruments used by the Turks are,

1. The *Keman*, resembling our violin.
2. The *Ajakli-keman*; a sort of bass viol.
3. The *Sine-keman*, or the viol d'amour.
4. The *Rebab*; a two-stringed bow-instrument, almost in the form of a sphere; but now little used.
5. The *Tambour*; an eight-stringed instrument; with a long handle, on which the scale of tones is marked. It is played upon with a small flexible plate of tortoise-shell.
6. The *Nei*; which is a kind of flute made of cane, the sound of which approaches to that of the German flute, and sometimes to that of the human voice. This is the fashionable instrument among persons of rank.
7. The *Ghirif*; a flute of smaller size.
8. The *Mescal* is composed of twenty-three cane pipes of unequal length, each of which gives three different sounds from the different manner of blowing it.
9. The *Santur*, or psaltery, is the same with ours, and played upon in the same manner.
10. The *Canun*, or psaltery with catgut strings, on which the ladies of the seraglio play, with a sort of tortoise-shell instrument.

These are all chamber instruments. The following are military ones.

1. The *Zurna*, a sort of oboe.
2. The *Kaba Zurna*, a smaller species of the same.
3. The *Boru*, a tin trumpet.
4. The *Zil*, a Moorish instrument. What we call the cymbal.
5. The *Daul* is a large kind of drum, beaten with two wooden sticks.
6. The *Tombalek*, a small tympanum, or drum, of which the diameter is little more than half a foot.
7. The *Kios*, a large copper drum, commonly carried on a camel.
8. The Triangle.
9. An instrument formed of several small bells hung on an inverted crescent, which is fixed on the top of a staff, about six feet in height.

The band of the Sultan is truly grand, composed of all the best musicians in Constantinople. They play in unison or in octaves, which practice, though hostile to harmony in the musical sense of the word, is productive of grand martial effect, and is very imposing.

* The Abaté Toderini, from whose valuable work the materials for this sketch are taken, used every means to find this celebrated piece of *Sach-Cule* (for that is the name of this Persian *Timotheus*.) But it was never noted, it seems, and is only played by the greatest masters from tradition. In the Poetical Register, Vol. VIII. there is an ode by the late Eyles Irwin, on the triumph obtained by the Persian musician over the ferocity of Amurath.

FRANZ LISZT.

IN the first volume of this work, page 88, mention was made of an extraordinary boy, then only eleven years of age, whose performances on the piano-forte excited the astonishment of the best judges in Germany. Last autumn he visited Paris, where he was heard by all the connoisseurs in music, as well as by those whose pursuits lead them to inquire into the phenomena of the human mind, and the rise and development of genius. In that city he was much noticed, both in public and in private, and many articles relating to him appeared in the various journals. A remark inserted in one of them much distinguished for its wit and literary ability, drew forth a letter to the editor from Mr. Adam Liszt, the father of the youthful musician, which being something in the nature of an historical document, that now is, and probably will hereafter become still more, interesting, we here insert a translation of it.

Sir,

Paris, 1824.

The expressions which you have frequently employed in speaking of my son, have been so flattering, that I cannot but be sensible of your kindness, and therefore take this opportunity of testifying my gratitude. I must say, that I by no means anticipated the high degree of success with which he was honoured by the public of Paris, and above all, was not prepared for the comparison, by no means advantageous, which they were pleased to draw between the rising talents of my son, and those of our great Mozart. I recognise in this amiable exaggeration that spirit of French politeness, the boast of which I have all my life been accustomed to hear, and my son will think himself most happy, if hereafter he shall have the good fortune to share some degree of celebrity with the masters of the German school, though he must remain at a very humble distance from him whom it glories in placing at its head.

You must, however, allow me, Sir, to make a few observations upon the following expression that occurred in one of your journals: "The parents of young Liszt are poor, and he supports them by the product of his talents."

Fortune, it is true, has not loaded me with her favours, yet I have no reason to complain of her neglect. For the space of twenty-three years I have been in the service of Prince Esterhazy, where I filled the situation of steward of part of his sheep farms; the immense income of this prince, and the noble and generous manner in which he acts towards those who have the good fortune to belong to any of his establishments, have long since placed me in that *aurea mediocritas*, so happily described by the Latin poet.

Having observed in my only son, from a very early age, a decided predilection for music, and having from my youth cultivated the art as an *amateur*, I myself, for the space of three

years, superintended his first musical education, with that constancy and perseverance, which form one of the characteristic traits of our nation. I afterwards placed him for eighteen months under the instruction of Messrs. Salieri and Czerny, from the first of whom he received lessons in harmony and counterpoint; and from the second, instructions on the piano-forte, and to both of whom he is indebted for their kind care and attention. I am happy to be thus able publicly to render them the homage of my grateful acknowledgments.

I came to Paris with the permission of the prince, and by the advice of my friends, in order to perfect my son's talents, by affording him an opportunity of hearing the numerous artists whom this capital contains, and of cultivating the French language, of which he has already some general idea; a language which justly lays claim to the title of being that of Europe. At the same time, I have not neglected to take advantage of the eagerness testified by the Parisians to hear his performance, in order to indemnify myself for the expenses necessarily attendant upon a long journey, and the removal of my whole family.

Accept my best acknowledgments, and believe me, &c.

ADAM LISZT.

The young Francis Liszt, with his father, arrived in London last month, and has exhibited his talents to many people of rank, and to some of the most distinguished professors of this metropolis, who all agree in considering him as a performer that would be ranked very high, even were he arrived at full manhood, and therefore a most surprising instance of precocious talent at so early an age as twelve. He executes the most difficult of the modern piano-forte music without the smallest apparent effort, and plays at sight things that very few masters would venture upon, until they had given to them a little private study. But his extemporaneous performances are the most remarkable. Upon any subject that is proposed to him he improvises, with the fancy and method of a deliberating composer, and the correctness of an experienced contrapuntist. His hand is not unusually large, but is amazingly strong, and his touch has all the vigour of maturity. He has reached the usual growth of boys of his age, and possesses an open intelligent and agreeable countenance, with a frankness, but at the same time a propriety, of manner, that indicates a good temper and a correct understanding. During the present month he is to have a concert, when those who feel any interest in the success of youthful genius, or are anxious to witness its efforts, will have an opportunity of examining his merits and judging for themselves: we therefore withhold any further remarks upon the subject at present; but shall, for the information of such of our readers as cannot be present at his performance, give some account of it next month.

REVIEW OF MUSIC.

NATIVE LAND, or RETURN FROM SLAVERY, an OPERA in Three Acts, performed at the Theatre Royal Covent Garden. Composed and arranged for the VOICE and PIANO-FORTE, by HENRY R. BISHOP; with Selections from ZINGARELLI, BOIELDIEU and ROSSINI. (Goulding and Co., Soho Square.)

THIS is not a pasticcio, as it has been incorrectly denominated, but an English opera, in which some foreign compositions are introduced: for of the twenty-one pieces contained in it, fourteen are by Mr. Bishop, five are selected from Rossini, one from Zingarelli, and one from the French. Thus the bulk belongs to the musical director of the theatre, though it is equally true that the best things in the opera are those which he chose because they had already been sanctioned by public approbation.

In our fifteenth number we gave an opinion of the general merits of this work; we now proceed to examine

it rather more in detail, with the printed copy before us.

The Overture is that to *Corradino*,—sometimes named *Matilde di Shabran*,—by Rossini. It is one of his best: the slow opening is impressive and well written, and the allegro movement is brilliant and pretty. The introductory trio and chorusses are spirited, and contain some good passages, with accompaniments à la Rossini; a homage which must, we suppose, be paid to the rage of the moment.

"Farewell! thou coast of glory," is "*Aurora, ah! sorgerai*;" from *La Donna del Lago*, (printed in our third number) with three English verses adapted to it. This, though very indifferently performed, is the favourite air in the opera.

"Sir, stranger! turn," if no plagiarism, seems to be largely indebted to "*O! Lady fair*," for the general design of the first movement. The reader shall judge for himself by the eight subjoined bars.

Musical score for the first movement of "Sir, stranger! turn". The score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is in treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in bass clef. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are: "Sir, Stran-ger! turn, thy sor-rows tell. Love is my grief; I lov'd too well."

The flourishing passages for the tenor voice in the second part of this, are ridiculous enough, and therefore please certain tastes. The cadenza is still more absurd, and should never have been published. Mr. Bishop, in this duet, makes no concealment of his disregard for prosody: we have, in the following lines, printed in italics the words which he has erroneously accented.

(*Calio.*) Sir Stranger! turn, *thy sorrows tell.*
(*Aurelio.*) Love is my grief—I lov'd too well

(*Calio.*) Did she you love, *ne'er love again?*
(*Aurelio.*) Not so—and yet *I love in vain.*

"The song "*Sweetly o'er my senses stealing!*" is a clever and pleasing composition by Zingarelli, with verses well adapted to it. The duet for two female voices, "*Lo! when showers descending,*" is the old French air, "*Au clair de la lune*," ingeniously arranged and enlarged by Boieldieu, and now adapted to English words. It is very simple, well suited to the stage, and the most pleasing piece in the opera. It begins thus,—

Musical score for the duet "Lo! when showers descending". The score is written for two voices, Calio and Aurelio. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are: "Lo! when show'rs de-scend-ing, Weigh the li-ly's crest, How its frail cup bend-ing, Seems with woe op-prest!"

After this subject is once sung by each voice, it is taken as a second part, the first then becoming a kind of accompaniment to it, producing a delightful and novel effect. A comic song, and rather a pretty, short ballad, "Julio told me when we parted," with a harp accompaniment, follow, and are succeeded by a romance, "Deep in a dungeon," for a tenor, which possesses some merit, but has more defects than beauties, and is in no way likely to be much admired.

The finale to the second act, "Ruffian! draw!" is chiefly from the quintett, "*Oh guardate*," in *Il Turco in Italia*; the trio, "Clymante, whither stray ye?" answer-

ing to "*Questo vecchio maledetto*," and "Tambourines quickly beat," to the movement beginning, "*egli è pazzo*." All this goes very well to the new words, and carries a good share of its gaiety with it to the English theatre.

The accompanied recitative "Ye silent stars!" is evidently an imitation of Rossini: the air that belongs to it, is more British in its character, and is composed in a very graceful, soothing style; is easy and in a moderate compass. The trio "Hist! listen! 'tis the nightingale," produces good stage effect: the following bars, where the three voices are first heard together, are quite in Lully's style:—

ANDANTINO. SOAVE.

pp

Pours her sad - ly pleas - ing tale, Pours her sad - ly pleas - ing tale.

pp

Such passages as these "come o'er the ear like the sweet south:" they are most welcome reliefs from the too common bawling on the stage, and thunder in the orchestra. Such is the effect of soft and simple harmony! The *cadenza* for the three voices which terminates the second movement of this trio, is still more *outré* than the one before mentioned. Why are we not content to keep such follies to ourselves? Why commit them to that multiplying instrument, the press, and transmit to posterity such crying proofs of our barbarism?

The short song, or ballad, "My own native Isle," is a very common kind of English melody. "Hours of sorrow," a bravura for the principal soprano, is the "*Riedi al Soglio*," from the *Zelmira* of Rossini; from whom also is taken another air, of the same turbulent kind, for the tenor, "Away with grief!"

The last finale is Mr. Bishop's polacca, "Go, trifler, go," so altered and augmented as to suit its new situation. This is a well-known, and deservedly-admired air, which finishes the opera well.

Native Land is an imitation of the recently-imported Italian operas now in vogue: it has been composed without any view to permanency, for it has not a single original piece that will be sung a few years,—perhaps a few months,—hence. It has not many faults, but its beauties are still more restricted in number. In saying this, we mean to throw no blame on Mr. Bishop, a man of great talent. Writing as he often does, by compulsion, when, perhaps, his mind is deeply interested on some other subject, it is impossible to suppose that he can always be equally fortunate in the creations of his fancy. If he never composed again, the works which he has produced are enough to establish his fame on an imperishable foundation.

TRIO, for the PIANO-FORTE, VIOLIN and VIOLONCELLO. By L. V. BEETHOVEN. (Published for the Proprietor, by Chappell and Co., New Bond-Street, and Goulding and Co. Soho Square.)

NEARLY all the new compositions of Beethoven which it has been our lot to notice, in this part of our work, have been of so elaborate and difficult a kind, so full of harsh and unaccountable combinations, and strange notation, that we have found it an arduous task to escape from mentioning them in terms of downright censure, and have struggled hard with duty, out of respect and gratitude to a genius of the first magnitude, whose former productions have afforded, and must always afford, us so much pleasure. But in reviewing the present trio we have nothing of so painful a kind to contend with; it is in a style quite different from those alluded to, and is, for Beethoven, so familiar in its manner, that some determined admirers of whatever is far-fetched and obscure, will, very likely, despise it for its comparative simplicity. In fact it might pass as Haydn's; the subject, as will presently appear, cannot fail to recal him to the performer's memory, it has all his clearness of melody and distinctness of rhythm.

In this Trio the accompaniments are *obbligati*, though they do not require performers of any great powers: and indeed, with the exception of a few passages, the piano-forte part may be undertaken by any tolerably good player. It consists of two movements; the first, an introduction, *adagio assai*, in G minor, and the second, a Theme varied. The former is in the grand style, and though it does not surprise with any thing quite strange to the ear, yet it shows the master in every note. The following excellent piece of harmony is extracted from it:—



The violin and violoncello have but little to do in the Introduction, it might almost be performed without their aid.

The *TEMA Allegretto*, we now lay before our readers, and allow it to speak for itself; we recommend that it be played as a moderated *Allegretto*.



There are ten variations upon this subject, which are devoid of the common-places that we have so often to deplore. They are full of spirit, shew the active imagination of the composer, are melodious, and quite scientific enough for the general taste and nature of the piece. The first is for the piano-forte solo; the second, chiefly for the violin, requires rather an active bow; the third is very smooth and graceful, and therefore given to the violoncello; the fourth demands a strong, agile left hand in the pianist, and the sixth, in octaves, will call his right into action. The seventh is a duo for the two bow-

instruments, and is a very elegant variation; the eighth is a sort of conversation piece, the interlocutors being the violin and violoncello on one side, and the piano-forte on the other; the ninth is a fine adagio, not too long, and the tenth is a kind of gigue, *presto*, very brilliant, and the most difficult of all for the keyed instrument.

We are much pleased by this Trio, and recommend it to all who do not insist upon liking compositions that are overcharged with musical learning, and repulsive from excessive difficulty.

TENTH FANTASIA for the **PIANO-FORTE**, with a **FLUTE** accompaniment *ad lib.*, on the most favourite Themes of **ROSSINI's Opera ARMIDA**. Composed by **FERD. RIES**, Op. 133, No. 1. (Gow and Son, 162, Regent-Street.)

In our last we reviewed Mr. Ries's twelfth Fantasia, and now we take up his tenth. This will to many of our readers appear retrograding, but we have noticed each according to the order in which we received them, and can only account for the irregularity by supposing that the dealer who is the earliest in purchasing manuscripts, is not always the quickest in publishing them.

Mr. Ries has taken up a work that is almost barren of subjects fit for his purpose. Except the fine duet, *Amor possente nome!* we know not a theme in the tragic opera of *Armida* that is calculated for conversion into a piano-forte piece: it is one of Rossini's dullest, most unsuccessful works, and as *ex nihilo nihil fit*, so, we are under the necessity of saying, Mr. R. has not, with all his acknowledged ability, and peculiar talent for this kind of composition, been able to make any thing of his present materials that is at all likely to meet the taste of even those who are most fond of the wild and the abstruse.

The length of this Fantasia, — nineteen pages, — is enough to deter any one from attempting it who is not so happy as to possess an inexhaustible fund of patience: and when played, where is the person that would listen to so prolix a composition, unless performed by the composer himself, or some practitioner almost as skilful?

We say thus much, because we are persuaded that the declining, — for it is declining, — state of amateur piano-forte playing, and the universal cry for short Rondos, Waltzes, Quadrilles, &c., is owing to the excessive length of many publications by some of the best masters. The difficulty of their works is, unquestionably, often an objection; but this may be, and is, overcome, except when combined with that prolixity which is growing so common, and which too frequently subdues hope, and represses exertion.

It will perhaps be argued that the recent compositions of Germany and England, are not so long as some of the Concertos, and even sonatas, of ten or fifteen years back. Granted: but let it also be borne in mind, that the latter are almost invariably divided into three movements; and that the pause between each, together with the change of key and measure, produce a break and a variety which relieve the ear, and render them nearly the same as so many distinct pieces.

1. **FAVOURITE AIRS**, selected from **ROSSINI's celebrated opera, La Donna del Lago**, arranged as a **DIVERTIMENTO** for the **PIANO-FORTE**, with an Accompaniment, *ad lib.*, for the **FLUTE**, by **JOHN PURKIS**. (Hodsoll, 45, High Holborn.)

2. **CAVATINA**, from *La Gazza Ladra*, by **ROSSINI**, arranged for the **FLUTE** and **PIANO-FORTE** by **ANTONIO DIABELLI** of Vienna. (Wessel and Stodart, Soho-Square.)

MR. PURKIS arranges the opera airs in a very popular manner for the piano-forte; he considers well the power of the hand and the character of the instrument, and enables performers of moderate application and ability to make a respectable appearance in the current music of

the day. This *Divertimento* embraces four of the pieces in *La Donna del Lago*, — the chorus, *Vieni o Stella!* the air, *Taci, lo Voglio*, the cavatina, *Aurora, ah sorgerai*, and *La mia Spada*. The flute accompaniment is too much in octaves and in unison with the piano-forte; by a little more industry it might have been made to enrich the harmony without becoming an essential, an *obbligato*, part of the adaptation. But it is easy, a quality which, in four things out of five, ought to be praised, and is sure to be rewarded by the sale of the publication.

The arrangement by **M. Diabelli** should perhaps have been classed among the flute music, as it is chiefly for that instrument, the piano-forte part being little more than an easy accompaniment. The Cavatina is *Vieni! fra queste braccia*, with the beautiful melody, *Ma quel piacer che adesso*, and is exceedingly well suited to the flute, requiring no superior skill in execution, though it ought to be played with great taste and feeling. It is transposed from **D** to **G**; the piano-forte part is only five pages, and the flute three. This is the first number of a "Selection of admired pieces," from the most fashionable operas, and, judging from the present specimen, the work promises well; but the price if not prudently reduced, will injure its sale.

1. **RONDO BRILLANT**, on an admired air of **ROSSINI**, arranged for the **PIANO-FORTE**, by **W. T. LING**. No. 2.

2. **RONDO**, the theme an admired air of **ROSSINI**, arranged for the **PIANO-FORTE**, by the same. No. 3. (Both published for Gow and Son, 162, Regent Street.)

MR. LING is a most indefatigable publisher, and therefore an excellent friend to the engraver and stationer; but we doubt whether the sale of his works is commensurate to his industry, for he certainly has not yet acquired the art of writing them in that familiar manner which will alone recommend music that is not particularly distinguished either by intrinsic excellence of a high kind, or by a great name. Of these two Rondos, the second is the shortest and easiest. We cannot now recollect the name of the air, for it is like so many of the same composer, that it would require more time than we have to spare to trace it. The subject of the first is in two, if not three, of Rossini's operas; it is brilliant in effect, and in the polacca style; but the passages by which Mr. L. has enlarged and swelled it into eleven pages, lay exceedingly ill for the hand, and require more labour in conquering, than will be repaid in the pleasure of hearing.

1. **MALBROUGH**, a favourite French air, with variations for the **PIANO-FORTE**, by **JAMES CALKIN**. No. 4. (Clementi and Co. Cheapside.)

2. "**IL EST TROP TARD**," a favourite French Romance, with variations for the **PIANO-FORTE**, by the same. No. 5. (Published by the same.)

Malbrouk is almost new, because almost forgotten. We like to see these good old airs now and then revived, they are pleasing in themselves, and produce agreeable associations; for it is one of the invaluable properties of music, that it is seldom connected with painful recollections. *Il est trop tard* is better known on account of the

words than the melody; the latter is not very distinctly marked by any very peculiar feature, and not well adapted to the purpose for which it is now chosen. Mr. Calkin has composed eight variations to each air, all of which are perfectly easy, and calculated for young performers. They are not characterized by any novelty, undoubtedly, but are free from all faults, both in style and and composition,—for their author is a sound musician,—and will serve to allay the thirst for “something new,” which generally is felt by young players, without vitiating their taste.

1. **DIVERTISEMENT ECOSSAIS**, for the PIANO-FORTE, with accompaniment, ad lib., in which the favourite air “My love is but a lassie yet,” is arranged as a Rondo. By T. A. RAWLINGS. (Gow and Son, Regent St.)
2. **DIVERTIMENTO** for the PIANO-FORTE, in which are introduced the admired Scotch airs, “Jesse o’ Dumblaine,” with variations, and “Duncan Grey,” as a Rondo, by F. W. HORNCastle. (Chappell and Co. New Bond-Street, and Power, Dublin.)

WE are glad again to see the Scottish melodies brought forward. Some years ago every thing musical had a Caledonian tinge: this gave way to the Hibernian, and no air was tolerated that was not of Irish origin. Rossini has put them both out of fashion, and what is next to appear uppermost on the wheel, remains doubtful; something must be found out, and that soon, for the great Italian composer, seems exhausted, and ought to lie fallow for half a dozen years.

The Divertisement of Mr. Rawlings is animating to hear, and easy to perform; the “Scotch snap,” as Dr. Burney terms it, in the first air, is well contrasted by the smooth and equal notes in the second, and the whole being short, is calculated to please.

Mr. Horncastle’s Divertimento is more difficult and ambitious than the former. It contains some good passages, and shews talent, but betrays a want of experience in writing, and some oversights that should be corrected before more impressions are taken from the plates. It was judicious to choose airs in different measures, for a change of time is a great relief to the ear, and is as necessary, to save the mind from being fatigued, as modulation, or change of key.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN AIRS, adapted as familiar RONDOS and VARIATIONS for the PIANO-FORTE, by JOSEPH DE PINNA. Numbers 1 to 25, in one volume. (Clementi and Co.)

THIS is a very useful collection of popular melodies, arranged in the easiest possible manner for beginners. Each is preceded by a little, simple prelude, of from four to eight or ten bars, that introduces the subject with propriety, and accustoms the scholar not to commence in the abrupt way that is so common. Amongst these airs are, “Come buy my cherries;” “Viva tutti le vezze;” “Hark! the bonny Christ-Church bells;” “Hark! the lark;” “Marche des Marsellois;” “Su cantiamo, su beviamo;” “Fie, nay priethee John;” “GiovINETTE;” “Frattante angocie;” “Zitti, Zitti;” “By dimpled brook;” &c.

A Selection of OVERTURES from HANDEL’s most celebrated ORATORIOS arranged for the ORGAN and PIANO-FORTE, by J. C. NIGHTINGALE, Organist of the Foundling Hospital. No. 1 to 5. (Halliday and Co. Bishopsgate Street.)

THESE numbers contain the overtures to Alexander Balus; Sampson; Saul; Esther, and Alexander’s Feast, arranged with as much regard to the facility of performance as is compatible with effect, and correctly printed at a reasonable price.

1. **TWO DUETS** for the VIOLONCELLO and PIANO-FORTE, by F. W. CROUCH. (Gow and Son, Regent Street.)
2. **DIVERTISEMENT sur les airs favoris, pour le VIOLONCELLO**, avec Basse, composé par W. H. HAGART. (Wessel and Stodart, Soho Square.)

MR. CROUCH is one of our best Violoncello performers, and his name therefore is a recommendation of a work. The present consists of two duets, perfectly easy for both instruments, and judiciously contrived for learners on the former of the two.

Mr. Hagart’s publication contains the air from *La Donna del Lago*, “Aurora, ah Sorgerai,” and the popular French song, “Je suis le petit tambour,” arranged with additions, for a principal violoncello, and also a second, which gives a base to the melodies. This publication is likewise adapted to the abilities of those who have not made any very great progress on the instrument.

1. **FOREIGN MELODIES** for the FLUTE, selected from various masters, by CHARLES SAUST. Books 3, 4, 5, and 6. (Cocks and Co., Princes Street, Hanover Square.)
2. **Twelve easy PIECES** for the SPANISH GUITAR, arranged and partly composed by GEORGE H. DERWORT. (Wessel and Stodart, Soho Square.)

THE Foreign Melodies for the flute are a continuation of the work mentioned in our 15th number. The books now published comprise, the French air, “Partant pour la Syrie;” a melody with variations by Saust; a Polonaise by Kulau, and a Theme of Toulou arranged by Saust. These are all equal to the former, and are calculated for the same description of performers.

Mr. Derwort’s publication for the Spanish Guitar is a very agreeable collection of exceedingly popular and good airs, amongst which are, the Tyroliene; “O Pescator dell’onde;” “Aurora, ah Sorgerai;” “Sul margine;” andante by Haydn, &c., &c.

1. **SONG**, “Love, thou dear deceiver,” sung by Miss Paton in *Pride* shall have a fall. Arranged from SARTI and MOZART, and adapted to the English Stage by J. WATSON. (Evestaff, 66, Great Russel St. Bloomsbury.)
2. **SONG**, “Welcome duty,” sung by Miss Love in the same. Adapted by the same. (Published as above.)

3. **TRIO**, "Tell us, thou glorious star of Eve," in the same, Harmonized from a Spanish air, by the same. (Published as above.)
4. **SONG AND CHORUS**, "He that lives in a Jail," in the same. Composed by the same. (Published as above.)

THESE four pieces are from the "Musical Comedy," now performing with great success at Covent Garden Theatre. Two of them are well-known airs, with English words adapted to them, and one is a Spanish melody harmonized. This is an easy way of becoming "Composer at the Theatre, &c." certainly; a title, by the way, which we thought belonged to Mr. Bishop only, but which it seems he is to share with others. No. 1, is Sarti's very favourite Cavatina, "*Lungi dal caro bene*," and an *Aria* by Mozart, from *La Clemenza di Tito*. No. 2, is "*Mamma mia*," Viganoni's popular air; and No. 3, a pleasing melody agreeably harmonized for two sopranos and a tenor. No. 4, is announced as an original composition; and may have as just a claim to that denomination as many things which annually issue from the musical press. The song is comprised in a few bars, and the only part of it that we find new, is the paper. The Chorus is nearly a repetition of the song.

1. **BALLAD**, "Lady, tho' thy golden Hair," sung by Mr. Sinclair, in *Midas*; written and composed by JOHN EMDIN, Esq. (William Dale, 19, Poultry.)
2. **BALLAD**, "The Mountain Maid," sung by the same, in *Midas*, and composed by JOHN SINCLAIR. (Dale, Poultry.)
3. **BALLAD**, "Whether I rove through myrtle bowers," written by Richard Ryan, composed by CHARLES SMITH. (Power, 84, Strand.)
4. **BALLAD**, "How happy in my native bowers," sung by Mrs. Salmon; composed by P. KNAPTON. (Chappell and Co., New Bond-Street.)
5. **SONG**, "See, O see, how ev'ry tree," the words written by Lord Bristol, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, composed by FREDERIC W. HORNCastle. (Chappell and Co., New Bond Street.)
6. **BALLAD**, "No, lady, 'tis not words can tell," words and melody by C. HARE TOWNSEND, Esq. The Symphonies and Accompaniments by D. Mc. Carthy. (Addison and Beal, 180, New Bond-Street.)
7. **SEERNADE**, "Oh soft on the stillness of night," written and composed by W. H. B. (Rudall, 7, Tavistock-Street, Covent Garden.)

MR. EMDIN has composed an elegant, if not a very original air, to some verses that have great meaning and merit, and might pass for Sir John Suckling's, in whose manner they are written. We hail this junction of poet and musician, as an omen very favourable to one, at least, of those arts: if poets would study music, and musicians poetry, a little more than they do, both would derive incalculable advantages from their labour.

Mr. Sinclair's Ballad is exceedingly pretty, and there is something of a freshness about it that is very delightful. The Scottish peculiarity at the words "blithely gay

were the notes he play'd," is well introduced, and does honour to the composer's national recollections.

Mr. Charles Smith, — (of Liverpool, we think.) — is the composer of some excellent English songs, which have been publicly performed, and with great applause. The present ballad is full of taste, and expresses the words well, though certainly not remarkable for any newness of character in its melody; but it is easy, and in a moderate compass for the voice.

The first part of No. 4, by Mr. Knapton, has something of an originality about it, that rouses the attention: the accompaniment of the second part, too, is gay and animating; but the harmony is not well managed in the second staff of the piano-forte part at the third page. The whole, however, is very pleasing.

Mr. Horncastle's song shews great musical taste in the composition, and literary judgment in selecting words from the golden age of English poetry. The passage at the words, "What are all the senses' pleasures," is excellent, the harmony here consorts well with the verse; both partake of the mental richness of the Elizabethan period.

Numbers 6 and 7 are smooth and unpretending, but much in the common way both as to melody and accompaniment.

FOREIGN MUSICAL REPORT.

VIENNA. A melodrama, with songs, chorusses, and dances, was recently produced here, entitled *Elfeninsel*, (the Elfin Island,) the music by Roser. It will be remembered* that a singer of the name of Neubruck, having been unsuccessful at his benefit, on account of the failure of the piece, which was imputed rather to the stupidity of the words, than the fault of the music, was determined to have something good, and therefore issued a circular to all the Sons of Apollo, offering a reward of between forty and fifty pounds for the best dramatic composition. The present is the result of this application; and the poor artist had the double mortification of seeing it condemned with still more un pitying severity than the former piece. So much for the poetry; as to the music, but little was new, and still less good; and yet neither was the good new, nor the new good. As an atonement for this wretchedness, the *Entführung aus dem Serail* was given, and performed with great spirit, and the beauty of this ever new and ever endearing music, was double, from the effect of contrast. — The only novelty of the season was the new Opera of *Der Taucher*, the music of which is by Kreutzer. The story is founded on the celebrated ballad of Schiller, of the same name. The legitimate heir to the Dukedom of Messina has been deprived of his right by his brother Lorenzo, and is obliged to conceal himself with his son Ivo, in the garb of a pilgrim. The latter has had the good fortune to save the life of the Princess Alphonsine, by which he gains her affections, in prejudice to the Duke of Calabria. Lorenzo, who is by no means so bad a character as he is at first represented, is admonished by a repeated vision that fortune would again visit his house, and that he should regain that peace of mind which he had forfeited by his treacherous conduct to his brother; if he can recover, by means of a daring adventure, a valuable goblet which he was destined to throw as an atoning offering into the gulf of Charybdis. Meantime, Alphonso approaches his brother without being recognised under his disguise, and confirms him in his purpose. In presence of the whole court he

* See HARMONICON, Vol. I., page 199.

hurts the goblin into the deep and fathomless gulf, exclaiming; 'Whoever shall be daring enough to dive and bring up this goblin, shall be rewarded with the crown, and the hand of my daughter.' Naturally the tender-hearted Ivo will not allow this to be twice repeated, he flies as quick as lightning to undertake the terrific voyage, for which, however, no great resolution is required, if the gulf has no more terrors in it than the one represented on the stage, which has more the appearance of an immense cider-press than any other object. But however appalling the danger might have been, his guardian spirit guides him safe through the whirling abyss, he seizes the prize, returns safe to the strand, and presents it to the Duke. Upon this the two brothers rush into each other's arms, are reconciled, and unite the loving couple, though the little obstacle of their relationship stands in the way; but on occasions of this kind, such things can easily be managed without any papal dispensation; meantime the poor ex-bridegroom is left in the lurch. To be serious, this story has considerable dramatic merit, of which the composer has known well how to avail himself. Those who are contented with music that has no pretension to great genius, or originality of invention, will go again and again to hear this opera with renewed pleasure, as has been the case with this author's two other operas *Libasso* and *Cordelia*. Song is what this author principally aims at, and it is not for us to blame his taste, especially when he, at the same time, takes care to bestow sufficient care and attention on his orchestral parts. Among the pieces that excited the greatest admiration, were; 1st. the Overture, which is rich and full of effect; 2dly. the Introduction, containing the *sortita* of Alphonsine, with a very delightful air; 3dly. a Duet between Alphonso and Ivo; 4thly. the appearance of Ivo's guardian spirit, in a dream; 5thly. a Duet between Ivo and Alphonsine, which is followed by a charming trio on the entrance of Alphonso; 6thly. the Finale of the first act, which introduces Lorenzo, torn with remorse, and which is a grand and striking scene.

Act the second, which, in a musical point of view, is more attractive than the first. 1st. An air, by Antonio; 2dly. a Duet between Ivo and the same; 3dly. a very touching air, by Alphonso; 4thly. an accompanied recitative, in which Lorenzo describes a vision by which he was visited; 6thly. a Duet between Ivo and Alphonsine; 7thly. a Finale, containing a march and chorus. The opera met with decided approbation, the composer was called upon the stage to receive the plaudits of the public.

A concert was given here by M. Kalkbrenner and M. Dizi, in which the former excited universal admiration. He undoubtedly ranks first among the performers on the Piano-forte of the present day. His power and decided manner of execution are admirable. In his brilliant passages there is the rapidity of lightning, and a physical energy that is astonishing. To accompany this virtuoso may not, however, be found so easy a task, since he so frequently takes the liberty of changing the time, and does not restrict himself to any determinate rhythm. In his compositions we observed fire, and a thorough acquaintance with the powers of his instrument. But only very mediocre talents are required to pursue a given theme through all the twenty-four modes.

M. von Seyffeld, the well-known leader of the Imperial Theatre, has long been confined with a very serious indisposition. His re-appearance was hailed with great pleasure by all the lovers of the art. Of this great leader it may with truth be said that, although his absence from the orchestra is at once sensibly felt, yet his presence there is scarcely noticed from the unassuming manner in which he leads; his mode of directing the band is so noiseless that he may be seen, but is never heard.

PRAGUE. The operas performed here during the present season have been almost all repetitions. The only opera revived here, was the *Cort fine tutte* of Mozart, under the title of *Die Zauberprobe*, (The Magic Trial,) which was got up for the pur-

pose of introducing to the public a young *debutante* of great beauty and considerable talents. She acquitted herself with ease and spirit, and in particular gave the recitative with great effect. The encouragement she experienced was very flattering, and at the end of the opera she was called upon the stage, to receive the testimony of the public approbation.

BERLIN. A musical piece, in one act, was lately produced here, called *Die Verschworenen*, (the Conspirators,) the words by Castelli, the music by the royal music-director, Schneider. The text is rather prosaic, but M. Schneider has animated it with all his well-known powers of composition. An air sung by the heroine, beginning *So war es nur ein Wahn*, &c., (It was but fancy all,) was received with rapturous applause. The composer's son made his debut in this opera, but his voice did not appear of a sufficiently decided character. Among other operas produced here was the *Zauberflöte*, which was given with great force and effect.

The new royal theatre building in this town was lately covered in, and fast approaches to completion. It is a massy structure, built upon the Greek model, and so proportioned, that the boxes next the proscenium, enjoy an uninterrupted view of the whole theatre. The four ranges of boxes include two thirds of a circle, and incline from the stage in an angle of four feet back from each other; while those on the proscenium recede only one foot. The house is calculated to contain about sixteen hundred persons. It is expected to be opened in August next, on occasion of the birth-day of His Majesty the King of Prussia.

KÖNIGSBERG. Theatrical management is not more flourishing here, than in certain more western towns. The manager M. Huray did not succeed, and a committee undertook the direction of the theatre. But the evening of their opening was rather ill-omened, for just before the commencement of the overture, the platform of the theatre, which was rather decayed, gave way, and precipitated some dozen of the orchestra into the regions below, but happily there were none of them seriously injured. The theatre opened with the *Freyschütz*, which was followed by *Der Bär und Bessa*, *Tancredi*, *Heinrich der Löwe*, by M. Stegman; *La Molinara*, by Paësiello, *Die beyden Galeensklaven*, (the two galley slaves) from the French of Castelli, with music by Chevalier Seyffried, as the bills of the theatre take pains to assure us, but which is maintained to be by M. Schubart of Dresden. But, indeed, what matters?—After this, *Mehul's Helena* was given, and the season closed with *La Presciosa*.

The Abbé Stadler's oratorio of *Refreytes Jerusalem*, (Jerusalem Delivered,) has been three times performed in the different churches of this city, by a numerous band, for benevolent purposes. The whole of the performances were in the highest degree praiseworthy, and several amateurs distinguished themselves on these occasions. The work itself has left no great impression behind, and, as a composition, is far inferior to the *Welterricht* of Schneider. The frequent rolling of thunder and of drums is but ill-suited to a church; and the long duets and terzetts of the different chiefs during the various combats, were found very tedious. Upon the whole, the music of this veteran composer is stiff and formal, and there is no want of reminiscences of Mozart, and even of inferior composers.—M. Lindpaintner has composed a new *Te Deum*, which was given in one of the churches here; it abounded with many beauties, but savoured too much of the opera style.—Kapellmeister Louis-Maurer of St. Petersburg, who is on his way to Hanover, to succeed M. Kisevetter, gave a concert during his stay at this town, in which he played two of his own compositions, an overture, and a concerto on the violin. The themes of the rondo were Russian and Cossack airs, and it concluded with variations upon a Russian national melody. This musician's admirable performance is known, and his compositions would please more

if for the future he would write less in the Russian taste. The time in which Russian airs, like all novelties, were so successful in Germany, seems to be now past.—A society of amateurs of this place, assisted by some of the principal musicians, lately brought out Handel's *Alexander's Feast*. We may observe, that with the exception of the *Messiah*, which was performed here about twenty years since, Handel was almost entirely unknown to the public of this city. We are sorry to say that many manoeuvres were employed to prevent this from being carried into effect, but in spite of this secret opposition, the subscriptions were numerous, and the saloon absolutely overflowed. Not only the connoisseurs who were familiar with Handel's music, but the public in general, with a few interested exceptions, were enthusiastic in their applause. The manner in which it was performed was worthy of all praise, and the justness and precision of the chorusses were admirable. M. Samann led on this occasion. It is no small praise to say, that the text of Handel was scrupulously adhered to, and that not a note was either changed or omitted, an eulogium that, we are sorry to say, cannot always be passed in our days, when such liberties are taken with the text of the great classic authors of the art. Though the *cognoscenti* found that several of the airs were of an antiquated cast, yet with respect to the whole composition, they were obliged to acknowledge in the favourite and significant phrase of Mozart, "There's something in this." Among modern compositions, how many are there that can lay claim to this title of praise? M. Vollmer, from Berlin, gave a musical *soirée* here, in which he exhibited his newly invented patent *melodica*, a keyed-instrument, formed of pieces of metal, which are intoned by means of cylinders. This instrument is particularly adapted to adagio movements, which it gives with great effect: pieces of a lively character can also be performed upon it with tolerable ease. It is admirably adapted for producing the finer shades of the *crescendo* and *decrecendo*.

A. M. Nicolai has established a musical *casino* in this place, in which there is a weekly entertainment of instrumental music, singing, dancing, and recitations. This undertaking has met with great encouragement, and is constantly and numerously attended; nor is it undeserving of such patronage, as the musical pieces given here are selected with taste, and executed in a manner far above the common.

On the late festivity of St. Cecilia, the *Seasons* of Haydn were brought forward, and performed with considerable spirit and effect, under the auspices of the music director, M. Urban.

DESSAU. A grand concert-saloon has lately been erected in this place, which was opened with a splendid concert under the direction of Kapelmeister Schneider, when he delighted the company with a new overture, in which he happily and appropriately introduced the Dessau march. Among other novelties produced on this occasion, was an *andante* with variations, the composition of Prince Louis of Prussia. A new oboe concert by Krommer was also performed, but although given with great effect, was but coldly received. The fact is, that this instrument is not adapted to the saloon, and that it can be effective only in the interior of a theatre, and there only in short solo passages. On another occasion, the same Master's *Weltgericht*, (Judgment Day), was given in the Ducal Chapel, with a powerful band and chorus, which did ample justice to this grand composition. The musical academy, established here some time since, has given a proof of the progress it has made within a short period, by performing the *Alexander's Feast* of Handel, and the *Creation* of Haydn, both of which compositions were performed with great correctness and effect. It gives us pleasure to hear that Kapelmeister Schneider has just completed another grand oratorio in three parts, entitled *Die Sündfluth*, (the Deluge), which is to be performed at the music-meeting of the Society of the Lower Rhine, on the feast of Pentecost, and, as we hear, under the direction of the composer himself.

KLAUSENBURG IN PENNSYLVANIA. A society has been formed in this place for the improvement of musical taste, in which some of the principal people of the place have enrolled their names. It has our warmest wishes for its success.

MILAN. The new opera composed here by Mosca, for the festivity of the patron-saint, was obliged to be deferred, owing to the indisposition of one of the principal singers, Signora Mariani, and therefore the *Ricciardo* of Rossini was substituted in its place. Report speaks of many new operas that are to make their appearance at the approaching carnival; three in Venice, two in Milan, two in Turin, and one each in Parma and Genoa.

An opera in one act, by Trento, was lately revived here, entitled *Quanti casi in un sol giorno, ossia gli Assassini*, which, however, was not received with the applause it merits. Shortly after, the same was done with a *Farza* (opera in one act,) by Generali, entitled *Pamela Nubile*, which, however, did not experience much greater success than the former. After this was given the *Tancredi* of Rossini, in order to introduce a new singer of the name of Lorenzani. This lady did not, however, obtain any decided success. Her voice was too weak for the interior of the *Scala*, and she is too fond of *roulades*, which she affects in the upper regions of her voice, till the tone becomes rather an inarticulate cry, than a musical expression.

Madame Morandi, though now advanced in years, succeeded much better, and formed a contrast altogether unfavourable to the young *debutante*. Signor Galli was particularly successful in his part, and contributed much to the perfection of the piece. We may observe, in passing, that this is considered as the best of Rossini's operas; and, indeed, on an attentive consideration, it will be found to contain the germ of all his other compositions. On occasion of the birth-day of his majesty the Emperor of Austria, an *accademia musicale* was held here in the hall of the Conservatory, in which the prize for composition was awarded to J. Schœffer, a native of the Tyrol, and the same honours were conferred on seven young ladies, who distinguished themselves in song.

NAPLES. The following work has lately made its appearance here: *Selvaggi* (Gasparo) *Trattato d'Armonia, ordinato con nuovo metodo, e corredato di tavole a dichiarazione delle cose in esso esposte*. Presso Raffaele Miranda, 1823. The principal heads of the work are, 1st. *Nozioni preliminari*; 2dly. *Sintassi semplici dell' armonia*; 3dly. *Sintassi figurata dell' armonia*; 4thly. *Applicazione generale*. Signor Selvaggi announces at the end of his book, that it is his intention shortly to publish; *Analisi della Corda Sonora*, the work of F. Bianchi, a professor of Cremona.

BERGAMO. During the last autumn, a new musical society was established here under the title of *Unione Filarmonica di Bergamo*, the principal object of which is the perfection of music. Its founder and director is the celebrated Mayer, hence it is but natural to conclude that much may be expected from it. The musical archives, which are to be formed by gradual contributions, are already rich in the works of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Romberg, Krommer, &c. Meetings are held once a week, in which the productions of these great masters, as well as those of the principal interest of the day, are performed *a prima vista*.

CREMONA. On the 6th of January last, the theatre of this place took fire a short time before the hour of representation. The circumstance is the more to be regretted, as the building was remarkable for its beauty and simple elegance. Happily it stood in an insulated situation, so that no farther damage was sustained.

ROVEREDO. Jos. Ant. Bridi, the banker of this town, who, when a young man, resided in Vienna, was the great friend of Mozart, and sung in the private representation of *Idomeneo*, &c.,

has erected, in his garden, a monument to this great master, with the following inscription:—

To Him, who 'bove all masters of the lyre,
Could rule the soul by Music's magic power.

In the same garden, there is a temple with the following inscriptions:—

CHRISTOPHORUS . GLUCCHIUS.
NATIONE . BOHEMIUS.
IN . MODIS . MUSICIS.
VERBO . APTISSIMIS . FAGIENDIS.
CLARISSIMUS.
DECESSIT . A . D . MDCCCLXXXVII.

WOLFGANGUS . AMADEUS . MOZARTUS.
SALISBURGENSIS.
QUI . A . SOLA . NATURA
MUSICÆ . DOCTUS.
MUSICÆ . EST . ARTIS . PRINCEPS.
DECESSIT . A . D . MDCCCLXXXI.

GEORGIUS . FREDERICUS . HAENDL.
MAGDEBURGENSIS.
MUSICÆ . ARTIS.
ET . MUSICI . ORGANI . PULSANDI.
INSIGNIS . MAGISTER.
DECESSIT . A . D . MDCCCLVIII. }

ANTONIUS . SACCHINIUS.
DOMO . NEAPOLI.
MUSICÆ . INSIGNIS . MAGISTER.
MUSICÆ . SUAVITATIS . EXEMPLUM.
DECESSIT . A . D . MDCCCLXXXVI.

JOSEPHUS . HAYDENUS.
NATIONE . GERMANUS.
VEL . OB . EIUS . MODOS . MUSICOS.
DE . DEO . CREANTE.
DEQUE . CHRISTO . IN . CRUCE . LOQUENTE.
TOTO . ORBE . CLARISSIMUS.
DECESSIT . A . D . MDCCCVIII.

NICOLAUS . JOMELLUS.
NEAPOLITANUS.
MUSICÆ . ARTIS . REPARATOR.
CUI.
GREX . MUSICORUM.
PLURIMUM . SE . DEBERE . FATETUR.
DECESSIT . A . D . MDCCCLXIII.

PARIS. Madame Mombelli, who at present fills the place of Madame Pasta, at the *Opéra Italien*, has obtained entire success in the *Cenci*.

The Covent Garden management has engaged the celebrated German composer, Von Weber, to supply the place of Mr. Bishop, who goes to Drury-Lane. Mr. Sapio has concluded a treaty with the latter theatre, and is to succeed Mr. Braham there.

The renowned composer Beethoven, lately transmitted to His Majesty Louis XVIII. a grand mass of his composition. This monarch, in order to demonstrate his satisfaction, in return sent the composer a gold medal, with his likeness on one side, and on the other these words: "Given by the King to Louis von Beethoven."

Mademoiselle Schaueroth, the little girl who, last year, so much surprised and delighted the public, as well as the most able professors, by her extraordinary and precocious talents on the piano-forte, is again arrived in this country. She is sent by Her Majesty the Queen of Bavaria, to study under the instruction of M. Kalkbrenner.

VOL. II.

THE ANCIENT CONCERTS.

SEVENTH CONCERT.

Under the direction of the Earl Fortescue, Wednesday,
April the 28th, 1824.

ACT I.

Overture and March.	(Scipio.)	Handel.
Chorus. May no rash intruder.	(Solomon.)	Handel.
Duet. Fair Aurora!	(Artaserxes.)	Dr. Arne.
Anthem. This is the day.		Dr. Croft.
Song. What passion cannot.	(Dryden's Ode.)	Handel.
Concerto 4th.	(Op. 4.)	Avison.
Chorus. The people shall.	(Israel in Egypt.)	Handel.
Recit. Sposa! Euridice! }	(Orfeo.)	Gluck.
Song. Che farò.		
Chorus. By slow degrees.	(Belshazzar.)	Handel.

ACT II.

Overture.		
Chorus. O the pleasures! }	(Acis and Galatea.)	Handel.
Canzonet. Haste, my Nannette!		Travers.
Chorus. Righteous heaven.	(Susanna.)	Handel.
Frost Scene.	(King Arthur.)	Purcell.
Concerto 9th.		Geminiani-Corelli.
Madrigal. Come, fairest nymph.		Lord Mornington.
Song. Non vi turbate.	(Alceste.)	Gluck.
Chorus. The Lord, our enemy.	(Esther.)	Handel.

When Lord Fortescue is the director of the night, we anticipate a rich treat, and have rarely been disappointed. Perhaps his lordship is somewhat too *sombre* upon the whole, and the most scientific ear will not be displeased with the occasional chequering of airiness and simplicity:—the Overture in Scipio, to be sure, is all air from the beginning to the end—it is one of Handel's most pleasing productions. The Nightingale Chorus which followed is ingeniously characteristic, and is, indeed, so generally and justly admired, as to require no particular comment.

"Fair Aurora" we like better with the scene painter's *morning tints* by way of accompaniment;—it is a beautiful duet in its proper place, but it cannot, any more than dramatic music in general, be justly felt without the aid of stage effect. Dr. Croft's fine anthem we have already heard and reported upon this season. Mrs. Salmon sung "What passion" extremely well. We have seldom heard her with more pleasure, and assisted by Lindley's delightful accompaniment, her song may be ranked among the highest treats of the evening. After the Concerto, followed one of the sublimest choruses in Israel in Egypt—"The people shall hear and be afraid." There are four distinct subjects in it which closely follow each other, and all admirably characteristic of the words. The close, working continually in contrary motion; gliding into every possible change of modulation, and yet without crudeness or violence, stands unrivalled among the finest specimens of science and genius! And yet, this wonderful chorus was heard with indifference; by many, we grieve to add, with impatience and even yawning! Well, we cannot help it. The first appearance and performance of Madame Pasta in this orchestra we are not quite prepared to comment upon; she laboured, evidently, under considerable embarrassment, and sung, therefore, under very great disadvantages. Another very fine chorus of Handel closed the first act. It will bear no comparison with "The people shall hear," but it is, nevertheless, one of those which we always rejoice to find in the bill.

We have not much to notice in the second act. The overture and opening chorus in *Acis and Galatea* went off as spiritedly as usual, and though we have had it every year for as long a period as we can remember, yet the music must ever delight. We had rashly anticipated the *exit* of Mr. Wheeler, for—"See, It comes again!" However, we resign "Haste, my Nannette," to him without scruple. It is a pleasing duet, and Mr. W. would not sing it amiss if he could manage to stand less like the statue

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in Don Juan, and shew a few symptoms of animation. If he must contend for the meed of fame, he must; only let him not venture again in the armour of Bartleman.—It is like Thersites attempting to wield the sword of Achilles.—“Righteous heaven,” is another of the great musician’s sublimities, but not in the popular class:—One would almost think that a Dutchman under the soporific influence of an almost wasted pipe, could not hear the opening of the last appalling movement “Tremble guilt!” without emotion; and yet our good *Ancients* take it as coolly as their lemonade or hyson in the tea-room.—

—“Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer cloud,
Without our special wonder?”—

Bellamy acquitted himself as well as we could expect him, or any other singer of the present day, in the *Frost scene*. Miss Travis gave the invocation with becoming spirit, but her second address to the “Cold Genius,” was not so well; the air indeed requires so much animation, and is so decidedly *English*, that we have at present no public performer that can do it justice.—Lord Mornington’s Madrigal must always please, be it sung where it may; we enjoy it less at the Ancient Concerts than at the Glee Clubs, but it is so much better than “O Nanny,” or “the Shepherds,” that we readily subscribe to its introduction.—Madame Pasta’s “Non vi turbate” was executed with more confidence, —but we reserve our critique.—The concert concluded with the highly animated Finale to Esther, and which, comprehending as it does, so much of beauty in chorus, quintetts and duets, we would rather have heard it in an earlier part of the performance.

EIGHTH CONCERT.

*Under the direction of the Earl Fortescue, Wednesday,
May the 5th, 1824.*

ACT I.

Overture.	(<i>Alcina</i>)	Handel.
Anthem. Hosanna to the Son of David!		O. Gibbons.
Recit. acc. Berenice! ove sei?	(<i>Lucio Vero</i>)	Jomelli.
Song. Ombra che pallida.		
Chorus. Avert these omens.	(<i>Semele</i>)	Handel.
Duet and Chorus. Time has not thinn’d.		Jackson.
Concerto 4th.	(<i>From his solos</i>)	Geminiani.
Recit. acc. Ye verdant.		
Song. Hush! ye pretty.	(<i>Acis and Galatea</i>)	Handel.
Quartetto. Tacite ombre.	(<i>Il Cid</i> .)	Sacchini.
Recit. acc. Hence vain.		
Song. But, O sad virgin!	(<i>Il Penseroso</i> .)	Handel.
Chorus. Fall’n is the foe.	(<i>Judas Macc.</i>)	Handel.

ACT II.

Overture.	(<i>Pharamond</i> .)	Handel.
Song. Tyrants would.		
Chorus. Tyrants, ye in vain.	(<i>Athalia</i> .)	Handel.
Recit. Nel chiuso centro.		
Song. Euridice! e dove sei?	(<i>Cantata</i> .)	Pergolesi.
Madrigal. Dissi all’amata.		Luca Marenzio.
Double Chorus. Your harps.	(<i>Solomon</i> .)	Handel.
Concerto 4th.		Corelli.
Duet. As I saw fair Clora.		Haydn.
Song. Water parted from.	(<i>Artaserues</i> .)	Dr. Arne.
Anthem. Sing unto God.		Dr. Croft.

The overture to *Alcina*, is perhaps the least striking in the whole library; and what admirable compositions may be selected from it, which we lament to observe never are. Orlando Gibbons’s “Hosanna,” can never be heard without exciting, in all hearts that are not quite callous, strong devotional feelings.—In the Ancient Concert Room, we are affected by it, but in Westminster Abbey, with the organ and choir alone, far away from the din and clatter of drums and trumpets, it would be almost overpowering.—

We rejoice that we suspended our remarks on Madame Pasta: in her performance *this evening* of the fine scene from Jomelli’s *Lucio Vero*, she displayed, fully, those requisites of a finished singer which were, on her first appearance, almost entirely lost

under the pressure of her apprehensions. Since Banti, we have not heard the recitative and following air executed with so much energy as well as pathos.—Madame Pasta is very sparing of ornament, and the little she does occasionally introduce is judicious and graceful:—her shake is by no means strong, nor so close as we have heard it in inferior performers; she seldom indeed uses the shake, and yet, when she does, she adapts her voice to it with so much taste, that the little sudden breaks which sometimes intervene produce rather a pleasing effect than otherwise, and are, in our judgment, far preferable to the never-ceasing quaverings of some great singers whom we have heard.—We “Name no names,” as Sir Lucius O’Trigger says.—

Madame Pasta’s lower tones are sometimes coarse, and she should be cautious of straining her voice in those passages where they are required,—her ear, too, is not always perfect; upon the whole, however, we hail her as a great acquisition both to the Concert room and the opera stage, and as a singer of the first order both in science and feeling.—

“Avert these Omens,” is a fine Chorus, but it loses half its force by the absence of all association:—If *Semele* were to be performed at the theatre, this chorus, in its proper place, would be strikingly effective.

But now we come to *Novelty*; and novelty so richly deserving of the title, as to leave us no pretence for further complaint on that score.—How can we ever be too grateful for “Time has not thinn’d my flowing hair,” turned into a *grand Chorus*!!—and with additions, too? But we miss’d the drums and trumpets, their introduction would have been quite consistent, and have completed our delight.—It was really heart-cheering to hear and see so many chubby faces of content among the tenors and basses chorussing out

“Pleased let me trifle life away
And sing of Love ere I grow old.”—

Seriously, have we been dreaming all this?—And Lord Fortescue’s night too?—Alas! no;—The Concert book before us confirms the dismal truth, and we must not breathe a syllable against “O Nanny,” in future. Geminiani’s delightful concerto, though it has been performed every season since the establishment of the concerts, was quite a relief to us after this *Canzonet*—Chorus; and Miss Stephens’s “Hush, ye pretty warbling quire,” was deliciously appropriate!—nothing could have been better timed. Sacchini’s quartetto, beautiful in itself, was as beautifully sung; and as this brings our favourite Vaughan before us, we take the opportunity of assuring him that when we noticed in our report of the 6th Concert, his rising to sing “Come, come, thou Goddess,” and looking as *melancholy* as a lover’s lute, we did not mean to imply any want of feeling on his part, but to the fatigue of mind that he, in common with every highly-gifted singer must occasionally suffer, when there is not the slightest spur of inclination to render less intolerable irksome the task of duty.—Mrs. Salmon did justice to the difficult song “But, O sad Virgin.”—It was judiciously chosen for her, because it displayed that flexibility of voice, and clearness and closeness of shake in which she so much excels. The admirably effective and original chorus “Fall’n is the Foe,” closed the Act, and put us in tolerable good humour again after what we had heard.

The opening of the second act with the overture of *Pharamond* pleased us far better than the commencement of the first; it is a very charming piece of music throughout. Mrs. Salmon did not seem to dislike “the Tyrants,” she sung it extremely well, and the Lancashire ladies (we were very near writing *witches*.) followed most *thrillingly* in her train. We were again highly pleased with Madame Pasta;—she executed the very difficult recitative “Nel chiuso centro,” with great precision, and the succeeding air chastely and feelingly. Luca Marenzio’s Madrigal is rather a favourite with the *Ancients* generally:—Perhaps the great charm may be the little conversation carried on in *thirds* upon the words “Si morirai.” The chorus following was, as usual, effective, and good old Corelli would be effective, too, if they would let Haydn and Mozart take his place for a year or two. “As I saw fair Clora,” was very *nightcap* indeed, and “Water parted,” might serve for a *binder*,—would it were parted for ever from us in the Hanover Square rooms.—Dr. Croft’s magnificent anthem, for the second time this season, closed the concert.

NINTH CONCERT.

Under the direction of his Grace the Archbishop of York,
Wednesday, May the 12th, 1824.

ACT I.

Overture.	(Hercules.)	Handel.
Music in the Tempest.		Purcell.
Song. Quel Briceucel.		Piccini.
Glee. Mark'd you her eye.		Spofforth.
Concerto from Select Harmony.		Handel.
Song. O magnify the Lord.	(Anthem.)	Handel.
Chorus. O God! who in thy.	(Joseph.)	Handel.
Song. Lord! to thee	(Theodora.)	Handel.
Song. Let the bright Seraphim.	(Samson.)	Handel.
Chorus. Let their celestial.		

ACT II.

Overture and Dead March.		
Song. Brave Jonathan.		
Chorus. Eagles were not.	(Saul.)	Handel.
Song. In sweetest harmony.		
Chorus. O fatal day!		
Sestetto. In braccio a te.	(Justin.)	Handel.
Elegy. In a vale closed with woodland.		Jackson.
Trio for two Violoncellos and Double Bass.		Corelli.
Trio and Cho. Fear no danger. (Dido and Æneas.)		Purcell.
Recit. Crudele!		
Song. Ho perduto.	(Cantata.)	Paisiello.
Air, Verse, and Chorus. Rule Britannia.		Dr. Arne.

We cannot say a great deal for the ninth Concert: The overture to Hercules was, however, to begin with, a great treat;—we hardly know a finer instrumental fugue, in all Handel's compositions, and the minuet is a delicious movement.

We turn our attention next to what the Concert book states to be "The Music in the Tempest, Purcell," but we must be so bold as to put a *negativ* to such statement;—the magical air of the "Yellow sands," and its attendant characteristic chorusses are indeed Purcell's;—but instead of proceeding with the simple and affecting strain which he has given to Shakespeare's exquisite words, "Full fathom five," we are presented with a new version of it by Mr. Smith. "Where the bee sucks," is not Purcell's—it was composed originally, as a song, by Dr. Arne, and a song we wish it had been allowed to remain;—though it cannot be denied that the Quartetto, as constructed by Jackson, and his addition in the minor key, beginning "All we fairies," possess considerable merit.—The concluding duet and chorus "No stars again," were left, unmolested, and a delightful conclusion it is.—

We were rather disappointed in Madame Pasta's song—it is in itself by no means a pleasing one,—there is no relief of subject in it, and its monotony seemed to be felt, by Madame P. herself, for her lower notes were too loud, not to mention a harsher word. The very pleasing glee by Spofforth was very pleasingly sung, and that is all we can say about it. It was followed by the Concerto from the Select Harmony, the last movement of which is strikingly beautiful. Mr. F. Cramer was very ably imitated in the solo passages by his principal second Violin, Griesbach—we never heard him supported with more delicacy and accuracy. The song from the Anthems was indifferent. Miss Stephens was in very good singing, but not speaking voice. Then followed a chorus of the highest order; the opening is truly sublime, and the chromatic subject of the fugue made to mix very ingeniously, but at the same time beautifully, with the flowing passage "Thy tender mercies." The concluding prayer "O Lord, we trust alone in thee," though quite simple in the construction, is as solemnly affecting as any strain of the kind we know. Mrs. Salmon has invoked the "bright Seraphim," too often;—she was careless even to negligence about it, and consequently sung out of tune. But, after all, it is impossible for the finest and most attentive singer always to sustain the pitch of this very difficult song, without

being interested in, and liking it,—and how can Mrs. Salmon like "Let the bright Seraphim?" The Trumpet accompaniment was excellent, but a little too loud.

We have not much to remark upon the second Act of this concert. The Scene from Saul so well known, and so deservedly admired, is always extremely well performed, and it would be strange if it were not. Miss Stephens was quite at home in her pathetic air, "In sweetest harmony,"—it is impossible that any thing can be more touching than the breaks of the chorus into this heavenly melody; and the restoration of the striking passage in the bass, which the hearer has almost forgotten, at the conclusion is a wonderful instance of taste and judgment combined. We did not like the sestetto at all—it was very trifling, and meagre, and quite unworthy of the united force of two such singers as Madame Pasta and Mrs. Salmon. Jackson's elegy, sung as it was "could not choose but please."—The trio for the two Violoncellos and double Bass, would have made old Corelli stare if he had seen his name tacked to it. We admit the admirable performance of Messrs. Lindleys and Dragonetti, but we must again deprecate all trickery at the expense of the old masters.

"Fear no danger," is an annual indispensable; and yet though Purcell could not compose music, as some great composers do, without air, yet we think less highly of this composition than almost any other; in the Dido and Æneas it is a duet between Anna and her attendant, and why make it into a trio?—Madame Pasta was "herself again," in Paisiello's charming Cantata. We lament that our limits will not permit us to go more into detail in speaking of her execution of it:—there was something to blame; a harshness of tone and expression which we wish her to correct; but altogether it was a capital performance.—"Rule Britannia," we were no Briton to gainsay:—"Tis a glorious tune, hear it when and where we may, and justly takes its stand by "Britons, strike home," and "God save the king." It closed the concert triumphantly.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

FIFTH CONCERT, Monday, 26th of April, 1824.

ACT I.

Sinfonia, No. 3	Haydn.
Aria, "Mentre ti lascio," Signor De Begnis	Mozart.
Fantasia, Oboe Obligato, Signor Centroni	
Scena ed Aria, "Sommo Ciel," Madame Pasta	Zingarelli.
Overture, Tamerlane	Winter.

ACT II.

Sinfonia, No. 7	Beethoven.
Quartetto, "Don Basilio," Madame Vestris, Mr. Begrez, Mr. Philips, and Signor De Begnis (Il Barbiere di Siviglia)	Rossini.
Quartetto, two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello, Messrs. Spagnoletti, Oury, Lyon, and Lindley Mayseeder.	
Terzetto, "Cruda Sorte!" Madame Pasta, Madame Vestris, and Mr. Begrez (Ricciardo e Zoraida)	Rossini.
Overture, La Clemenza di Tito	Mozart.

Leader, Mr. Kiesewetter.—Conductor, Mr. Potter.

Haydn's 3rd Grand Symphony, known by the name of *The Surprise*, was now performed at these concerts for the first time. Like all very beautiful music, it had, for a long series of years, been so continually before the public, that, in spite of its great merit and originality, the ear had become thoroughly satiated with it, and good policy therefore dictated that it should, for a time, be withdrawn. This prudence in the managers was rewarded by the delight and applause with which it was re-

ceived on the present occasion: never before had it been so executed in England, and never did it afford more satisfaction, for each movement was followed by the strongest testimonies of approbation, and the *andante* was unanimously encored.

Beethoven's 7th Symphony in A has before been mentioned in this work. Frequent repetition does not reconcile us to its vagaries and dissonances; though we admit the movement in A minor, — printed in our 16th Number, — to be a *chef-d'œuvre*, and that which, in our opinion, alone secures to the other parts of the composition a hearing.

The overture to *Tamerlane*, in C minor, written in the prime of Winter's musical career, is full of sublime effects, and is of itself sufficient to transmit his name to posterity. It is not often heard, because it can only be rendered with effect by such a band as is here collected together. The overture to *La Clemenza di Tito* needs no praise.

Signor Centroni is a fine performer on the Oboe, though not equal to Griesbach. The admission of his *Fantasia* into the Philharmonic Concerts was deviating a little from one of the principal laws of the institution. The *solos* of this composition were as *jejune* and common as the *tutti* parts were rich and original. We can only account for this want of uniformity in one way.

Mayseder's Quartett took us by surprise, being written in a much more solid manner than most of his compositions that we have heard. It was admirably played by Spagnoletti, &c.

Madame Pasta made her first appearance in a London Concert at this performance. The *Scena* is from the *Romeo e Giulietta* of Zingarelli, and one of the best things in that opera. She sang it with exquisite pathos and judgment; though, from the violins neglecting to use their *sordini*, some of the effect of the accompaniments was impaired. The aria, by Mozart, is a detached piece, published among his *Opern Gesänge*, and almost unknown, even to musical professors. It is a very fine composition in E flat, in two movements, the first *largo*, and the last *allegro*. Signor De Begnis did it justice. The quartett from the *Barbiere di Siviglia* was not altogether well performed; but the *Cruda Sorte!* made ample atonement for the deficiencies discoverable in the other.

SIXTH CONCERT, Monday, 10th of May, 1824.

ACT I.

Sinfonia in A. Haydn.
 Quintetto, "Sento, oh Dio!" Madame Ronzi De
 Begnis, Miss Stephens, Signor Garcia, Signor
 De Begnis, and Mr. Phillips (Cosi fan tutte) Mozart.
 Concerto, Piano-forte, Madame Szimanowska Hummel.
 Duetto, "Ricciardo! che veggo," Madame Ronzi
 De Begnis and Signor Garcia (Ricciardo e Zoraide) Rossini.
 Overture, MS. Beethoven.

ACT II.

Sinfonia, No. 6. Mozart.
 Duetto, "Qual' anelante," Miss Stephens and Signor Garcia Marcello.
 Quartetto, two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello,
 Messrs. Kiesewetter, Oury, Lyon, and Lindley Haydn.
 Quartetto, "Mi manca la voce," Madame Ronzi De
 Begnis, Signora Marinoni, Signor Garcia, and
 Mr. Phillips (accompanied on the Harp by Mr. G.
 Holst) Mose in Egitto Rossini.
 Overture, Faust Spohr.

Leader, Mr. F. Cramer.—Conductor, Mr. Cramer.

The most prominent feature in this concert was the first public appearance in England of Madame Szimanowska, pianiste to the Empress of Russia, who, under strong recommendations, is come to London for the fashionable season, having rested in Paris, on her route, and gained vast applause in that city. Madame S. is one of the most finished piano-forte players we ever heard: her taste is refined, and her expression perfect

Her execution is great, but the delicacy of it is that which will most please true critics. We cannot explain ourselves better, or compliment her more, than by saying that her style is of the Cramer school. The concerto which she performed is certainly the *chef d'œuvre* of Hummel: it is a most masterly composition, both as relating to the effect of the principal instrument, and orchestral grandeur. The design of it shews a powerful genius, and the details abound in invention, in fine modulations, and beautiful melody.

The Quartett of Haydn also deserves the warmest praise; it is one of the most sensible and elegant of the almost innumerable compositions of this great man; and was one of his last! M. Kiesewetter's performance of it was perfection itself. Hitherto we have heard this gentleman play scarcely any thing but light, and to us not very fascinating, music that, for the sake of a little variety, has been introduced lately. It was easy to discover his powers, even in that; but they were fully developed in this delicious, eloquent work.

The two symphonies were performed in a most admirable manner. That by Haydn is one of his early compositions, more remarkable for melody and general elegance, than for the dignity which his later productions display. The second, by Mozart, is his spirited work in C; before noticed by us.

The MS. Overture of Beethoven is not one of his happiest efforts. That to *Faust*, by Spohr, is a fine composition, full of thought and ingenuity, but like most of his compositions, requires to be often heard, to be understood.

Of the vocal part of this concert, the quintett, by Mozart, was charmingly performed; but the other pieces suffered much from the hoarseness of Signor Garcia; though Madame De Begnis and Miss Stephens spared no efforts to cover the deficiency.

SIGNOR ROSSINI'S SUBSCRIPTION CONCERTS.

THIS fortunate and celebrated composer will have no cause to regret his visit to England, neither will he have any reason to complain of the reception and patronage which he has received, nor of a want of most complete success in a pecuniary point of view.

In addition to his engagement at the King's Theatre, Signor Rossini has been prevailed upon to attend professionally at the houses of many persons of rank and opulence, on which occasions his fee was fixed at fifty guineas, and the liberality of those who invited him has seldom been bounded by that sum. But this, it was thought, was not doing enough; some subscription concerts therefore were suggested, for the purpose of more adequately rewarding the *gran maestro* for the risque he encountered, and the inconvenience he endured, in crossing the abominable Straits of Dover. It was consequently determined that he should have two performances at Almack's Rooms, the terms for a ticket to both, to be three guineas, and none to be admitted except those known to, and approved by, certain Ladies-patronesses! This sum, however, was found to be beyond the bearing even of Englishmen, and names not flowing in very fast, it was reduced to two guineas. Two guineas for two concerts seemed, to many, to be a most magnificent sum; but it was hoped that the value of the performance would be proportioned to the price of admission; that the singers would participate in the profits, and that the orchestra would be upon a grand scale. The event, however, did not prove equal to the expectation;—the band was limited to about twenty persons, and the vocal corps, it is said, rendered their services gratis.

The first concert was, undoubtedly, attended by a host of fashionable people: the music was, with a few unimportant exceptions, all Rossini's, and, that our readers may form an accu-

rate opinion of this guinea-worth of sound, we insert the programme, *verbatim et literatim*.

PART THE FIRST.

Sinfonia, (Gazza Ladra)	Rossini.
Duetto, "Della casa," M. and Madame Renzi De Begnis	Generali.
Quartetto, "Vedi come esulta," Madame C. Rossini, Madame Caradori, Sig. Garcia, and Sig. Curioni	Rossini.
Sestetto, "E palese," Madame Caradori, Madame C. Rossini, Signor Curioni, Signor Placci, Sig. Remorini, and Signor Benetti	Rossini.
Cavatina, "Quell' istante," Madame Catalani	Rossini.
Duetto, "Un se puoi," Madame Pasta and Signor Curioni	Rossini.
Cavatina, "Di piacer," Madame Caradori	Cimarosa.
Duetto, "Se fate in corpo avete," Madame Catalani and Signor Rossini	Cimarosa.

PART THE SECOND.

Sinfonia, (Tancredi)	Rossini.
Terzetto, "Cruda sorte," Madame Catalani, Madame Vestris, and Signor Garcia	Rossini.
Aria, Madame Pasta	Zingarelli.
Terzetto, "In questo estremo," Madame C. Rossini, Madame Pasta, and Signor Garcia	Rossini.
Aria, "Pensa a la patria," Madame Catalani, with chorus	Rossini.
Duetto, "Ebben per mia memoria," Madame Caradori and Madame Vestris	Rossini.
Cavatino, (Figaro,) Signor Rossini	Rossini.
Terzetto, "Giuro alla terra," Signor Garcia, Signor Remorini, and Signor Benetti	Guglielmi.
Finale, God save the King.	

++ To begin at Nine o'Clock.

Signor Rossini conducted this concert himself; and, as will appear from above, sang a cavatina, and part of a duet. Of his vocal powers we shall speak in our next number, when we shall have had a second opportunity of hearing them, and intend to enter more at large into the character of these performances.

CONCERTS.

Mr. Greatorix had his annual concert at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Monday the 3rd of May, which was so fully attended, that numbers of persons were not able to get into the grand saloon, but were content to catch "the leavings of the voices," in an adjoining chamber. He was assisted by Mad. Catalani, Mrs. Salmon, Miss Stephens, Miss Travis, Messrs. Vaughan, W. Knyvett, J. B. Sale, Bellamy, and the band of the Ancient Concert, which was led by Mr. F. Cramer.

Mr. W. Knyvett gave his annual concert also at the same place on the 10th of May, which though not so crowded as that of Mr. Greatorix, was as full as convenience would allow, of very elegant company. The performers were, Mad. Pasta, Miss Stephens, Mad. Caradori, Miss M. Tree, Miss Paton, Messrs. Vaughan, Sale, Signors Begrez and Ambrogetti. Mr. Kalkbrenner played a brilliant Fantasia on the piano-forte, composed

of airs from Weber's *Freyhutz*. Mad. Pasta's *Tu ch' accendi*, was excellent; her *Dove Sono* not so successful.

The Messrs. Cramer attracted all the cognoscenti to Almack's fashionable Rooms, on the 17th of May, to their morning Concert. Many people have shrewdly discovered, that to hear Mr. Cramer play is equivalent to several lessons on the piano-forte; the learners therefore, as well as the amateurs, flock in numbers to profit by his performance when he does exhibit his talents in public, and a room full of youth and beauty is the sure result. He played on this occasion a MS. concerto in which he introduced a Rondo à l'Espagnole; and also Larghetto and Rondo with orchestral accompaniments, all which he performed in his own peculiarly elegant and impressive style. Mr. F. Cramer played on the violin, the principal part of a beautiful quartett by Mozart. A fine overture of Beethoven's, and Haydn's 10th Grand Symphony commenced each act, and Mad. De Begnis, Miss Stephens, Signor Garcia, Messrs. Vaughan, W. Knyvett, Sale, and Sig. De Begnis, sang some choice airs, duets, &c., producing altogether an instructive concert to many, and a delightful one to all.

Mr. Vaughan's annual Benefit Concert took place at the Hanover Square Rooms on the evening of the 17th of May. On the same day the Feast of the Sons of the Clergy was celebrated in St. Paul's Cathedral; so that on the 17th of last month there were no less than two grand public morning concerts, and an evening performance all on the same scale; besides private parties without number.

MUSICAL LECTURES.

Dr. Crotch commenced his Course of Lectures on Music at the Royal Institution in Albermarle-Street, on Friday the 7th of May. The following is the Syllabus of these lectures.

Friday, 7th May. LECTURE I. Remarks on the National Music of various Countries. Definition: National Music supposed to be derived from the Music of the Ancients. On traditional Accuracy. Remains of the Music of the Greeks. Jewish chants. The National Music of Ireland.

Friday, 14th May. LECTURE II. The National Music of Scotland—Highland and Lowland. The National Music of Wales.

Friday, 21st May. LECTURE III. National Music supposed to be English;—that of France, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, Spain and Portugal, Hungary, Poland, Scandinavia and Norway, Denmark, Russia, Sclavonia, Turkey, Arabia, Persia, the East Indies, China, Java, Otaheite, Canada, and Norfolk Sound.

Friday, 28th May. LECTURE IV. Superiority of Vocal over Instrumental Music. Remarks on Mozart's Comic Opera of *Così fan tutte*.

Friday, 4th June. LECTURE V. On the Progress of Improvement in the Opera. Remarks on *Così fan tutte* continued.

Friday, 11th June. LECTURE VI. Remarks on the Opera of *Così fan tutte* concluded. Character of Mozart.

THE DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

SINCE our last, Madame Ranzi de Begnis, being recovered from the indisposition, consequent on her confinement, has returned to her duties at this theatre. On the 1st of May she appeared in Rossini's *Turco in Italia*, the opera buffa in which she made her first appearance here three years ago. The strength of her voice certainly was, for a night or two, a little diminished by her long illness, but in other respects she is the same delicate and finished singer as ever, in full possession of all her graceful vivacity and knowledge of stage effect.

Signor Remorini, a base singer of great celebrity in Italy, recently arrived from Barcelona, was, for the first time, introduced to the English public, in the character of *Solim* or *Il Turco*. After the eulogiums which we had read and heard of this performer, we were prepared to expect talents of a much higher order than he now exhibited. He sings with great correctness and well in tune, and acts with spirit and propriety; but his voice, though uncommonly powerful, has none of the sweetness that a *basso cantante* ought to possess; it is hard, and does not seem capable of expressing that tenderness which the part chosen,—ill chosen we think,—for his debüt requires. But we do not wish to judge finally of him, till we have heard him in some other opera, when he is more accustomed to his audience and to the theatre.

Madame Caradori gave for her benefit *Don Giovanni*, Mozart's master-piece. It has been truly remarked, that not one of the persons who originally appeared in this, only seven years ago, has now any part in it. It is thus cast at present:—

<i>Don Giovanni</i> ,	Signor Garcia.
<i>Donna Anna</i> ,	Mad. De Begnis.
<i>Donna Elvira</i> ,	Mad. Biagioli.
<i>Zerlina</i> ,	Mad. Caradori.
<i>Don Ottavio</i> ,	Signor Begrez.
<i>Leporello</i> ,	Signor De Begnis.
<i>Il Comendatore</i> ,	} Signor Porto.
and	
<i>Masetto</i> .	

Madame Caradori shewed her musical discrimination, and her worldly knowledge in choosing this opera, for she flattered all critics by her selection, and got a large sum by the receipts of the night. The theatre was filled long before the commencement of the overture, and before the curtain rose, it was impossible to find even standing room in the pit, or a seat in any one box. Mad. Caradori went through the part of *Zerlina* in a very agreeable, musician-like manner. Mad. De Begnis in *Donna Anna* is quite perfect; with what feeling she sings the two passionate airs, and the duet with *Don Ottavio*! How true to

the author's meaning, and just to his fame, does she utter every note,—each note here being an important one!—But this great work in most other respects was ill got up, and not like what we have been accustomed to.

Madame Pasta has appeared in the part of *Tamcredi* in Rossini's serious opera. She is in this every thing that can be wished; her first scena, "*Oh, Patria!*" with "*Tu ch' accendi*," and "*Di tanti palpiti*," is incomparable. Her style of singing this rather differs from those who have preceded her; she takes it much slower, but adds a few such chaste, graceful, and original ornaments to it, and gives it with so much genuine feeling, that it pleases all tastes. Mad. De Begnis as *Amorinda* is equally praise-worthy, but the part is the less popular one of the two; to give importance to it, therefore, requires all her ability. Signor Carioni is a good *Argirio*, but the opera is otherwise miserably gotten up; Benetti, the bass voice, is no support to it: the chorus is feeble and imperfect; the scenery faded and shabby, and the stage management clumsy and barn-like.

Mad. De Begnis is to have *La Donna del Lago* for her benefit, and Mad. Pasta has chosen for hers, the *Romeo e Giulietta* of Zingarelli. The new opera, so often announced, *Ugo, Re d'Italia*, is in *statu quo*. It is not likely to be finished by Signor Rossini here, for there is, as usual, a complete misunderstanding between all the high contracting powers in the theatre; and the Director has, it is currently reported, virtually withdrawn himself from his office, having given but little attention to it during the whole season.

DRURY-LANE AND COYENT-GARDEN THEATRES.

AT neither of these theatres has any new production appeared during the last month. Great changes in the operatic department are to take place by next season: Mr. Bishop certainly quits the house to which he has been so long attached, and is engaged at Drury Lane. CARL MARIA VON WEBER, the celebrated German Composer, is to be his successor. This seems a little strange, for we do not understand how a man, wholly ignorant of the language, is to set English words to music. It is true, however, that sense is becoming more and more every day subordinate to sound, and therefore perhaps it matters not whether the musician understands one syllable of the hobbling nonsense-verses that are put into his hands. Mr. Sapio is to appear on the stage: Mr. Elliston has engaged him at a high salary to replace Mr. Braham. Neither of the theatres fill now at whole price; and great changes and reforms must be made to reduce the expenditure to the receipt, or raise the receipt to the expenditure. The system of both houses is radically bad, and the proprietors will, we hope for their own sakes, discover the fact, and set about remedying the evil before it is too late.

THE HARMONICON.

No. XIX., JULY, 1824.

MEMOIR OF FRIEDRICH HEINRICH HIMMEL.

FRIEDRICH HEINRICH HIMMEL was born on the 20th of November, 1765, at Trenenbrietzen, a small town in Brandenburg. Of his parents nothing is accurately known, but it has been reported, and is very generally believed in Germany, that he was a son of Frederick William II. The first authentic accounts we have of him state, that being intended for the church, he was sent to pursue his studies at the University of Halle, where he applied himself to theology for about two years. But the natural bent of his genius was for music, which had begun to display itself at an early age; he had a good voice, and even when at school had taught himself music, and made a tolerable progress on the piano-forte. After remaining two or three years at the university, chance afforded him an opportunity of surprising the King, Frederick William II., by his self-acquired skill on that instrument. His Majesty was so enraptured by his execution and refined taste, that he avowed himself to be much disposed in his favour, and settled on him an annual pension, to assist him in cultivating his musical talents. In pursuit of this object, the king sent him directly to Dresden, to study under the celebrated Kapellmeister Naumann, to whose sound and judicious instructions, aided by the excellent examples that were constantly before him in the daily performances of the Royal Chapel at Dresden, Himmel is indebted for his knowledge of pure composition, and for all that may be termed a *good school*. So rapid was his progress, that is after two years, he returned, in 1792, to Berlin, and presented to his royal patron, as a part of the first fruits of his musical studies, the oratorio of *Isaaco*, the words by Metastasio. This composition was, by his Majesty's orders, immediately performed in his private chapel by the principal musicians of the court. It obtained such decided success, that the King appointed Himmel his chamber composer, and presented him with a purse of a hundred Fredericks d'or. Permission was at the same time given him to travel for two years in Italy, in order to perfect his taste, and he was also supplied with ample means for the prosecution of this object, by command of the king. Before he left Berlin for Italy, a cantata from Metastasio, entitled *La Danza*, which he had also composed at Dresden, was performed with much *éclat*, and served still more to enhance his reputation.

It is probable that Venice was the first place in Italy at
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which he made any stay, as we find in the year 1794 that his pastoral, entitled *Il Primo Navigatore*, was composed for the theatre of that city. He afterwards proceeded to Naples, where his powerful letters of recommendation procured him an introduction to the King, and he received the royal command to undertake the music of a serious opera, to be called *Il Semiramide*, and to have it prepared for the festivity of his majesty's birth day, the 12th of January, 1795. While occupied on this work, the place of *Kapellmeister* at Berlin becoming vacant by the retirement of M. Reichardt, his royal master appointed Himmel to fill that situation, though absent in Italy.

On his return to Prussia at the end of the same year, a fire broke out in Potsdam, which was the means of reducing a number of families to great distress. On this occasion Himmel most honourably and liberally made an offer of his professional services to assist the unfortunate sufferers. Accordingly a series of concerts of sacred music was given for their benefit, and attended with complete success. This proved the means of making him very popular.

In the year 1797, a splendid fête was given by the King, in honour of the marriage of the Princess with the hereditary Prince of Hesse Cassel. This afforded Himmel an opportunity of displaying his talents to the greatest advantage. His *Semiramide* was brought out at the Opera-House in the most magnificent style, and crowned with complete success. Besides this, he composed two cantatas on the occasion of the marriage, entitled *Hessans Söhne und Prussiens Töchter*, (The Hessian Son and the Prussian Daughter); as also a grand cantata, called *Das vertrauen auf Gott*, (Confidence in God,) both of which contributed greatly to add to his reputation.

A critic who was present at the performance of *Semiramide*, says, that the music contains such a rich store of thought and invention, that an Italian would expand its materials into a dozen operas, and still render them all interesting. Himmel himself presided at the piano-forte, and was supported by an admirable orchestra. It has been remarked that this, like many of the vocal compositions of Himmel, but especially those of his early years, are over burdened with instrumental accompaniments. This appears to have arisen from the fertility of his mind, and from a superabundance of ideas, which a more mature age has tended to correct:—but woe to that youthful

genius which has no redundancy of ideas, no luxuriance that will bear pruning!

Shortly after the festivities above mentioned, the cheerful muse of Himmel was doomed to wear weeds on account of the death of his munificent patron, Frederick William II. On this melancholy occasion, he composed a funeral cantata, or anthem, which was performed at the King's funeral, in December, 1797, in the Dome Church, by an orchestra of upwards of a hundred and fifty musicians, of the first talents in Germany. "I feel confident," says the German biographer, "that this orchestra would have produced an effect little short of that of the commemoration of Handel in Westminster Abbey, had not the nature of the building where it was employed, tended to destroy this effect. The architect who crowded the interior of the Dome Church with such enormous and massive pillars, must have been a sworn enemy to music."

Himmel was allowed scarcely six days for the composition, but he threw into it all the force and fire of his genius. The sentiments are expressed with the utmost truth and energy; the instrumental accompaniments are judiciously managed and well adapted to the nature of the subject; the basses are full of power, and the harmony and modulation are conducted with great taste and judgment. It is considered as Himmel's master-piece in the grand style. It has since been occasionally performed, and always with a degree of success commensurate with the excellence of the composition.

One of the journals of that period gives a minute account of this composition, with observations on the various parts of the performance, and on the manner in which the instruments were employed to produce particular effects. But the entire score has been since published, and therefore it is not necessary to enter into these particulars. It was once performed in the great saloon of the Opera, where the subscription, which was applied to a charitable object, amounted to one thousand three hundred and eighty-six rix dollars.

This melancholy solemnity was succeeded in the August following by the festivities of the coronation of the present king, Frederick William III., on which occasion Himmel composed a *Te Deum*. After this he requested permission of the King to undertake a journey to Stockholm and Petersburg. Of his success in the former place no particulars are known, but the handsome reception he experienced at St. Petersburg may be collected from the following circumstance. After his first performance before the court, the emperor not only presented him with a ring set with brilliants, but also commanded him to compose a new opera for the following winter. In consequence of this order, and with the permission of the King of Prussia, Himmel remained during that year at St. Petersburg, where he produced the opera of *Alessandro*; the first representation of which, brought him the sum of 6000 rubles, besides several valuable presents. He passed the following summer at Riga, where he was very active in composing several airs and cantatas.

On his return to Berlin, he composed the music of two German operas, *Fanchon das Leiermädchen*, (Fanchon the Lyre-maiden) and *Die Sylphen* (the Sylphs). The text of the first of these operas is by Kotzebue; the music is full of movements of great effect, and of all Himmel's secular compositions is said to have contributed most largely to his renown; his biographer declares, that if he had com-

posed nothing but this opera and his Funeral Cantata, they would have secured him immortality, and in proof of this, the following expression of Haydn is quoted; "If an artist," says he, "has written but two works of acknowledged merit, his fame is fixed*."

The opera of *Die Sylphen* is distinguished by its flowing and graceful song, by the novelty of many of the melodies, by great richness of harmony, by the diligent finish of the passages, and the beauty and originality of the accompaniments.

But the compositions by which Himmel is principally known are his songs, which possess much beauty and variety of character, together with great originality. As a composer of melodies he has indisputable claims to merits of the higher order, particularly in those of a simple and tender kind. The ease which he knows so well how to throw into his subjects, and the insinuating manner in which he makes his way directly to the hearts of his hearers, are admirable, and in these respects he possesses a talent peculiarly his own. He, at the same time, possesses the happy art of producing particular effects, and in all his compositions of this kind seems to attend to this important question: "What is calculated to produce the best effect?" Many of his songs are of a gay and popular character, without degenerating into that style, which is exceedingly well contrived "to split the ears of the groundlings."

After his return from his northern excursion, Himmel composed, at the command of the court of Berlin, the grand opera of *Vasco de Gama*, which experienced considerable success, as well as the music of an operetta, entitled *Fröhlichkeit und Schwärmerei* (Gaiety and Gravity).

In the spring of 1801, he undertook a journey to France, England, and Vienna; and returned to Berlin in 1802, where he remained with but few interruptions to the time of his death, which happened in 1814.

Of Himmel's operas, only *Fanchon* and *Die Sylphen* exist in print. The music to *Fanchon* may be said to have stood the test of years: it is annually performed on all the principal stages of Germany, and never fails to please and to delight. It is so original that it cannot with any propriety be compared to any other German opera. The airs, mostly of a light character, in the best sense of the word, are, however, by no means equal in point of merit. One of the finest is the duet between Fanchon and Edward: where Fanchon, with an intensity of feeling hardly to be surpassed, sings, *In Savoyen bin ich geboren*. The air, which is so universally known and admired, *Die ganze Welt ist ein Orchester*, must be pronounced to be undoubtedly the finest. Next to this opera and the grand Funeral Cantata, stand his piano-forte compositions. The three sonatas, piano-forte, viol., and vlla., dedicated to the Queen of Prussia, and the three dedicated to the Duchess of Oldenburg, rank amongst the finest trios for those instruments. His concerto for the piano-forte in D, has not been so well received as his sextetto for the same instrument with accompaniments. Most of his other works consist of

* It is almost wholly to the beautiful opera of *Fanchon* that Himmel owes his great celebrity, as the present fame of the ingenious Weber rests principally upon his *Freyschütz*; and it is worthy of remark, that both these charming operas, which each in their turn set all Germany, nay, nearly all Europe, singing and playing, were succeeded by two others, *Die Sylphen* and *Euryanthe*, by the same composers respectively, which produced comparatively no effect at all, though evidently the result of much more study and elaborate effort.

vocal pieces, among which the *Urania* deservedly stands highest.

As a piano-forte player Himmel was placed among the first of his age, and many have hesitated to whom the preference was due,—Dussek or Himmel.

As a private character, he was particularly possessed of those amiable qualities, which made him a most agreeable companion. Always cheerful and gay himself, his good and benevolent disposition prompted him to render every body about him the same. Thus he devoted a much greater portion of his time to pleasure than was consistent with his calling as an artist, which hindered him from giving to his works that high finish which can only be obtained by indefatigable study and patient perseverance.

LIST OF HIMMEL'S WORKS.

1. A Mass, for four voices.
2. A Vesper, for four voices.
3. *La Dunza*, a cantata of Metastasio, 1792.
4. *Isaaco*, an oratorio from Metastasio.
5. The hundred and forty-sixth Psalm.
6. *Il primo Navigatore*, a pastoral by Sig. Segratti. Venice, 1794.
7. *Semiramide*, an opera, founded on the tragedy of Voltaire, Naples, 1795.
8. *Hessens Sohne und Preussens Tochter*, a Nuptial song, on occasion of the marriage of the Prince of Hesse, 1797.
9. *Das Vertrauen auf Gott*, a sacred cantata, 1797.
10. A concerto for the flute.
11. *A Te Deum*, on occasion of the coronation of Frederick William of Prussia, 1798.
12. *Alexandro*, a serious opera.
13. *Vasco de Gama*, ditto.
14. *Frohlichkeit und Schwärmerie*, an Operetta.
15. The Psalm *In Exitu Israel*.
16. The Psalm *Dixit Dominus*, in C.
17. Twenty Variations for the piano, 1790.
18. *Der Leyermann*, 1796.
19. *Bhimenstraus*, 1797.
20. *Der Bergmann*, do.
21. German Songs with accompaniments for the piano.
22. *Musique Champêtre* executé à Pyrmont, 1797.
23. *Chansons de Rousseau*, with an accompaniment for the flute, guitar, piano and violoncello, 1797.
24. *Chanson Française*, with an accompaniment for the piano.
25. A naval song.
26. German song, on occasion of the birth of William the third, 1798.
27. A Song, for a public occasion, 1798.
28. Twelve Variations to *Malbrouk*, do.
29. Funeral Cantata, on occasion of the funeral of Frederick William II. of Prussia, 1799.
30. Six German Songs with accompaniments for the flute, violoncello and piano.
31. *Six Romances de Florian*, with an accompaniment for piano-forte, or harp.
32. Six Romances by the same.
33. *Sonata pour le piano-forte*.
34. *Six Variations sur le theme du Ballet de Semiramis*.
35. Prayer for peace, Berlin, 1800.
36. *Grande Sonata pour le piano*, 1801.
37. *Grand Sestetto*, with accomp. for two Violas, two horns, and violoncello, 1802.
38. Quartetto for piano, flute, viola and violoncello.
39. *Fanchon des Leyermadehen*, Operetta.
40. Three Sonatas for piano, viola and violoncello.
41. Three Sonatas for piano, violin, and violoncello.
42. Twelve German Songs, with accomp. for piano.
43. Songs from the *Urania* of Tieck.
44. *Air de Matelot*, variations for piano, violoncello or violin.
45. *Musica Vocale*, p., 2 Soprani e Tenore, coll' Armonica.

46. *Recessus* for two piano-fortes, or for four hands.
47. *Fanchon*, arranged as a Quartet for two violins, viola and bass, 2 parts.
48. *Polon. favourite*, for piano-forte.
49. *Marche militaire*, for piano. No. 1, 2, 3.
50. Six poems from KTAADHTON, with accomp. for piano or guitar.
51. Six Songs of Goëthe, for piano or guitar.
52. *Die unsichtbare Welt*, a song, with accomp. piano.
53. Song from Klopstock, for two sopranos, Tenor and Bass, ad lib. with piano.
54. The Overture of the Sylphs, an opera, a grand orchestre.
55. A Song.
56. Three Songs.
57. A Song.
58. Concerto for piano-forte, in D.
59. *Souvenir de Pyrmont*, Musique de Gluck, piano.
60. Romance: *Assise au bord*.
61. Twelve old German Songs, for piano or guitar.
62. *Freude, Friede, Hoffnung*, with piano.
63. *Glaube, Liebe, Hoffnung*, do.
64. Six Grand Waltzes, for piano.
65. Six Songs, with piano.
66. *Grösse im Anglick*, a Song for piano or guitar.
67. Songs.
68. Songs.
69. *Pater unser*, in score.
70. March for 2 clar. 2 bassoons.
71. Three Songs.
72. *Ossian*, a Song from, piano and violoncello.
73. A Song by Goëthe, for soprano, and tenor.
74. Ten Songs, piano and violoncello.
75. *Die Unschuld*, with piano.
76. A Romance from Goëthe's Faust.
77. A Birth-day Song, in three parts.

ON CONCERT PITCH, AND ITS REFORM.

To the Editor of the HARMONICON.

Sir,

I have long wished to offer to you some observations on the great obstacle that prevents our musical execution from producing that degree of satisfaction which it once rendered, namely, the disorder that has crept into the concert-pitch, or diapason. This point has not yet met with the attention which its importance demands, and I shall, therefore, attempt to throw some light upon the subject, and render it clear to every capacity. With this view, I shall not touch upon the learned researches of the celebrated Sauveur into the diapason of the ancients, and the means of fixing one of a determinate character. It would not be more difficult for me than for other writers, to bristle my language with technical terms, and abstruse demonstrations; but what good would arise out of such a parade? I could by such ostentation give the learned no new information, and it will, therefore, be much better to make myself understood by those who have no pretensions to erudition.

Many things are changeable in the arts, as in all other matters; but the organization of the human frame is the same in all ages: to this, therefore, we must often refer, in order to distinguish immutable things from those which are subject to all the caprices of fashion and of taste. Nature has given a determinate compass to the three principal kinds of voice that she has formed, and which complete our vocal scale, viz., the treble, the tenor and the bass.

The experiment has been tried upon bass voices of acknowledged excellence, and it has been ascertained that the deepest of their notes, excluding those of a hoarse kind, are in accordance with the highest, excluding those that are shrill, produced by tenors, two octaves above. On submitting soprano voices to the same test, the fact has been verified that the highest notes of their breast voice, were still the same an octave higher. The tone fixed upon as the standard of the different voices was A, which, from the highest antiquity, has been taken as the diapason of church music.

The dramatic diapason has frequently varied both in France and Italy; but, at each influx of Italian singers, that of France has been advantageously modified. It was particularly so when Gluck arrived in Paris, and found such admirable means at his disposal, in the voice of Madame St. Huberti, and in those of the principal singers of that period, to all of which he gave a direction at once dramatic and melodious.

When the French revolution made the people live for a time almost in the public streets and squares; at a period when it was all the rage to imitate the solemnities of the ancients, festivities were celebrated in the open air, in which music was made to perform the same part as in the days of antiquity. The great object at this time was to keep up a constant excitement, and accordingly recourse was had to this, the most powerful agent of strong, popular emotion. Two, and sometimes three, concerted choirs, with as many orchestras, were established in the *Champ de Mars*, which had to combine their means at a considerable distance from each other. For the purpose of producing an effect in such a space, nay even in order to hear each other, these choirs and orchestras were reduced to the necessity of raising their pitch. Now the musicians of the opera took a part in these performances, and after having screamed the whole morning, it was not easy for them to quit the same habit in the evening, and therefore they continued to sing in the same tone. The wind instruments having raised their pitch, did not give themselves the trouble to lower it again, and the stringed instruments as well as the voices were under the necessity of conforming to it. As yet, however, the evil was but trifling: the concert-pitch had in this manner been raised only a quarter of a tone.

Meanwhile the players on wind instruments found that their horns, clarionets, &c., had gained more *eclat*; the evil was too seductive not to make its impression, and immediately led to pernicious consequences. One to give effect to his flute, another to his clarionet, and a third to his horn, insensibly raised the pitch of their instruments, and the rest of the orchestra, willing or not willing, were obliged to yield to the innovation; so that, at present, the concert-pitch of most orchestras is nearly three quarters of a tone above the natural diapason.

Now, if it be only borne in mind that the music which is executed, has not been transposed, and that all new compositions are written as if for the ancient diapason, it will cease to be a matter of wonder either that the voices of the opera should be spoiled, or that screaming should take the place of singing. The wonderful powers of Madame Branchu have been unable to bear up against the evil, and Madame Albert is yielding to its unhappy influence. It cannot be otherwise till an effectual remedy is provided. Doubtless, some labour must be bestowed for this purpose; but this may be relied upon, that no

industry was ever better employed for a musical purpose; and depend upon it, that the credit of all vocal performances will begin to rise, the moment the concert pitch is lowered. I am, &c.

GALLICUS.

We wish that our correspondent had gone a little further into this subject, which is of singular importance, and worthy of very serious attention. Concert-pitch is a point that now divides the opinions of many able musicians, and we invite the communications of our readers upon so interesting a question. ED.

ON MUSICAL EXPRESSION.

To feel strongly, is one of the rarest gifts an artist can receive from the hand of nature, and it is a gift which she alone can bestow. A brilliant and energetic style of performance is the triumph of art; it can be attained only by assiduous application.

Whatever the department of the art a musician adopts, and whatever the industry with which he pursues his studies, yet without a deep and lively sensibility, he will be condemned to creep along mingled in the crowd of common minds. If, on the contrary, joined to this sensibility, he possesses a profound knowledge of his art, and the means that it employs, he will render with energy, or, in other words, with *expression*, that which he has strongly conceived. He will raise his reputation to the level of that of the greatest masters, and at last, in spite of the efforts of envy, and the intrigues of mediocrity, will leave behind him a name celebrated in his art.

But how many qualities must a musician possess, united to this profound sensibility, in order to be master of the true manner of expression! He must have a mind sufficiently acute and extensive to embrace and compare an infinity of analogies, not apparent to ordinary minds; an imagination sufficiently ardent to seize firmly upon its subject, sufficiently fertile to represent it under every kind of image; a soul sufficiently capacious to grasp every object, and sufficiently impassioned to embrace all those points that have any analogy with it; but, above all, he must have a heart, tremblingly alive to all the tenderness, as well as all the impetuosity of the passions; it is thus only that his works can be informed with native fire, and breathe life and identity. It was not from heaven that the spark descended which gave life to Galatea—enkindled by the genius of the artist and by love, the creative flame burst forth from the heart of Pygmalion.

If to the *expression* of a composition the musician would also unite that of execution, still more is required. For this purpose, it is indispensable that the perfection of his physical, should correspond to that of his moral, organization. In order to this, nature must have been bountiful to him of her gifts. Prodigies of this kind are found only at long and distant intervals; and happy may those esteem themselves to whom it is given to live at the epochs in which such talents can be witnessed and enjoyed!

To possess the *expression* of execution is not only to present the tones pure to the ear, but to convey to the heart the accents of nature, modified according to the rules of musical art; it is to seize these accents and render them

in their true character, and with that impulse, which is imparted to them by the various passions; it is to express them in all that variety of combination, and with those finely graduated shades, which, though almost insensible, have still their perceptible lines of demarkation: in a word, it is to render them with all those varieties and delicately blended tints which are too ethereal for any other analysis than that of sentiment.

After this, some idea may be formed of the difficulties of this delightful art, requiring as it does, on the part of him who wishes to excel therein, a fund of deep feeling and exquisite sensibility, and, to sum up all in a single line, the most happy dispositions both physical and moral.

I might add that the whole universe, that every thing animated with the kind of life proper to itself, lies within the domain of expression. In effect, one of the most seductive of our illusions is, that of attributing to the objects which excite our emotions, the same feeling that the impression we receive therefrom awakens within us.

Hence it is that every thing in nature which feels, every thing that breathes, and even objects of an inanimate kind have, or at least appear to have, their language, their accents, their expression. Not only does the dove bewail her widowed state, and the nightingale pour her lengthened strain of melancholy love; the very trees of the forest, when swept by the winds of the north, seem to utter a plaintive moan; the caverned shore, re-echoing to the voice of the deep, appears to lament in tones of hollow anguish; even the simple poppy of the field, bending its head when surcharged with rain, presents to the pensive mind an image of sorrow and desolation:

— aut lassove papavera collo
Demisere caput, pluvia cum fortè gravantur.
Virg. Æneid. l. 9.

FROM MUSICAL SCRAP-BOOKS.

To the Editor of the HARMONICON.

Sir,

Perhaps the following extracts, from scarce and curious works, that fell in my way lately, may amuse a few of your readers; such at least as can unbend themselves from graver studies, or set apart a few minutes from the gaieties of the season, to read the "*Praise of Music*."

Yours, &c. F. W. H.

EFFECTS OF MUSIC UPON ANIMALS.

In a curious MS. work entitled, "New Jerusalem Harmony," a Treatise on the Divine and civil uses of Music, by William Dennis, 1758, is a preface, inscribed "To all such as turn best upon a Musical Biass." There is something amusing in honest William's account of the effect of Music upon animals, and its efficacy in the cure of *Consumptions*. I shall therefore furnish you with the whole passage:

"Of all beasts there is none that is not delighted with harmony, but the *Ass* only. H. Stephanus reports, that he saw a Lion in London, leave his prey to hear music, &c., and Mr. Playford infers that as he once travelled near Royston, in Hertfordshire, he met an herd of stags, about twenty in number, upon the road, following a bagpipe and violin, which, while the music played they went

forward, but when it ceased they stood still; and in this manner they were brought out of Yorkshire to Hampton-Court. Therefore if irrational creatures so naturally love and are delighted with music, shall not man, who is a rational creature and endued with the knowledge thereof? A learned author hath the following observation, viz., that music is used only of the most aerial creatures, loved and understood by man. The birds of the air, those pretty winged choristers, how at the approach of the day do they warble forth their Maker's praise! among which, observe the little lark, who by a natural instinct doth very often mount up to the sky, as high as his wings will bear him, and there warble out his melody as long as his strength enables him, and then descends to his flock, who presently send up another chorister to supply this divine service. It is observed also of the Cock, which *Mr. Chaucer** calls Chanticleer, his crowing is sounded musically, and doth allude to the perfect syllables of the word *Hallelujah*. The aforementioned Kircherus also writes that the cock doth sound a perfect eighth musically, thus,



when his hens come from their nests. The philosopher says, not to be *Animum Musicum*, is not to be *Animum Rationale*, and the Italian proverb is 'God loves not him whom he hath not made to love music.' Nor doth music only delight the mind of man and beasts and birds, but also conduceth much to bodily health by the exercise of the voice in singing, which doth clear and strengthen the lungs; and to it be joined the exercise of the limbs, none need fear either an *asthma* or *Consumption*; the want of which is often the death of many students."

ORIGIN OF THE IRISH AIR "CULAN."

From "*STUART'S Historical Memoirs of Armagh*."

A. D. 1295, an unedited statute of 24 Edward 1st, states, "That the English, as if degenerating in modern times, had clothed themselves with Irish vestments, and having their heads half shaven encourage the growth of the hair at the back of the head, which they bind up, and call 'Culan,' conforming themselves both in habit and countenance to the Irish.—It was therefore, resolved that all the English in this land should, so far at least as relates to the head, preserve the custom and tonsure of the English, and no longer presume to turn back the hair into a Culan. These Culans were twisted locks of hair denominated Glibbs, in later time, which ran from the front of the head, and resembled the crest of a helmet. The word is derived from Culaim, whose radix is Cul, 'behind,' or the back part of any thing. It is traditionally said, that when the Anglo-Irish, and the original natives, were compelled to part with this esteemed ornament, the famous national song 'Culan,' the air of which is so melodious, and so justly admired at the present day, was composed at once to mourn over and commemorate the event, the time itself was probably of much greater antiquity."

* W. Dennis being determined not to shew the smallest degree of disrespect to the ancient poet, has most politely called him *Mr. Chaucer*.

ON THE ART OF ORNAMENTING SONG.

From the Treatise on Melody, by ANT. REICHA.

It is not sufficient that beautiful melodies be invented, they must also be executed in a perfect manner. But if the creation of them be difficult, the perfect execution of them is not less so. Let not the latter art be compared with that of simple declamation, for out of a hundred persons capable of declaiming well, scarcely one or two will be found able to sing even passably. To form a singer of excellence, the following qualifications are requisite:—1st, A voice at once sonorous, flexible, and agreeable, and of a sufficient and equal compass. 2d, A lively sensibility. 3d, An exquisite taste. 4th, A good school. 5th, Organs of hearing sufficiently exercised, and possessed of superior delicacy. Rare, indeed, is it to find all these qualities united in the same individual; and frequently do we meet with those who make pretence to the name of singers, that are destitute of nearly the whole of them. How many compositions are sacrificed to an execution devoid of delicacy, taste, and feeling; in a word, of every thing calculated to charm and interest? This is to declaim the exquisite verses of Racine in the jargon of Gascony.

It is remarkable that no climate has produced such excellent voices, such perfect singers, and in so great a number, as Italy; but then, no nation has had such excellent schools of singing as the Italians. Among the singers of both sexes of this happy climate, there are some who, by the magic of their voice, and their incomparable manner of performing melody—Farinelli for instance—have renewed in part the wonders of Greek music.

There is a manner of execution which, if the tradition of it could be preserved and followed by successive singers, would exclude every other. The celebrated Madame Todi would be the singer of every age; other methods of execution are ephemeral and pass away like other fashions. But, unfortunately, it is impossible to retain this tradition, which, could it be transmitted, would serve as a standard for all future singers. As it is, there is one manner of singing in Italy, another in France, and a third in Germany. In Italy the true method of singing is still preserved to a certain degree, though the present mode of it is different from what it was formerly; its best schools begin to degenerate. In France, they still scream more than they sing: in Germany they do both the one and the other; and it has been remarked, that though they do not scream very strongly, yet still they do not sing very correctly*.

From the time of Allegri, Leo, and Durante, to that of Hasse and Handel, the manner of singing was at once simple, touching, and grand. The singer seldom ventured to employ any other ornaments than the appoggiatura, the trill, and some few other passing embellishments, till he came to the *point d'orgue* at the close of the air, when he considered himself on his own domain.

* M. Reicha is most likely unacquainted with the English school of singing of which the late Mr. Harrison was the brightest ornament. It is founded on Handel's music, and owes all its advancement to the Ancient Concert, and though not equal to the Italian, is far superior to either the French or the German. Mr. Bartleman, notwithstanding two or three glaring defects in his manner, was, justly, one of the proudest boasts of the school, and Mrs. Salmon has not a little enhanced its repute.

The composers of this period had, at least, as much share in the success of an air as the singer. After this epoch things took another turn; and instead of singing in this simple and faithful manner, they began to ornament every thing. The composers became the slaves of the singers, and in process of time, were considered as altogether out of the question. All they had to do was to get up a kind of skeleton air, which the singers took upon themselves to animate and colour by their manner of embellishing them. Novelty is always attractive, not to say seductive. The public were far from imagining what an injury they were doing to music, by lavishing such ill-judged applause upon airs of this kind; for that is the period from which we may date the decline of the art in Italy.

But cannot the composer who makes an air of this kind, himself compose the embellishments, and conduct it upon a richer harmony, and with more varied modulations? Yes, if he be composing instrumental music; but I caution him to be upon his guard if he is writing for the voice. In the first place, a composer is not a singer; what he would compose for his voice, or with his voice, will not suit either the talent or the voice of a skillful singer. Prescribed ornaments are sure to be almost always ill-executed. In a singer of talent, embellishments are generally the result of the inspiration of the moment; which is infinitely more effective than anything that the study and researches of the composer can produce. The singer adapts them to the nature and compass of his voice, and modifies them according to the feelings and impulse of the moment; all these considerations must necessarily be neglected, if written by the composer.

CELEBRATION OF MOZART'S BIRTH-DAY.

Extract of a Letter from Breslau.

THE Silesians, like their neighbours the Bohemians, are distinguished from other provinces by their natural talent for music, and great love of the art, which, in all classes of society here, is sedulously cultivated, and fostered with zeal and enthusiasm. The system of the catholic worship tends to cherish and strengthen this natural bias; schools of instruction are instituted in every church, the object of which is to qualify the people to join in the harmony that accompanies all the sacred solemnities. In this manner, a feeling for music is awakened in the youthful breast, and nothing can be more common than to meet with children of both sexes, who are enabled to sing their part in the concerted pieces of the mass at first sight. Nothing but the most urgent necessity can prevent the Silesian peasant from attending the Sunday service; and no rustic dilettante, who has once been associated with the choir, fails to assist at High Mass. In this manner every church ceremony becomes to him a music feast, to which, in spite of the inclemency of the weather, and a long distance over almost trackless mountains, he hastens with delight. During the winter months, the inhabitants of the villages and their neighbourhood assemble for the purpose of exercising themselves in secular music, and it is from the talents thus brought into action, that festivals of considerable extent are able to be celebrated in the towns of Silesia.

for instance, in Schmiedberg, Waldenburg, Glatz and Schweidnitz, in the latter of which M. Kanbach, the cantor and organist of the place, was enabled to perform Schneider's *Weltgericht*, (Day of Judgment,) in a very admirable manner, with a choir and band of more than a hundred persons.

That the germs of music thus formed in the villages and towns, should be brought to maturity and flourish in the capital, is natural to suppose, and it is scarcely credible how many musical clubs have been formed here, and continue to maintain themselves, in a population scarcely amounting to 80,000 inhabitants. Innumerable are the cassinos, assemblies, tea-parties, &c., in Breslau, together with a considerable number of concerts, the most remarkable among which are *Das Deutsche*, *Das Richtershe*, *Das Krügersch*, a Friday and Saturday concert-society, a concert of the Jewish families, a Singing Academy, an institution for Church Music, the Academical Music Association for classical music, a Quartett Society, a *Leidertafel*, independent of the numerous private meetings and musical parties made up from time to time. Many of these societies cultivate the compositions of Bach and Handel, the greater part of which may, now be reckoned among musical rarities. A true love for the works of the venerable Haydn also distinguishes these meetings, and therefore it is no wonder that the highest enthusiasm for those of the great Mozart should also prevail, and his piano concertos, songs, and even dances, which are almost forgotten elsewhere, still continue to delight the amateurs of this place. Hence it required only a hint from some of the enthusiastic admirers of this great master, to induce the public to celebrate his birth-day with becoming honours. For this purpose, on the last anniversary of Mozart's birth-day, two hundred and sixty musicians and dilettanti assembled at an early hour in the church of the Holy Cross, in order to perform the celebrated *Requiem*. The whole was under the direction of the able and indefatigable M. Schnabel, chapel-master of this town. The venerable rector of the church, M. Czekel, long known for his love of the art, had caused the high altar and the sanctuary to be fitted out for the occasion, and a *catafalque* to be erected at his own expense, surrounded with wax tapers. He performed the service in person, assisted by his two vicars.—This wonderful composition of the great master was, perhaps, never before performed with such unfeigned zeal and so striking an effect. We have had frequent opportunities of hearing this great work, but never did we know it produce so deep and impressive an effect. Among other movements admirably given, was the difficult *Ricordare*, which appeared to be doubly felt on this occasion. The most profound silence prevailed in every part of our vast church, and as the last tones of this pathetic address, which is unique in its kind, died away along the fretted roofs of the building, many a tear was seen to sparkle, not only in bright eyes, but in those of the more hardy sex also. An innumerable crowd thronged the church, and appeared fully penetrated with the solemnity of the event.

In the evening, the members of the *Leidertafel* had a festive meeting in their hall, which was gaily decorated for the occasion. At the upper end of the table, on which usually stands the bust of Goëthe, that of Mozart was placed, crowned with laurel. The entertainment commenced with the celebrated song and chorus from the *Zauberflöte*, "O Isis and Osiris," which were sung by

the members of the society to the following words, composed for the occasion by Dr. Gannegieszer:

Brothers of song, raise high the voice;
In his own tones, the master laud;
He, to the music of the spheres
Returning, left his spirit here
In his immortal songs; then sing
And shout aloud the master's praise.
This day did give him to the world.

The "Memory of the immortal Mozart," was then given by the president of the meeting, and a poem recited, written by one of the professors of the college, commemorating the festive event. In the evening, the opera of *Il Don Giovanni* was performed by a party of amateurs, and it was determined that a meeting of the same kind should be held every year, for the celebration of the birth-day of this great artist.

ON THE VIOLIN.

Mr. Editor,

The form of this instrument being familiar to every one, I shall not stop to give a description of it; suffice it to say it is played by a bow, and that sounds are drawn from it which are sometimes harmonious, but much more frequently of the opposite kind.

But to whom does the invention of the violin belong? At what epoch was it heard for the first time? Is it of ancient date? Is it of Gothic origin? Is it, as certain learned men have advanced, the *lyra* of Orpheus, the *testudo* of Linus, or the *cithera* of Amphion? It is for the archæologists to decide this triple question, for the solution of which I would offer a reward, if I had any money to throw away?

However, between ourselves, I should not be a little hurt, should this lyre, which has so many charms in their hands, be wrested from the virtuosi of antiquity, in order to make place for this said violin, which cannot be held without a distortion of the frame, and which obliges us to assume an attitude so disagreeable to the head, by the chin of which it is held.

I have seen nothing either at Herculaneum, Portici, or Pompeii, that can justify the opinion of the said antiquaries. I must, however, confess, that among the range of statues at the head of the canal at Versailles, an Orpheus is seen, known by the three-headed dog that barks between his legs, to whom the sculptor has given a violin, upon which he appears scraping away with all the furor of a blind itinerant. But is the statue antique? This at least is certain, that it is old; but age to common minds is sometimes youth in the mind of an archæologist.

Voltaire appears to consider the violin as less poetic than the lyre:

O Chapelain, toi dont le violon,
Sous un archet maudit par Apollon,
D'un ton si dur a raclé son histoire, &c*.

Did he not wish to insinuate hereby, that, with respect to poetry, Chapelain was but an itinerant rhymester?

* O Chapelain, O thou whose violin,
Beneath a bow Apollo's self has curs'd,
In tones so harsh has scrap'd his history, &c.

Be it as it may, I doubt whether Apollo himself ever drew from the gold and ivory of which his lyre was composed, sounds so melodious, or chords so harmonious, as those which a Kieselwetter or a Baillot draw every day, with a few horse-hairs, from a box, half beech, half fir, on which are stretched the entrails of a cat. It is with instruments as with men—the best dressed are not always those who are the most eloquent.

It is long since the violin has been held in high honour in France, as may be seen by the figures that decorate the church of *St. Julien des Ménestriers*. The instrument is there seen in the hands of *St. Genestius*, comedian and martyr. This church was built in the fourteenth century, at the expense of a brotherhood who had the exclusive privilege of performing at public dances, and festivities. This confraternity, which was called *Les Ménestriers* (the Minstrels,) was governed by kings, in the royal line of whom is one, named Jancon, who is designated as *Fils du moine, et de Marguerite la femme au moine*.

It would appear that this *King of the Minstrels* was succeeded by the *King of the Violins*, a dignity which still existed in the time of Louis XIV., and with which this great prince invested Guillaume Dumanoir, the first *violin du cabinet*. It may not, perhaps, be necessary to remark that the term *violin* is here taken for the artist who plays it.

His most Catholic Majesty Charles IV., King of Spain, and of the Indies, was himself a *violin*. Summer and winter, did this good monarch, as regular as the lines on his own music paper, perform every morning at six precisely, his quatuor, with three other violins, in the number of which he was the *violin par excellence*; and, with the trifling drawback of observing neither tone nor time, it cannot be denied that his catholic majesty was a fair musician enough, in all conscience.

There is at present existing at Paris, though in not quite so exalted a station, an amateur of much about his majesty's calibre, who also begins each day of his existence by studying a sonata; but in the prosecution of his studies, he does not give himself the trouble to quit his bed, or lay aside his cotton night-cap and the yellow riband, which represent on his noble brow, the laurels and crown of the Cynthian Apollo.

During the *grand siècle*, violins multiplied at court in an astonishing proportion. There were, independently of the *violins du cabinet*, also the *violins de la chapelle*, the *violins de la chambre*, and de *l'antichambre*; in a word, the most celebrated violins under Louis-le-Grand were those that formed the band of the four and twenty, the *grande bande*. To these *grands violins* were opposed the *petits violins*. At the head of the latter, was Lully; he was afterwards raised to the dignity of inspector of the *violins du Roi*, which was the means of uniting in his person the two dynasties, that, till this time had remained distinct.

Henceforth, there were no public festivities, no private merry-makings without the violin. It was to the sound of the violin that the nuptial dance was performed, and trenches in front of a fortified place were opened. The French have always been the same, whether at the storming of a town, or at the celebration of a marriage.

I am Sir, yours,

FIDICEN.

FOREIGN MUSICAL REPORT.

VIENNA. The chief novelties of the season were a new opera, produced on the occasion of the birth-day of his Majesty, entitled *Das True Opfer*, (The Loyal Sacrifice,) the music by Glaser, with a new overture from the pen of Beethoven; and at the Kärnthnerthor Theatre, an opera entitled *Wiiten-trauer*, from the *Layrime d'una Vedova* of Generali. The music is of an easy and pleasing character and gave general satisfaction. Critics have found that Rossini has made very free with this opera, and it has been remarked that the *Gazza Ladra* of Pesaro has not failed to feather his nest with other bird's plumes. The plot of the piece is an imitation of a French *Vaudeville*, but far superior to the general cast of trash of this kind, and the whole is well calculated to make an hour pass very agreeably. The opera of *Sargines* was also given here with great effect, the admirable manner in which the orchestra performed the music of this piece, left nothing for the most fastidious to desire.

The Italian company under the direction of Sig. Barbaja is shortly expected in this city, and is said to be remarkably strong this season, consisting of nine principal singers, among whom are to be the Mesdames Fodor, Feron, Mariani, and Messrs Davide, Donzelli, Rubini, La Blache and Ambroggi. This being Sig. Barbaja's last season here, it is probable he will make a grand *coup de main* to fan the inflammable Viennese into a flame, in order to create a powerful effect with a view to be able to make another advantageous contract for the theatre here. The new Musical Gazette published by M. Strauss, and edited by M. Kenne, has ceased, but is said to be about to be resumed by the Lithographic institute, by which a monthly work is now published, entitled; *Der Neu Amphion* (The new Amphion,) which consists, for the greater part, of essays of nameless composers. The *Euryanthe* of M. von Weber, appears already to have been discarded from the *Repertoire*, (List of Stock Pieces,) but the *Jesonda* of Spohr still continues to enjoy success, and seems likely to supply the place of the former.

Lately died in this place, the celebrated blind virtuosa, the Baroness Teresa Paradies, whose loss will be severely felt by many who profited by her instructions, as well as by her active benevolence.

BERLIN. The only novelty produced here during the late carnival season was *Ein Abend in Madrid*, (An Evening in Madrid,) the music by I. P. Smidt. The story is taken from a well-known novel. The music is of a pleasing character, and the lively measures, with which it abounds, breathe much of the spirit of the climate in which the scene is laid. The finale of the first act excited great applause, as also did a *Cantabile*, a recitative, and a Rondo for the heroine of the piece; the finale of the second act was also much admired, and gave a very favourable proof of this composer's abilities.

LEIPSIG. A grand public concert was given here for the benefit of decayed musicians, which was numerously attended, and in every way corresponded to the benevolent views of its institutors. It was on this occasion that a new Flute Concerto was produced by M. Lindpaintner, and admirably performed by a M. Stakelberg, and a *Larghetto affettuoso, con Marcia e Rondo giocoso*, from the pen of M. von Weber, which was hailed with general applause.

WEIMAR. The musical season here has been very splendid, having been diversified by a great variety of talent and composition. The operas given have been *Libussa* twice, *Aschenbrödel* (Cenerentola) twice, *Bassa und Bür* three times, *Der Wasserträger* twice, *Je toller je besser* (La Folie,) *Das einsame Haus*, *Die Nacht im Walde*, *Tamcredi*, *Die Heimliche Heirath*,

(*Matrimonio Segreto*,) *Nozze di Figaro* twice, *Fidelio* three times, *Die Zauberflöte* four times, *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*, *Oberon*, *Der Freyschütz* four times, *Fanchon*, *Die Saalwache* (The Spirit of the Stream,) *Die Schwestern von Prag*, (The Sisters of Prague,) *Der Tyroler Wastel*. To these may be added the following compositions with music introduced: *Waise und Mörder* (Orphan and Murderer,) *Preciosa*, *Jungfrau von Orleans* (Maid of Orleans,) twice, *Deutsche Treue* (German Faith) twice, *Prinz von Homburg* twice, *Wilhelm Tell*, *Ahnfrau*, and *Wallenstein's Lager* (Wallenstein's Camp.)

With respect to *Libussa*, it was not received with any great enthusiasm. *Cenerentola*, pleased much, but though this opera contains much for the eye, it is not likely to become a stock piece. It does not possess a sufficient portion of real melody, either in a German or Italian point of view, and does not afford the singer sufficient opportunities for displaying his talents.

Among the church music performed here, for purposes of charity, &c., have been *Masses* by J. and M. Haydn, *Te Deum* by J. Haydn, Mozart, and A. Romberg, *Cantatas* by Mozart, Homilius, Zumsteg and Danzi, the *Hallelujah* of the *Creation* arranged by Kunzen, *Motets* by Haydn, Schicht &c., Handel's *100th Psalm*, and Haydn's *Seasons*.

Among the concerts, the most remarkable was that given by Mad. Szymanowska, a celebrated performer on the piano, who excited great enthusiasm, both by her powers of execution, and the feeling and expression which she threw into her play.

BRUNSWICK. This place has lately been gratified by the presence of the celebrated Kapellmeister Hummel, who gave a concert, in which he delighted a numerous and highly respectable audience by a display of his unrivalled powers on the piano, and of his genius in a new and brilliant concerto.—Madame Cornega also gave a concert here, which was honoured by the presence of his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, accompanied by the Grand Duke. The selection of music was excellent, and this lady displayed her talents to great advantage. The Abbé Stadler's *Befreyetes Jerusalem*, (Jerusalem Delivered,) was performed in the Grand Ducal saloon for the benefit of the public Institution for the poor. It was conducted by Kapellmeister Hasenbelg, under whose direction it was ably produced, and the noble object for which it was undertaken was fully realized by the receipt of a very handsome sum. The principal opera produced this season, at the Hof Theatre, has been the *Libussa* of Kreutzer, which was brought forward with great splendour of decoration, and performed with great effect. Of this opera we cannot but observe, that it is defective in that life and vivifying spirit which alone can ensure works of this kind any permanent place in the favour of the public.

CASSEL. The operas given here this season have been *Tancredi*, *Die Opferfeste*, (The Sacrifice,) *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*, *Der Freyschütz*, *Sargines*, Spohr's *Jessonda*, and the *Otello* of Rossini. In the various concerts given at this place, the novelties have been a concerto by Neithardt, performed by M. Belcke on the trombone, and a *Concertino*, composed by Mayer, and executed on the tenor horn, by the same artist. The effect produced by this performer on instruments in appearance so little adapted to the finer shades of expression necessary to give effect to solo pieces, was altogether surprising. On another of these occasions, a Clarinet Concerto, from the pen of Canongia, was executed with great power by M. de Groot; but we cannot but remark, that this instrument is more adapted to music of the *bravura* kind, than the expressive *cantabile*. M. Spohr also gave a *Potpourri* on the violin, which consisted of an admirable combination of various themes from his opera of *Jessonda*.

BREMEN. This place is at present divided by two musical parties, the one of a moderate, the other of a hypocritical, cast, the influence of which is by no means favourable to the interests of music. It would be well if both parties would bear in mind this useful maxim; that by interrupting others in their best and most rational enjoyments, we, at the same time, destroy our own.

The principal operas of the season have been *Die Schweizer familie*, *La Clemenza di Tito*, *Tancredi*, *Don Giovanni*, *Der Freyschütz*, *Die Zauberflöte*, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, *Die Ursulinerinnen von Devienne*, *Der Lustigen Schuster*, by Paer, and the *Prova Musicale* of Cimarosa. Beethoven's *Egmont* was also revived here, and, with the exception of certain liberties taken with the text, and the introduction of some new airs, which were far from breathing the spirit of this great composer, was received with great enthusiasm. The only novelty of the season was a comic opera from the pen of Kapellmeister Ebell, entitled *Das Hochzeitfest im Eichthale*, (The Marriage Feast of Eichthale,) but it met with no success; abounded with puerilities, and could boast of no new melodies.

M. Ochernal, the leader of the opera, gave a concert in the spacious Town-Hall of this place, which is admirably adapted for the purposes of music. On this occasion, as if to atone in some measure for the outrage offered at the opera to Beethoven's *Egmont*, this composition was given strictly according to the text, while the words were declaimed, with great effect, by an amateur, of the name of Eggars.

The great singing academy here, conducted by M. Riems, still continues its weekly exercises, in which much talent is developed and the interests of music greatly promoted.

The society here, known by the name of *Grabausche Gesangsverein*, celebrated a musical festivity lately, on occasion of the singular coincidence of Beethoven's birth-day and the day of Mozart's death, when the *Seven Words of Christ* by Haydn, the *Creation*, *Athalie*, by Schulz, and the *Requiem* of Mozart, were performed by a full band and chorus.

MAYENCE. The only thing that has appeared here of late, interesting in a musical point of view, is a collection of songs and melodies, by Carl Wagger, Kapellmeister to the grand Duke of Hesse. The greater part of these melodies are far above the level of the mass of things of this kind, and are marked by much that is characteristic and beautiful. The accompaniments are also in a chaste and pleasing style. The songs, upon the whole, are more in the Italian than the German manner, and possess an ease which is more suited to amateur singers than those airs that are marked by a more profound character, which require to be long studied, and, after all, are not capable of being ornamented according to the fancy of the performer. Among the melodies, those that have been most admired, are *Die Klage über Minnas Tod* (The Lament on Minna's Death); *An Echo Song*, with a simple yet very characteristic accompaniment; *A Bacchanalian song*, *alla Polacca*; *An mein Herz*, a melody remarkable for its sweet and plaintive character; *Der schmachtende Knabe* (The Languishing Youth,) an air of a tender and very original character; *An Amalien* (To Amelia,) a Canzonet that breathes a grace and spirit altogether Italian.

It is particularly pleasing to be able to hail the appearance of compositions like the present, at a time when so many works are intruded upon the public, with all the pretensions of genius and originality, without having any claim to either, and thereby doing more serious injury to the art, than, at first sight is apprehended.

GOTTINGEN. Within these few years the interests of music have begun to make a considerable advance in this place, and the great complaint formerly made by the musicians who

visited this town,—that they could not give a concert without sending for performers from other places, happily can no longer be made. Dr. Heinrich, director of music in the university, is very active in promoting the interests of the art. Besides his lectures on Music, he has an academy for singing, which consists of about sixty male voices, and to which also a number of ladies belong. In the winter-concerts established by him, though it cannot be expected that an orchestra so recently formed, and principally composed of dilettanti who can devote only a portion of their time to this object, should perform in a first rate manner, yet many symphonies and other instrumental pieces have been excellently given. M. Jakobi also and his assistants distinguish themselves by their abilities and zeal for the art. It were to be wished that more of the professors and students of the university would take a part in these concerts, as much might then be effected. This place has recently been visited by Kapellmeister Spohr, who had a concert here which was very numerous and most respectably attended. On the same occasion, the chamber-musician M. Kraft of Wirtemberg, gave a concerto on the violoncello, accompanied by his son on the piano, which was received with great applause.

NUREMBERG. The festival commemorative of the Reformation was held lately here, on which occasion was given, Stadler's *Befreyung von Jerusalem*. (Jerusalem Delivered.) At the Feast of Easter also was given Handel's *Sampson*, and at Christmas the *Messiah*. Every effort was made for the worthy performance of these master-pieces, and every credit was due for the admirable manner in which the chorusses were performed. On each occasion an overflowing audience gave ample proofs of the lively interest they felt for classical music. In the Catholic church, the *Requiem* of Mozart was twice excellently given; once, in commemoration of the death of Pius VII. and the second time, on the occasion of the funeral solemnities Eugene of Beauharnois, Prince of Eichstadt. The singing academy here lately gave its public exhibition, where such talents were displayed as gave great hopes of the future progress of the art. The *Society of St. Cecilia*, instituted here, still continues its meetings, under the auspices of that distinguished dilettante, F. W. Cramer. It is founded upon the plan of that established at Frankfort, and cannot fail to be productive of beneficial effects. It is to be regretted that, through certain jealousies and conflicting interests, the subscription concerts of this place have been interrupted, which, by a proper selection of subjects and a judicious intermixture of music the of the ancient and modern schools delighted every body. The only novelty in the theatre has been an opera entitled *Die Bürgschaft* (The Pledge,) the music by M. Blumroder, Director of music in Nuremberg. The story is founded on Schiller's celebrated ballad of the same name; the music is of a pleasing character, and was received with great approbation. Besides this, the operas of *Jean de Paris*, *Der Entführung aus dem Serail*, and *Il Tancrède* were given here.

PARIS. Rossini's opera of *Ricciardo e Zoraide* has lately been produced at the *Theatre Italien*. It is superfluous to state that the crowd at the first representation of this production was immense. Happy those who could retain the places they had taken. The few disposable seats were strongly

contested; and every body got as good a situation as it pleased fortune and the box-keepers to give him. We will say nothing of the plot, or of the poetical part of the composition, except that they are even more ridiculous than the generality of those which are imported from Italy. All the talents of the literary men employed to adapt the opera to our stage, have been unable to communicate an air of probability to one of the most absurd conceptions that ever issued from the pen of a *sai-disant* dramatic writer. All that we could comprehend of the story is, that Ricciardo loves Zoraide, who has been snatched from him by one Agorante, King of Nubia. Ricciardo, makes his way in disguise, into Agorante's capital and palace, and attempts to carry off his mistress. He is discovered, and is about to perish, when Agorante, who suddenly, and nobody knows why, becomes as gentle as a lamb, unites the two lovers. When we see on what subjects musical composers in Italy are obliged to work, we pity their fate.

The music of this opera is full of reminiscences; and we will prove it. The first duet between Zoraide and Zelmira, '*In van tu fingi*,' is entirely written from memory, for the Cantabile is imitated from a duet in *Tancrède*, and the Presto from another duet in *Elizabeth*. The early part of the finale of the first act, '*Cessi omai quel tu rigore*,' is copied from a piece by Portogallo, which he has introduced as a finale in the opera of *Romeo e Julietta*, by Zingarelli; and the chorus, '*Come in subito*,' also too much resembles the father's curse in *Otello*. The beautiful duet in the second act, between Zoraide and Ricciardo, '*Ah! nat e ver noi siamo*,' was highly applauded; as was also the quartetto, '*Contro cento*,' which is in a good style. The chorus, '*Scendi propizio*,' is pleasing; although we know not why the ladies of the retinue should amuse themselves by singing in Zoraide's antechamber.

Upon the whole the new opera has produced but little effect. In musical composition, it, in our opinion, ranks much below *Tancrède*, and *Otello*. Unfortunately for M. Rossini, we have heard his best works first; and we have now had three of his operas represented at Paris, which by no means justify the previous and unskilful eulogiums of his trumpeters."

For the opening of the Italian Theatre at Vienna, a new opera by M. Carafa has been performed, named *Gabriella*, which has obtained the greatest success.

The celebrated Lafont, after having charmed the inhabitants of Lille, is gone to Brussels, where he is about to give subscription concerts.

Rossini's concerts have produced him 40,000 francs, and Mad. Pasta, now without a rival, has been more favourably received than Mad. Catalani. The latter does not venture to sing before her.

The new opera of Rossini, *Ugo, Re d'Italia*, is immediately to be performed at the King's Theatre in London. Connoisseurs who have heard some *morceaux* of this work, assure us that they are worthy of the reputation of this great master.

[The foregoing is a curious paragraph, for we do not believe that a single piece is yet written for the opera in question: our London Connoisseurs therefore must be gifted with the means of fore-hearing music, as the Scotch are said to be endowed with the power of fore-seeing events.—Ed.]

REVIEW OF MUSIC.

GRAND RONDEAU BRILLANT, *pour le Piano-Forte*,
composé par J. N. HUMMEL, *Maitre de la Chapelle de*
S. A. R. le Grand Duc de Saxe Weimar. Op. 56.
(Cocks and Co., 20, Prince's-Street, Hanover-Square.)

As a living composer, Hummel is decidedly the reigning favourite of most of the great piano-forte players. In Germany his compositions have, for some time past, been held in high estimation by skilful performers; and during the last two years, they have gradually risen in reputation in England, where they are now very much sought after by those who, having made considerable progress in the practical part of music, have courage enough to encounter difficulties somewhat appalling, and a sufficiency of perseverance to subdue them. Still, however, it does not appear clear to us that Hummel's works will ever become popular, in the strict sense of the word; they are generally laborious and involved, full of scientific contrivance and harmonic combinations, which are understood and appreciated by those who have burnt much oil in studying the art, but mysterious and unattractive

to the common practitioner. We grant that latterly he has been striving to conciliate and win the multitude, with which view he has published some polonaises, waltzes, &c., that have pleased very much, and obtained a wide and ready sale. The *Marche à la Romaine*, which appeared in the last number of the HARMONICON, and two other pieces composed by him for the same work, but not yet printed, are proofs that he is endeavouring to cultivate a familiarity with the public, and if he remain constant to that purpose, it is reasonable to believe that he will ultimately succeed: but we cannot help thinking that his inclination leads him into the abstruse, and that, therefore, as he is easy in his circumstances, and does not write wholly for profit, he will generally be biassed by his own natural taste.

The rondeau now before us, shews every indication of having been composed *con amore*, and is one of the author's happiest productions, uniting two very high qualities,—a beautiful melody, and great science in the manner of treating it. The following few bars contain the principal subject:—

The gaiety and brilliancy of this will immediately be felt: it is admirably pursued through various modulations, some of which are exceedingly chromatic and alarmingly extraneous, but most of them very beautiful. The second

or subordinate subject here annexed, is deliciously tranquil, and well contrasted to the first, producing a charming relief and a graceful variety.



Had we room for other examples, we should gladly extract the masterly arpeggios that occupy the greater part of page 12, the latter portion of page 14, and nearly the whole of the 15th page; the musical knowledge displayed in these is not dry pedantry; it is as effective as scientific.

This composition can only be undertaken with any chance of success by players of the highest ability; its difficulties are as manifold as its charms, and as the former will seldom be surmounted, so the latter will never become common. We have but one objection to the work, and that is its length:—a movement of twenty-one pages can hardly be rendered tolerable, unless the performance be of the most exquisitely finished kind, and this is but rarely to be expected. To curtail it would be a bold and a painful step; yet, to save it from rejection or neglect, we, not without reluctance, advise the majority of those who are inclined to venture on it, to have recourse to such a measure, and carefully to apply the pruning knife.

POT-POURRI, for the **PIANO-FORTE**, with favourite *Airs* from the *Works of Rossini*, composed by **GELINEK**. (Goulding, D'Almaine, and Co., Soho-Square.)

Gelinek is one of the best and most successful composers, or compilers, for the piano-forte, of the present period; he consults the form and power of the hand, and is not neglectful of the character and qualities of the instrument, while at the same time he imparts a liveliness to whatever he adapts, that always sets his subjects off to advantage, and recommends his publications. We are glad to see him appear in the guise which he has now assumed, for he, as well as every body else, has exhausted the materials convertible into variations, and was, unavoidably, beginning to repeat himself. A Pot-Pourri, if not too lengthy, is a pleasant thing, its change of subject relieves the ear, and, considered as music of a very light kind, it pleases all tastes. That which now engages our attention is composed of airs from *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, *Tancredi*, and *La Gazza Ladra*, Rossini's three best operas: they are all of the brilliant kind, and,

though forming a piece of fifteen pages, quickly pass off, and will not be thought tedious, either by hearer or performer. This is, indeed, exactly one of those things that are so much in request: a tolerable proficient may make a great display in it, without any vast powers of execution, or the necessity for any laborious practice; while it will be sure to gratify all descriptions of auditors, being full of melody, rather graceful, and not without proofs of having proceeded from the pen of a scientific musician.

THE GRAND PRUSSIAN MARCH, originally composed by **SPONTINI**, and performed with Two Hundred Trumpets, arranged for the **PIANO-FORTE** by **FRED. KALKBRENNER**. (Goulding, D'Almaine, and Co., Soho-Square.)

Some few years ago, a composition by Mr. Kelly, called a *Rejouissance*, was performed at the King's theatre by thirty trumpets, which caused a good deal of alarm for the safety of the house, many thinking it in considerable danger of being blown up by so unusual a force. But all their fears would have subsided, had they foreknown that a simultaneous blast from two hundred of the same instruments would afterwards prove perfectly harmless in the grand opera at Berlin. Mr. Kalkbrenner does not, in his title-page, inform us upon what occasion this musical hurricane took place; some have supposed that it was a revival of the Feast of Trumpets, annually celebrated by the Jews; while others more plausibly conjecture that it was for the benefit of the Prussian Deaf and Dumb Society. But whether of the two is a matter of no very great importance to either our readers or ourselves; we therefore hasten to state that, with the aid of a trio, this march is expanded into seven pages of brilliant, exhilarating music, not remarkable for any extraordinary newness or science, but quite good enough to answer the temporary purpose for which it is put together, and forming a *bagatelle* that will both please the multitude, and exercise the fingers of the performer in a useful manner.

1. **FANTASIA**, for the **PIANO-FORTE**, in which is [are] introduced Three of Dibdin's popular Melodies, composed by T. A. RAWLINGS. (Goulding and Co., Soho-Square.)
2. **AN ORIGINAL SWISS AIR**, with Variations for the **PIANO-FORTE**, composed by J. W. HOLDER, Mus. Bac. Oxon. Op. 78. (Published by the same.)

Mr. Rawlings has chosen three of Dibdin's most expressive songs for his present work,—*Tom Bowling*, or the Sailor's Epitaph; *The Sailor's Journal*; and *The Soldier's Adieu*. With such airs as these,—which for pathos and beauty may challenge the melodies of any nation,—he could not avoid producing something that must infallibly please, for his experience is great, and his industry unremitting; but we should have been more satisfied with his present publication, had he, in diverging from his subjects, kept them rather more in view, for we hold that a composition of this kind should partake, in a slight degree, of the nature of fugal imitation, and that some relationship should always subsist between the air, or airs, and the intervening or connecting parts. Mr. Rawlings seems to have been influenced by this opinion in the case of the second air, but not in the first or the last. The blending of all three, however, at the end, is well-conceived, and produces a good effect.

We object very much to the multitude of *turns* in the melody of *Tom Bowling*; there are no less than seven introduced in the space of thirteen bars, three of which, at least, are redundant, namely, those in the fourth, eighth, and twelfth bars, which are decidedly hostile to good taste. The best part of this Fantasia, independently of Dibdin's share, is the Introduction, which is expressive and well written.

The *Swiss Air*, No. 2, is like so many of the Tyrolese kind, that we can hardly distinguish it from them: it is short, graceful, and pretty, and Mr. Holder has composed fourteen variations upon it that have considerable share of taste and merit, and are extremely well calculated for the large class of performers that like brief, easy passages, and frequent pauses. We cannot help perceiving in this some resemblance to the style in which Mr. Maz-zinghi has, in so popular a manner, arranged several of the melodies of the Tyrol and other mountainous districts. But we do not mean to charge Mr. Holder with any plagiarism; he has already distinguished himself by many excellent publications, and has no occasion to borrow from others that of which he himself possesses a sufficiency. The present is to be viewed as one of his very light works, published for young students, or for those who are not willing to contend with difficulties.

1. *The favourite IRISH AIR*, Savournah Deelish, as sung by Miss Stephens, with VARIATIONS for the **PIANO-FORTE**, composed and inscribed to the Marchioness of Sligo, by MRS. WHITE, of Leeds. (Mayhew and Co. 17, Old Bond Street.)
2. *The Popular AIR*, Oh! say not woman's heart is bought, composed by WHITAKER, arranged with an INTRODUCTION and eight VARIATIONS for the **PIANO-FORTE**, with Accompaniments for **FLUTE** and **VIOLONCELLO**, by SAMUEL GOADBY. (Whittaker and Co. 75, St. Paul's Church Yard.)

3. *La Speranza*, an INTRODUCTION AND RONDO for the **PIANO-FORTE**, composed by J. L. ABEL. (Boosey and Co., 28, Holles Street.)

WE class these three pieces together, because they possess some qualities in common that enable us to speak of them collectively, before we mention each separately. They are the result of labour rather than of genius, and are therefore correctly composed, but want the charm which a creative fancy throws over its productions. Both contain difficult passages, which are introduced rather as if it were thought that they would be demanded in the market, for the purpose of giving an apparent importance to the performer, than for the sake of any equivalent musical effect that could possibly be expected to arise out of them;—but each indicates, more or less, an ability in its author, that experience, and the habit of composing, may improve into very useful and agreeable talent.

The first of these is the beautiful Irish air, given in our Fourth Number, with four variations and a coda. Mrs. White's version of the melody is rather cold, and wants a few marks of expression, for we are to suppose that it is not intended to be played all through, to the single piano marked without contrast. The passage of sixths in the 13th bar is elegant, and the return to the original key, in bar 15, after a slight transition, is classical and effective. The variations are quite unanalogous to the air, which is tender and pathetic, while the former are bounding and joyous. But this is an error by no means confined to a few musical authors, it is the plague of ninety-nine variations out of a hundred, and renders them anything but satisfactory to rational and reflecting people.

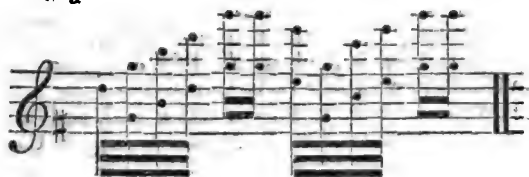
The second is by a composer whose name we never before met with, and possesses a good deal of merit. The Introduction is shewy, well written, and of a modest length, not tiring the ear, as is too common, before the coming of the principal movement. The subject of the Rondo, a little à la Rossini, is animated, and carried through with spirit. Though many of the passages in this piece are awkwardly disposed for the hand, and much less facility is given to them than they were susceptible of, yet, upon the whole, Mr. Abel's production, the first by him that has come under our view, may be recommended to good players.

1. *A popular HUNGARIAN AIR* composed by KREUTZER, arranged as a RONDO for the **PIANO-FORTE**, with accompaniments, ad libitum, for the **FLUTE** and **VIOLONCELLO**, by M. R. LACY. (Whittaker and Co. 75, St. Paul's Church Yard)
2. *AIR*, Du petit Matelot, Varié pour le **PIANO-FORTE**, avec RONDO, Finale, composé par J. ANCOT, (Mayhew and Co. 17, Old Bond Street.)
3. **MASONIC MARCH** with VARIATIONS and an INTRODUCTION composed for the **PIANO-FORTE**, by T. S. ROBBENS. (by the Author, 5, Chapel Row, Bath,)
4. *Le Troubadour du Tage*, a favourite FRENCH AIR, with VARIATIONS for the **PIANO-FORTE** by W. W. SUTTON. (Mayhew and Co., 17, Old Bond Street.)

THE Hungarian Air, is composed by a violinist confessedly, and also arranged by one, as is evident from the inconvenient passages for the hand in which it abounds. The melody is a lively one, and there is enough of it for three or four pages; but spread over nine it grows vapid

and tiresome, particularly as Mr. Lacy has not varied either the bass or the accompaniment to it sufficiently to allow the ear to bear unfatigued its many recurrences. This air consists of nine pages, for which no less a sum than four shillings is charged! Whoever fixed such a price, must either have a most extravagant opinion of the merits of the piece; or a very contemptible one of the sense of those who expend their money in the purchase of music.

No. 2, is an air with six Variations upon a melody that is almost exhausted by being so frequently used for similar purposes. We cannot flatter M. Anet by saying that he has thrown any new light upon it, on that he shows much taste as a composer. He gives us the following passage repeatedly, in two-four time, and directs it to be played *adagio* :—



something very similar is written in the bass. At page 5, a passage of demisemiquavers runs up in a long ladder of additional lines and spaces, to double E in alt, and then the author thinks it high time to relieve the performer by putting an S. over the succeeding notes. The Ronde, or Finale, is the best part of this piece, but the whole of it, except what we have noticed above, is exceedingly common.

The authors of the Masonic March, and the *Troubadour du Tage*, did not, we suppose, aim at originality; if they did they have fallen wide of the mark. But any thing now is easier than to invent new poetry or new music, and we must not blame men for want of fancy: though we wish that Mr. Robbins had never written these notes:



And that Mr. Sutton had not sanctioned the following harmony:



We are quite sure that the taste of learners will not be improved by such passages, and much doubt whether they will add to the reputation of their respective composers.

THREE CHARACTERISTIC MARCHES, for Two Performers on the PIANO-FORTE, composed by W. PLACHT. (Boosey and Co., Holles Street):

2. GRAND MARCH for Two Performers on the PIANO-FORTE, composed and dedicated to Prince Charles of Leiningen, by FREDERIC HOFFMANN. (Wessel and Stodart, 1, Soho Square).
3. OPERATIC AIRS, composed and arranged for Two Performers on the PIANO-FORTE, by W. W. SUTTON, Nos. 2 and 3. (Mayhew and Co., 17, Old Bond Street).

The first of these works is, we rather think, by a German composer, and republished from a foreign copy. It comprises a military, a triumphal; and a funeral March, all of which are marked by genius and a thorough knowledge of harmony. The first, in E flat; with a trio in A flat; and the second, in C, with a trio in the same key, are cheerful and spirited; the third in E flat minor, followed by a trio in the major key, is a very fine composition, having all the solemnity that the *Marcia Funebre* requires; indeed there are modulations in this, which almost reach the sublime, if music without words, and for a single instrument, can arrive at that elevation. The price of this publication is highly deserving of remark: three shillings is here charged for fifteen pages, while a larger sum is continually demanded for trash that does employ one third of the engraving and paper. Though we ought not to complain of the smaller quantity of matter, for that is, in such cases, a prime consolation.

We are glad to see Mr. Hoffmann's name again, for, from the little of his that has come under our view, we are led to believe, that he has much talent for composition, and it is quite clear that he is of the true school of good music. The present work is an animated and pleasing duet, worthy of any description of performers, and within the reach of all those who have made some progress.

No. 3, comprises two duets from the *Mosé* and *Tancredi* of Rossini: they are pretty, and arranged for the convenience of mere beginners.

MOZART'S SIX GRAND SYMPHONIES, arranged for the PIANO-FORTE, with accompaniments of FLUTE, VIOLIN, and VIOLONCELLO, by J. N. HUMMEL, Maître de Chapelle to the Duke of Saxe Weimar. No. IV. (Chappell and Co., 50, New Bond Street).

This is the least known of Mozart's symphonies, and is not in the collection in score, published by Cianiellini and Sperati. Its beauties, though not less numerous, are not so immediately felt by a mixed audience, as those of his other compositions of this class, it is therefore not so popular, and, except at the Philharmonic Concerts, is less frequently performed than any of the rest. But; it is the best calculated of them all for small private parties, where it can only be used in its present quartett form, for it is the easiest for the piano-forte, and is less complex in its general structure. It opens with an *adagio*, thus—



As it is comparatively but little known, we must indulge some of our subscribers by inserting part of the beautiful motivo of the middle movement, which the author has marked *Poco adagio*.



We have now noticed five of these symphonies as arranged by M. Hummel; the sixth is published, though not yet come to our hands, but we hope to be able to include it in our next.

1. MOZART'S GRAND SYMPHONY, adapted for the PIANO-FORTE, with accompaniment for FLUTE, VIOLIN, and VIOLONCELLO, (ad libitum) by S. F. RIMBAULT. (Hedsol, 45, High Holborn).
2. BEETHOVEN'S GRAND SYMPHONY, ditto, ditto, ditto.
3. ROSSINI'S OVERTURE to *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, ditto, ditto, ditto.
4. ROSSINI'S OVERTURE and INTRODUZIONE to the opera of *Zelmira*, ditto, ditto, ditto.

The first of these is the symphony in G minor; the second is the popular symphony in C.

We have already noticed arrangements of Mozart's symphonies by two masters of the highest distinction, which are adapted to the abilities of superior performers. The above are calculated for those who have no pretence to be ranked as first rate players, and are therefore rendered as easy as the nature of the compositions would admit. In accomplishing this object, much effect is certainly lost, and in many parts we find alterations and readings that we cannot wholly approve: but in giving great facility to such works, sacrifices must be made, and as Mr. Rimbault has not scrupled to avail himself, without reserve, of the adaptations already published both here and abroad, he has been enabled to produce editions of the above that will tolerably well answer the purpose for which they are intended.

1. HART'S Eleventh set of QUADRILLES, selected from ROSSINI'S opera of *Zelmira*, with their Figures in French and English, &c., arranged for PIANO-FORTE, or HARP. (Mayhew and Co., 17, Old Bond Street).
2. A first set of BRIGHTON QUADRILLES, composed and arranged for the PIANO-FORTE or HARP, by E. SANDELL, Musician in His Majesty's private band. (Fitzwilliam, 44, King Street, Soho; and the AUTHOR, 27, High Street, Brighton.)
3. A new Andalusian WALTZ, à la Militaire, for the PIANO-FORTE, by F. W. HORNCASTLE. (Chappell and Co., 50, New Bond Street).

It is altogether fruitless to regret that the music of a fine opera should be levelled to the condition of a quadrille; it is ordained that such must be the fate of all great compositions not absolutely religious or grave, and what Mozart has yielded to, Rossini may endure without complaining. Mr. Hart has, perhaps, done nearly as much justice to the charming airs of *Zelmira*, as the case admitted; but, as many of our readers will be called upon to play his new quadrilles, we beg, for the sake of their ears, that they will correct the following errors which either he or his engraver has committed. The second A in the third treble staff, page 3, should be sharp; and the last D in the third and fifth bars of the fourth staff, page 8, should be E. There are other doubtful notes, but the above as they now stand must not be tolerated. This quadrille of nine pages is charged at only four shillings!

Mr. Sandell for seven pages demands a somewhat lower price in proportion, he being content with the humbler sum of three shillings. We do not mean to criticise dances, but *en passant* suggest to Mr. S., that instead of the following,



which is to be found at page 2, the last three chords may as well stand thus—



We do not speak bad grammar, even to our donkey why should we use bad harmony, even in a quadrille?

Mr. Horncastle's waltz is an agreeable bagatelle.

DR. BOYCE'S ANTHEM, "Lord! thou hast been our refuge," annually performed at St. Paul's Cathedral, at the Feast of the Sons of the Clergy, with an accompaniment for the ORGAN or PIANO-FORTE, arranged from the Score, and dedicated to Vincent Novello, by his friend and pupil, EDWARD HOLMES. (Preston, Dean Street, Soho.)

THERE is no composition that displays the English school of sacred music to higher advantage than this anthem of Dr. Boyce, which has for a long series of years—between fifty and sixty, at least—been annually performed in St. Paul's Cathedral, and was also used for

merly at the meetings of the choirs of Worcester, Hereford and Gloucester. Whether we look at the grandeur of the general design, the expression of the words, the beauty and fitness of the melodies, or the ingenuity and deep science which every page of it exhibits, we are equally bound to admire it, as one of the finest works that the art has ever produced. We could with ease and pleasure devote pages to its examination and praise, but as retrospective criticism is not within our plan, we must confine ourselves to a notice of the present adaptation, which is the first and only one that has ever appeared. This anthem was published in score two and thirty years ago, by the late Mr. Ashley, who purchased the manuscript of Mr. Boyce, but printed it in a manner very unworthy of its high merit and reputation, and of the subscription which he procured. Since that time it has never re-appeared in any other form, and Mr. Holmes is entitled to the thanks of all lovers of classical harmony for placing it within the reach of numbers who either have no means of obtaining the score, or are not sufficiently skilled to profit by it in a shape that, to understand, requires a particular kind of study. The arrangement has done ample justice to the original—indeed we should have been surprised had any professional pupil of Mr. Novello failed in such an undertaking—and as much of the various parts as could be brought within the compass of the hands and feet,—for the pedals are employed—is given without confusion or unnecessary difficulty. We regret that it was not rather better brought out; the notes are too close, the printing not over clean, and the paper very inferior. But the sale of such a work is not so rapid and profitable as that of a polonaise or a quadrille, therefore the editor was possibly determined by prudence to consult economy in his undertaking.

We think it just to state, what Mr. Holmes has neglected to announce in his title-page, that he has given the full vocal score in the present edition, and that the accompaniment consists of the instrumental and voice parts combined. Thus he has suited it to all musical congregations and societies, as well as to the individual performer.

1. "Cupid and Campaspe," a GLEE for four voice, written by John Lilye, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and composed by JAMES LACY, Jun. (Royal Harmonic Institution, 246, Regent Street.)
2. DUET, "Hope his Pilot shall be," sung by Mrs. and Miss Ashe, at the London and Bath Concerts, composed by JOHN EMDIN, ESQ. (Mayhew and Co., 17, Old Bond Street.)
3. SONG, "The Village Bells," or May Day, written and composed with an Accompaniment for the Piano-Forte, by THOMAS WELSH. (Royal Harmonic Institution, 246, Regent Street.)
4. AN ARABIAN BALLAD, "Ah! bright is the blush on the cheek of the morning," sung by Mr. Sapio, and composed by JOHN PARRY. (Goulding and Co., Soho Square.)
5. SONG, "Rest, my heart," the poetry by John Hay Allan, Junr., of Hay; the music by F. W. CROUCH. (Royal Harmonic Institution, 246, Regent Street.)

MR. LACY, the author of the first glee, is, we understand, an amateur. The delicate and well-known verses which he has chosen, from an old play entitled, *Alexander*

and *Campaspe*, are extremely difficult to set to music, and notwithstanding their popularity, we never before knew them attempted. We consider the present effort as quite sufficient to justify the author in continuing to occupy himself in so elegant a pursuit, which, after a little more experience and the blotting of a few quires of paper, will, we are decidedly of opinion, requite his labour. It may not be unserviceable to Mr. L., if we chiefly mention two or three things in his glee that can be corrected without much trouble. The repetition of the words "at cards for kisses," after "Cupid paid," involves a contradiction; as it stands it reads thus,—*Cupid play'd at cards for kisses*. At page 1, the G, a 7th in the second bar, is resolved rising, not only against rule, but very injuriously to the ear. We must also point out, that the phrase "What shall, alas! become of me?" at page 6, requires a bar to perfect the rhythm, which may easily be added.

Mr. Emdin, a well known dilettante, has produced a very pretty duet, set in a popular style, and easy, both for the voices and singers. But the words, being in the first person singular, indicated a song rather than a duet: this, however, is a point entirely neglected, nay, is even unattended to in vocal pieces for many voices, as in the glee above noticed, and any attempt to agitate the question will be, we fear, at present unavailing.

No. 3, "The Village Bells," is rather *tol-de-rol-ish*, and will not absolutely immortalize the author, either as poet or musician. The verses are in alternate lines of nine and six syllables, a novelty which we should be unjust not to mention, particularly as they will not otherwise be much distinguished; for *swain* and *plain*, *gay* and *lay* are rhymes that, if we are not greatly mistaken, have occurred before.

Mr. Parry's ballad is a cheerful and pleasing melody; the descent of the base in thirds, at the opening, is out of the common way, and produces an agreeable effect.

The song, No. 5, has a good deal of elegance in it, and is one of the best of Mr. Crouch's vocal compositions that has fallen in our way.

Three new Sonatas for the piano-forte, from the pen of Beethoven, have recently made their appearance at Vienna. It is now above thirty years since the first dawn of the genius of this great composer was hailed by the musical world. Since that period he has attempted every species of composition, and has been equally successful in all. He has displayed all the requisites required from a true musician, invention, feeling, spirit, melody, harmony, and all the varieties of the rhythmic art. As is always the case, he, in the first instance, had to encounter much opposition, but the power and originality of his genius, surmounted every obstacle. The world was soon convinced of the superiority of his talents; and almost his first efforts were sufficient to establish his fame on an unshaken basis.—This original genius still towers above his contemporaries, having reached a height to which few will venture to aspire. Seldom has he turned aside in his onward course to the temple of fame, and even his deviations, the common lot of humanity, have been the errors of a genius. Critics have observed, that, with many of the higher beauties of this author, the present compositions abound also with his peculiarities.

THE ANCIENT CONCERTS.

TENTH CONCERT.

*Under the direction of the Earl Fortescue, Wednesday
May the 19th, 1824.*

ACT I.

Overture.	(<i>Rodelinda.</i>)	Handel.
Funeral Anthem:		Handel.
Recit. acc. Grazie vi rendo. }	(<i>Semiramide.</i>)	Guglielmi.
Song. A compir. }		
Chorus. Venus laughing.	(<i>Theodora.</i>)	Handel.
Concerto 12th.		Corelli.
Recit. 'Tis done. }	(<i>Acis and Galatea.</i>)	Handel.
Song. Heart the seat. }		
Chorus. See the proud chief.	(<i>Deborah.</i>)	Handel.
Madrigal. Let me careless.		Linley.
Chorus. The Gods who chosen.	(<i>Athalia.</i>)	Handel.

ACT II.

Music in Macbeth.		M. Locke.
Song. Donzelle semplici.	(<i>Iphigenia.</i>)	Gluck.
Duet. Caro! Bella! }	(<i>Julius Caesar.</i>)	Handel.
Chorus. Ritorno. }		
Concerto 2nd.		Martini.
Canzonet. I, my dear, was born to-day.		Travers.
Recit. acc. Jehovah crown'd. }	(<i>Esther.</i>)	Handel.
Chorus. He comes. }		
Song. Where'er you walk.	(<i>Semele.</i>)	Handel.
The Hundredth Psalm.		

Lord Fortescue's bill of fare for the tenth concert is not, upon the whole, what we could have wished, or did indeed expect; some things excellent we always have from him, but we want, where there is so much decided good taste and judgment, *every thing* excellent.—The pleasing airy overture to *Rodelinda* did not very well prepare us for the Funeral Anthem.

The performance of the latter was admirable, and a heavenly composition it is:—We know of no music so decidedly funeral, if we except Dr. Croft's burial service, which never has, and never will be excelled, and for which we are indebted to Purcell's matchless fragment, to which model the Doctor had the good sense to adhere from first to last.—Madame Pasta does not excel in songs of great power and rapidity;—probably with the aid of action and scenery she might have been more successful in Guglielmi's difficult recitative and air, but this is not her style; her lower tones will not admit of exertion, and in passages where great effort and execution are required, she invariably sings out of tune: in songs of pathos, and those of moderate compass she is perfection.

"Venus laughing," was very prettily trolled, and is a very pretty chorus, so far as it goes:—Handel indulged occasionally in prettinesses, but he does not manage the *rapier* half so well as the *battle-axe*.—The soothing strain of "Heart thou seat," followed old Corelli, and Miss Stephens would warble it charmingly if she would add *words* to her silver tones, "See the proud chief," is the wield of the battle-axe with its mightiest force, but it is another of those bolder efforts of Handel's genius which produces little or no effect on the public ear. The splendid bursts of variety in it;—the winding up,—a fugue of the first magnitude, can do nothing, and the whole passes away amidst the same indifference and chatter which accompany the

tuning of instruments before the commencement of the concert! We wish Linley's madrigal had been brought in any where but just *after* this powerful chorus:—The effect due to it could not possibly be given, in such a situation, beautifully sung as it was: As a piece in parts, it is perhaps, the most perfect of all this elegant writer's compositions, but we have no hesitation in saying that any one of his six delightful elegies would be preferred by the *Ancients*.

We think that Handel must just have returned from his *bird* and his *bottle* when he took the subject in hand of "The Gods who chosen," of all his heathen chorusses there is not one more completely *à la tollerollo*,—and yet it is among the *chosen* few of the season:—from Lord Fortescue we should rather have looked for some splendid novelty,—such as "How dark O Lord are thy decrees," from Jephthah or "All power in Heaven," from Theodora.

The music in Macbeth we must really let alone,—association is completely destroyed; without the cauldron, and the thunder, the witch-wands and besoms, we cannot enter into the *spirit* of it. We must, however, remark, that the harmony of the chorus "Put in all these," is very different on the stage, and in our opinion more characteristic. Which is the original setting we are not able to say,—but incline to the stage reading.

Madame Pasta was quite at home in "Donzelle semplici," which she warbled delightfully. We have nothing to say against, and but little for, the "Caro" and "Bella," but the chorus which follows is very elegant and striking. F. Cramer's Concerto was, as it always is, a treat.—We wish he could try not to hurry the time so much. Vaughan *smith'd* it away as well as he could with his "jolly comrade," Mr. Wheeler; *We* could not help thinking of "Hence, loathed Melancholy," all the time.

W. Knyvett should be spared the exertion of the recitative from Esther;—He sings it with great feeling and propriety, but evidently not without painful effort. The chorus to which it conducts us is too well known to require comment; it was as usual very finely performed. Mrs. Salmon gave us, "where'er you walk," as well, we really think, as it was in her power,—but it is a song for Miss Stephens, not Mrs. Salmon.

As to the *Hundredth Psalm*, we cannot speak of it in a concert-room, and brought in amidst the stir of the *conclusion*. We are, in fact, quite sick at seeing psalms of any description introduced at all here, and we are sorry that the Archbishop of Canterbury does not feel a little of the same nausea.

ELEVENTH CONCERT.

*Under the direction of the Earl of Derby, Wednesday,
May the 26th, 1824.*

ACT I.

Overture.	(<i>Joseph.</i>)	Handel.
Anthem. Hear my prayer.		Kent.
Glee. When winds breathe soft.		Webbe.
Recit. acc. O worse than death. }		
Song. Angels, ever bright. }	(<i>Theodora.</i>)	Handel.
Chorus. Let none despair.	(<i>Hercules.</i>)	Handel.
Concerto 1st.	(<i>From his Solos.</i>)	Germiniani.
Chorus. Lift up your heads.	(<i>Messiah</i>)	Handel.
Glee. Shepherds, I have lost my love.		
Song. Ombre! Larve!	(<i>Alceste.</i>)	Gluck.
Chorus. Gird on thy sword.	(<i>Saul.</i>)	Handel.

X

ACT. II.

Selection from Alexander's Feast.

Glee. If o'er the cruel tyrant love.

Recit. Ah perché. }

Song. Il caro ben }

Concerto 1st.

Quartet and Cho. Their sound. }

Recit. Then shall the eyes. }

Song. He shall feed his flock. }

Chorus. Quoniam tu solus Sanctus.

Handel.

Dr. Arne.

Sacchini.

Corelli.

(Messiah.)

Handel.

Negri.

To the name of the venerable and excellent Earl of Derby we could wish never to attach any thing but praise, but as the director of the eleventh of these concerts, we are reluctantly compelled to withhold it. Indeed, if we except the admirable overture which opened the performance, and the no less admirable chorus in Hercules which followed, there was nothing striking, even among the old, worn out things; and the few that were good were most injudiciously introduced. In the first place came "Hear my Prayer," then, "When winds breathe soft," a glee that is sung, or attempted to be sung, almost every day in every week, (Sundays perhaps excepted,) at every musical club in London!—And then, *O worse than death indeed!* (not applicable however to Miss Stephens's warbling,) "Angels ever bright and fair."—Now, how are we to criticise, and what can we possibly have to say to all these hacknied pieces?—Then followed the chorus "Lift up your heads," a glorious one, it is confessed, but what business had it here. It was placed too by the side of, *miserabile dictu!* "Shepherds I have lost my love!"—One of the sublimest of the sacred chorusses of the Messiah to be brought in contact with such trumpery!—If Madame Pasta does not sink, she does not rise, greatly, in our opinion, at these concerts;—she is evidently out of her element, and sings with effort, her ear, also, is decidedly defective, and she sometimes gets out of tune beyond all sufferance. "Ombre, larve," was injudiciously chosen for her, for her upper notes only are clear and brilliant, her lower tones are very seldom, if ever, effective. "Gird on the Sword," is a chorus chiefly to be distinguished for the opening subject.—The key in which it is written is in c major, and repeats it first in A, and then in E four sharps leading you back to the original by a very natural transition taking up the chord of the flat seventh upon F by the way, which has a very striking effect:—Still we think this a very inferior production to the opening chorus "How excellent," and the last movement in triple time is quite anti-Handelian, from the elevated height to which the great master generally raises us at the close, we are here plunged into an ocean of troublous notes, which vainly strive to render interesting a monotonous subject, and from which even the drums and trumpets are a relief.

We might have had a better selection from Alexander's feast than that which opened the second act. The overture and the song and chorus, "Bacchus' blessings," were the only interesting pieces. Vaughan cannot help singing "Softly sweet," well, but, poor man, how deadly sick of it he must be. As to Mrs. Salmon's "Sighing and looking," the less we say of it, in every respect, the better. "The cruel tyrant love," came next—cruel indeed!—Patience, patience,—are we never to be relieved from this foolery? Madame Pasta's recitative and song were, upon the whole, very ably sustained, but we dread every exertion of this lady in the lower part of her voice.

The beautiful quartetto and chorus, from the Messiah, upon which it is unnecessary to comment, was followed by "He shall feed his flock," by Miss Travis; but where was Miss Stephens to sing the second verse of this sweetly soothing air? We did

not fancy Mrs. Salmon's *languishes* in it at all.—They would have better suited "The Prince unable, &c." The "Quoniam tu Solus," of Negri would have been a rich treat to us, had it been placed at the beginning, or in the middle of the act, but it was vexatious in the highest degree to see so noble a specimen of the Italian Church Music, tagged to the end of the weakest concert of the season. Well, we have one more *Squeak* for it (to use a homely, but not, on the present occasion, a quite inapplicable phrase.) May we be sent away for the last time with somewhat better materials to work upon.

TWELFTH CONCERT.

Under the direction of the Earl of Darnley, Wednesday,
June 2nd, 1824.

ACT I.

Overture.

Quartet and Chorus. Viva, viva! } (Julius Caesar.) Handel.

Scene from the Indian Queen.

Purcell.

Glee. Hark! the lark.

Dr. Cook.

Recit. Behold the nation.

Chorus. O Baal!

Recit. No more, ye infidels.

Chorus. Lord of eternity!

(Deborah.)

Handel.

Concerto 2nd.

Corelli.

Recit. If I give thee.

Song. Let me wander.

(L'Allegro.)

Handel.

Chorus. And young and old.

Song. Confusa! abbandonata!

Bach.

Anthem. O sing unto the Lord.

Handel.

ACT II.

Concerto 11th:

(Grand.)

Handel.

Duetto. Ah perdona.

(Clemenza di Tito.)

Mozart.

Scene from *Acis and Galatea*.

Handel.

Madrigal. Now is the month of Maying.

Morley.

Chorus. The many rend the skies. (Alex. Feast.)

Handel.

Concerto 5th.

(Opera 2d.)

Martini.

Recit. acc. Ohime!

Song. Là nel torbido. }

Jomelli.

Psalm CIV.

Handel.

If the length of a performance were the criterion of its merit, this 12th, and last concert under the direction of the Earl Darnley, would stand unrivalled in the list. It was in truth "Satis, Superque." The noble lord's selections have, however, been this year exceedingly good: he has given what is really substantial. The overture to Julius Caesar opened the concert well, but we have been accustomed to hear the "Viva," which followed as the concluding movement of it. The scene from the Indian Queen is an admirable specimen of Purcell's simplicity of style, blending with his imaginative powers:—The ingenious duet on a ground bass is succeeded by a highly characteristic chorus, and this again by one of the most exquisite melodies that ever entered into the mind of man. It is a *rondo*, and nothing can be more delightfully soothing than the different returns to the subject in the major key, after the previous movement in *minore*:—But, how was all this performed? Sung are we to say in a very *drawing* manner;—feebleness is the consequence of incorrectness, and without his due demand of feeling and animation—without *speech* as well as *song*, what is Purcell?—We blame not the performers;—we are confident that in them there is no wilful remissness or want of zeal or liking

for this charming music; but the apprehension of not doing justice to what most of them, perhaps, never heard or saw before, must very naturally damp all their energies. Let them be practised in, and get accustomed to, varieties, and such doubts and misgivings would soon vanish altogether. We are utterly at a loss to account for the infatuation respecting Mr. Wheeler!—To forget how Bartleman sang the wonderful incantation, is impossible! If stones had had ears they must have felt every powerful, every energetic note!—Now, admitting the remembrance of such perfection, that the Directors, or Director, of the night should have appointed such a singer as Mr. Wheeler to attempt this arduous task, is not more incomprehensible to us, than that Mr. Wheeler himself should have had the temerity (we forbear a harsher epithet,) to undertake it! After Dr. Cooke's pretty glee, we were gratified with two admirably characteristic chorusses from Deborah.—In this place the heathen chorus is very judiciously introduced, preceding immediately a very solemn invocation to the true God. In the address to Baal, the different adaptation of the music to the sentiment on a very bold ground bass, is very joyous, and forms a striking contrast with the lofty but serious prayer of the Jews, "Lord of Eternity!" The fugue at the close is admirably managed, and was admirably performed.

If we have occasionally passed over the Concertos of Corelli, Geminiani, &c., without particular notice, it has not been from any want of respect to these excellent masters, but because their compositions are so well known, and so well performed as to require no comment.—"Let me wander," was delicately warbled by Miss Stephens, but we wanted a little more animation, and less of that unhappy *lisp* which is, more or less, the prevailing defect of almost all our female singers of the present day, and which is destruction to a clear and correct articulation.—Mrs. Billington, Mrs. Crouch, and the singers of that school were entirely free from it.—In the "merry bells," Mrs. Billington would have pronounced it *whistles*, Miss Stephens sang it *whistles*.—Mrs. Salmon, we understood, has taken her leave, and probably it will be her final one. Whether this was a previous motion of the noble directors or the lady, it is not for us to say, but we confess we are not much surprised at the event:—Mrs. Salmon has, unquestionably, considerable merit in many things she undertakes, and what she undertakes *willingly*, she almost always performs well; but Mrs. Salmon is decidedly a convert to Rossini, preferring the trickery and ornament of music, to the rich and graver harmonies of Handel and Mozart:—hence her greatest efforts are deadened by an obvious indifference to what she is about at the Ancient Concerts, and indifference must, in the first place produce negligence, and afterwards incorrectness. The conclusion of the "holiday," chorus is in Handel's happiest manner, we think of *sleep* when we hear it, but it is the soothing repose of pleasure, not that lethargic heaviness which poor Mr. Wheeler has so often spread over us.

Madame Pasta, after all, must be heard, to be duly estimated as a singer, when acting on the opera stage:—her "Confusa, abbandonata," was the performance of a good singer, unquestionably, but it was the good singer without the exertion of one:—It was not the "Confusa, abbandonata," of Mrs. Billington.—Handel could not compose an indifferent anthem, even if he were to try, but we prefer any one of the *Champs* anthems to "O sing unto the Lord."

The second act was ushered in by one of Handel's finest, among the grand concertos; the solo parts of which were admirably sustained by F. Cramer, so far as a pure taste and the neatest execution are to be regarded; but his acceleration of the time on this occasion was quite distressing;—we really gave the

orchestra great credit for keeping up with him.—What a thousand pities it is that this animated and, in every other respect, perfect performer, cannot subdue this nervous irritability, or, at any rate, contrive to control it more.—

We were delighted to see Mozart's name in the list of the Ancient Concert masters, would that it appeared there oftener. "Ah, perdona," was very sweetly sung, but piteously *dragged*. The *old story* from *Acis and Galatea* followed, and of the *Giant* chorus with which it commenced it is quite unnecessary long to dwell.—It is the finest *picture* without exception, that Handel ever painted, for while we are listening to the shepherd's plaint on one side, and their agitated annunciation of the monster's approach on the other, we have as distinctly the scene before our eyes as if we viewed it on canvass.—'Tis a marvellous production! The recitative and air which followed were safe with Mr. Bellamy and Miss Stephens. We only wish, another time, that Polyphemus would not lay his trusty *Pine boy*, instead of *by*, nor the fair Galatea invoke her propitious powers.—O, these foreign schools!—These *slidings*, *drawlings*, and *lispings*,—when shall we get rid of them? When shall we return to our pure unsophisticated English in singing English music?

Morley's Madrigal was not well sung, it was a confused piece of business:—the truth is, that these madrigals are so completely *old English*, that nothing short of the most delicate precision in the true style of English singing at the proper time and in the proper place, can possibly render them effective.—Next to the celebrated chorus in Saul, "Envy,"—"The many rend the skies," is we think the most pleasing of all Handel's chorusses, constructed on a ground bass;—the sudden burst from it to "So love was crown'd," is strikingly animated!—We have never, to the best of our recollection heard before at these concerts the Concerto of Martini which followed. It was very finely played, and afforded us a rich treat.—Madame Pasta sang parts of the recitative "Ohime! che intesi mai?" exceedingly well, and in parts she failed;—in the fine air she was more herself, but still there was a want of energy, she seemed to be striving to do her duty well, though feeling conscious of her utter coldness towards the music she was singing.

We should have been glad if the noble director of this last Concert for the season had given us, we won't say a better, but a fitter subject for our close:—We have more than once expressed our unqualified disgust at the introduction of the psalmody used every Sunday at our Churches, in a *Concert-Room*, though it be the Ancient Concert Room, and do conceive that if it cannot be deemed absolutely impious, it is highly indecorous, and a sad violation of good taste.

We now close our critiques with assuring the professional Ladies and Gentlemen of the Ancient Concert Establishment, that, if we have been sometimes compelled by the laws of candour to use a little of the *lash*, we have done so with no hostile and invidious feeling, but with the sincerest respect for their general talents, and wishing them, personally, all possible good. If we may be thought too severe upon Mr. Wheeler, we can only say, that *not* being in the profession, he laid himself open to still severer animadversion, nor will he ultimately have to thank his noble Patrons and *Patronesses* for forcing him upon the public before time and instruction had been duly bestowed upon a voice by no means deficient in either melody, strength, or compass.—

In regard to the noble directors, they have still a great deal to do in the way of *novelty*, but the concerts this season have altogether been decidedly better than they were last year, and we hope for progressive improvement.

CLIO.

X 2

THE PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

SEVENTH CONCERT, MONDAY, 24th of May, 1824.

ACT I.

Sinfonia in D	Mozart.
Quartetto, " <i>Andro ramingo</i> ," Madame Ronzi De Begnis, Mrs. Salmon, Miss Goodall, and Mr. Vaughan (Idomeneo)	Mozart.
Quartetto, two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello, Messrs. Mori, Watts, Lyon, and Lindley	Beethoven.
Aria, Madame Ronzi De Begnis, " <i>Sento mancarmi l'anima</i> ,"	Crescentini.
Overture in D	B. Romberg.

ACT II.

Sinfonia in C minor	Beethoven.
Terzetto, " <i>Benedictus</i> ," Madame Ronzi De Begnis, Mr. Vaughan, and Mr. Phillips	Cherubini.
Concerto, Flute, Mr. Guillou	Guillou.
Duet, " <i>As steals the Morn</i> ," Mrs. Salmon and Mr. Vaughan (Il Moderato)	Handel.
Overture, Prometheus	Beethoven.

Leader, Mr. Spagnoletti.—Conductor, Sir G. Smart.

The splendid symphony of Mozart, with which the Seventh Concert commenced, has before been noticed in this work, and as we could only repeat ourselves by extolling it afresh, we shall be content in saying, that it was performed in a manner as nearly approaching perfection, as it is possible for an orchestra to arrive at; a praise which may also be justly bestowed upon all the full instrumental pieces in the above programme. Beethoven's symphony in C minor, we shall always hold to be his *chef-d'œuvre*, for we cannot imagine that he will now ever produce any thing superior to it: its grandeur, variety, and originality are admitted by every description of amateur; we have even heard the *ultra*-Handelians, the exclusionists of the Ancient Concerts, confess its power.

The Overture by Bernard Romberg,—the violoncello-player who was in London ten years ago,—holds a high rank amongst works of this kind, and though in point of genius we must certainly place a few, and but very few, above it, yet in depth of thought and musical knowledge it yields to none. The overture to Prometheus, as an effort of genius, surpasses Romberg's unquestionably; Beethoven wrote this when his imagination was in the fullest vigour. How grand and beautiful its effect!—How full of science, but how easy of comprehension!

The above quartett of Beethoven, is less known than most of his others: in some few places Mori mistook its peculiar character, but as a whole he executed it very charmingly. Mr. Guillou is a superior flute-player, and we rather think is a musician of taste; but as he does not shew so many slight-of-hand tricks as it is now the fashion to admire, and pays some attention to the character and power of the instrument, he has not been very popular with the dilettanti.

The fine vocal quartett from *Idomeneo*, though not so ill performed as usual, was by no means a perfect *ensemble*. The same may be said of the *Benedictus* from Cherubini's mass. The aria of Crescentini was quite new to us, and an excellent composition it is, to which Mad. de Begnis did perfect justice. Handel's duet, "*As steals the morn*," was

charmingly sung. How much it is to be regretted that this delicious, this masterly composition, is not oftener heard; both words and music are worthy of an enlightened audience, and must be felt by all who have any soul for poetry or music. The former is so elegant, and so little known, that the insertion of it here will gratify many of our readers, and may draw the attention of those who are not much acquainted with Handel's works, to this duet.

As steals the morn upon the night,
And melts the shades away,
So truth does fancy's charm dissolve,
And rising reason puts to flight
The fumes that did the mind involve,
Restoring intellectual day.

EIGHTH CONCERT, MONDAY, 7th of JUNE, 1824.

ACT I.

Sinfonia in E flat	Spohr.
Terzetto, " <i>Qual Silenzio</i> ," Mr. Welch, Mr. Horncastle, and Signor De Begnis	Attwood.
New Concerto, MS., P.-forte, Mr. Kalkbrenner	Kalkbrenner.
Duetto, " <i>Se tu m'ami</i> ," Madame Ronzi De Begnis, and Miss Paton, (<i>Aureliano in Palmira</i>)	Rossini.
Overture, Anacreon	Cherubini.

ACT II.

Sinfonia in C	Beethoven.
Duetto, " <i>Io di tutto</i> ," Madame Ronzi De Begnis and Signor De Begnis	Mosca.
Quartetto, two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello, Messrs. Spagnoletti, Watts, Mountain, and Lindley	Spohr.
Aria, Miss Paton, " <i>Tu che accendi</i> ," (<i>Tancredi</i>)	Rossini.
Overture, <i>Jeune Henri</i>	Mehul.

Leader, Mr. Mori.—Conductor, Mr. Attwood.

This Concert the last of the season, was not equal to any that preceded it; the bill was badly made, and the performance produced very little effect, the vocal part particularly. Spohr's symphony is a very fine, scientific composition, and ought to be annually given; but it should be the only thing of so grave and learned a kind that is produced on the same evening. The quartett by Spohr was, therefore, most unadvisably introduced, being much in the same style, very long, and to most people, rather heavy. Attwood's terzetto is a beautiful composition, but being of a solemn character should have been placed any where rather than immediately after a solemn and mysterious symphony of such length. For want of rehearsing,—a most unpardonable neglect at such a concert,—the duet between Mad. Ronzi de Begnis and Miss Paton was sacrificed; and the latter was as imprudent in singing "*Tu che accendi*," as the managers were blamable in giving it to her. M. Kalkbrenner's concerto on the Piano-forte, which is an excellent composition, and was admirably performed, together with the brilliant symphony in C by Beethoven, made some atonement for the sad deficiencies of the other parts of this concert, which were too conspicuous to avoid notice, and too evidently the consequence of mismanagement to escape censure.

SIGNOR ROSSINI'S SUBSCRIPTION CONCERTS.

The second, and last, of these concerts, was given on Friday the 9th of June. As the Ladies-Patronesses could not fill Almack's room with the *select* on the first night, others were admitted on, the last, without any vouchers of their gentility. These were a sort of *tales-company*, called in to aid the special society; but the latter, after paying *two guineas for two concerts*, on account of the very exclusive nature of the audience, would have some reason to complain of being thus broken in upon, without permission being asked, or any apology made.

As these are most probably the last of their kind, and are altogether a curious feature in musical history, we shall give a literal copy of the programme of the second, as we did of the first performance.

PART THE FIRST.

Sinfonia	Rossini.
Cavatina, <i>Miel rompolli femminini</i> , Signor De Begnis	Rossini.
Terzetto, <i>Qual sembiante</i> , Madame Pasta, Signor Garcia, and Signor De Begnis	Rossini.
Duetto, <i>Un segreto</i> , Signor Rossini and Signor De Begnis	Rossini.
Aria, <i>Sorte</i> , Madame Pasta	Rossini.
Duetto, <i>Di capricci</i> , Mademoiselle Garcia and Signor Garcia	Rossini.
Ottavino, <i>I pianti delle Muse, in morte di Lord Byron</i> , sung by Signor Rossini and all the Vocal Performers	Rossini.

PART THE SECOND.

Impromptu, Piano, Madlle. Delphine de Schauroth	Kalkbrenner.
Duetto, <i>Ricciardo che vedo</i> Madame Colbran Rossini and M. Begrez	Rossini.
Aria, <i>Nacqui all' affanno</i> , Mademoiselle Garcia	Rossini.
Duetto, <i>Amor possente nome</i> , Madame Biagioli and M. Begrez	Rossini.
Aria, <i>Io proteggo</i> , Signor Rossini	Rossini.
Duetto, <i>Aana</i> , Madame Colbran Rossini, and Signor Remorini	Rossini.
Aria, <i>Sorgete</i> , Signor Remorini	Rossini.
Aria, <i>Una voce poco fa</i> , Miss Melville	Rossini.
Terzetto, <i>Papataci</i> , M. Begrez, Signor Remorini, and Signor Rossini	Rossini.

The *Ottavino*, on the death of Lord Byron, was sung by Signor Rossini, who certainly did not spare his lungs on the occasion, though he could not bring himself to afford a few lines of printing, to let his auditors know what words the muse intermixed with her tears. This was the only new composition introduced, all the rest being things that have been sung at every concert, public and private, for the last two years, or more; except the short piece by the clever little German girl, Madlle. Schauroth, who, by way of rendering the performance complete, should have played *Di tanti palpiti*, or some such novelty, with variations.

As a whole, we never heard a duller concert than this; and although two or three *claqueurs*, stationed at the bottom of the room, did now and then raise some partial applause, and

actually succeeded in getting the *Ottavino* encored, yet we will, without fear of contradiction, assert, that nineteen-twentieths of the audience were as little amused as ourselves, and much more dissatisfied.

THE CONCERTS.

On Friday, May 28th, Mr. Bellamy's Concert took place at the Hanover-square Rooms. The performers were, Mrs. Salmon, Madame Pasta, Miss Tree, Messrs. Vaughan, W. Knyvett, Sale, Welsh, &c.

On Monday, the 31st of May, Mr. Mori's benefit concert was given at the Argyll Rooms, and supported by a strong body of vocal and instrumental performers.

Mr. Begrez had his annual concert at the Argyll Rooms, on the 16th of June, when a very fashionable company attended, the price of the tickets,—one guinea each,—rendering it very select.

Signor Curioni took his benefit this year at the house of Signor Rossini, 90, Regent's Quadrant, at which he was assisted by all the operatic corps.

Madame Szymanowska, of whom we have before had occasion to speak in very high terms, gave a morning concert at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Saturday, June 19th, which was attended by a very numerous and extremely elegant company. Mr. Cramer conducted the whole concert, as Signor Rossini, who undertook to share the labour with him, never appeared.

Master Liszt, the young German musician, had a concert at the Argyll Rooms, on Monday, the 21st of June, when he exhibited talents that astonished all the first professors present, and more than justified the accounts which have, from time to time, appeared in this work, of his various and extraordinary powers.

Mademoiselle Marinoni had her concert at the house of Mrs. Granville, in Grafton-street, on Wednesday, the 23d of June, which was well supported.

Signor Torri's annual private concert was given at Lady Burrough's mansion in Portland-place, on Thursday, the 24th of June, and fashionably attended.

THE DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

Madame Catalani has appeared in Mozart's *Figaro*, as *Suzanna*, a character which she performed so admirably a dozen years ago, and still continues to fill very charmingly. Madame De Begnis was *La Contessa*; Porto, *Il Conte*; Madame Biagioli, *Cherubino*, and De Begnis, *Figaro*. Signor Porto and Madame Biagioli are not very well suited to the parts which have fallen to their lot, and altogether there is something heterogeneous in the casting of the opera that the public do not relish.

On the 21st of June, Madame Pasta took her benefit, when *Romeo e Giulietta*, a tragic opera by Zingarelli, was for the

first time performed in this country. The characters are thus distributed—

<i>Everardo Capelli</i> , (Capulet)	-	-	Signor Garcia.
<i>Giulietta</i> , his daughter	-	-	Mad. Biagioli.
<i>Romeo Montecchi</i> , (Montague)	-	-	Mad. Pasta.
<i>Gilberto</i> , friend to both families	-	-	Signor Porto.
<i>Matilda</i>	-	-	Signora Graziani.

It was composed upwards of twenty years ago, upon an abridgment of M. Ducis's free translation of Shakspeare's tragedy. The drama is beneath notice, and if the names of the characters did not lead to a recognition, the original story would never be suspected. The music has nothing that can be called bad in it, but it is feeble, and passes on without exciting an emotion either of pleasure or dislike,—two pieces excepted, upon which the success of the whole has, we are thoroughly persuaded, always turned; these are the beautiful *preghiera*, "*Sommo Ciel*," given in our present number, and the fine aria, "*Ombra adorata*." The former is sung by *Romeo*, while waiting the arrival of *Julietta*, who at that hour has consented to be united to him. The latter is performed by the same, in the tomb scene, after he has swallowed the poison, and before *Julietta* awakes. The tranquil beauties of these remind us very much of Gluck, nay, even of Handel; the style of the *preghiera* is not wholly unlike the "*Dove sei, amato bene?*" of the latter composer. In the first act is a little, very simple duet, "*Dunque, mio bene*," which was exceedingly applauded and encored, and is certainly pretty, though better suited to the chamber than the theatre. But for the last act of this opera, which is entirely made up of the scene representing the "tombs of all the Capulets," it could never be played a second time; all its strength is concentrated here, and Madame Pasta gives a force of expression to it, that is irresistibly powerful. But notwithstanding this, it can never be a lasting favourite; a single scene, and that a tragic one, does not now make a popular opera, and the chief character is not supported, except by Garcia, whose part is not of any great importance.

Ugo, Re d'Italia is just where we left it when we made our last report. By a new agreement it is to be got ready for the opening of next season. The story circulated about Rossini coming here next May, is a *ruse de théâtre*.

The serious opera of *Semiramide*, by Rossini,—Rossini again! Another serious opera!—is getting up for the benefit of Garcia.

We most sincerely hope that it may prove a benefit to him, and therefore, we shall for the present withhold our opinion of it.

GRAND CONCERT.

On Saturday the 5th of June, being Whitsun-Eve, the winter theatres were obliged to close their doors, because a moral play, or a drama with songs introduced according to something like method, is supposed to be more irreligious than a concert that admits the prophane and pious ditty in an indiscriminate jumble, and all the opera airs and performers, regardless of system or arrangement. Or, in other words, amusements that are under the control of the *Censor morum* are interdicted, while others are permitted which can hardly be said to be subject to any regulation whatever, and which have latterly been carried on under circumstances so disgraceful to the country,—we allude to individual management,—as not to bear mentioning in more explicit language.

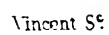
On the above evening then, a concert was performed on the stage of the King's Theatre, under the direction of Mr. Cutler, who collected a force that he found difficult to manage. Many of the things announced were prudently omitted by the performers, who substituted others in their room that the copyist was not prepared for; hence, some confusion ensued, and the enterprise proved, we fear, unsuccessful in every way.

DRURY-LANE AND COVENT-GARDEN THEATRES.

Except three or four airs introduced in a new play, produced on the 27th of June, at Covent Garden, under the title of *Charles II., or the Merry Monarch*, nothing new of a musical kind has been presented at either theatre lately. Of the above we shall speak in our next.

THEATRE ROYAL, ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

This elegant summer theatre is to open on the 3rd of July, with an uncommonly strong company: Miss Kelly and Mr. Matthews, Miss Stephens and Mr. Braham, with other distinguished performers, including the real Grimaldi, are engaged, and under Mr. Arnold's active and able management, promise a busy and successful, though a short season.



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THE HARMONICON.

No. XX., August, 1824.

MEMOIR OF NICOLO JOMELLI.

NICOLÒ JOMELLI, one of the most celebrated composers of the last century, was born at Aversa, a small town in the kingdom of Naples, in 1714; a year that, by a remarkable coincidence, gave birth to the illustrious Gluck. His taste for music, like that of the greater part of composers of the first order, manifested itself at an early age, and was observed to become daily more decided. He commenced his first musical studies at his native place, under a canon of the name of Muzzillo. So rapid was his progress, that his parents were advised to send their son to complete his musical studies at one of the conservatories of Naples. His first master here was Feo; but it was under the great Leo that, as he himself expressed it, he first began to feel the true sublime of the art. Shortly after he quitted the conservatory, his illustrious master hearing one of his cantatas executed in public, was transported with joy, and exclaimed—"Not many years will pass before this young man will become the wonder and admiration of all Europe!" A prediction that was shortly after realized.

Jomelli was but twenty-three years of age when he wrote his first opera, *L'Errore Amorofo*, which was represented on the new theatre of Naples. The following year (1738), he produced his *Odoardo*, on the theatre de' Fiorentini, of the same city. So great was the reputation he acquired by these two operas, that, in 1740, he was summoned to Rome, where his rising fame was increased by the suffrages of the celebrated amateurs of that city, which, at all periods, are considered of no small importance to a young composer. Here he enjoyed the protection of the Cardinal Duke of York, and produced two new operas, *Ricimero* and *Astianatte*. So great was the enthusiasm which the former of these productions excited, that the author was borne in triumph from the orchestra to the stage, to receive the homage of the public.

In 1741 he was called to Bologna, where he gave the opera of *Ezio*. It was here that he formed an acquaintance of the celebrated Padre Martini, which the following circumstance tended to ripen into a lasting friendship. In one of his visits to this celebrated contrapuntist, Jomelli informed him that he had a scholar to introduce to him. A few days after, the good Padre asking who and where the pupil was he had talked of, Jomelli exclaimed, *Padre, son Io!* (Father, it is myself), at the same time pulling a studio from his pocket, in

which he had been trying his strength in modulation and fugue, and entreated him to examine it, and point out its errors. "You mock me," said the good father, "it is I who should rather learn of you."

After a residence of some considerable time at Bologna, he returned to Rome, where he produced *Didone*, one of his master-pieces. Of this opera it was said by the cognoscenti, that never were airs heard so full of truth and beauty, a harmony more pure, and copious accompaniments better adapted to the words; in fine, a style at once correct without pedantry, pompous without extravagance, and grand without inequality. These praises, which were in every mouth, soon reached Naples, and the countrymen of Jomelli felt jealous of their native artist, and testified their desire to see him again amongst them. He returned, and composed his opera of *Eumene*, which, even had it not been composed by one of their compatriots, could not have failed to excite universal admiration.

But Venice, that grand theatre for the display of musical excellence, had not yet seen the new composer, whose fame had now spread through the whole of Italy. To comply with the pressing solicitations in that quarter, Jomelli again quitted his native place, and repaired to a city, the applause of which was regarded as indispensable, in order to fill up the measure of an artist's fame. He there brought out his *Merope*, which fully answered the high expectation that his celebrity had raised. There, also, he produced his first specimen of church music, a *Laudate*, for two choirs, and eight voices, which was sung in the *Chiesa Santo Marco*, and heard with no less rapture than the music of his *Merope*.

But in this brilliant career of renown, he was destined to experience a most mortifying check. In 1749, he again visited Rome, and gave his *Armida*; but, in the meantime, a feeling of a hostile nature had been excited against him, and on his appearing in the orchestra, he was received with all that stormy disapprobation, which this sensitive people, equally violent in their love and hatred, know how to lavish with such unsparing severity. He was obliged to fly from the theatre in the midst of the performance, and to quit Rome the same night, fearful even of his safety. The only motive which the writers of that period have assigned for this outrage, is, that he had too openly aspired, not to say intrigued, to obtain the situation of *maestro di capella* to St. Peter's.

Great indignation was felt, and fostered, no doubt, by the native artists, to see a young man, whose only recommendation was his success in dramatic composition,—in a style where taste and a fervent imagination are sufficient to ensure success,—aspire to a situation, in which, besides genius and natural gifts, the most profound science and consummate experience are required. Yet this very circumstance was attended with results beneficial to Jomelli. It caused him to enter into himself; and, perhaps, acknowledging in some measure the justice of the judgment of the public, he sedulously applied to the study of counterpoint, in which he soon made a rapid progress, and acquired a full knowledge of the deeper and more difficult branches of his art. Profiting by the instructions of his friend the Padre Martini, he laid the foundation for that superstructure of sacred music, upon which his fame will for ever rest. It has been pretended that, from this epoch, his compositions acquired more correctness and regularity, but lost a portion of that grace, fire, and originality, by which they were before characterized. Admitting that there is some ground for such an assertion, yet this result must be attributed, not to the effect of a more close adherence to the rules of art,—which do not fetter genius, but only serve as its guide,—but to the impression which such a change would necessarily produce on a mind accustomed to success. Doubtless such a circumstance could not fail to render more timid and circumspect, a composer who had heretofore been accustomed chiefly to follow the track of his own inspirations.

These circumstances may also have had some share in determining him to quit his own country, and repair to Vienna, which he did in 1749. It was here that he had the good fortune to meet with the celebrated Metastasio, then in the midst of his glory. The poet at once felt that in Jomelli he had found a kindred soul, a genius at once rich, brilliant, and pathetic; a musician capable of entering into the full spirit of his poetry, and translating it into corresponding sounds. From this moment, the most sincere and lasting friendship was cemented between them; and Jomelli was frequently heard to declare, that he had derived more advantage, and caught more of the true spirit of music, from the conversation of this celebrated poet, than from all the instructions of his previous masters. In a letter from Metastasio to Farinelli, dated November, 1749, the composer is thus mentioned. "Jomelli is about thirty-five years of age, of a spherical figure, pacific disposition, with an engaging countenance, most pleasing manners, and excellent morals. He has surprised me, I have found in him all the harmony of Hasse, with all the grace, expression, and invention of Vinci."—In another letter to the same he says, "Jomelli is the best composer, of whom I have any knowledge, for words. It is true that he repeats too much, but it is the present epidemical vice of Italy, of which he will soon be corrected. He has sometimes restrained the caprice and ambition of singers."—"If ever you should see him, you will be attached to him, as he is certainly the most amiable *gourmand* that ever existed." Jomelli set music to the *Didone* and *Achille* in service of his illustrious friend; which rank among the *chef-d'œuvre* of his genius, and were received by the Germans with an enthusiasm equal to their merit.

Jomelli resided nearly two years in Vienna, embellished at that period by the presence and magnificence of Maria Theresa, a sovereign not less distinguished for her beauty

and her talents, than for her love and patronage of the fine arts. He had the honour to accompany this princess on the harpsichord, and to be her instructor in music. He was rewarded by her with many magnificent presents, and among others with a superb ring of brilliants, and her portrait set in diamonds.

Ashamed, perhaps, of the severity with which this great musician had been treated in their city, the cognoscenti of Rome invited him again to visit their capital. He accordingly repaired thither, after taking leave of his illustrious friend, Metastasio, with whose genius he promised faithfully to correspond. With this promise he did not fail to comply, for among the numerous operas, as well as oratorios, that were demanded of him at different courts, and at the greater part of the cities of Italy, he, on every possible occasion, made choice of the works of this poet. At Rome he composed his *Iphigenia*, *Talestri*, and *Attilio Regolo*, besides the celebrated oratorio, *Della Passione*, which was undertaken at the command of his illustrious protector, the Cardinal Duke of York. For other theatres, he also composed the music of *Demetrio*, *Vologese*, or *Lucio Vero*, *Bajazette*, and *Semiramide*. Metastasio thus again speaks of him at this period;—"At present he is *maestro di capella* at St. Peter's at Rome, and is the darling of that city, not only for his professional abilities, but for his complacency, docility, graceful deportment, and good morals."

The renown of Jomelli had now spread throughout all Europe, and the Duke of Wurtemberg, anxious to enjoy the talents of a composer who had delighted the court of Austria for nearly two years, prevailed upon him to settle at his court. This sovereign was one of the greatest connoisseurs of music of his time; he was fully sensible of the value of the talents of Jomelli, and was desirous of giving additional splendour to his court, by calling them into action. Nor were his expectations disappointed; the composer was now in the flower of his age and talent, and to the brilliancy and invention of youth, united the more solid acquirements of experience and maturity. At Stuttgart, where he resided for the space of nearly twenty years, he produced an almost incredible number of works, as well for the church, as for the theatre and the chamber. Among the most remarkable of the operas he composed there, are *Penelope*, *Ena in Lacio*, *Il Re Pastore*, *La Clemenza di Tito*, *L'Olimpiade*, *Il Fetonte*, *L'Isola disabitata*, *Endimione*, *L'Asilo d'Amore*, and *La Pastorella Illustre*; and in the buffa style, *La Schiava liberata*, *Il Cacciatore deluso*, and *Il Matrimonio per concorso*. Among the music for the church, composed for this city, the most remarkable is the well known *Missa pro Defunctis*, or burial service, composed for the obsequies of a lady of high rank at the court of his patron.

In 1768, circumstances obliging the Duke of Wurtemberg to diminish the appointments of his chapel, Jomelli was included in the number. Shortly after, he received an invitation to the court of Portugal, which he, however, declined, preferring to retire to a small villa, which he had purchased, in the environs of his native town, where he purposed to spend the remainder of his days. But the habit which he had contracted of living in public, made retirement irksome, and he again resumed his musical labours at Naples, from which he had been so long absent. Here, in 1771, he composed, for the theatre *San Carlo*, the opera of *Armida*, one of the most beautiful productions of his genius, which was hailed both by the court and the public with all the enthusiasm

which its excellencies merited. Encouraged by this success, he produced, in 1772, his *Demofonte*, for the same theatre; and though this composition was not less admired by amateurs, yet he had the pain to see that it pleased the public much less generally than the former. But a still greater mortification, not to say disgrace, awaited him, which he could not have anticipated from his ungrateful countrymen, and that tended to embitter the remainder of his days. Hoping to regain the favour of the public, he exerted all his talents in the composition of a new opera, entitled, *Ifigenia in Aulide*. But in consequence of the singers not being perfect in their parts, added to the popular prejudice already excited, it experienced a failure, which all the remonstrances of the liberal and the enlightened were unable to repair. This shock was too much for the sensitive mind of Jomelli, and was the cause of bringing on a fit of apoplexy, that threatened his life. He recovered, however, and the first use he made of his returning health and strength, was to summon up all his energies in the composition of a *Cantata*, on occasion of the birth of an heir to the crown of Naples, a piece that abounded with beauties of the higher order. This was followed shortly after by the last and greatest of his works, his sublime *Miserere*, with an accompaniment for two violins, an alto and a bass, which has been performed throughout the whole of Europe, and will not cease to be esteemed as long as genuine music shall have its admirers.

This great master, who may be justly styled the *Gluck of Italy*, died at Naples, the 28th of August, 1774. On the 11th of September following, his funeral obsequies were solemnized with a magnificence of which there are but few examples. Three hundred musicians, artists, and amateurs, not only contributed the aid of their talents on this occasion, but united to defray the expenses of his funeral. A Requiem, a *due chori*, was composed expressly for the occasion, by the learned P. Sabbatini, a pupil of P. Martini, who himself beat the time as *maestro di capella*. All Naples joined unanimously in this act of public sorrow, which seemed offered by way of atonement for the past.

Dr. Burney saw Jomelli at Naples, in 1770. He was then corpulent, and reminded the doctor much of the figure of Handel. This admirable musician was gifted with so great a facility of composition, that he seldom availed himself of the assistance of an instrument; and possessed so tenacious a memory, that Sacchini assured Dr. Burney, he frequently composed an air, on opening a book of lyric poetry, and while, like an ancient peripatetic, he has been walking about a room; and that this he would remember a year after, and then commit it to paper as expeditiously as he could write a letter. How alive he was to a sense of the respect due to his compositions, may be seen from the following anecdote, which we shall give in the words of the narrator. "I acquired," says the celebrated Giardini, "great reputation among the ignorant for my impertinence. One night, during the performance of one of his own operas, Jomelli came into the orchestra, and seated himself close by me. I determined to give the *maestro* a touch of my taste and execution, and in the symphony of the next air, which was in a pathetic style, I gave a loose to my fingers and fancy; for which I was rewarded by the composer with a smart slap on the face, and it proved one of the best lessons I ever received from a great master, in the whole course of my life." Jomelli, however, was afterwards very kind

to this young and wonderful musician; and did every thing in his power to advance his interests in life.

As Raphael had three manners of painting at various periods of his life, so, it has been remarked, that Jomelli had three different styles of composition. Before he went to Germany, the easy and graceful flow of a *Vinci*, and a *Pergolese*, pervaded all his productions. When in the service of the Duke of Wurtemberg, finding that the Germans were fond of learning, of fuller harmonies, and more elaborate composition, he changed his style in compliance with the taste and expectations of his audience; and on his return to Italy, endeavoured to thin and simplify his dramatic music, which, however, was still much too operose for Italian ears, and was doubtless one of the causes of the violent prejudice that was excited against him; for when, in the year 1770, Dr. Burney asked a Neapolitan how he liked Jomelli's opera of *Demofonte*, he exclaimed with vehemence, *E scelerata, Signore!* (It is cursed, Sir). Climate operates so evidently on music, that what is admired in one country, is detested in another. The secret, perhaps, may be, that in cold climates, labour is necessary in order to circulation, while in hot climates, ease is the grand desideratum. To such excess was this principle carried in Italy, before the public ear became familiarized to the works of Mozart, that whatever gave the hearer the least trouble to disentangle, or demanded reflection, was Gothic, pedantic, and *scelerata*. On this point, we will give the sentiments of Saverio Mattei, who was a friend of Jomelli, and has left us an interesting memoir of his life. "The harmony which appears in his works, procured him the esteem of consummate musicians, but sometimes lost him the favour of the multitude. He found the theatre, at Naples, in the greatest corruption; as well in, as out of, the orchestra, all was noise and confusion. No one thing, or circumstance, harmonized with another; the company, regardless of what was acting, and wholly ignorant of the subject, after much noise, chattering, and inattention, were scarcely quiet when an air of particular interest was performing by some singer of the greatest eminence. Music, learned and ingenious, like that of Jomelli, abounding in harmony and contrivance, and requiring a careful execution, and the utmost stillness and attention in the audience, would not satisfy the frivolous and depraved taste of the Italians, who used to say, that the music of Gluck, Jomelli, Hasse, and Bach, was too rough and German, and pleased them much less than the songs of the Gondolieri, and such airs as had few accompaniments, but abounded with graces and divisions."

That even Metastasio partook of the taste thus censured by Mattei, may be gathered from the following letter, written in 1765 by the lyric poet to his friend the composer; which will also serve to shew how warmly its author was attached to the subject of this memoir.

TO SIGNOR NICOLÒ JOMELLI.

Vienna, April, 6th 1765.

"And does my admirable Jomelli then remember me! The confirmation of this truth, of which, in spite of your eternal silence, I never doubted, has afforded me a pleasure which I am unable to describe. Indeed I am so much the more delighted with your last dear letter of the 3rd of March, as I had so long in vain tried to procure it; having sent you, some time ago, my *Alcide al bivio*, by M. de Rois; and since that written you

long prattle which ought to have been forwarded to you by Signora Scotti, at present the first woman of the opera in England, who, on quitting this place, set out for London. But either my couriers have been to blame, or my despatches ineffectual: and yet I am so sure of your affection, and of my occupying a favourable place in your heart, that, whatever may happen, I shall never doubt the security of my station.

"I regard the two masterly airs with which you have kindly favoured me, as precious gifts: and as far as the limits of my musical knowledge extend, I have admired the new and harmonious texture of the voice and accompaniments, the elegance of the one, and contrivance of the other; and the uncommon unity of the whole, which renders them worthy of your abilities. I must confess, however, my dear Jomelli, that though this style impresses me with respect for the writer, you have when you please, another which instantly seizes on the heart, without giving the mind the trouble of reflection. When I have heard a thousand times, your airs *Non so trovarl' errore*, and *Quando sarà quel dì*, with innumerable others which I cannot now recollect, that are still more seducing, they leave me no longer master of myself, but oblige me in spite of myself, to feel all that you must have felt in composing them. Ah, my dear Jomelli, do not abandon a faculty in which you have not, nor ever will have, a rival. In masterly airs, there may be composers, perhaps, who by dint of pains and labour, will approach you; but in finding the road to the hearts of others, their own must be formed of fibres as delicate and sensitive as yours, and different from all those who have hitherto dealt in musical notes. It is true, that in writing in this new style you cannot help sometimes expressing the passions in the way which your own happy temperament suggests; but being obliged, in order to support your learned idea, too frequently to interrupt the voice, the impressions already made in the mind of the hearer, are effaced; and for the reputation of a great master, you neglect that of an amiable, and most powerful musician.

"Adieu, my dear, and most worthy friend. If you knew with what occupations I am oppressed; you would be better able to judge of that affectionate regard, which so long prevents me from finishing this letter. Take care of your health, for the honour of the harmonic family. Continue to love me, and believe me to be invariably yours."

Jomelli's acquirements were not confined to his profession; he also excelled in poetry; there is a fine ode of his writing, in a collection published at Rome, on the reconciliation of the Pope and the King of Portugal. He had, doubtless, caught this taste from his friend Metastasio; and the curious will hear with interest, that on one or two occasions these two great men exchanged professions, Jomelli becoming the poet, and Metastasio the musician. Two *Canzoni*, published at Vienna, are the fruit of this sport of genius.

CONCERT-PITCH.

To the Editor of the HARMONICON.

Sir,

As you invite the communications of your readers upon the subject of concert-pitch, a subject of the first importance to vocal performers, I beg to inform you that it, engaged the attention of the French *Conservatoire de*

Musique a dozen years ago, in consequence of an *arrêt* issued by direction of Buonaparte, that the point should undergo investigation.

The following report was the result of the imperial ordinance; it was published in the official part of the *Moniteur*, in December, 1812.

"The Committee of Instruction at the School of Music being apprized that the extreme height of Concert-pitch (*élévation du ton*) in use at the concerts of the *Conservatoire*, strains the voices of the pupils, and endangers their being forced beyond their natural means, have judged that it is become indispensable to bring back the pitch of the orchestra to a degree more conducive to the preservation of the voice. The Committee have compared the pitch (*diapasons*) of the various orchestras in Paris, and have fixed and adopted a medium between those of the Imperial Academy of Music, the *Opéra Buffa*, the chapel of His Majesty, and the *Conservatoire*.

"The Director has therefore ordered, that the pitch chosen by the Committee, be used in future at the *Conservatoire*."

That a change was thus produced is to be taken for granted, but in paying some attention to the subject last year, while in Paris, I found that the pitch of the French opera—the *Académie Royale*—was still rather higher than that fixed by custom in London.

Till of late years the organ in St. Paul's Cathedral was half a note above the usual standard, and the organ-part of the music performed at the Feast of the Sons of the Clergy was therefore obliged to be transposed half a note lower than the other parts, for the accommodation of the organist. This is a remarkable fact, and I am tempted to take the liberty of asking the various organists of our cathedrals, or other places of worship, whether any similar circumstance exists, or can be traced, in their respective churches?

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

X.

July 7th, 1824.

ON THE PRESENT STATE OF MUSIC IN THE NETHERLANDS.

IF, with respect to the question of music, we have to form an opinion either of an individual, or of a whole people, we ought not so much to take into our calculation those acquirements which are the product of study, as that original bias, and those faculties, which are imparted by the hand of nature. However capable the former may be of awakening our wonder and admiration, yet if its productions are not animated by an inborn feeling and a true love for the art, the most simple efforts of the latter will be able to surpass it in its effects upon the mind: Hence, how frequently will a simple song, executed with grace, outvie all the art and studied ingenuity of the virtuoso! Nature, that genial, though sometimes partial; mother, has endowed some of her children with those natural gifts of voice, to the native grace and spirit of which no art can aspire. Of these, it may be said, that they carry the pure sources of the enjoyment of art within themselves. Hence it will be found that a talent for music first displays itself among a people in their predilection for song; and in the present observations on the state of music in the Netherlands, we shall be guided by this view of the subject.

The Belgians, as it is well known, are, in a great measure, derived from the same origin as the Germans, which may be every where traced in their language, manners, and customs. From this circumstance it would be natural to conclude that they must possess the same talents and dispositions for music. Nothing, however, can be more erroneous than such a conjecture. From the highest to the lowest classes of society in Germany, a ready susceptibility of the charms of melody, and a just feeling of the beauties of harmony, are found universally to prevail. In the Netherlands, on the contrary, but few songs are found in the mouths of the common people, and even these are, for the greater part, devoid of all grace and beauty, and, like the French *vaudevilles*, are mostly sung in a monotonous unison. In those institutions for singing also, which lie open to the artisan as well as the peasant, there appears no disposition to make any progress in song. This indifference extends also to Church music, for, with the exception of Antwerp and Ghent, there is no place in which music of this kind is regularly cultivated. In the latter places, though the musical performances are not quite what the connoisseur could wish, yet, both with regard to the selection of the music, and the manner of its execution, great praise is certainly due to the exertions that have been made. In the other towns of the Netherlands, Brussels itself not excepted, we look in vain for any union of talents for the furtherance of this object. The oratorio, that species of composition so much cultivated in Germany, is scarcely known in the Netherlands even by name.

The general attention at present seems directed to music of the instrumental kind. Associations of amateurs for the promotion of this object have, for some time past, been formed in most of the towns of Belgium, but particularly in those of Flanders, which are aided by the talents of professors, and personally conducted by artists who take a deep interest in its culture. The predilection for music of this kind, may, in a great measure, arise from the circumstance of its being better suited to a less cultivated ear, at the same time that its aid is more required on occasion of public festivities, &c. In several towns also, there has been instituted a kind of musical contests, of which the following outline may serve to convey some idea.

It is announced in the public journals, that, on a certain day, commonly the great fair day, a competition of instrumental music is to take place in some particular town. At the same time, the conditions of the contest, and the prizes awarded to the victors, are specified. The former consist in the performance of three pieces, left to the choice of the umpires; the latter in gold and silver medals, for the best performance of the first, second and third piece, according to the degree of difficulty by which it is attended. Such is the spirit of emulation excited on these occasions, that competitors are known to come from a distance of fifty or sixty miles. The parties advance with music and flying colours towards the place of destination, where they are received with all due honours by the official persons of the town. The umpires are named. They repair to a stage erected in the public place, on the centre of which the medals are suspended before the eyes of the eager combatants. During the time that each party is performing, the standard of their respective town is displayed, in order to announce to the public from what place the competitors

come. Immense are the numbers that flock from far and near to this spectacle, a proof of the interest that the lower classes take in this kind of music at least. The contest concluded, the umpires retire, and after a short deliberation, announce to the assembled multitude, in the person of their leader, who are the conquerors, and adjudge the medals in the midst of the loud and repeated plaudits of the assembled crowd.

It is to be regretted that some method of the same kind is not pursued with respect to song, for, if we may judge from the laudable zeal manifested on these occasions, the happiest results might reasonably be anticipated. Men who spare no exertions to produce something worthy of approbation, deserve the esteem and the good wishes of all lovers of the art.

We cannot pass the town of Liege without paying it the merited eulogium of possessing a number of distinguished amateurs, who would do honour to any capital. Concerts are given here every winter, in the saloon of the *Société d'Emulation*, which are not less conspicuous for the good taste that prevails in the different selections, than for the skill and science by which they are executed. The statue of their illustrious townsman, Gretry, adorns this hall, and stands like the presiding genius of the place to inspire a love of the art, and keep alive the flame of laudable emulation.

Brussels also can boast of a great number of amateurs, perhaps more than any other town of the Netherlands; a circumstance that may be traced to the many advantages which this town has derived from the favourable change of politics. Many foreigners, and particularly great numbers of English families of the first respectability, have settled here; and as the latter consider music as an essential branch of education, and as the great enlivener of social life, their presence here cannot but prove advantageous to the artist, as well as beneficial to the interests of the art itself, which thus finds encouragement, and is stimulated to fresh exertions. Among the better orders of the Belgians, music also ranks among the objects of education; hence throughout the whole town there is no want of musical activity. M. Rocourt and M. Le Comus deserve to be mentioned as standing first among the professors of vocal music. The former is the director of a singing school, which has produced much valuable talent. He is the author of a *Treatise on Singing*, which is considered as founded on the best principles, and, in every respect, an excellent performance. The latter has been long known in this part of the world, as the author of several pleasing compositions of a short kind, and something in the more extended field of music is expected at his hands.

The most distinguished of the violinists of Brussels is M. van der Planken, an artist in every sense deserving of his fame. For the last three years he has been at the head of a society of amateurs, who regularly give concerts every winter. There is no want in this association of laudable zeal and exertion. They perform the symphonies of Haydn, Mozart, and Romberg, and overtures of the best masters. The quick movements are better executed than the slow, which, at least on the occasions when we had an opportunity of judging, were slurred over without a sufficient degree of attention. Beethoven is held in great reverence by the society, but they appear conscious of their weakness, and seldom venture into a contest with his difficulties. Upon the whole, they do not yet appear to have penetrated sufficiently into

the true nature of the symphony, and solo pieces still form by far the best part of these performances; we have heard very masterly talents on the piano, harp, flute, &c. With respect to song, too much has been here sacrificed to Catalanian roulades, and ornaments of the Rossinian school. But, if this artificial manner threatens to banish from vocal music that feeling which should be inseparable from it, still there exists here another kind of song, which is diametrically opposite to the other, the first requisite of which is simplicity and feeling. Accused as it may be of monotony, still the French Romance possesses a grace and a charm, which never fails of its effect, and in order to be well performed, requires something more than mere exertion of voice. It is but justice to say, that the public here have the good sense to hail with much more unanimous approbation one of these simple compositions, than the new Italian corruptions, the principal end of which seems to be to torment the human organs, and stimulate them into exertions beyond the powers of nature. A liberal spirit also prevails among the artists of this place, for when any foreign singer makes his appearance here, and wishes to gratify the public with a concert, every assistance is afforded him for the furtherance of this object.

In private society the harp and piano predominate. The compositions for the former are generally furnished from Paris and London; for the latter, choice is made of Mozart, Pleyel, Steibelt, and other easy masters. Beethoven, Ries, and other masters of their class, are very civilly laid aside with that proscribing maxim; *C'est la musique savante*. In quartett societies, the venerable Haydn still maintains his pre-eminence, though the modern works of this kind, which Germany has produced, are not unknown.

With respect to the musical drama, Liege, Antwerp, Ghent and Mons, have each its respective opera. The company of Liege performs in the summer at Spa, and in the winter has the advantage of an orchestra known for its taste and science. When it is said that not only the principal comic operas of the day are performed here, but that also such works as the *Vestale* of Spontini, &c., are attempted, it must be understood that we speak of this not so much for the excellence of the performances, as to shew the praise-worthy exertions that are made; which may be considered as the omens of that excellence, which, at no distant date, will, it is hoped, be found here. It would lead us too far to give an account of each particular opera; we shall therefore confine our observations to that of the capital, whence an estimate may be formed of the rest.

Brussels has two theatres, the great, and the little; the latter, situated in the Park. In this, French *vau-de-villes* and *petites pieces* are performed, but the music is very inferior. The Great Theatre is dedicated to theatrical representations of all kinds, tragedy, comedy, the grand and the comic opera, and the ballet, though the latter principally engross the stage. The orchestra consists of forty members, some of whom are distinguished for talents far above the common rank. In order that the performances may be maintained with due splendour, the government devotes a certain sum annually to this object. The salaries of the singers are high, nay sometimes higher than those of the theatres at Paris, and, therefore, it is but reasonable to expect something good from such a company. But it is sufficient to observe that the French manner of singing generally predominates

here. Grand serious operas are seldom given, though Gluck, Piccini, Sacchini, and Spontini have many admirers at Brussels. A strongly-marked declamation in recitative and song, forcible expression, and a solemnity of tone and manner, which remind one of the French tragedy, are qualifications indispensable in music of this kind. With respect to polyphonic song, we have before observed that there does not appear much aptitude in the people here for such music; a defect particularly visible in the chorus parts of the operas, which, in general, are miserably performed. This defect also extends to the audience, who are impatient of any thing but simple melodies, and rather discourage the introduction of full harmony. This very evil was, however, not without its attendant good, for Grétry, following the taste of his countryman, gave an attention to melody that was productive of very beneficial consequences, especially at a time when the value of harmony was extolled to the disadvantage of air. His countrymen were charmed with his sweet and characteristic melodies, and the modesty and reserve which he shews in ornamenting his subject, without ever overloading it with unmeaning embellishments. Even after hearing the splendid productions of his successors, Boieldieu, Mehul, Berton, &c., assisted as they have been by all the late additional means of art, we return to him, as an artist who every where displays a just feeling, and is never ambitious to sacrifice taste and feeling to the caprice of the moment. But in this situation of things, the art was naturally limited, and made no new advances. The French journals, as well as those of the Netherlands, which, indeed, were but an echo of the former, remained firm to the established principles of criticism, and never once suspected that any farther advances had been made in the art; when suddenly M. Castil-Blaze, of Paris, conceived the idea of translating the operas of Rossini and Mozart, in order to draw the public attention to those two men, so celebrated in their respective countries.—The attempt threatened to produce a complete revolution in the French opera; and, in its turn, had a most decided effect upon the taste at Brussels, which now first became influenced by the works of these masters, who, though so distant from each other, not only in point of time, but in the spirit and character of their works, were, if the expression may be used, contemporaries in the eyes of this place, where their works became known at the same moment and were brought into immediate comparison before hearers, to whom they came with all the freshness of novelty.

In the year 1821, M. Castil-Blaze had, by his articles in the *Journal des Debats*, revived the dispute concerning the ancients and the moderns, and maintained, to the great scandal of the supporters of the former, that the comic opera of France, like that of Italy and Germany, was defective in music of a richer and more powerful character; that Grétry, notwithstanding his other merits, was still defective in many points. He introduced the names of Mozart and Rossini, as forming the centre of two different parties, and announced a translation of some of their more popular works. This contest between the two parties created a great interest in Brussels. The Italian master, who was already known by some isolated pieces and airs of considerable beauty, daily excited a greater curiosity to become acquainted with his works; parties began to be formed; when at last the *Barbiere di Siviglia* was produced to an overflowing audience, and was received with an enthusiasm heretofore without example.

The orchestra, excited by the general interest, felt on this occasion, exerted itself to the utmost, as, indeed, did all the performers on this occasion. On the following day the name of Rossini was in every mouth. Some voices however were raised against him, and men of cooler and more dispassionate judgment declared that the music though brilliant, in appearance, was in reality meagre and monotonous, and that the subject was overcharged in a manner that nothing could justify. Yet these voices were drowned amidst the loud applauses of the intoxicated multitude. They laughed at the cold-blooded critic, who could think of analyzing their pleasures, and attempt to reason away their enjoyment. The object of music, said they, is to please; this the music of Rossini does in the highest degree, and therefore it speaks its own excellences.

This ebullition of popular feeling had scarcely subsided, when Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro* was announced, and gave a new direction to the public attention. Curiosity was long kept upon the stretch by the daily announcement, — "*Incessamment le Mariage de Figaro, opera nouveau du célèbre Mozart.*" At last the wished-for evening arrived; the orchestra was all alarm lest they should betray the fame of so renowned a master; the feeling is evident to the whole house. All the resources of the theatre were brought into action on this occasion; it was felt that they had to contend with greater difficulties than were to be found in the *Barbieri*, and that even should justice be done to the single melodies of the composition, yet that the combined parts and polyphonic beauties of the piece threatened to oppress the talents of the company. A fresh field was opened before them; they were entering on a new path in which they could not tread with ease and freedom. Many of the audience had imagined that they should find in Mozart a Rossini of a more powerful calibre, and were prepared to hear a superabundance of roulades and noise. Judge then of their agreeable surprise, when they heard a music which abounded with feeling, pathos and simplicity, and yet, at the same time, could reach the loftiest flights; which was duly tempered and kept within a just degree; which suited itself in every respect to the spirit of the action, and even in its richest display poured out its inexhaustible fulness without pomp and without pretension. But how could a first representation, naturally imperfect, give effect to all these excellencies, and make those duly sensible of their value, in whose minds the dazzling beauties of the rapid and highly-coloured passages of Rossini were uppermost; in order to feel which, an unbiassed feeling and a composed mind were in the highest degree requisite? The applause, therefore was but moderate, and many joined therein merely to do as others did; yet the splendid duet in the second act was called for a second time amidst tumultuous and unanimous applause. To the greater musical scenes of this inimitable composer less sensibility was shown. The whole of Brussels was now one great field of contest between the partisans of Mozart and Rossini. The multitude, and a part of the fashionable amateurs, were on the side of the Italian; musicians, and the more enlightened friends of the art, sided with the German. In the journals too the contest was long and fiercely maintained; and it was seen how this led writers to penetrate more and more into the true nature and essence of music. From this collision of parties brighter views were elicited, and hidden truths brought to light, and the *Barbieri* of Rossini alone been produced, he

would unconditionally have come off the victor, but like every thing superficial, Rossini sank in estimation upon a nearer acquaintance. The *Gazza Ladra* came very unopportunately for his fame, and tended to diminish a part of the public enthusiasm. On the 28th of November 1822, this opera was given here for the first time, and, though admirably performed, did not by any means obtain that stormy applause with which the representation of the *Barbieri* was hailed. Now it was that the opponents of Rossini advanced more courageously; they showed beyond the power of contradiction, that the music of the new piece was but too often altogether at variance with the character of the subject, which ought to have been treated in a manner altogether different from the intrigues of *Figaro*, and yet that at every step we stumble upon absurd reminiscences of the latter. It was shewn that Rossini made all his personages warble in the same artificial style, old and young, high and low, grave and gay,—that all were measured by nearly the same standard; that in listening to his music we frequently forget the stage altogether and imagine ourselves at a concert. Meantime, Mozart's *Figaro* was repeated several times, and better performed at every repetition; and in the eyes of the true friends of the art the value of this masterpiece was enhanced daily. In all probability the German composer would have entirely carried the day in the eyes of the cognoscenti of Brussels, had not circumstances intervened which prevented the farther performance of the *Nozze di Figaro*. This was the means of allaying the fervour of the dispute, and after this the partisans of Rossini seemed rather to decline than increase. By the many his works are still held in high estimation; artists, however, and thinking amateurs, seem to have made up their minds on the subject, and gather around Mozart.

SIGNOR ROSSINI AND SIGNOR CARPANI.

Peccatum inimicorum genus, levulatores.—TACITUS.

In a former number we had occasion to allude to the exaggerated praises that had been lavished upon Rossini in one of the Italian literary journals, and as we have been lately favoured with a sight of the volume in which the article occurs, we shall extract some passages for the edification and amusement of our readers. Had not a considerable degree of importance been attached to this critique, by its being made to form a leading article in a journal so respectable as the *Biblioteca Italiana*, we should have passed it without notice as a wicked quip upon Rossini. But as it stands, it is evidently intended as a *bona fide* eulogium on the composer, and what at first sight might be mistaken for the bitterest irony, is, in effect, written with all possible naïveté, and with an earnestness and gravity of manner, that leave not a shadow of a doubt on the subject.

Signor Carpani * begins with a very high-flown panegyric upon the merits of *Zelmira*, which he appears to consider as the most transcendent production of human genius.

"So powerful" says he "is the style of this opera, that in listening to it, we imagine we now hear Gluck,

* Of this writer some account has already been given in Vol. I. of the HARMONICON. p. 124.

now Traetta, now Sacchini, now Mozart, now Handel; for their learning, truth, and beauty, revive and look more green in the living graces of *Zelmira*." Who, at all acquainted with the music of Rossini, would not suppose this a bitter piece of satire in disguise? What extraordinary praise for a composer, who is known to imitate, not to say borrow from, the ancient masters with so little scruple!

The author goes on, "In this opera the song is an elegant and expressive design; but to render the picture perfect, a Titian was required to give his colouring to the piece; and Rossini was here the Titian to clothe in appropriate tints the outline which he had designed with all the sublime power of a Raphael. The orchestra is to the musician what the pallet is to the painter; it is from this that he draws the whole life and soul of his subject. Now the instrumentation of Rossini is truly matchless, not less for the spirit and freedom of his touch, than for the variety and truth of his colouring. Simple and unvarnished where his subject requires it, he leaves the singer free to display his art, and sway the sceptre of song above the instruments that murmur at his feet.* But when the subject becomes animated, when the dreadful and the furious have place, the instrumental part assumes a corresponding vigour, and fighting magnanimously by its side, seems to dispute with it the honour of the triumph. The *ritornelli* and intervals of the orchestra, which second the voice of the singer, are like the flowers in a lovely valley, which, displaying the pomp of their charms, do but augment the beauty of the landscape. His recitatives are most elaborate, instrumented from beginning to end, and so full of truth and eloquence, that they are not inferior in force and value to the most beautiful airs.

But who can enumerate the many inventions, the ingenious contrivances, the varied movements and passages, all of a new stamp and character, which are scattered with an unsparing hand amidst these highly-wrought accompaniments? Who, the ingenious appropriation of particular passages to particular instruments? Who, the extraordinary combination of their multiplied sounds without producing the slightest confusion? Who, that happy distribution of chords and movements, from which springs the rich variety, the magic beauty of instrumentation, which gave such renown to a Haydn and a Mozart, which the fruitful fancy of a Cimarosa poured forth with such copiousness, but which it was reserved for Rossini to carry to the utmost degree of perfection, luxuriating as he does in new creations, and in contrivances that are as ingenious as they are new and inexhaustible?—And here it may be remarked, that between the instrumentation of these two Italians, and the Germans above named, there exists this essential difference, that while the two last, by amalgamating too much the parts for the voices with those for the instruments, stifle the song and prevent it from maintaining its due ascendancy, Cimarosa and Rossini, in the midst of the splendour of their instrumentation, always keep it modest, and subdued, and make it entirely subservient to the melody. I have no doubt but that this is the chief reason why none of the principal singers of latter times were ambitious to sing the operas of Haydn and Mozart, and, on the contrary, hastened to exercise their talents on the works of a Cimarosa, a Piccini, a Paisiello, a Zingarelli and a Mayer, who respect song as

the presiding divinity of their compositions. Ah! with what rapture would not the illustrious virtuosi of latter times have sung the music of the great Rossini, who, alas! has come too late for them, and for us!—But softly with this *too late*. I recall my words. He could not have come at a more propitious period, to see this opera of his executed in the first style of excellence; thanks to the public spirit and exertions of Sigr. Barbaja!—But doubtless you will ask what parts of this opera were most applauded? I will tell you: every thing except the *overture*—for there was none! And yet, what is unexampled, of this extraordinary music not a single piece was encored! The discretion of the public was the principal reason, to which must be taken into consideration the length of the drama, and finally, (a thing most strange and extraordinary,) the contest that exists between the pieces themselves, for being all most beautiful, the moment one is heard, the memory and the heart are instantly off to another!—My friend, in descanting upon the excellencies of *Zelmira*, I have so given the rein to my steed, that I cannot stop here, but being full of the vastness and sublimity of this modern Italian genius, I must open my heart to you, and tell you what I think of the character of his music in general, and of the qualities of its great inventor."

Sigr. Carpani then proceeds to sum up the qualities of his great idol, in the same elaborate style of panegyric, and reduces them to the following: "The first," says he, "of these gifts, unapproachable and sublime, is *novelty*. This indispensable quality in music, this wondrous star, which artists and poets are seeking night and day on the vast horizon of known and common ideas; this star so anxiously desired but so seldom found, presents itself spontaneously to the eyes of the genius of Pesaro, and surrounds him with its cheering light. The second of these gifts is a vast *fecundity* of these much desired and original ideas. In this respect he surpasses the fruitfulness of that most fruitful of geniuses, Cimarosa. The third, is *song*, which is never wanting in his compositions, but abounds in them from one end to the other. The fourth, is *expression*, in which he is equally happy, both in the *buffo* and the *serio* style; and when he does not adhere to this with the utmost rigour, it is not without a reason; aware that he must at times sacrifice either the expression or the song, the wisdom of our *maestro* abandons the former rather than depart from the latter. In music, the first thing to be attended to is the music itself; now song is the thread of the musical discourse, and when that is neglected, all order, all course of thought is lost. The music is gone, and nothing but noise remains. Would to heaven, that the supporters of the modern German school of music, were profoundly penetrated with this important truth!—The fifth is *learning*. But the learning of the genius of Pesaro is not an inflexible tyrant, who fetters by his severe decrees the freedom of fancy and the natural bent of nature; who prescribes a mass of rules derived by tradition from the schools of the Flemings of the middle age, rules that are abhorrent to melody, and freeze the very current of genius by cold and abstract calculations. No, the learning of Rossini is the daughter of experience, the result of an exquisite and perfect organization, aided by such general principles as are to be learnt in the school of counterpoint of every poor village organist."

"That Rossini is a genius in the full acceptance of the term is evident from the value, the number, and the success

* Compare this with the remarks at p. 108 of the HARMONICON for last June.

of his productions. It has been said, that it is the property of a man of true genius not to leave the world as he found it. This is perfectly verified in the case of Rossini: a mere glance at the state in which Italian music found itself, at the moment he appeared among the followers of Calliope, will convince us of this truth. The greater part of the illustrious Italian composers had quitted the scene, and left it to composers of a mediocre class. Mute were the golden lyres of a Paisiello, a Zingarelli, a Fioravanti, a Salieri, a Pæer, a Portogallo. It is true that those illustrious veterans, a Winter, a Weigl and a Mayer, had not quitted the career in which they had reaped so many laurels; but the days of their activity were, in a great measure, past. Cherubini and Spontini, in naturalizing themselves to the soil of France, were lost to Italian music. Among the youthful composers of greatest promise were a Pavesi, a Farinelli, a Generali, a Coccia, a Nicolini, and some few others. They kept alive the hopes of the public, but were not sufficient to administer fully to their wants. In this state of things the Orpheus of Pesaro appeared; he established a new system of melody, and in the empire of harmony it might now be said,—

Magnus ab integro seclorum nascitur ordo.

Music again resumes her dusty and long-neglected sceptre; her temples, so long deserted, are again thronged with admiring crowds. As yet but a youth, Rossini enters upon his musical career; his manner, however, is formed, and he shews himself the creator of a style at once brilliant and vigorous. A deluge of new ideas pours from his pen; his scores abound with interesting incident; he fathoms the chromatic, and passing from thence to the diatonic with an ease altogether surprising, he makes the one give a double force and relief to the other, and thus adorns his melodies with a grace and variety, exclusively his own. He knows how to mingle, as occasion requires, the dramatic, the pindaric, the anacreontic, with astonishing felicity; he spreads around him with lavish hand a thousand graces, a thousand flowers, a thousand playful yet magic sallies of his genius. When he wishes to spread around him terror and alarm, the enharmonic tempest is heard to roar; with expressive leaps of the seventh (*salto di settima*), he imitates the acute cry of anguish, and with those of the octave he paints the transports of joy and love; and these starts frequently repeated, even without any *motivo*, become a characteristic beauty of his song. His instruments have a soul, a sentiment, a life while they are heard to discourse among themselves, and to converse with the singers, to whom they sometimes answer, and at others make a pleasing echo. By the happy employment which he makes of the *piano* and the *forte*, the chiar-oscuro becomes in his hands a means of surprising efficacy and power; in this respect, he may be truly called the Rembrandt, the Caravaggio of the musical art. Again, how exquisite are his enharmonic transitions, which nourish and invigorate the harmony, and so happily introduce the desired cadences! Haydn was used to employ them at times, but with Rossini they form an integral part of his style, in which, take notice, that all is not new, and yet the new is not all (*tutto non è nuovo, ma nuovo n'è il tutto*.) The lovely and delicious Rossinian cantilena is the Anson of the sea of music: in a short time it makes the circuit of the earth, touches on every shore, and enters every port; the same melodies are heard at one and the same moment in the streets of

Calcutta, and in those of Naples, London, Cadiz, Vienna, Philadelphia, St. Petersburg, &c. So true it is,—a truth that makes the harmonists gnash their teeth with rage,—that the omnipotence of music does not consist in chords, however learned they may be, but in melody. Chords remain behind in the orchestra; song makes the circuit of the world. In simple and naked beauty, like another Venus, it glides along the surface of the ocean, and subjects the land to its irresistible attractions."

"Such is the history of the music of Rossini. Scarcely had he displayed his wonder-working song, (*canto taumaturgo*) his glowing and original genius, than he at once became the delight of all. The name of Rossini was in every mouth; Rossini was sung in thirty theatres of Italy at the same moment, and N. B. in ten different operas!!! Rossini was the idol of the public ear, the star of the manager, the support of the music seller, the food of every taste (*il favorito pascalo*), the theme of every philharmonic circle from one extremity of Europe to the other. The diversity in the characters of nations, in their opinions, their tastes, their prejudices, all were nothing against the resistless power of this new Amphion. In less than seven years, he achieved the most rare and unheard of conquest—the general conquest of ears. (*la conquista generali delle orecchie*)!!

"How elegantly has our poet Barbieri expressed my idea:

'Genti di lingua stranie, e di costumi,
Organte a sentir vario e diverso,
E l'Indo stesso, e il Messicano, e forse
L'Ottentotto medesimo ed il Galone,
Tutti van presi a quel sublime incanto
De' Rossiniani numeri *?"

Signor Carpani then proceeds to draw a comparison between Rossini and Napoleon the great,—an idea so brilliant that it was stolen by M. de Stendhal, the author of Rossini's life, and thus concludes: "compared to the wonders achieved by the man of Pesaro, the fable of Orpheus is but a faint image. Pleasure is his ministering spirit, and nature his great confederate; calumny, pendency and poverty of spirit, start up to arrest the young maestro in the pathway to fame, but with the magic of his song he leads them all captive, and, in the space of a few short years, the musical world is Rossini's! He himself is astonished at his own triumphs, but is only stimulated to new exertions in order to preserve the sceptre he had gained. His triumphs cost nothing but tears of delight, and the very vanquished are obliged to applaud the victor. Long and glorious shall be his reign, and may it not have an end till nature, unlocking her choicer treasures, shall give some other genius to the world, endowed with talents, of which, at present, we can form no definite idea."

In this manner, Signor Carpani rambles on through more than thirty pages, and in the fervour of his heated imagination, sees concentrated in Rossini every excellence of which the world has afforded any first-rate example. He is made to realize the pure *beau idéal* of the Greeks; he has the creative mind of a Homer, a Dante, a Michael Angelo, a Newton, and, by way of completing the climax,—of a Metastasio. In symmetry and

* Nations of manners and of language strange,
Of different organs formed to think and feel,
The Indian's self, the Mexican, nay more,
Perchance the Hottentot and swarthy Moor,
All own the magic and the power sublime
Of the Rominian song.

beauty of proportion he is a Palladio; and in colouring and composition, by turns, a Raphael, a Titian, and a Caravaggio. But conscious, perhaps, that the world might not give him entire credit for his daring assertions, Signor Carpani, though reluctantly, has presented us with a part of the reverse of this highly-coloured picture. He shall speak for himself.

"Rossini is the sun of harmony; but as in the bright god of day there are some spots, do not think my eyes are so dazzled by his splendour that I do not perceive the same in him; or that he, Mr. Sun (*il Signor Sole*), does not leave something to be desired. His first spot is the abuse he sometimes makes of prosody, when not respecting the proper accent of the idiom, he lays the emphasis on wrong words, and sacrifices language to effect. This may, in a great measure, be attributed to the haste with which he writes, acting more by inspiration than by reflection. Another spot, is his frequently confounding different styles, a defect which he shares with many other great composers. In one and the same breath, he passes from the sublime to the gay, from the serious to the jocose, without observing a due order and harmony in the transitions. But how easily might he remedy this defect, by suspending the action of his genius, and forcing it to submit to the laws of his understanding. Another of his spots, is the terrible strepor (*terribile strepitare*) of his instruments, which is sometimes so overwhelming as to deafen his audience. At hearing the mingled thunder of his trombones, thundering kettle-drums, and shrilly-whistling octave flutes, you might suppose you heard

The hollow winds o'er Garga's woods that sweep,
Or the loud howlings of the Tuscan deep;

or the caverns of Ætna, re-echoing to the din of the hammers of the Cyclops. I know that Rossini has not recourse to these strong effects without a reason; he employs these deep masses of shade in order the more strongly to relieve the delicate and effective colours of his picture. But less prodigality in this respect would be certainly commendable; the public would be more pleased to purchase their pleasure with less displeasure; it is money spent with a very ill will.—Another spot in our sun is *prolixity*. Sometimes, particularly in concerted pieces, he seems to be constantly in search of the goal without ever finding it; hence the unreasonable length of some of his operas. Yet even this redundancy is the defect of genius, and arises from the haste in which he is obliged to write. Cicero excuses himself for having written a long letter, by saying he had not time to make it shorter. It must also be acknowledged that Rossini has been guilty of contradictions, in the particular colouring which he has given to certain words and passages. He has sometimes made his personages loud and obstreperous, when the character of the passion required a calm and subdued melody.

"I shall conclude with one word of advice to Rossini, which is, that though every one is master of his own property, yet it would be better if he would repeat less frequently certain favourite passages; if he would bear this truth in mind, that when he has made over his property once to the public, he has no right to claim it again, and make use of it as his own. Even among lovers the

Sentire replicar troppo mi piace!*

has its limits. In the beginning of this paper I was

* How sweet to hear it o'er and o'er again!

induced to declare that I regarded this very repetition as a title to praise; but upon more mature reflection I must alter my opinion. Rossini will doubtless plead in justification, that the haste in which he composes, does not leave him time for study, and that he copies himself without reflection. Some may think such an excuse sufficient; but, indiscreet as I may appear in hazarding such an assertion, yet I do not hesitate to demand of the Rossini who creates, that he should forget all that Rossini has created.—Yet still I have two words to offer in his excuse. Do you know why these repetitions become more sensible to the generality of men? Because this unfortunate music of Rossini allows the world neither rest nor repose. Tossed and turned in a thousand ways, adapted to every kind of instrument, good or bad as it may happen, his poor melodies are made to serve every purpose; and so kind, so accommodating are his *cantilene*, that they lend themselves to every one, and suffer themselves to be travestied, lengthened, shortened, and remoulded at pleasure. As warlike airs they are heard to march at the head of battalions; as airs of the chamber they resound on every festive occasion; as pious compositions they fill the majestic organ in the temple of the Lord. Even in the theatres themselves, they are made to quit the department of song, in order to animate the pantomime, and to render less tedious the lengthened ballet. The Rossinian melody has found its way to every piano-forte, to every harp, to every guitar. Nay, does not every tavern, do not the highways and the byways of every town, resound night and day, with his all pervading song? Is it not ground from every bartel organ, and scraped from the violin of every blind fiddler of every village? In order to complete the full circle of activity, nothing now remains but to hear it repeated from every church tower, and warbled in the throat of every piping bulfinch."

CAMBRIDGE MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

THE late commencement at this University was rendered unusually gay, by some musical performances under the management of Madame Catalani, or, more properly speaking, under that of her husband, M. Vallebrique. In addition to the above lady, Madame Colbran Rossini, Miss Stephens, Mr. Sapio, Signor Placci, and Mr. Kellner were engaged. The performances began by a concert at the Senate-house, on Friday the 2d of July, which was most brilliantly attended. Rossini himself not only sat at the piano-forte, but sang the air in the *Barbiere*, "*Largo al factotum*," and, with Madame Catalani, the duet, "*Se fiato in corpo avete*," from the *Matrimonio Segreto* of Cimarosa. Miss Stephens gave "*Giu living worth*," and, in short, the whole concert consisted of things that had been twenty times at least performed at the different public places in London during the winter.

The room, though not crowded, was respectable, and produced the sum of six hundred guineas; the sitting up of the orchestra was not much to the credit of the manager; a little contemptible stage, the rude supporters of which were not half hidden by the scanty supply of fragments of many-coloured, half-worn baize; the lights glimmering in the distance with matchless economy.

The performance of sacred music at St. Mary's, on Saturday the 3d, was a complete failure, arising from

defective numbers in the orchestra, particularly in the choral department. Never was witnessed such a jumble of incongruities brought together under the name of a sacred performance. It was matter of universal reprobation, to hear selections from the sublime works of Handel, without the aid of a chorus.

The concert on Saturday evening was fully attended, but the selection was not in good taste, and the performance very imperfect, owing to the want of a rehearsal. The trio, "*Papstaci*," was not well received, nor did it deserve to be. From a parsimony which has disgraced this undertaking, nearly the whole of the first act was performed during twilight.

The church of St. Mary was filled on Monday the 5th, to hear a second performance of sacred music. Madame Catalani sang *Comfort ye my People* with great force; but owing to her transposing it, the band was completely at fault. This practice, which is very common with this distinguished performer, ought to be resisted; it is quite ruinous, in most cases, and should meet with the strongest censure whenever it occurs. Madame Pasta was added to the vocal corps this morning, and sang — "*Che farò senza Euridice?*" in a church, and before the heads of the University! That she charmed all hearers, may be imagined, but that an opera air should have been licensed in a sacred fane, before the magic of her voice began to lull the judgment to sleep, is amongst the wonders of the day.

The last concert at the Senate-house, on the Monday evening, was oppressively crowded. Some things were extremely well performed, and received with great applause: others were but indifferently executed.

It has been said that M. Vallébrequé is a loser by his speculation. We give no credit whatever to the report, though he will certainly gain no reputation by it. Considerable dissatisfaction was at first expressed by some heads of houses, on account of the business being put into the hands of a foreigner to manage without due control, and a few, it has been publicly stated, left the town in disgust. The manner in which the whole has been conducted, has not tended to conciliate the opposing party: but we rejoice to learn that, whoever may have gained or lost, the hospital has profited to the amount of six hundred pounds by the festival.

YORKSHIRE AMATEUR MUSIC MEETING.

THE sixteenth meeting of the musical amateurs of the county of York, took place at Sheffield, on Tuesday and Wednesday, the 21st and 22d of July. A more than usual interest was excited on this occasion, owing to its being the first performance that has taken place in the magnificent music-hall, which has been erected at an expense of about five thousand pounds, and, indeed, is not yet entirely finished. This noble room is ninety-eight feet long, by thirty-eight wide, and will hold about 1800 persons, which number was admitted, by way of trial, at one of the rehearsals. About 700 ladies and gentlemen attended on each of the mornings. The orchestra is of very large dimensions, and is fitted up in the most tasteful manner. The music desks are all of iron, and the upper part being in the form of a lyre, those objects, which are generally formal, or even offensive, are rendered highly pleasing to the eye. The band consisted of forty-five instrumental performers, with a vocal chorus of about the same number.

The advanced and diffused state of the musical art in the North of England is almost unknown to the people in the South, who are very little aware that even the working manufacturers in Yorkshire and Lancashire possess a knowledge of choral music—of all Handel's grand works, for instance—that the regular chorus-singers of London can hardly rival. Such being the fact in the case of the lower orders, it may be taken for granted that the upper classes, who cultivate the art as a part of their education, are skilful in proportion to the leisure and means they enjoy. A proof of this will be manifest from the annexed programmes of two concerts, performed on this occasion, chiefly by amateurs. The selections contain some of the finest and most difficult modern compositions, and when we say that they were executed with great precision, and with very fine effect, by a powerful band, we only speak the general opinion of the audience.

FIRST DAY'S CONCERT.

PART I.

Overture	<i>Anacreon.</i>
Coronation Anthem, "I was glad,"	<i>Attwood.</i>
Song, Miss D. Travis, "Bid me discourse,"	<i>Bishop.</i>
Overture, <i>Fidelio</i>	<i>Beethoven.</i>
Glee, "Glorious Apollo,"	<i>Webbe.</i>
Song, "Sisters of Acheron,"	<i>Callcott.</i>
Glee, "Return blest days,"	<i>J. S. Smith.</i>
Overture, <i>Freyshütz</i> ,	<i>Weber.</i>
Song, Miss D. Travis, "What tho' I trace,"	<i>Handel.</i>
Grand Chorus, "Gloria in excelsis,"	<i>Haydn.</i>

PART II.

Symphony, in C minor	<i>Beethoven.</i>
Glee, "With sighs, sweet rest,"	<i>Callcott.</i>
Song, Miss D. Travis, "County Guy,"
Overture, Opera XI.	<i>B. Romberg.</i>
Glee, "Breathe soft, ye winds,"	<i>Paxton.</i>
Song, "Yon eager swain,"	<i>Haydn's Seasons.</i>
Chorus, "Be propitious,"	<i>Haydn's Seasons.</i>
Overture, <i>La Vestale</i>	<i>Spontini.</i>
Song, Miss D. Travis, "The Soldier tired,"	<i>Dr. Arne.</i>
Grand Chorus, "Glory to God," from Gardner's Oratorio of Judah	<i>Beethoven.</i>

SECOND DAY'S CONCERT.

PART I.

Symphony, No. II. in D	<i>A. Romberg.</i>
Glee, "Since first I saw your face,"	<i>Ford.</i>
Song, Miss D. Travis, "Midst silent shades,"	<i>Bach.</i>
Overture, <i>Leonora</i>	<i>Beethoven.</i>
Duetto, "Crudel, perche,"	<i>Mozart.</i>
Song, "Friend of the Brave,"	<i>Callcott.</i>
Duetto, "Se mi credi,"	<i>Florio.</i>
Overture, <i>La Preciosa</i>	<i>Weber.</i>
Song, Miss D. Travis, "O magnify the Lord,"	<i>Handel.</i>
Grand Chorus, "Holy holy,"	<i>Mozart.</i>

PART II.

Symphony, No. I.	<i>Fesca.</i>
Glee, "My dear Van Dunk,"	<i>Bishop.</i>
Song, Miss D. Travis, "Donald," (Scotch Air)
Duet, "Love in thine eyes,"	<i>Jackson.</i>
Quintetto, Opera XX.	<i>Beethoven.</i>
Chorus, "Welcome mighty Kings,"	<i>Handel.</i>
Glee, "'Tis the last rose of summer,"	<i>Stevenson.</i>
Overture, <i>Edwards e Christina</i>	<i>Rossini.</i>
Song, Miss D. Travis, "Sweet bird," (II Penseroso)	<i>Handel.</i>
Grand Chorus, "God save the King," from the Coronation Anthem	<i>Handel.</i>

It should be observed, that the principal object of

these meetings is to bring forward the very best compositions, principally of modern date; therefore, one of their most striking features, is novelty more particularly in instrumental music: of this class will be found, in the above selections, the finest pieces of the greatest living composers, all of which were performed in a manner highly creditable to the meeting, particularly the symphony by Beethoven. Amongst the novelties, will be observed, a symphony by Fesca; a very fine new overture, by Weber, also an overture, by Rossini, which produced great applause. The last mentioned compositions are almost unknown in this country.

About 100 gentlemen sat down to an excellent dinner in the concert-room, on the first day. The Rev. J. Lowe, of Wentworth, in the chair. Numerous glees and songs enlivened the evening, some of which were executed in verse and chorus by all the amateurs present, with a precision and an effect that could not be exceeded.

Upon "Success to Music" being given as a toast, the chairman remarked, that he was glad of the opportunity to testify his approbation of such meetings. They not only called together an assemblage of gentlemen, for amicable enjoyment, but they served another purpose: he was sorry to find, that there was an attempt made by some people to revive a spirit of puritanism, that would forego, or crush, the friendly intercourse among men; but he approved of every exertion to oppose its progress and success. He considered the present meeting well calculated for that purpose, and, though himself identified with the sacred office of a clergyman, he had accepted the chair he then filled, and attended the summons which called him thither, with very great pleasure; and with these feelings, he begged to propose—"Success to the amateur meetings."

The chairman afterwards gave "The amateurs of York, Leeds, Hull, and other places, who have favoured the company with their presence this day."

Mr. Crosse said, that he was requested by his friends around him, coming under the description of those mentioned in the last toast, to thank the company for the mark of respect shewn them. They felt highly honoured at being noticed by so respectable a party, and would with readiness testify the pleasure they had experienced in their visit to Sheffield. But it afforded peculiar delight to be present at the opening of so large and handsome a hall as that in which they were assembled. It was highly honourable to the town that had contributed to such a building, which, as long as music should be cultivated, and the name of the arts be heard, would be a lasting memorial of their taste and spirit. He hoped their example would operate upon other towns, and upon Hull in particular, where, however, he was happy to say, there was a gratifying prospect of carrying into effect a design for such an edifice. He hoped he should not obtrude too much upon their kindness, if, in the event of such a building being raised in Hull, he should ask their support: he trusted there were many then present who would not think it too much to render their assistance, when the amateur meeting should be held there.

Our motive for inserting the foregoing speeches, will be obvious to our readers. The first is very seasonable at the present moment, and the last tends to shew the extent of the encouragement now given to music in Yorkshire, and the facilities which are every day afforded for its performance in the largest and most important county in the kingdom.

FOREIGN MUSICAL REPORT.

VIENNA.—A new opera in four acts has been produced at the Karthnerthor Theatre, entitled *Der Schnee* (The Snow.) The subject is from the French of Castelli. The music, from the pen of M. Auber, is of a pleasing and easy character, and abounds with melodies far above the common; but if examined more strictly, it will be found to be a Janus' head with a French and Italian face. The influence of Rossini's manner is perceptible throughout the whole;—in the frequent roudades, the gay sparkling and rapid accompaniments, and all the luxury of the modern Cisalpine embellishments; while the Romances belong to the atmosphere of Provence; yet it cannot be denied that this mixture has something in it very piquant and agreeable. The pieces that appeared to please the most, were a brilliant concerted piece in the first act, in D major; the air of Bertha, in A major, and the duet at the conclusion between her and Wellau, in B flat major.—In the second act, the Gardener's song, a trio between him Egbert and Wellau, and the lively finale, in G, which however was not entirely free from reminiscences. In the third, the Romances of Lydia, in A flat; the Terzetto between her, the father and Bertha, in D minor, and the concluding scene, in E flat. The applause was very general, and the opera promises to become more and more a favourite with the public.

Besides this opera, the other novelties have been *Der Verwundene Prinz*, (The Enchanted Prince,) the music by M. Muller; *Die Stimme der Natur* (The Voice of Nature,) a drama with songs, by M. Schuster; the poetry by M. Korntheur, a tobaccoist by profession, but, in the present instance, his mixture did not take; *Die Fee und der Haarbenschnider*, (The Fairy and the Barber) a parody upon the well-known piece, *Die Fee und der Ritter* (The Fairy and the Knight;) the music by M. Kanne; also *Der Ritter mit der goldenen Gans*, (The Knight with the golden Goose.) The music of this opera is by M. Gläser, and of so pleasing a kind, as to make the lovers of sweet melody regret that it should be condemned to the fate of being joined to so unworthy a subject.

The other operas given were the *Molinara* of Paisiello and *Graf Armand*, the music by Cherubini.—A concert was given here for a charitable object last May, which opened with Haydn's celebrated symphony in E flat; this was followed by *Die Worte des Erlösers am Kreuze*, (The Words of the Redeemer on the Cross,) which was performed entire, and with a becoming respect for the classical original. When heard only piece-meal, no adequate idea can be formed of this sublime and wonderful composition.

Among the numerous other concerts given in this place, the novelties have been, a violin concerto by Viotti, performed with great spirit and effect by Madame Krämer, together with double variations for the clarinet and oboe, by herself and her husband;—a concerto performed by M. Birnbach on the *chitarra col arco*, (guitar played by a bow,) which produced a pleasing effect,—variations for the violin by his son, a lad of six years, accompanied by the father on the violoncello. A prognosticator was heard very gravely to say; "Well, I foresee that, before many years are passed, we shall have a symphony of Haydn performed by babes in swaddling clothes."

Salieri still remains in the same state of mental debility, and as but little hopes are entertained of his recovery, he has been placed on the pension list.

BERLIN.—Among the concerts given at this place, the most interesting was one consisting of a selection of sacred music, given by M. Sassaroli, first singer to the King of Saxony, and conducted by the music director Schneider. It opened with Glück's celebrated overture to *Iphigenia in Aulis*, which is altogether in the church style. Among the pieces which par-

ticularly pleased were an *Offertorium* by C. M. v. Weber, a *Magnificat* and an *Agnus Dei* by Morlacchi, as well as a Hymn and a *Laudate* by the same popular composer.—The two brothers, Charles and Antonio Ebner, of whom we have before spoken, gave a concert under the direction of their instructor the royal concert-master, Möser. Antonio played Rode's concerto in E minor, and Charles an adagio and polonaise, by Kreutzer and Mayseder. They afterwards played a *Double concerto* by Spohr. The elders showed great certainty of touch, together with no common force and purity of performance; the younger displayed much fire, and handled his bow with great ease and freedom; both were admired for the masterly manner in which they gave the difficult passages requiring the double stops.—One of the journals has thus summed up the theatrical history of this place, as well as of Charlottenburg and Potsdam. Total amount of pieces performed 461; Tragedies, 47; Dramas and Melodramas, 98; Comedies, 258; Farces, 33; Operas and Pieces with music, 183; Vaudevilles, 29; Ballets, 52; Divertissements, 15. Among these the new pieces were, Operas 5, Ballets 4, Divertissement 1. The following is a list of the pieces according to the names of the authors; by D'Alegrac, 3; Beethoven, 2; Blum, 21; Boieldieu, 14; Bouilly 4; Cherubini, 1; Fischer, 1; Fioravanti, 5; Gluck, 7; Grétry, 7; Himmel, 4; Nic. Isouard, 2; Klein, 3; Conr. Kreutzer, 3; Lauer, 2; Lichtenstein, 2; Mehul, 6; Winz. Müller, 1; Mozart, 19; Della Maria, 2; Paisiello, 9; Reichardt, 1; Rossini, 9; Sacchini, 3; Salieri, 3; Solie, 3; Spontini, 21; Weber, 17; Weigl, 2; Winter, 7; in all 39 French, 55 Italian, and 92 German, including pieces with music.

M. Buschmann, instrument maker of this place, has lately obtained a patent for a new instrument, called the *Terpodion*. It is of the keyed kind, and the tones are produced by friction, the lower notes from pieces of wood, and the upper from small bars of metal. The effect produced by it is said to be very striking. We shall take an early opportunity of giving a more minute account of this ingenious invention.

MUNICH.—A M. Lange from Cassel afforded the amateurs of music of this place, a great treat, a short time since, by his performance on a new instrument called the *Æolodikon*. We extract the following description of the effects produced by this instrument from the gazette of this place, remarking, however, that all due allowance must be made for the writer's enthusiasm, and the raptures with which he was filled at the first hearing of this musical novelty. "Yesterday M. Lange delighted us by his performance on the *Æolodikon*. He gave a number of pieces, and particularly an extempore *Fantasia*, with great power, beauty, and delicacy of expression. This instrument of which so little is known, excited general admiration, and is undoubtedly the most perfect of all musical instruments of modern invention. Together with great perfection of harmony, it unites a melody which is full of soul, being capable of all the modifications of the piano, the crescendo and decrescendo, and giving them with infinitely more delicate shades. Whoever hears it for the first time, fancies he hears the music of the spheres. When swelled to the extent of its compass, it has all the effect of a full orchestra. The instrument is adapted to every kind of music, and upon none can melodies of a plaintive and tender character be given with greater effect and delicacy. In certain points of view, it may be said to surpass the human voice." (Who can doubt the fact?) "Nothing could tend more satisfactorily to persuade us that the true beauty of music consists in the simple. We have no doubt, that when the value of this instrument is fully known, it will produce a most beneficial effect upon the science of song."—From the opportunity afforded us of judging of the powers of this instrument, we should not think its tones of such a nature as to make their way at once to the heart, by tender and forcible expression. It would appear to us to be rather of a nature calculated to produce its due effect in scenes of a mysterious character, in situations of spectral appearances, magical incantations, &c. In circumstance like these, the *Æolo-*

dikon might possibly be found to produce a more striking effect than the instruments usually employed on such occasions.

Caraffa's opera *Le Solitaire*, in three acts, has been published here. This composer possesses, perhaps, more talent than any other musician of the Romanian school, if indeed he may be considered as belonging to that school, for his compositions are marked by beauties peculiar to himself, and on the whole he possesses considerable invention and taste; though in style and manner he certainly bears great resemblance to Rossini. Only one other opera of this author's composition has been published; but if from that and the present work a judgment may be formed, we should say that Caraffa possesses a less vivid and fertile fancy, but more solidity and keeping, with less extravagancies and singularities, than other composers of the same school. His music is of a much more simple cast, and presents much fewer difficulties to the singer. He conducts his melodies with great skill, but with regard to many of the rules of harmony, he is equally as indifferent as the great idol of the modern Italian school.

NAPLES.—The same unfortunate epidemic seems to have prevailed among the singers here, as at Milan; Lablache, Ferlotti, Ekerlin, &c., were for some time incapacitated from appearing before the public. The consequence was, that the new and long expected opera of *Raimondi*, which had begun to be rehearsed, could not be brought out at the time expected, for it appears destined that, when an opera which has long been announced, cannot, by some chance or other, appear in the early part of a season, the public must make up their minds to go without it altogether. The same was the case with a new oratorio, entitled *Sansone*, the music by Basilj, which had been for some time in preparation. Nay—*mirabile dictu*—the theatre San Carlo was shut up one whole Sunday!

The only novelties brought forward, have been a musical piece in one act, entitled *La Fondazione di Partenope*, produced on occasion of the birth-day of the King of Naples, in which twenty-seven principal singers took a part;—and a new opera, called *Il Trionfo della Giustizia*, the music by Carlo Conti. After this was produced for the first time in this theatre, the *Semiramide* of Rossini, which, according to the Neapolitan Gazette, was received with enthusiastic applause. The same Journal has the following remarks: "Pedant! you are the scourge of men of genius; it is not cold correctness, but living beauty and spirit that render an opera immortal. The *Semiramide* of Rossini is, from beginning to end, full of originality, full of philosophy and expression, and marked throughout with a magical colouring." We must not forget to state, that the magnificent theatre of San Carlo was nearly on the point of experiencing the same fate that befel it some years ago, but happily this evil was averted in time. The person who was most active in extinguishing the rising flames, was rewarded with an order of knighthood. Many suspicious persons were apprehended on the occasion.

ROME. (*Teatro Argentina*.) The principal singers here are Benedetta Pisaroni, Luigia Boccabadati, Domenico Donzelli. The *Zoraida di Granata* of Donizetti, produced here for the first time two years since, was revived with new airs and concerted pieces; but it did not meet with so much applause as in its original form.—A new opera entitled *Gli Amici di Siracusa*, the music by Mercadante, appeared here this season. The *Diario Romano* says of it, that it is *profondità di dottrina musicale*, and inform us that it met with the highest applause. —(*Teatro Valle*.) Principal singers, *prima donna*, Esther Mombelli; tenor, Savino Monelli; bass, Ant. Tamburini. The *Agnese of Paër* was produced here, and pleased, but the favourite of the season was a new opera by Donizetti, entitled *L'Ajo in imbarazzo*, composed by him expressly for this theatre. Towards the middle of the season appeared *La voce misteriosa*, an opera of the *semi-seria* kind, by a new composer of the name of Carlo Melara; it is said to contain several pieces of merit.

MILAN.—The opera company here for the present consists of Mad. Belloc, *prima donna*, Rosa Morandi, Rosa Mariani (as *musico*); Tenors, Signor Mari, Signor Sirletti, Signor Piermarini; Bass, Signor Galli. The season has not opened very propitiously, for at the commencement, the greater part of the singers were on the sick-list; not less than twenty-seven performers were in one week placed *hors de combat*. The consequence was, that the new opera by Nicolini could not be produced, and during the whole carnival, scarcely any thing else than the *Barbiere* was given. At last, as a *dernier ressort*, *Zelmira* was brought out, yet, upon the whole, was but coldly received; the only part enclosed, was the adagio movement in the quintett of the second act. After this *Otello* appeared, in which Signora Morandi met with considerable applause. The only novelty has been *Amina*, founded on the well-known story of the *Orphan of Geneva*, the music by Rastelli. The first act contained many things of merit and of considerable beauty. Upon the whole, however, the vocal part is not treated in the best manner, and the instrumental part is too elaborate, and aims at effects which are beyond the author's powers. This master is not without his merits, and it would be particularly advisable for him to study clearness, and to leave complicated harmony for more simple song. The season closed with repetitions of *Zelmira* and *Otello*.

FLORENCE. (*Teatro della Pergola*.) The principal pieces of the season were *La Molinara*, Rossini's *Inganno Felice*, and a new opera buffa entitled *Il Corsaro*, from the pen of Cavaliere Filippo Celli. The principal character in this piece was sustained with great power by Sig. Canzi, which redeemed the piece in some degree, and prevented it from making a total *fiasco*. With respect to the smaller theatres of Italy, it is sufficient to say that they are entirely occupied by the music of Patini and Rossini.

VENICE.—The company here consists of, *prima donna*, Maria Lalande (a native of France,) *musici*, Signor Velluti and Brigida Lorenzani; *primo tenore*, Signor Crivelli; *basso*, Signor Zucchelli. The first new opera, *Egilda di Provenza*, the music by Pavesi, made a *fiasco*; yet a duet between Lalande and Velluti, as well as a terzetto, are said to have met with great applause. In her rondo also Lalande was received *con furore*, and such was the enthusiasm she excited, that, in the course of the piece, she was called upon the stage not less than seven different times. The second new opera *Ida d'Avoniel*, from the pen of the Chev. Morlacchi, entirely failed. The third new opera *H Crociato d'Egitto*, by Mayerbeer, was the *finis coronat opus*, and was received with very considerable applause. The parts that more particularly pleased were, the Introduction, a duet and terzetto, and the grand finale of the first act; in the second act, a quartetto, which finishes in a *scatetto*, and added to this, the whole of the choruses, which are of a grand and original character. Mad. Lorenzani particularly distinguished herself in the character which she had to support. Yet envy, and many a mortified *maestra*, did their utmost to rob the German composer of his triumph; such is the order of the day; but letters of impartial connoisseurs received from Venice and other quarters cannot sufficiently praise the music of this opera, which is of that profound and solid kind, which, at present seems confined almost exclusively to Germany.

PARMA. The principal singers of the company here, are *prima donna*, Catterina Liparini; tenor, Gio. Batt. Vergeri; Bass, Nicola de Greis and Benedetto Torri. The *Comilla* of Paër was given here, but was but coldly received; but a new opera entitled *Pietro il Grande*, the music by a new composer of the name of Vccraj, obtained considerable success.

GENOA.—From the same cause as in Turin, the theatre here was closed, and the representation of the new opera of *Esandro di Pergamo*, by Francis Mirecki, a native of Poland, was necessarily suspended.

CREMONA.—Immediately after the first night of performance of the carnival season, the splendid theatre of this place unfortunately fell a prey to the flames. The particulars we have not as yet been able to ascertain.

TURIN.—The principal singers of the company here this season are, *prima donna*, Adelaide Testi; *primo musico*, Isabella Fabrica; tenor, Signor Bianchi. The principal novelty here, has been a new opera by Mayer, entitled *Demetrio*, from the text of Metastasio. It was given but a few nights, being interrupted by the closing of the theatre on account of the death of the King of Sardinia. For the same reason, the second new opera of Nicolini was, the same as the first at Milan, prevented from making its appearance.

TRIESTE. On occasion of the birth-day of the Emperor of Austria, a new Cantata from the pen of Paccini was given here, entitled *La Reggia d'Astrea*.

SONDRIO (in the Italian Tyrol).—The beautiful theatre recently erected in this place, was opened for the first time during the late carnival with the *Barbiere di Siviglia* of Rossini.

PARIS. *Académie Royale de Musique.* Nothing can be more surprising than the very opposite manner in which the two great lyric theatres here are attended and conducted. Within these last few years, while crowds have run three times a week to the *Opera Italian*, the great French opera gives its pompous representations to houses, frequently but half filled. In the former, regard is paid to the works of great masters only, and to singers of real talent; in the latter, the success of the piece is left to the painter, the ballet master, and, in some instances to the poet. In the one, these extraneous objects are looked upon as every thing; in the other, they are regarded as altogether of a secondary nature. In the *Opéra Français*, were the music to exceed every thing that had been heard before, and the performance of the most perfect kind, still, if these other requisites are wanting, it would be impossible for them to obtain any success. Hence, with respect to the music, the failure or success of a piece proves nothing; all the new compositions lately produced, for instance, the *Sappho* of Reicha, the *Virginie* of Berton, the *Lasthène* of Herold, and the *Vendôme en Espagne* by Auber, all experienced nearly an equal degree of success. Each has had a run of about fifteen consecutive nights, and yet nothing can be more unequal than their respective values, in a musical point of view. Were the scores of these different operas published, in order that their relative merits, as products of art, might be ascertained, it would be found that the *Sappho* of Reicha abounds in copiousness of ideas, as well as in appropriate, and, in some parts, altogether new and unknown effects, and that for nobleness of style, beauty of colouring, delicacy of shades, rare purity of composition, and the adaptation of parts to the effect of the whole, it might doubtless be entitled to rank with the most successful works of this kind. In *Virginie* would be recognised the delightful composer of *Montano et Stephanie*, *Le Délire*, *Alina*, &c., though perhaps not all that former fire which animated both his comic and serious operas;—in *Lasthène* and *Vendôme*, after deducting all the reminiscences of Rossini, and other passages ill adapted to the character and situations of the piece, but little will remain deserving of the name of a grand opera.

Among the old operas that have been given during the course of the year, have been Gluck's *Iphigénie en Aulide* and *Iphigénie en Tauride*; Salieri's *Tarara* and *Les Danaïdes*; Gretry's *Caravane du Caïre*; Rousseau's *Devin du Village*; Le Brun's *Roussignol*; Spontini's *Vestale* and *Fernand Cortez*; Kreutzer's *Aristippe* and *La mort d'Abel*, and *La Lampe*, the oil of which, however, seems now entirely consumed.

Moscow.—The Italian Opera which has existed here since the year 1821, is, in every respect, one of the most important and essential requisites for the interests of art in this part of the world. The noble patrons of this establishment, were Prince Jusubof and the two Princes Gallizin. They appointed a committee by whom an agent was sent to Italy, with full powers to engage a company for three years. The person selected for this purpose was one of their own countrymen, and in making such a choice the committee showed their prudence and good judgment; for, on more than one occasion, it has been found that when Italians have been chosen for this purpose, they have proved themselves the mere instruments of intrigue; and in making engagements with their own compatriots, have an eye to their own pockets, rather than to the interests of their employers*. This agent, guided by no interested motives, but led purely by a view to procure real talent, wherever it was to be found, succeeded in forming a company of several excellent subjects, among whom the chief were Signora Anti, Signor Samboni and his daughter, Signor and Signora Peruzzi. The first fills the place of *prima donna*; she is the favourite of the public, and deserves to be so. She does not possess any extraordinary compass of voice, but it is full of power and of that description which makes its way at once to the heart. Her manner is good, and her intonation extremely pure. She displays no ambition to exert her powers at the expense of the composer, yet she gives the Rossinian difficulties with a justness and precision which excites general admiration. Signora Samboni does not possess the same powers of voice, but from the fascination of her manners and her admirable action, she is never heheld without delight. Signora Peruzzi possesses a powerful *voce di petto*, (breast voice,) shows the excellence of her school, and is therefore, with justice, very highly esteemed. Signora Casella and Signora Cardinalini perform the second parts in a manner superior to what is generally found in singers of this class. With respect to the men, Signor Samboni fills the first place. He is excellent both as a comic and serious performer, and though years are against him in respect to full powers of voice, yet his perfect knowledge of the stage and admirable action, tend much to cover any defect. In *buffa* parts he is particularly successful, for in characters of this class a deficiency in song will readily be overlooked by the public, if the action be of a superior kind. Signor Peruzzi, the first tenor, together with an agreeable person, has considerable powers of voice, and his action is easy and effective; Signor Rubini, the second tenor, is not deficient in vocal powers, but is too fond of roulades and of forcing his voice beyond its natural bounds. As a bass singer, Signor Tosi possesses very full and efficient talents. The chorus is composed of Russian singers, who, by their docility and attention, have raised this branch of the opera to a respectability which it possesses but in few theatres. With regard to stage effect, the scenery is excellent, and the costume splendid and appropriate. In the orchestra, Signor Morini, the leader, M. Spring, second leader and solo player, and Signor Fanari, first clarionet, are distinguished for their zeal and talents. The remainder of the orchestra is composed of Russians, and,

* This is a hint which might, we think, be taken not unprofitably in a certain quarter.

though as a whole, it cannot be compared with those of cities where establishments of this kind have been long instituted, yet it does honour to the founders. The taste of the public, at present, seems everywhere the same, Rossini! Rossini!! Rossini!!! whoever does not chime in with this taste, is looked upon as little less than a barbarian. Mozart, Beethoven, Cherubini, Mehul, and Maria v. Weber, are considered as dwarfs, compared to this giant idol of the public idolatry.

ST. PETERSBURG.—The operas given at the Imperial French Theatre, have been *Jeanne d'Arc* and *Le Solitaire*, both from the pen of Caraffa, but neither of them met with any great degree of applause. In a musical point of view, this theatre ranks below the two others, but as it is the principal resort of rank and fashion, we have named it first.—The Imperial German Theatre; this establishment has some members of respectable talents, but upon the whole it is upon the decline, notwithstanding it is supported by the Emperor. If it be asked what is the cause of this, the answer may be, the want of unity and of a spirited director to enforce due subordination. The principal operas given here, have been *La Donna del Lago*, *Paul et Virginie*, by Kreutzer; *Panchoa*, by Himmel; *Schweitzerfamilie*, *La Molinara*, and lastly *Der Freyschütz*, which appeared for the first time at the great theatre, and was repeated twice every week to overflowing houses. It was also translated into Russian, and was about to be produced on the national theatre, but, for some reason or other, the censorship interfered, and the piece was withdrawn.—In the Russian Theatre was given the *Chaperon Rouge*, by Boieldieu, in which Mlle. Semenowa performed the principal character, and, by her powers of voice and *naïveté* of manners, won every heart. Rossini's *Barbiere di Siviglia* was also produced here, but did not satisfy the public by any means so much as at the German Theatre. The orchestra, in many points of view, is far inferior, but particularly with regard to an exact attention to time, and to shades of expression in the *forte* and *piano*. The attention to stage effect and to beauty of scenery is greater in this theatre, than in either the French or German, and speaks not a little for the growing taste of the country.

A concert has been given for the benefit of the son of the late respected composer Steibelt. On this occasion was performed the Introduction to his father's new opera *The Judgment of Midas*; the composition is admirable and met with universal applause. The selection of music closed with the funeral chorus from the third act of the *Romeo and Juliet* of the same composer.—Another concert was given by Mad. Arnold, wife to the celebrated pianist of that name, and she justly merited the applause with which her chaste manner of singing, as well as her effectful performance on the piano, was received. On this occasion, M. Arnold performed a new concerto of his own composition, and proved himself a virtuoso of a superior order. Upon the whole, Petersburg is at present deficient in distinguished musical talent, which may be attributed to the circumstance that the Court, that sun of the art, no longer sheds its genial influence here. During last winter, there was neither an opera nor a concert at the court, nor did the Emperor and Empress honour the theatres with their presence.—The French company here is expected to retire, and its place is to be supplied by the Italian company from Moscow.

REVIEW OF MUSIC.

SEMIRAMIDE, Melodramma Tragico, in due Atti:
musica di SIGNOR GIOACCHINO ROSSINI.

THIS is Rossini's latest work; it was first produced at Venice, in February 1823*. The drama is founded on the *Sémiramis* of Voltaire, but Signor Gaetano Rossi, to whom its adaptations to the lyric stage is ascribed, has departed so widely from the original, that but very little of the excellent French tragedy can be traced in the Italian *libretto*; though it is due to him to acknowledge, that it is better written, freer from absurdity, and more connected than most modern productions of its kind.

The present opera is composed for five principal voices,—*Semiramide*, soprano; *Arsace*, mezzo-soprano; *Idreno*, tenor; *Assur* and *Oroe*, bases. *Azema*, a soprano, and *Mitrane*, a tenor, are insignificant parts, employed only in the recitatives and concerted pieces†. The score presents to the eye of the musician a crowd of notes, that is perhaps without a parallel: the recitatives are all accompanied, so that the orchestra is condemned to constant hard work; even the wind-instruments have very few remissions; from the octave-flute to the trombones an almost incessant blast is kept up, and, as if all this were not enough to rouse attention, a military band is thrice brought on the stage, the added strength of which drowns the voices as effectually as if they were plunged fifty fathoms beneath the atlantic wave. This practice, introduced by Rossini, shews how complete a revolution has been brought about in Italian Music: till the Pesaronian composer arose, the Germans were roundly charged with sacrificing the singer to the orchestra, an accusation founded on the richness of their accompaniments, compared to the poverty and insipidity of most of those that proceeded from the rival school. Of Mozart it was asserted, with more wit than truth,

that he placed the statue in the orchestra and the pedestal on the stage. What would Gretry, to whom the remark is attributed, have said had he heard *Zelmira* or the opera now before us?

SEMIRAMIDE may be considered as approaching very nearly to that sort of compilation to which the Italians give the name of *pasticcio*; the greater part of it consists of repetitions, more or less disguised, of the author's own works. This is sometimes thought allowable, and though it betrays either a want of industry, or an exhausted fund of ideas, yet it may be suffered to escape very severe criticism. But, in some instances we find the property of others invaded; these we shall not fail to notice, though they can hardly elude the detection of all who hear them, yet, in a publication like this, which in the absence of better authority, may in after-times be appealed to as evidence, it is the duty of its writers to guard, as far as they have the power, the rights of all composers, particularly of those whom the decree of nature has left to the protection of posterity.

It is pretty clear that Signor Rossini thinks it unnecessary to adapt the character of his overture to the prevailing passion of the drama: that which belongs to the present work is much better calculated for a comic ballet than an heroic opera. For the commencement of it the author is indebted to the Pastoral Symphony of Beethoven, and the first subject of the last movement is very like a popular melody of Mozart. This is introduced again in other places, when the resemblance, or rather the identity, is undeniable. The opening however of the *andantino* in the overture, is new and beautiful: it is for four horns, and though the real effect cannot be perfectly conveyed in the following notes, yet a tolerably accurate notion of it may be acquired, if played slowly and with expression on the piano-forte.—



* Vide HARMONICON, Vol. I, page 195

† See page 167 of the present number.

We now shall take a brief view of the various pieces in this opera, according to the order in which they are performed. No. 1, the *Introduzione*, and No. 2, a *terzetto* for *Idreno*, *Assur* and *Oroe*, are full of the author's hacknied passages.

No. 3, is a very original chorus, immediately preceding the first appearance of *Semiramide* on the stage, and followed by a quartett in A flat, *Di tanti Regi*, an elegant canon abounding in genius and good taste. The remainder of this piece is remarkably dramatic, and forms altogether the best scene in the opera.

No. 4, is a *Cavatina* in B, for *Arsace*, a mezzo-soprano, which would be deserving of notice had it not often appeared in the composer's other works. The subjoined passage, *allegro*, shews what Rossini expects from this voice:—



No. 5, a duet for *Arsace* and *Assur*, *Bella imago degli Dei*, is a very animated composition; so is No. 6, an aria given to *Idreno*, the tenor, *Ah dove' è il cimento?* but both have the same drawback that diminishes the merit of No. 4, and many other pieces. The second movement of the latter is an inversion of the most popular part of

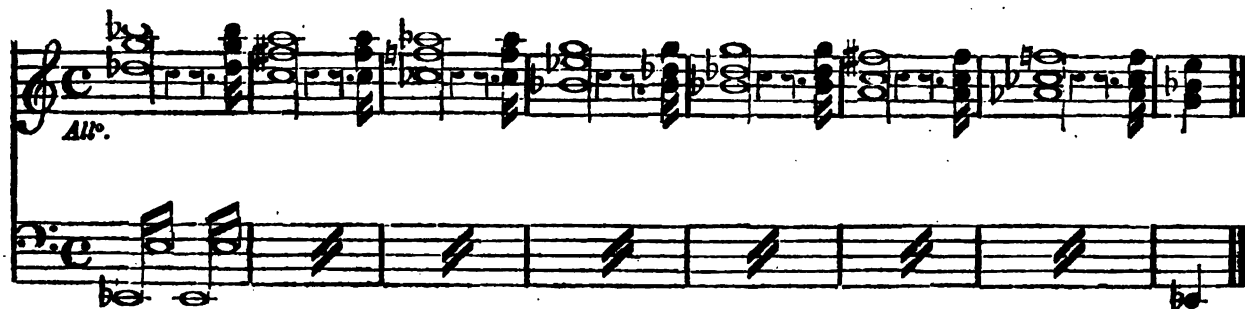
Carafa's favourite air, *Fra tante angosie*, as the annexed four bars will shew:—



No. 7, is a very pretty chorus for the female attendants of the Queen, with a good deal of novelty in its melody; it is followed by a *Cavatina* for *Semiramide*, which has not the slightest pretence to the latter quality.

No. 8, a duettino for *Semiramide* and *Arsace*, *Serbami ognor*, has a very elegant second movement to it, which will prove acceptable to amateur performers, and shall appear in this work. No. 9, published in No. XVI. of the *Harmonicon*, is a fine march, introducing a chorus of priests, wherein are some good harmonies of the ecclesiastical school.

We now come to the *Finale* of the first act, No. 10, which is generally considered as the most masterly part of this opera, though, as we have before stated, we prefer upon the whole the third scene. In this finale *Semiramide* seated on her throne, announces to the assembled Assyrians her choice of a person as their future king and her spouse, and calls upon the nobles, people, &c., to swear fidelity to him whom she shall name. The oath that follows is expressed in an exquisite quartett by *Arsace*, *Idreno*, *Oroe*, and *Assur*. As this is much too long for insertion here, we shall print the essential part of it amongst the music in our succeeding number. The air which follows is entirely in a different style, but the boldness and intrepidity of the queen are admirably expressed, and finely contrasted with her subsequent meekness and submission. At the conclusion of the air, while the priests are advancing to perform the nuptial ceremony, the ghost of *Ninus* issues from the tomb, the rites are suspended, and all is terror and confusion. The subjoined chromatic passage is well introduced in the general burst of horror:—



Then follows a short duet in A flat minor, partly in canon, for *Semiramide* and *Idreno*. This *morceau* shews the greatness of Rossini's genius when he chooses to call it forth; it is so full of meaning, that the notes alone, without the aid of words, would be enough to express, in

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language not to be misunderstood, the dread and dismay of the parties who give a half-stifed utterance to their emotions. We regret not being able to offer our readers more than a few bars of the opening of this as a specimen:—

2 A



It is then repeated in quintett, accompanied by the chorus. The ghost now speaks, and the whole of this part is an imitation of the last incomparable scene in *Don Giovanni*; indeed at the words, *Rispetta le mie ceneri!* Mozart's notes are boldly copied, and his accompaniment, slightly altered, applied to them. This was unfair, and equally unwise, unless, which is possible, it was meant as a public and respectful homage to the unrivalled greatness of the musician of Salzburg. The concluding movement of this finale is, as a musical composition, very ingenious and charming, but there is not the slightest agreement between the sound and sense: the words describe the mental agony of the whole throng; the gaiety of the music would proclaim the winding up of a hymeneal feast.

The second act begins with a grand duet between *Semiramide* and *Assur*, No. 11, in which vindictive passion and disappointment are well represented. No. 12, a second chorus of priests, is simple and dignified. No. 13, an aria with chorus, *In sì barbara sciagura*, sung by *Arace*, is very difficult to execute, long, extremely fatiguing, and not well suited to the voice. No. 14 is also an aria and chorus, *La Speranza più soave*, for *Idreno*, much more engaging in its melody than the foregoing, but quite as long, and equally abounding in those roulades which become tiresome and somewhat ridiculous by such frequent repetition.

No. 15, is a duet for *Semiramide* and *Arsace*, the second movement whereof, *Giorno d'orrore*, is the most generally-admired piece in the opera, written in the smooth, graceful style of Paisiello, and exceedingly captivating. This we shall give in an early number of our work, the next if possible.

No. 16, a scena, coro, and aria for *Assur*, is tediously long, and in Rossini's ordinary manner. The chorus, No. 17, is singularly ill set to the words: the melody of it has long been admired, for it is that which we alluded to in speaking of the overture,—Mozart's German air, adapted to the English words, "Life let us cherish."

No. 18 is the *Pregliera* printed in the *HARMONICON* for April last: its great beauty and pathos are undeniable, and the sentiment is most judiciously expressed; but with all our admiration of it we must not conceal that an air in *Così fan tutte*, "*E amore un ladroncello*" and a cavatina in Winter's *Proserpina*, have mainly contributed to form the motivo of it.

The *Terzettino*, No. 19, *L'usato andr*, is altogether a studied imitation of *Di scrivenmi ogni giorno*, a quartett in the above opera of Mozart; scarcely an attempt has been made to disguise the accompaniments. No. 20 is a short chorus, and the last piece in the opera.

It has been said, and truly, that *SEMIRAMIDE* is composed in the German style, but it is the German style exaggerated. Rossini is become a convert to this school, and his conversion does his judgment credit, though like all ~~converts~~ ~~he~~ ~~passes~~ ~~into~~ ~~extremes~~: not satisfied with discarding the meagre accompaniments of the Italian composers, he even goes far beyond the ~~travelling~~ ~~masters~~ in the multitude and use of instruments, and frequently smothers his concerted pieces and chorusses by the overwhelming weight of his orchestra. This is particularly the case in the present opera; some of the chorusses in it have vast merit, but they are too often destroyed by the storm of trumpets and trombones, and the battery of drums which he brings to act against them. The great objections to *Semiramide* are, that, as a whole, it wants originality, and that as a piece for representation, it is too long by an hour at the least. The latter defect is easily remedied; the other is not so readily got over, and alone prevents our considering this opera as one of its author's best works.

BISHOP'S POPULAR DUET, "As it fell upon a day," arranged as a RONDO for the PIANO-FORTE, by FRÉD. RIES. Op. 104, No. 2. (Gosling, D'Almaine and Co., Soho-Square.)

THE Duet here arranged is really, and deservedly a popular composition, well known, most likely, to all our readers; if not, the sooner they become acquainted with it the better, for it is a sensible, charming production, that all tastes concur in approving; a happy union, though unfortunately rather a rare one, of good poetry and corresponding music; of those

pledges of heaven's joy,
Sphere-born, harmonious sisters, Song and Verse.

It is well adapted for the purpose to which Mr. Ries has applied it, having but few of those long, holding notes that become vulgar by being divided into arpeggios, though they are, in their continuous state, ill suited to anything in the rondo style. He has broken it into three parts, and blended these with some brilliant passages, which are diversified by modulations that relieve sufficiently without being too *recherché*. The whole, including a short Introduction, is confined to the moderate compass of eight pages of very agreeable music, which has none of the alarming difficulties of other exercises or construction that have been, not unjustly, complained of in this scientific composer.

IMPROMPTUS, or BRILLIANT VARIATIONS, on a favourite Cotillon by Gallenberg, for the PIANO-FORTE, by CHARLES CZERNY, Op. 36. (Boosey and Co. Holles Street, Oxford Street.)

THIS Cotillon is from a Ballet by the Count de Gallenberg, and a very elegant little air it is: but M. Czerny, who seems to be of opinion that the charms of music are in proportion to its difficulty, has written six variations on it that will never become common in England, whatever chance they may have of being popular in Germany, where the ladies possess such superior practical qualifications; qualifications however which, we reluctantly state, must be acquired at the expense of those that are far more important to their own happiness and that of others. In music, the most beautiful is seldom that which demands the greatest powers of what is called execution, a term that signifies the greatest power of overcoming difficulties purely mechanical, and by no means necessarily connected with anything like sense or feeling; in fact generally opposed to both. Whenever we meet with many such passages together as these *Impromptus*—(a very erroneous title, by the by)—exhibit, we always suspect, and generally discover, a paucity of invention and taste. The truly great composers use them very rarely indeed, and scarcely ever without some obvious reason: if any instance to the contrary be produced, we shall be disposed to believe that the writer's genius is on the wane. That we may not be misunderstood, or thought too severe in our remarks, we quote from this work one passage, of which we have only room to give the treble notes. This we trust will bear us out in what we have asserted.—



If this,—which is not composed as an exercise, or as a concert-piece to shew the skipjack-agility of the author,—be not provoking absurdity, and wretched taste, then all that we have advanced is impertinent and unjust.

FAVOURITE IRISH MELODY, with an INTRODUCTION and VARIATIONS, composed by T. A. RAWLINGS. (Addison and Beale, 201, Regent-Street.)

THE air, *Groves of Blarney*, is one of the most elegant of the many delightful melodies ascribed to the sons of Erin. Moore drew it out of obscurity by writing to it his beautiful song, "Tis the last rose of summer," and it was no sooner generally known than as generally admired.

Mr. Rawlings has added to it three variations and a coda, in which he has been very successful; and considering how common it is to overlook the prevailing feature of the melody in such arrangements, has preserved the character of the air with tolerable fidelity; though the *tempo di polacca* might have been spared, because in a style quite irrelevant to the subject. We are much pleased with the first variation, which shews a good deal of taste and delicacy of feeling, and we hope that it will not be perverted by being played quicker than *larghetto*, as directed. The Introduction to this melody, *à la militaire*, is animated and showy, and, laying well under the hand, is easy to execute. Indeed Mr. R. very laudably studies facility in general, though he so manages it as to give the player the means of appearing something like a brilliant performer. And this is no contemptible art.

1. INTRODUCTION AND RONDO on the admired Cavatina, "Aurora che sorgerei," from Rossini's Opera, *La Donna del Lago*, arranged for the PIANO-FORTE, with an accompaniment for the FLUTE, by CAMILLE PLEYEL. (Cocks and Co., Princes Street, Hanover Square.)
2. RONDO ALLA POLACCA, on the favourite Duett "Amor, possente nome!" from Rossini's *Armida*, for the PIANO-FORTE, with an accompaniment, ad. lib., for the FLUTE, by CAMILLE PLEYEL. (Published by the same.)

M. CAMILLE PLEYEL is the son of a composer, who was as much admired and celebrated thirty years ago, as the favourites of the nineteenth century are now, and whose music was then as generally performed and as fashionable as their's is in the present day. Ignace Pleyel in early life established his claim to be ranked high as a man of genius, and though we are far from comparing him with some whose names will immediately occur to the reader, yet we confess a liking for a few of his works, and regret that they have all been either indiscriminately weighed out as waste paper, or condemned to moulder away in damp closets.

From what we have seen of M. Camille Pleyel's productions—perhaps not his best—it does not appear that he inherits his father's inventive talent, but his publications shew him to be a musician of superior taste and extensive knowledge, and that he is an excellent piano-forte performer all who have heard him will testify. The subject of the first of these is already worn threadbare by the multiplied arrangements of it*, and we do not discover that the present adaptor has given a new colouring to it, or brought any fresh matter to its support; though certainly his management of the air is, in every respect, preferable to most of the attempts that we have seen. The rondo formed out of the duet in *Armida* is incomparably better than the other; it is a most ingenious and enlivening composition, which cannot but please. The motivo is one of Rossini's best, and it is treated in a very spirited, skilful manner, so as to make a brilliant piano-forte piece, without any of that quackery of which we are now and then compelled to complain.

In both of the above we find an agreeable union of the Dussek and the more modern school; some traits of

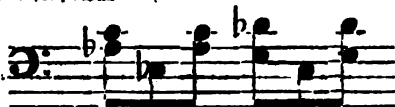
* The cavatina itself is printed in our first volume.

the former will immediately strike all those who, fortunately for themselves, are acquainted with the compositions that emanated from it. In joining the two styles M. Pleyel has been particularly successful in the second of these publications.

1. L'OURAGAN, *pièce imitative, d'un exécution facile et brillante pour le PIANO-FORTE, composée par J. ANCOT.* (Mitchell, 28, New Bond Street.)
2. CERES, INTRODUCTION and PASTORAL RONDO for the PIANO-FORTE, with an accompaniment for the FLUTE, ad libitum, composed by W. T. LING, Op. 14. (Addison and Beale, 201, Regent Street.)
3. INTRODUCTION and POLONAISE for the PIANO-FORTE, composed by J. MOLLWO. (Balls, 408, Oxford Street.)

MR. Ancot is, we are to conclude, a foreigner, otherwise his title-page in the French language is not wholly free from affectation. What are we to understand by the term *imitative*?—does it apply to a hurricane, or to some other composition?—We hope the latter, because then the author would deserve credit for his candour; for this *Ouragan* is a direct imitation of Steibelt's Storm, written in the easier key of D, and stripped of all its difficulties, with the obvious intention of enabling young performers, who have more ambition than ability to make a figure with that celebrated rondo, to play something like it. This practice however ought to be discountenanced, because extremely unjust in principle, and injurious to the scholar: unjust, as denuding a fine composition of its beauty and merit; and injurious, because, by a kind of deception, the learner is deprived of a strong stimulus to exertion.

Mr. Ling has descended from his stilts, and produced something that is attainable by common performers. A short Introduction in two-four-time leads to a "*Rondo Pastorale*," in six-eight, of course; but we object to any pastoral movement being played "*con brio*," as the composer of this directs: the inconsistency will, we have no doubt, strike Mr. L. the moment it is pointed out to him. The air of the rondo, if not particularly original, is smooth and rather pretty, though we wish it had steered clear of double flats, which are not very tempting to young ladies at country boarding-schools. We suggest, for the consideration of the composer, whether at page 2, fifth base staff, 2nd bar, the answer to the treble should not have begun upon the second quaver of the following bar, for the sake both of rule and effect. Also at page 4, third base staff, 3rd and 4th bars, the passage would be improved if written thus



to prevent two very poverty-stricken octaves with the treble.

Fingering should rarely be introduced in published works, because the same does not suit all persons: the following for the left hand, we cannot approve;



and would rather advise such a passage, which is a very common one, to be fingered thus,—



The name of Mollwo is quite strange to us, therefore we know not whether the Polonaise, No. 3, is a reprint from a foreign copy, or a work originally published here. It is composed with more industry than genius, and, being extended to eleven closely-printed pages, is best adapted for such as possess a considerable stock of patience and a great deal of spare time. The author adheres, with a distressing constancy, to his subject, which is a fault certainly, though on the right side; this produces in the present case a want of relief, that might have been easily obviated. He is not parsimonious in his modulation, which in general is unobjectionable, and in some instances clever; but the annexed, from E flat minor to E major, is as impure as disagreeable.—



The Introduction is expressive, and by long fingers may be rendered effective.

1. A Collection of DRAMATIC OVERTURES for the PIANO-FORTE, by the most celebrated foreign composers. Book 1. (Cocks and Co., Princes Street, Hammer Square.)
2. EUTERPE, a choice Collection of POLONAISES and WALTZES by foreign composers. Book 3. (By the same.)
3. DANCE from the Opera of *Silvana*, for the PIANO-FORTE, by C. M. von WEBER. (Banister, 109, Goswell Street.)
4. An easy DUET, for two performers on the PIANO-FORTE, by C. M. de WEBER. Op. 8, Nos. 1 and 2, (By the same.)
5. C'est l'amour, arranged as a DUET for the PIANO-FORTE, by C. T. SYKES, (Addison and Beale, 120, New Bond Street.)

THE first number of the Dramatic Overtures contains that to the *Freischütz*, which has long been known to the connoisseurs in London, and now is publicly performed at the English Opera House, where it every night meets with an encore. As we shall review this with the rest of the opera, most likely in our next, we need only express our unfeigned admiration of it here, and add that the present arrangement appears to us to be faithfully printed from the German copy, published under M. de Weber's inspection.

No. 2 is a Polonaise by M. Camille Pleyel, and a very common-place thing it is, without a single feature to render it worthy of further notice.

The merits of No. 3 may be summed up in the foregoing words: but it has one recommendation,—it is very short.

The two duets, No. 4, are for very young performers, and are pretty. We do not pretend to say that our sagacity has enabled us to trace the great composer in either of these trifles. That they are amongst his very early productions, seems the most probable conjecture.

This is an extremely easy duet, formed on the popular French air published in our first volume. It is arranged with care, and five variations, of a perfectly simple kind, are written upon it, calculated for the abilities of juvenile players, of such as have just quitted their first instruction book.

1. INTRODUCTION et GRANDES VARIATIONS, sur un Thème original pour la FLUTE, composées par CHARLES KELLER, de Vienne, avec accompagnement de PIANO-FORTE, arrangées des parties d'orchestre, par FRED. HOFFMANN. (Wessel and Stodart, Soho Square.)
2. RULE BRITANNIA, with variations for the FLUTE, and an accompaniment for the PIANO-FORTE, by L. DROUET. (Cocks, Princes Street, Hanover Square.)
3. VARIATIONS on Robin Adair, for the FLUTE, with a PIANO-FORTE accompaniment, by L. DROUET. (Published by the same.)
4. Admired pieces from the Operas of ROSSINI, CARAFÀ, and MERCADANTE, arranged for the FLUTE and PIANO-FORTE, by ANTONIO DIABELLI, of Vienna. No. 2. (Published by the same.)

THE three first of these works are for decidedly first-rate flute players. No. 1 has much elegance mixed with many difficulties.

Nos. 2 and 3 are meant purely to shew extraordinary execution, and may likewise be intended as exercises: but they must not be approached by ordinary amateurs.

No. 4 is the cavatina by Mercadante, "Alma grande e generosa," and does not require such great excellence in the performer as the former three pieces. The air itself, borrowed from Rossini, is lively and pleasing, and the accompaniment is well arranged; both together make an agreeable duet for the Flute and Piano-forte.

THE DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

ON the 3d of July, Madame de Begnis assumed the part of *Giulietta*, in Zingarelli's opera, and thereby very much strengthened its effect. On the 8th, this lady took her benefit. *La Donna del Lago* had been long advertised for this occasion, but when the night arrived, the public were treated with that everlasting *bouche-trou*, *Il Tancredi*; however, both herself and Madame Pasta exerted themselves to their utmost, and the audience were much charmed with their efforts.

On Thursday July 15th, *Semiramide*, the last composition of Rossini, was brought out here for the benefit of Signor Garcia. The parts are thus cast:—

Semiramide, Queen of Babylon - - - Madame Pasta.
Arsace, Commander-in-chief of the Army - Madame Vestris.

Assur, Prince of the Blood-royal - - - Signor Remorini.
Idreno, King of India - - - Signor Garcia.
Azema, Princess of the Blood-royal - - - Signora Graziani.
Oroe, Chief of the Magi - - - Signor Benotti.
Mitrane, Captain of the Guard - - - Signor Crivelli.
Ombra di Nino, or Ghost of Ninus - - - Mr. Atkins.

Semiramis, the renowned Queen of Babylon, at the instigation, and by the hand, of Assur, causes her husband, Ninus, to be murdered, and believes that her infant son, Ninyas, has experienced the same fate. The time arrives when it becomes necessary that she should give to the Assyrians another king, in whose person she is also to find a second spouse. The nobles, people, &c., are assembled, and the queen, seated on her throne, which is erected near the entrance to the grand tomb, or mausoleum of Ninus, announces that her choice has fallen on Arsaces, her favourite general. This successful warrior is no less than her own son Ninyas, whose life was secretly preserved by Oroe, the high-priest; who also brought him up, under the name of Arsaces, and advanced his fortune by his counsel and influence. Arsaces is attached and betrothed to Azema, and hears the royal annunciation with dismay, though not yet acquainted with the real history of his birth. Upon the queen's will being pronounced, unpropitious omens appear, and in the midst of the confusion, the ghost of Ninus issues from the tomb;—it declares that ARSACES SHALL REIGN, but adds, that there are CRIMES YET TO BE EXPIATED, and commands Arsaces to enter into the tomb, where he will find the victim. The high-priest now unfolds to Arsaces, the mystery of his birth, and the latter in an interview with Semiramide, wherein she avows her passion for him, imparts the secret to his mother. The queen is overwhelmed with horror at this disclosure, and calls upon her son to deprive her of life. Assur, who pretends to the hand of Semiramide, descends privately into the tomb for the purpose of assassinating Arsaces: but the queen gains intelligence of his guilty design, and enters the mausoleum to guard her son. Arsaces has likewise been warned of the murderous intentions of Assur, and having in darkness reached his father's urn, hears some one moving, whose footsteps he traces by their sound, and supposing it to be the blood-stained Assur that he follows, plunges his sword into the bosom of his mother, and retires, ignorant of what he has done. Semiramide lives to acknowledge the just decree of the gods, and dies in the embraces of her son. Assur is secured, and led out to punishment, and the people hail Arsaces as the successor to the throne of Belus.

Having in another department of this work spoken at large of the musical merits of this opera, we have nothing to add upon that subject here. Madame Pasta is the main support of the piece, and is ably seconded by Madame Vestris. Signor Garcia has little that is worthy of him to do, and Signor Remorini, who sustains his part well, gains no attention. The appearance of Garcia with a cherokee plume of feathers on his head, is too ridiculous to escape comment. He is a king of India, supposed to be reigning about 2000 years before the christian era, and the word "India" is the fatal trap into which the learned managers of this theatre—the king's theatre—have fallen. The other costumes, and the scenery, are less liable to remark, but are not much distinguished for classical correctness.

THEATRE ROYAL, ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

THE season commenced on Saturday July 3d, with *The Barber of Seville*, as performed at the other theatres. The novelties of the evening were Mr. Phillips, a tenor, who sung here with great applause some years ago, and his pupil, a Miss Hervey, of whom we shall hereafter have an opportunity of judging, when she may have profited by a little more experience.

A new one act piece, called *Military Tactics*, has been successfully brought out, and *Guy Mannering* has been given. In fact, great activity is apparent in every department of the theatre, and most completely evinced in the production of Weber's very celebrated opera, *Der Freischütz*, which was performed for the first time in this country, on Thursday July 23d, and received with real spontaneous bursts of applause,

not such as the play-bills so frequently boast of, but genuine approbation, arising from a feeling of the merits of the composition, and without the assistance of *claqueurs*, or any other sort of artifice.

As the *Freischütz* was first made known in England through the medium of this work, we feel some little triumph at its success, of which we entertained no doubt, provided justice was done it in the performance.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Ottocar, a Bohemian Prince	- -	Mr. Baker.
Kuno, Ranger to the Prince	- -	Mr. Bartley.
Caspar, 1st Huntsman	- -	Mr. Bennett.
Rodolph, 2d Ditto	- -	Mr. Braham.
Rollo, 3d Ditto	- -	Mr. H. Phillips.
Kilian, a Villager	- -	Mr. Taylours.
Zamiel, the Forest-fiend	- -	Mr. T. P. Cooke.
Agnes, Kuno's Daughter	- -	Miss Noel.
Ann, her Cousin	- -	Miss Povey.

Bridesmaids, Villagers, Huntsmen, Spirits, Attendants, &c.

The word *Freischütz* signifies a *free-shooter*, or one of a society of marksmen—of *Jagers*—who, in some parts of Germany, have certain privileges or exemptions. The story on which the drama is founded, is, we are told, in the third volume of a work entitled *Popular Traditions of the Northern Nations*; it is as wild as the forests of the country that gave it birth, and as full of demonical horrors as a melo-dramatist of *Deutschland* could contrive.

The author is named *Kinder*; his story is something like the following:—

Caspar has entered into a compact with *Zamiel*, the forest-spirit, and the time when he must resign himself into the hands of the demon is close at hand. The only means he has of prolonging the term of his existence is to obtain another victim instead of himself. He fixes on *Rodolph*, who has incurred his hatred by being the favoured lover of *Agnes*. The gift of the fiend, for which *Caspar* has sacrificed himself, is seven bullets, of which the first six never miss their aim, but the seventh is under the guidance of the demon. The Spirit aids *Caspar* in his design. *Rodolph's* skill is rendered unavailing, he is beaten at a shooting-match by a simple peasant, and begins to despair of future success, while the gaining of the hand of his betrothed bride must, in conformity to an ancient custom, depend on his success the following day. In this state of mind he is persuaded by *Caspar* to repair to the wolf's-glen, haunted by the forest-spirit, where we find him soon after the commencement of the second act. Here the incantation and horrors begin, the particulars of which we must extract from the theatrical historian, who tells us, in the book of the songs, that there is presented—"a craggy glen, surrounded by high mountains, down the side of which falls a cascade. The full moon is shining dimly. In the fore-ground an old blasted tree, of which the withered wood shines with phosphoric light, and on the other side, another withered tree, on the knotty branch of which an owl is sitting; ravens and other night-birds on other trees. *Caspar*, with a pouch and hanger, is engaged in making a circle of black stones, in the middle of which is placed a skull, an eagle's wing, a crucible, and a bullet-mould." After a chorus of spirits, certainly of a very unearthly character, the spirit appears on the invocation of *Caspar*, and after some conversation between them, vanishes with the skull and hanger, and in their place a flock and a hearth with lighted coals and flagots rise out of the earth. Soon after *Rodolph* appears on the rock opposite the cascade. After some

interruptions from apparitions, *Rodolph* enters the magic-circle, the charm is made firm and good, and the bullets are cast. What takes place on this casting we give from the same authority:—

"The moon is eclipsed, night-birds and apparitions of various monsters are seen.—The witch of the glen and various reptiles appear.—A storm and hurricane break down the trees, and scatter the fire; monstrous forms move through the glen.—The rattle of wheels, and the tramp of horses are heard, and two wheels of fire roll over the glen.—Howling and barking are heard, amid discordant and eccentric music, supposed to accompany the wild-chase, in air, of the misty form of a skeleton stag. Skeleton horsemen and hounds pass over the magic-circle, in the clouds to a hunting chorus of spirits.—Darkness.—Tremendous storm of thunder, lightning, and hail; meteors dart through the air, and dance on the hills; the torrent foams and roars, and turns to blood. The rocks are riven, and fresh apparitions appear; and all the horrors of the preceding scenes are accumulated to deter the *Freischütz* from the completion of his object. A tree is rent assunder. *Zamiel* appears, surrounded by fire, which is succeeded by total darkness, and the scene closes as the clock strikes one!"

In the third act *Rodolph* appears in high spirits. He has gained great reputation by the use of the infallible bullets. Of the four he received, only one remains. After a scene in which *Agnes* is preparing for the bridal, and a chorus of huntsmen, the finale arrives. *Rodolph* is ordered by the prince to fire at a dove. He does so, but the bullet, guided by the spirit, and which *Caspar* thought would be directed to the breast of *Agnes*, strikes the villain himself: he falls, and is carried off by *Zamiel*, amidst flames and shouts of demons. Thus the fiend is satisfied, *Rodolph* escapes, and is rewarded by the hand of *Agnes*.

This opera is got up with great care, at no trifling cost, and, considering the circumscribed means of a summer theatre, in an effective manner. The additions made to the choral department, and the augmentation of the wind-instruments, are expensively well bestowed. These, and the number of additional hands necessary for the working of the machinery, are heavy burdens at first to the treasury, but never fail to pay themselves ultimately.

The most important part in this piece falls to the lot of Mr. Braham, who does it amply justice; he sings every thing in the notes of the composer, with simplicity, without any straining of his most musical voice, and the applause of all is the result. Miss Povey is a very useful person in a musical drama; she wants a little refinement certainly, but has a clear voice, and sings in tune. Mr. H. Phillips too is deserving of praise. Miss Noel is not at present, whatever she may be hereafter; entitled to any encomiums as a vocal performer, her voice and style are both very indifferent, and the character of *Agnes* should have been much better filled. The most beautiful thing in the opera, a cavatina is the last act, (published in the *Harmonicon* for November last) is quite unproductive in her hands; she sings it much too slow, adds a vulgar cadence to it, and this exquisite air, which ought to be the *bonne-bouche*, is heard without notice!

Mr. Braham introduces a pretty German melody in the second act, and a polka in the third. If any additions had been found necessary, they should undoubtedly have been made from Weber's own works, and no interpolation ought to have been allowed from the compositions of others.

As we shall make this opera an article in our next review, we will not here enter any further into its merits: it is performing with the greatest success, and is about to be got up by both the winter theatres, for the opening of their next season.

THE HARMONICON.

No. XXI., SEPTEMBER, 1824.

REVIEW OF WEBER'S FREISCHUTZ.

DER FREISCHUTZ, *Romantische Opera in drei Aufzügen*, Dichtung von FRIEDRICH KIND; in Musik gesetzt von CARL MARIA VON WEBER.

THE FREISCHUTZ *, a Romantic Opera in three Acts, written (invented) by Frederick Kind; the Music by CARL MARIA VON WEBER.

FROM the death of Mozart in 1792, to the appearance of Rossini in 1812, the opera, or musical drama, felt all the influence of a re-action: the "mighty master" of Salzburg had not only called forth the whole of its immediate powers, but anticipated much of its future strength, leaving the composers of the succeeding twenty years in possession of a comparatively exhausted field, that required a long-fallow, and could only be restored by time to any thing like freshness and fertility.

We are not forgetful that, during this interval, Winter produced three or four operas, each containing some charming pieces, and that Paër also gave to the world several, possessing great merit. But these were necessarily submitted to a comparison which it is no reproach to them to say they could not bear; they were unavoidably brought into juxtaposition with the works of the all-commanding genius, whose compositions, new to the world in general, engrossed the notice and admiration of all the judges and lovers of dramatic music. Hence, with one or two exceptions, they were not received with the applause they merited, and experienced a neglect that at any other time would not have been their lot.

Rossini had the good fortune to rise into notice exactly at the moment when the thirst for novelty began again to manifest itself, and when the Italians, stung with jealousy at the domination of an ultramontane in an art of which they claimed to be considered supreme masters, were eager to establish one of their own countrymen as rival to the German musician. The Fioravantis, the Pacinis, the Farinellis, Portogallos, Generalis, Pucittas, Guglielmis, and a hundred other such feeble adversaries had been opposed to the torrent of his fame, but not more than a dozen of these, at the very utmost, are now sufficiently recollected, even by name, to assist in the record of his triumphs; while their works are nearly as scarce and unknown as those of Demodocus and Terpander.

Rossini, however, having sagacity enough to discover that the simple music of the genuine Italian school no longer excited emotion, and, perhaps, being also led into a style diametrically opposed to it, by his own genius and taste, soon began to fill his scores with all the combinations of German harmony, and to make his orchestras resound with more stunning instruments than had ever been dreamt of in Prague or Vienna. This was exactly as his countrymen wished; they liked the new mode, but did not relish the receiving it from what they termed barbarians in music. Now then was the time for them to cast off their ancient habits, to gratify their passion for novelty, without wounding their national vanity; they therefore delivered themselves up to the charms of German harmony, because coming through the channel of a native of Italy, and vehemently applauded an exaggerated imitation of that which they had hitherto treated as absolute caricatura.

But let it not be imagined that we wish to undervalue the merits of this popular composer: he possesses a glowing imagination, a fruitful talent for melody, great skill in combining sounds, and vast knowledge of effect. On the other hand, he is reckless of the meaning of words; is indolent and procrastinating, and by driving off his work to the last minute, leaves it abounding in tiresome repetitions of himself, in unwarrantable plagiarisms from others, and in errors that he knows how, but has not time or industry enough, to correct.

The applause every where bestowed upon Rossini's operas, excited, in turn, the jealousy of all Germany: the critics exposed his faults, the patriots called to combat, and the professors took the field. Of the latter, Carl Maria von Weber, a native of Holstein †, alone has been able to compete with the fortunate Italian; he came well prepared for the contest, and has ably vindicated the musical reputation of his country. He has yet, it must be granted, produced but one great proof of his ability; but if he continue in the same course, the ultimate success of the cause in which he is engaged will not long be doubtful.

The *Freischütz* is an opera which shews that the author has altogether relied upon his own resources in producing it. Were we to say that a single resemblance to any thing else cannot be traced in it, we should asser-

* For an explanation of this term, see Harmonicon No. XX., page 168.

† See Harmonicon for February last, page 13.

an absurdity; but we do affirm that it is free from all intentional imitation, and that there is less in it that leads to a recollection of other compositions, than any recent work with which we are acquainted. It is strictly entitled to the character of originality, and holds forth its author as a man possessing a rich vein of new and beautiful air, a strong feeling for harmony, united to a deep knowledge of its capabilities, a poetical mind, and a clear judgment.

In our last number we spoke of the dramatic part of this work, therefore we only need add here, that in proportion to our contempt for M. Kind's share of it, is our admiration of M. de Weber, for having wrought so much out of materials so meagre and ridiculous.

Having thus given a general opinion of the *Heischütz*, we next have to examine its several parts: but, as most of these are now before our readers, we shall dwell principally on those that have not been published in this work, which indeed are very few in number, and consist chiefly of the various movements in the incantation scene, all whereof are so combined with the action, that they will prove nearly unintelligible, and very uninteresting without it.

The overture is a masterly composition, and, as all such pieces should be, characteristic of the story and incidents that follow. If we were obliged to assign the style of this to any particular school, we should name that at the head of which stands Beethoven: not that a single note is imitated, much less copied, from him; but the thought and bloom spread over it, together with the sudden transitions and syncopated notes, indicate his manner. The first subject of the *vivace* which afterwards is used in the *tenor* song, is finely conceived and ingeniously worked. The second subject in E flat, (page 159, bar 28,) and the four previous bars, are exceedingly beautiful, and afford a judicious relief to the early part. The modulations here are managed with great skill, and bring out the subordinate *motivo* quite fresh at every change. The effect of the few perfect chords at page 163, bars 7 and 8, we hope will not escape notice; and we feel certain that the *crescendo* or *perforation*, in C major, (page 164,) will strike every hearer by its brilliancy and grandeur.

The Introduction is an animated chorus of peasants, followed by the march at page 188 of this number. The chorus is then continued, mixed with a short comic air for *Kilian*. The Introduction forms No. 1. of the score.

No. 2 is a fine *Terzetto* and Chorus. It is called a *duet* at the English Opera-house, which, as the three parts are not heard together, is allowable. It is long, and not calculated for private circles; but in point of beauty and skill is entitled to no common praise.

No. 3 is the waltz given in the first volume of our work, page 71. This is the tune rendered by so many of those elegant and ingenious pieces of mechanism contained in the Swiss musical snuff-boxes, and is extremely original. It is followed by the two airs, "Thro' the forest," (page 166,) and "Methinks I see her," (page

168,) both of which are full of genius and expression. The latter part of this scene is the *vivace* of the overture, to which we before alluded.

No. 4, the Bacchanalian song (page 170), is singularly characteristic. It is sung by Caspar, for the purpose of removing the well-founded suspicions of Rodolph. The mixture of cunning and pretended folly is well imitated by the harsh discords and eccentric melody, and the composer's direction to sing it with a *ferocious* gaiety should not escape the observation of either performers or critics.

No. 5 is a powerful air for Caspar, excellently contrived for stage effect, and with a clever accompaniment; but it is not a song suited to amateurs, or adapted for private performance. This concludes the first act, and we cannot help wondering that the author did not, according to the custom, the propriety of which has not been questioned, introduce a *morceau d'ensemble* in this place.

No. 6, a *duet* for Agatha and Anne, in A major, is a very graceful composition, highly appropriate to the scene, full of tenderness, and a happy musical illustration of the words to which the notes are set. The length, and, indeed, the compass also, of this piece, deterred us from publishing it in the *Harmonicon*, at the present month, at least. If we find it practicable to insert it next month, or the month after, we shall be happy to present it to our subscribers.

No. 7 is a song for Anne (page 177), in a very light style, à la *Polacca*, and rather difficult to execute with sufficient precision and neatness. A great deal of ability is displayed in the composition of this, which will be immediately apparent to those who have access to the score, or, such as attend carefully to the organ and accompaniments.

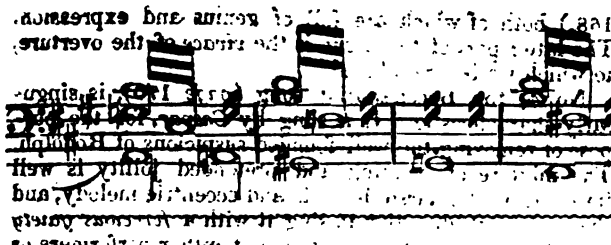
No. 8 is a *Scena ed Aria* for Agatha. There is more of science than effect in this, so far as we can judge from the copy. A very fine actress as well as singer, may produce from it more than we have witnessed here, or, perhaps, can guess at. There are two short *aria* mixed in with the recitative, which we have not inserted and published; (page 182,) considering them as eminently distinguished by elegance of taste and strong feeling.

No. 9 is the *Terzetto* whence we have extracted the movement that is so universally popular both here and abroad. (Page 178.) The whole trio is a very masterly composition, but we regret to say that, except the portion which we have printed, little of it is performed in London.

We now come to the *Finale* to the second act, which comprises the *Incantation Scene*, where the composer has placed the most fanciful instrumental music that has ever been written. For the description of this scene we refer to our last number, under the head "Drama." It opens with a chorus, in a sharp minor, of spirits, many of whom merely imitate the screeching of owls, the effect of which, if not strictly musical, is highly dramatic. The symphony to this is contained in the annexed bars.



and the English adaptation of this opera. Agatha is called *Agnes*, and Anna is called *Anna*.

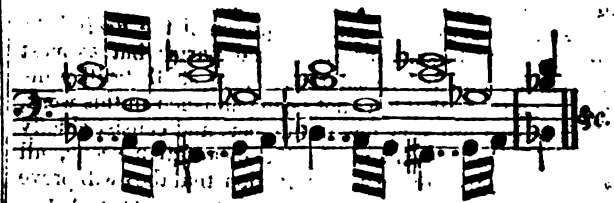


We need not extol the harmony which this specimen exhibits; it speaks its own praise; but we must state, that the whole of the scene is equal to it; that the modulation and instrumental effects are not only learned and elaborate, they are descriptive—if music can describe such a condition of things—of all that is supernatural, they leave the mind no vacant moment to pause, to reflect, and to call in the aid of reason; but hurry it on, and allow it no respite from increasing excitement, till the curtain drops, and the enchantment ceases.

It will give the whole of this would occupy the space of one entire Number, and it is of so complex a nature, so excessively chromatic and difficult, that but few would be able to profit by it; indeed it cannot be expressed with any fidelity, except by an orchestra complete in all its



departments. We will, however, transcribe two extraordinary passages from it. The first occurs after casting the second bullet.



The next is heard when the fifth bullet is completed, and is the opening of another chorus of spirits.



On the latter example let the performer be careful to play every measure, without which caution, the most wary might, at the 8th, 9th, 10th, and 11th bars, be misled by the ear.

Between the second and third acts is No. 11, the *Ensemble*, published in the very first number of our work. This is remarkable for its vivacity and originality. The latter half of it is introduced again as part of the Huntsmen's chorus.

No. 12, is the celebrated *Cavatina*. It appeared in the Eleventh Number of the *HARMONICON*, and, from its exquisite beauty, created a strong and general wish for a further acquaintance with the Opera whence it was taken. We cannot in any author point out a more passionate air, a melody that appeals more strongly to the heart; it is full of good sense and fine feeling. But will it be credited, that, in arranging it for performance at the English Opera House, a considerable portion of it has been, by profane hands, torn away, and the part

which has thus been exposed to worse than gothic violence, is that, whereupon for relief and for effect as a whole, the air may be considered as entirely dependent!

No. 13, is a short *Romance*, followed by a charming movement, which we have now given. (Page 181.)

The *Volklied*, or Song and Chorus, No. 14, was altogether new to us; we had heard nothing like it; simple as it is, it must, when well performed, produce a strong emotion. It will be found in the Fifth Number of this work.

No. 15, is the *Jäger Chor*, or Huntsmen's chorus. It is one of the very popular things in the opera: on the London stage it is generally encored, and in Germany is sung in parts, even by the common labourers as they pursue their work together. Not having room to print it in vocal score in our present number, we have published it arranged for the piano-forte and flute, and hope shortly to give it for voices. We wish to draw the

attention of connoisseurs, and particularly those who have a taste for ancient harmony, to the passages in plain counterpoint, consisting of only common chords, at page 186.

The *finale* to the third and last act is not inferior to any part of the opera: the few bars sung by the Hermit are quite sublime, and the air that follows, for *Ottocar* the Prince, is deliciously pathetic and touching. All this is omitted in performance at the English Opera House, for the drama is there made to end happily, an unavoidable termination to an opera when Anglicised. In the original, the seventh bullet which Rodolph shoots at the bird, recoils and enters the bosom of Agnes. Thus the story in Germany ends fatally.

The *Freischütz* is a work of which a correct and adequate judgment cannot be formed without a patient and repeated examination of the music; or without hearing it more than once, or even twice, performed on the stage. It is an intellectual composition; that requires the exertion of intellect to enter fully into its meaning, and an intimate acquaintance with its various parts to develop all its beauties.

FOREIGN MUSICAL REPORT.

VIENNA.—The only novelty at the Kärnthnertheater has been the opera of *Gabriella di Vergi*, the music by Caraffa. The characters were cast as follows; *Filippo Augusto*, Sig. Ambrogio; *Fayel*, Sig. Donzelli; *Gabriella*, Signora Dardanelli; *Raoul di Couci*, Sig. David; &c. Donzelli obtained great and well-earned applause for the spirit with which he acquitted himself; Dardanelli has a good school, but her voice is of limited compass, and has lost much of its freshness. As to the music, that which is of the Rossinian school,—and the proportion is by no means small,—pleased; the rest was coldly received. Upon the whole, in spite of the exertions of the performers, its reception was by no means flattering, and, after a few representations, there is little doubt but it will be soon replaced by one of the productions of the Pesaronian polygraphy, since the two great stars, Fodor and Lablache, are shortly expected to pay a visit to this place.—*Jean de Paris*, and Rossini's *Corradino*, which was eked out by the duet from *Armida*, *Cara per te quest'anima*, have been performed.

On the lesser theatres the novelties have been, *Der Zauber-Kloß*, (The wonderful Sleeper,) a dramatic fairy piece with songs and dances in two acts; *Die Gaben des eisernen Königs*, a comic fairy drama, the music by Rietze; and *Die Sonnen-Eclipsen*, (The solar Eclipses,) the music by Volkert; as compositions, these belong entirely to the second class, but the appetite for novelty must be catered for. The music consists—of notes.

On the 4th of May, the Musical Society of this place held its meeting, the bill of fare was as follows: Symphony in D, by Haydn; an Aria from Paer's *Griselda*; a Concerto for the Violoncello in G sharp, by Ronberg; Mathiasen's *Opferleid* (Hymn of Sacrifice,) set to music by Beethoven, Overture to *Le Solitaire* by Caraffa; the Hymn, *Preis dir, Gottheit, durch alle Himmel*, by Mozart. With respect to this composition of Beethoven, which is one of his latest productions of the kind, it is simple, pious, without pretension, and speaks at once to the heart, but from that very circumstance it created but little sensation. A spiritual concert was also given here, consisting entirely of the compositions of the last-named master, which were performed as follows; the Pastoral symphony; the *Credo* from his last Mass; the Overture to *Coriolanus*; and the last act of his oratorio, *Christus am Ölberg* (Christ on the Mount of Olives).—At another concert, a young lady, of the name of Leopoldina Blahetka, performed an air with variations composed by herself, with accompa-

niments for the orchestra, which was received with more than common interest. This young artist possesses great purity of taste, joined to invention and powers of execution of the first order.—

BREMEN.—The operas given here, since the death of Spontini, in which important changes have taken place, especially in the third act. The *démoulement* of the piece has gained much in probability, from the circumstance of *Samson* being saved from the sacrifice of the flames, and of *Alphonse* and *Telasco* obtaining life and liberty through the agency of the victim who has been rescued from the flames. The music is well adapted to the character of the piece; but it cannot be denied that the applause it obtained was not so warm as that bestowed on the new and splendid decorations by Messrs. Köhler and Gont. *Kästchen von Halberst.* the music by Klein, which was produced here for the first time, and a new venture by concert-master Böhrer; but the latter did not please from its pomposity and pretension.—*Der Edelknecht* (the noble Pages,) the music by Baron von Lichtenstein. There were some things in this opera of a very pleasing kind, particularly a duet in the first act beginning, *Die besten Mütter*, &c., which constantly excites with an encore; an air, *Je s'en va*, *Nyctale*, &c., and the *finale* in the second act, the duet *Mais, adieu*, &c., besides some somewhat pleasing, full of grace and pleasing effects.—Between the acts, M. Böhrer gave a concerto by Naitard on the instrument, which, with all the regularity, was managed with great judgment.

DRESDEN.—The theatrical year of this place has been marked by many novelties, the first among which stands *Agnes*, a romantic piece in three acts, the music selected from the works of Mozart, and arranged for the orchestra by the Chevalier von Seyfried. The drama is altogether insignificant, all the interest is left to the dances and decorations, or, rather, we should have said to the attraction of the music, which brings us back very delightfully to the piano-forte works of Mozart, which, amidst the novelties of the day, are beginning to be forgotten. M. Seyfried has entered perfectly into the spirit of Mozart's instrumental compositions, and has adapted it with judgment; the choruses in particular, and managed with great effect. But the overture and some of the parts of the second act are too little in the dramatic style, being for the greater part arranged from quartets. That, according to this mode of arrangement there can be but few novelties is self-evident; hence it was not very judicious for Madame Flanck to introduce the grand air *Come scoglio* &c., from *Le Cori fan Tutte*, instead of the simple melody that had, most probably, been allotted her.

Euryanthe, the grand opera of M. von Weber, has been produced here, and met with a very favourable reception. Expectation, though raised to the highest degree, was not disappointed. No one is satisfied with the drama, which is neither romantic, nor effective in any way, and the plot is intricate and confused. The whole of the opera is in recitative, in works of which kind clearness and perspicuity should be attended to, in order that the hearer may guess at the context of the story at least. The music, however, is our object, and we shall leave the text to its fate. Of this opera, as a musical composition, our opinion has already been given, and we do not hesitate again to pronounce it to be, in its kind, one of the most beautiful productions of the art. But with respect to the recitatives, we cannot but observe that they are so highly laboured, so as to have the effect of making the airs which they introduce appear cold and tame. The constant effort of the composer to strike is too evident, and many of the forms of his harmony have the appearance of being too studied. The hunter chorus and the wedding song of the third act evidently owe their birth to the *Freischütz*, and in this place bear little or no relation to the action and tenor of the piece.

This opera was received by a numerous public with the warmest enthusiasm, and is a proof that *devilries* and *wonder* are not always necessary to render good music interesting. At the conclusion of the piece the composer was called for, and retired

with a boy of unaffected modesty in the midst of the most tumultuous demonstrations of applause.—The other German operas were, *Der Freyschütz*, *Freiossa*, *Die Bürgschaft* (the Pledge,) by A. Meyer, *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*, and *Der Unsichtbare* (the Invisible,) by Eule.

In the Italian operas the novelty was *Didone Abbandonata*, a serious opera in two acts, the music by Reisinger. The drama of this opera, so nothing which has already been unsuccessful, possesses very little interest, and is by no means favourable to the composer. The young author, with whom we here become acquainted for the first time, seems to be a great measure to have made Spontini his model. He is not without talent, but his composition is too diffuse, and too little in the dramatic style. *Margherita d'Anjos*, the music by Mayerbeer. This opera has already acquired considerable celebrity. It is full of new and beautiful ideas, and powerful instrumentation. If the author pays perhaps too much homage to Rossini, this is the more pardonable, when it is considered that such is the prevailing taste of Italy: it is sure to please,—a temptation that a young composer can hardly resist. Among the more beautiful and effective pieces might be mentioned, a duet in the first act and the finale, also a pastoral chorus, and a terzetto in the second act. An air, with a violin obligato accompaniment, was also much applauded, and was given with great effect by the leader, M. Rella.—The other operas were, *Emma di Rignano*, *La Gioventù di Enrico V.*, by Mariacchi—*La Nozze di Figaro* *Concertata*, by Rossini—*La Gazza Ladra*—*La Vestale*, and *Il Matrimonio Segreto*.

Among the concerts given in this place, one of the most effective and best attended was that of Professor Kolte, on which occasion he performed a new concerto for the clarinet, composed by C. M. Von. Weber, and Variations by Bärmann, both in a pleasing and masterly style. On the same occasion, M. Peschel gave with great effect Variations for the Bassoon also by Von. Weber, on a Hungarian air, full of spirit. The performance finished with Hummel's grand concerto for the Piano, in A minor.—In the last Quartett-Academy given here, the pieces selected for performance were: Mozart's Quintett in C sharp, Ries' Quintett in D flat, a Quartett by Spohr, and another by B. Romberg. Mad. Veitheim gave Kuhlman's Piano-Quintett and Ries' Sextett in C sharp. M. Rülke performed a Quartett by Ries, and Variations upon a Swedish national melody, which was very pleasing. It concluded with a concerto for the clarinet by C. M. Von. Weber, performed by professor Kolte, accompanied on the piano by M. Benedikt.

Among the church music was given Schicht's Oratorio, *Das Ende der Gerechten*, (the End of the Just,) in the Protestant Church; and Naumann's Oratorio, *I Pellegrini*, in the Catholic cathedral.

MUNICH.—The operas given at the Italian Theatre this season have been the *Concertata*, the *Italiana in Algeri*, the *Otello* and the *Mosè* of Rossini, *La Rappresaglia* by Kapellmeister Stuntz; *Il Fanatico per la Musica*, by Mayer, and lastly the *Semiramide* of Rossini, the characters of which were cast as follows:

Semiramide, Signora Fenzi; *Arriace*, Schiassetti; *Assur*, Sig. Santini; *Oreo*, Sig. Pellegrini; *Idreno*, Sig. Trezzini; and *Arsena*, Signora Pellegrini. This over-long opera lasted three hours and a half. The general opinion formed here of this last production of Rossini appears to be that, with respect to the principal point in a serious opera, viz., a due proportion of effective song, it does not rank among the most intellectual works of this composer. In none of his compositions has less attention been paid to expressive air, in none has the little contained in it been so much overwhelmed by masses of instrumental music. He who has so sweetly expressed in song the sorrows of the love-lorn Tancredi, has become a partizan of the northern school, and, like all zealous converts, laboured to outdo his teachers. But this admits of an explanation; if we may believe the author of the *Memoirs of Rossini**; the composer is forgotten in the compliant husband;

the part of Semiramis was written for Madame Colbran Rossini. In order to impart a fictitious vigour to a voice that is decayed, he strives to cover it beneath the veil of strong harmonies, and, that he may be consistent, is obliged to treat the superior voices in the same manner, and thus throw their excellencies into the shade. In no other of his compositions has he sought to produce dramatic effect by such strong instrumentation. His genius has the happy art of accommodating itself to every thing, and should the hearer feel surfeited by a succession of too loud and oppressive harmonies, he knows the happy moment when a well-timed flourish of trumpets, or a pleasing melody, gives him a fresh relish for listening to what is to come.—*Semiramide* is indisputably one of the most splendid performances that has been witnessed here for a long time past. Unfortunately no libretto of the opera was to be obtained, nor even a meagre programme, by which the writer of this might be enabled satisfactorily to analyze the mechanism of so complicated a story, and see how far the varied movements of the piece are suited to the expression of the sentiments intended to be conveyed. Left merely to the impression of the senses, and tossed at random upon a shoreless ocean of tones and harmonies, without the poem as a compass; unable to comprehend clearly the drift of this subject, he could but feebly impress on his memory some of the more definite sentiments of the piece.—The overture, which began with a roll of drums of some seconds, afforded an anticipation of the rest of the entertainment. In the first act there is a very palpable imitation of the German air *Freut euch des Lebens* (Life let us Cherish), and many jokes have appeared in the journals of Venice and Vienna relative to it. When it is remembered that Venice is now half German, it is no wonder that Rossini should have become familiar with this popular melody, nor are we surprised that it should have dwelt upon his ear, and glided insensibly into his text, embellished by a highly-spirited accompaniment. It must be confessed that this opera abounds with much that is beautiful, and much that is excellent, and well calculated to display the talents of a good singer, but it cannot be denied that there is much of a very opposite nature. For instance, there is a duet between two of the heroes of the piece which, for fifteen or sixteen bars together, consists of nothing but alternate triplets and roulades; and some of the melodies proceed for twelve or fourteen bars together in a similar movement, without the rest-point of a single crotchet. This puts the poor singer quite out of breath, and obliges him to interrupt the phrases of the song with many a misplaced effort at respiration, in order to avoid total suffocation. No *partimento*, no pause; he is whirled along in the torrent of harmony. The same dramatic solfeggios are incessantly repeated, and with a vehemence that can have no other effect than that of proving ruinous to the organs of the singer. After hearing the opera to the end, it was impossible not to wonder how the singers could have acquitted themselves in the manner they did, in harmonies so laboured, and rendered so fantastically difficult, as if expressly intended to oppress the artist instead of serving to display his powers. How difficult the task which Signora Fenzi and Sig. Schiassetti had to perform! yet how admirably did they acquit themselves of these difficulties, which, after all, excite only the pity of the true lover of art, in witnessing such a waste of powers!—The piece also abounds with many admirable chorusses, and the decorations &c. are splendid and appropriate, but all could not atone for the absence of those sweet melodies that speak to the heart, of that

Cantate che nell'anima si sente.

—A laudable attempt has also been made to revive some of the music of the ancient school. Of this kind is *Erasto*, an opera set to music by Casper Kerl, in the year 1661, the first great Italian opera produced on the theatre of Munich, which was erected for that purpose. The poetry of this opera was from the pen of Count Bissari, the leader of the orchestra was Vittorio Castiglione, and the company consisted of eleven singers. The last opera performed here, before the long interruption that took place on account of the circumstances of the

* These Memoirs have recently appeared in English.

† The song which in the inmost soul is felt.

war, was the *Castor and Pollux* of Vogler, which appeared in 1787. At last arose a princess who restored the reign of the art. This was Adelaide of Savoy, wife of the Elector Ferdinand Maria, who was not only a patroness of music, but herself an able practitioner. At her invitation Italian music again crossed the Alps, and gradually succeeded in silencing the fugues and canons of the Flemish school. It was then that pure melody was restored to its ancient honours, and composers came to assist and delight returning good taste. Circumstances equally favourable continued to promote the reign of good sense, at the commencement of the present century, and under the encouragement given to music, virtuosi of eminence abounded in Munich. Afterwards, Signor Brizzi was called in to employ his talents for furthering this object, and under his direction *Achilles*, *Merope*, *Ginevra*, *Numa Pompilio*, and lastly, in the summer of 1816, *Tancredi*, were made known to a German public. Since that period, good music has been more and more cultivated, and, it is hoped, the introduction of *Semiramide* may prove that good taste has not retrograded in Munich.—The performances in German were *Richard Löwenherz* (Cœur de Lion) *Die Hochzeit des Figaro* (Nozze di Figaro) *Libussa*, and lastly *König Garibald*, the poetry by C. M. Heigl, the music by Mozart, with an introduction and finale to the second act by Kapellmeister J. H. B. Stunz.

STUTTGARD.—The following operas, new, at least to this theatre, have been lately produced here; *La Dama Soldado*, by Orlandi, *L'Inganno felice* of Rossini, and *Die Verwandlungen* (The Metamorphosis), by A. Fischer. The music of Orlandi is not remarkably distinguished either for invention, for new and attractive melodies or harmonies, or any thing novel or striking in the instrumentation; but its general character is pleasing, and the airs, duets, &c., are not covered by the orchestra.—Besides these operas, the repetitions were *Oort fan Tutte*, *Tancredi*, *Fanchon*, *Die Vastalin*, *Aline*, *Der Freischütz*, (for the 22d time,) *La Molinara*, *Die Schweizerfamilie*, *Adrian von Ostada*, *Sergino*, the *Barbiere di Siviglia*, *Rosaleib*, *Count Armand*, *Die Zauberflote*, *Italiana in Algeri*, *Azur*, *Cenerentola* (to empty houses,) *Marc-Antonio*, *Opferfest*, *Turco in Italia*, *Clemenza di Tito*, *Don Giovanni*, and *Le Nozze di Figaro*.

PARIS.—The number of pieces given at the *Théâtre Italien* during the absence of Mad. Pasta, has been but small. Those lately performed are, *Ricciardo e Zoraide*, *L'Italienne*, *Il Matrimonio Segreto*, and *La Gazza Ladra*. *Ricciardo* did not maintain its ground; the more this opera is heard, the more one discerns the author's plagiarisms from himself. There are, it must be allowed, the trio *Cruda sorte* in the opera; and the duet, *Ricciardo, che veggo?* both of which are of the first order; but a few minutes of pleasure do not compensate, at the theatre, for two hours of ennui.

Il Matrimonio of Cimarosa has been well performed: Zuchelli now gives a more comic character to the part of *Jeronimo*, which he at first played a little too gravely. In the *Italiana* and *La Gazza*, Madlle. Cinti shewed much talent. Some half a dozen of Italians, jealous of the applauses given to a French woman on the Italian stage, called out for Mad. Mombelli; but they were soon silenced.

Since our last, three operas have been performed: *Le Nozze di Figaro*, *La Cenerentola*, and *Mosè in Egitto*. Mlle. Demeri was much applauded in the first. In the second Mad. Mombelli discovered new vocal charms; but in the *Mosè* her success was not so complete. Her forte is the comic opera.

The *Freischütz* of Weber has met with the most brilliant success in London. We shall soon be enabled to judge of this celebrated opera, for it is to be got up at the *Odéon* for the winter.

The *Stradivarius* of Viotti has been sold by auction at the *Hôtel de Bullion*, for 3,800 francs, (162l. 18s.)

France has also her *Stradivarius* in the celebrated *Lusot*, for one of whose violins 1500 francs, (62l. 10s.) have been refused.

Charles IX. had a collection of violins, violas, and basses made for his chapel, by the renowned *Amati*. The backs of all

these were ornamented with the royal arms, and the legend, *Pietate et justitia*.

7th August. *Don Giovanni*. This sublime work was performed on Thursday to a crowded assembly, in a manner nearly approaching perfection. The more we hear this admirable work, the more we admire it; it is a combination of all that music has yet produced in every style. Equally great in the terrible and the graceful, the pathetic and the comic, the composer has at will made his auditors smile, weep, or tremble. Never yet did any thing come near it, and it is difficult to imagine that it ever can be equalled.

La Gazza Ladra, originally translated from the French, has been translated back again, and, under its first title, *La Pie Voleuse*, performed as a French opera, at the *Odéon*, with Rossini's music. M. Castel-Blaze has arranged it, and its success has been great, it is one of Rossini's best productions, and contains fewer reminiscences than most of his other works.

August 12. Madlle. Cinti has been compelled by the Italian faction to resign her part of *Ninetta*, in *La Gazza*, to Mad. Mombelli.

THE DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

The Opera Season terminated on Saturday the 14th of last month, with *Don Giovanni*, which, though not now got up in the most perfect manner possible, attracted numbers to the house that would not have been drawn to it in the middle of August by anything else. After the opera the vocal performers all came forward and, according to established usage, sang "God save the King;" the second stanza of which produced an effect not a little ludicrous, owing to a want of some previous allotment of the parts.

The season it appears has been attended by an enormous and unheard of loss; though, through the vast influence and activity of the committee, a subscription was, at the very onset, obtained, that has never been exceeded. For the failure somebody will be called upon to account: the prudence of many of the engagements, Sig. Rossini's in particular, will be questioned; the manner in which the performers have been employed cannot escape enquiry, and the boasting promises held out at the commencement, scarcely one of which has been fulfilled, will not be forgotten in passing judgment upon the disastrous management of the present year.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

A new opera, under the title of the *Alcaid*, written by Mr. Kenney, the music composed by Mr. Nathan, was produced at this theatre early in last month. Its success has not been equal to that of *Sweethearts and Wives*, the first joint production of these gentlemen; and we cannot find room to enter into any particulars concerning it in the present Number.

THEATRE ROYAL, ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

The *Freischütz* has been performed at this house every night, without intermission, since it was brought out; and has not yet failed to bring crowds to the theatre. Miss Noel is replaced by Miss Stephens; greatly to the improvement of the opera, we hardly need add. But the charming duet at the commencement of the second act is, we grieve to say, cut out, and an air of no very extraordinary merit, by Weber, substituted for it. Miss Stephens also introduces another song by the same, which is an elegant and pathetic melody. Neither of these however is in the original opera. A duet, newly brought into the last scene, for the same performer and Mr. Beaham, delays the catastrophe, and is without a single recommendation, except the admirable manner in which it is executed. It is said to be likewise by the composer of the opera, but we do not recognise in it any of his genius or judgment.

THE HARMONICON.

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MEMOIR OF IGNATZ MOSCHELES.

M. MOSCHELES was born on the 30th of May, 1794, at Prague, in Germany, which, though for general civilization, far below most other provinces of the German empire, certainly yields to none in music. If the heroes of literary as well as civil history, as Dr. Johnson says, are often more remarkable for what they have suffered, than for what they have achieved, this observation does not in the least, apply to the subject of the present memoir. There are, on the contrary, few men, eminent in science or art, whose life has been so uniformly happy and prosperous; whose road to excellence has been so agreeably cleared of discouraging obstacles, as that of M. Moscheles. Being born with as much genius as love for music, in a city which at all times has abounded in first-rate masters and of parents, who, being themselves musical, omitted nothing that could contribute to qualify their favourite child for great attainments in his art, the extraordinary perfection of M. Moscheles seems no more than the natural result of such a combination of advantages.

Moscheles gave the first indication of his talent for music so early as his fifth year, since which the study of the art appears to have taken entire possession of his inclination. When his eldest sister received her lessons on the clavichord (the piano-forte at that time being but little known in Bohemia) he could not be restrained from being present, and manifested his impatience whenever she did not immediately comprehend her master's instruction, and frequently cried out with much impatience, "Wrong, wrong," if she failed in striking the right key. It was then his amusement, after her lesson, to find out for himself on the same instrument the airs he had just heard; a piece of musical research, in which he was always more or less successful. These, and similar prognostics of future eminence, induced his father, after having had him instructed in the elements of the science, by an old organist, named Zaradka, to place him under Dionys Weber*, the great theorist, and justly-famed director of the Conservatory of Music at Prague†.

* There are three individuals of great musical celebrity bearing this name, all natives of Germany, but in no way related to each other: Anselm Weber (late deceased) maestro di capella to the King of Prussia, author of many successful operas; the well known Freischütz composer, Carl Maria von Weber; and the above-mentioned Dionys Weber.

† Of which we shall give an account in our next Number.

Weber put young Moscheles, now in his eighth year, to several very severe trials of skill, in order to obtain a positive proof of the wonderful genius which the boy was said to possess, who having acquitted himself on these occasions, in a convincing manner, his master gladly undertook to complete his entire musical education within the period of four years, on condition, that his pupil should, at any hour of the day the tutor pleased, be at his command for receiving instruction.

Moscheles had now to devote all his time, (except the few hours which were employed in Latin and the other small branches of learning generally taught in schools,) to the more delightful art and science of music. The road to and from his master's house was, indeed, a lively type and illustration of the difficulties which he must encounter, who would

Climb the steep ascent of Fame;

for he was obliged to travel, through all seasons of the year, a long and irksome distance up and down hill, from the old town to the new, to receive his lessons. But so far, however, from becoming tired or disgusted with his musical pursuits, he still shewed the most decided aversion to every other profession. The severe pain his father had given him, by making him copy mercantile letters, with a view to frame his mind for his own profession, that of a merchant, could only be compensated by the noble present he at that time made him of a piano-forte. By his own confession, the little artist, forgot on this great occasion, eating, drinking, and the other usual habits of every-day life, and could not be separated from his instrument, or prevented from endeavouring to express his joy and delight in *extempore* fantasies.

This event, though very unimportant in itself, gave a new and powerful impulse to his exertions; and with the excellent instruction of his master, who made it his business to develop in a systematic manner, the whole extent of his natural abilities, he made within one year so rapid a progress, that he was able to play the works of Mozart and Clementi, with a precision and taste, that excited the wonder of all connoisseurs. His master, observed in his style of playing a predilection and disposition for the grave and solemn, and immediately determined to turn this to account. He introduced him to the acquaintance of the old masters, in what is called the "*strict style*," particularly Handel and Bach, and steadily insisted upon his pupil's confining his

studies to the works of these admirable men, but above all to accomplish the performance of their fugues in their true spirit of energy and grandeur. May this example not be lost upon young musicians, who would wish to attain permanent eminence. M. Moscheles admits that he cannot sufficiently extol the advantages, which he derived from this mode of teaching. He thereby gained an entire command over his instrument, and combining with the most brilliant execution and refined expression, a quickness of perception, and presence of mind, was soon enabled him to play at first sight, even pieces of excessive difficulty.

Having now acquired the chief principles of the theory of music, his inclination for composing could no longer be restrained. Unfortunately, but naturally for so aspiring a genius, he first attempted the different modes of *grand* composition; but as they did not, in a wiser hour, prove very satisfactory even to himself, he withdrew those juvenile productions for ever from the public eye.

Little Moscheles, however, at the early age of eleven, passed for the first piano-forte player in Prague; and in public concerts made an extraordinary sensation, his musical reputation as a child being fully equal to that of Liszt or even of Hummel, to whom he may be compared in many other respects. The *Leipziger Musikalische Zeitung* of 1806 is boundless in its praises of his performance of Mozart's piano-forte concertos, and concludes by saying, "It is wonderful what this child is capable of, even in composition."

Thus gifted, and furnished with every thing that was calculated to ensure supreme excellency at a maturer age, he repaired in his fourteenth year to Vienna, then the seat of men of the rarest talents. The acquaintance of the great Haydn, who already stood on the brink of the grave, could not fail to inspire him with new ardour. Albrechtsberger, the master of the immortal Beethoven, and of every Viennese artist who has acquired some fame, and the most celebrated teacher of the theory of music that Vienna, and perhaps all Germany, ever had to boast, added another noble name to the list of his pupils, and became the master of Moscheles.

Agreeably to the practice of many Viennese artists, who have often three separate masters, one for instruction in playing, another for the theory, and a third for the vocal branch, Moscheles chose an *Italian vocal* composer, in preference to a German; and, like Hummel, took lessons of Salieri, the grand maestro di capella to the emperor. It is well known, that Moscheles became in a short time the favourite of this great master, both on account of his promising abilities and his agreeable and engaging manners; and the zeal with which Salieri endeavoured to awaken in him a talent for vocal composition, or at least to give his instrumental pieces more melody and flow, deserve most honourable mention. In order to promote the views of his pupil in every possible way Salieri procured him an excellent situation as "Chapel master, adjunct," at the Imperial Theatre for three years, which afforded him the finest opportunity of becoming intimately acquainted with the nature and management of grand orchestral music. Yet, notwithstanding so many extraordinary advantages, M. Moscheles has often confessed to his friends, that he owes the best part of his musical attainments, both as a player and as a composer, to his own study and indefatigable application. He had now become the great attraction at all the most fashionable concerts of the capital; Hummel and himself

being universally allowed to be the two greatest piano-forte players in Germany. A young man, who has been fortunate enough to gain a reputation like this in Vienna, may make himself perfectly easy as to his success in every other great city of the empire.

Hence M. Moscheles was received in every part of the country, particularly at the courts of Bavaria and Saxony, with the most flattering applause. In 1820 he set out on a musical tour through Holland, France, and England; the brilliant success he met with at Amsterdam, Paris, and London, must be in every one's recollection. The years 1821 and 22 he passed alternately in France, (where he gave a concert in different towns jointly with Lafont, the violin player,) and in England. In 1823, he proceeded, in the month of August, with a friend, on another tour to Frankfort, Munich and Vienna. In this latter metropolis, he was, as might have been expected, most enthusiastically received, and produced a sensation such as has, perhaps, been never before witnessed. The most impartial judges agreed in considering his playing as the *ne plus ultra*; and they could imagine nothing more perfectly brilliant or more exquisitely finished. Towards the close of the same year, he set out for his native town of Prague, being now in the zenith of his fame, and in the full possession of every thing, after which mortal beings so eagerly strive. No sooner, however, had he arrived in that city, to enjoy in the midst of his dearest relations, that long and anxiously-looked for domestic happiness, which he had been deprived of for so many years, than he was attacked by a severe malady, under which he has been lingering, frequently in danger of life, nearly up to the present moment; but as he is fast approaching to perfect recovery, this country will, most likely, see him once again at the commencement of the new year. The concert with which the news of his illness, and the subsequent report of his death, were received here, in Germany; and in France, bears ample testimony to the estimation in which he is held, both for his talent, and for the goodness of his moral character.

To say much of his compositions is needless; they are all stamped with the character of originality; are exceedingly full of fancy, and peculiarly well adapted to the astonishing extent and versatility of his own powers of playing. In nearly all of them the beneficial effects of a strictly classical education, and of a sound study of the imperishable models of Bach, Handel, and Mozart, may be easily discerned. His principal works are, his piano-forte concertos; a sonata dedicated to Beethoven; "The fall of Paris," one of his most brilliant and effective of his productions; the sextetto in G, and the grand duet which he performed in London with Mr. J. B. Cramer.

ON CONCERT-PITCH.

To the Editor of the Harmonicon.

Sir,

Having seen in two late Numbers of the Harmonicon; communications relating to CONCERT-PITCH, I am induced to request the insertion of a few lines on the same subject in your useful work. I shall not pretend with "*Gallicus*," that I can throw a light on the matter, "and render it clear to every capacity" without making use of technical terms, or without such an application of arith-

metrical calculations, founded on mathematical formulae, as is absolutely indispensable: remarking, by the way, that the wish to cast ridicule on such calculations is much more common, and the practice much more prevalent amongst musical men, than the knowledge, (scanty as it need only be) which is essential to the right understanding of the subject, and to the *defining by numbers*, resulting from such calculations, the precise meaning as to pitch, intended to be conveyed by them: if indeed the persons alluded to have any such exactly definable meaning; which, I submit, may be fairly doubted, whilst they contend, on the one hand, that the "organization of the human frame" concerned in producing musical tones (extremely variable as such is known to be) is sufficient to indicate a standard of pitch; or those, on the other hand, who tell us, of having compared various pitches, and fixed a medium between them, without the least reference to numbers, or to any intelligible natural standard; and whilst another, high in official authority, yet with a simplicity almost infantile, orders, that "the pitch so chosen" be used in future.

I can by no means, with Mr. X, take it for granted, that a change of the concert-pitch in France, took place in consequence of this undefined, and almost laughable, order, of Monsieur le Directeur.

Every musical Tone owes its peculiar effects on the human Ear, as to *pitch*, to a certain number of equi-distant and equally intense pulses, in one second of time, propagated through the circumambient air, by the vibrations of the elastic string, or other body, in a state of tension, which causes the tone or sound. And,

Every pulsing or series of Vibrations, of equal strength or intensity, and continued at exactly equal intervals of time, between the limits of about twelve or fourteen in a second, at the slowest, and about 18,000 or 19,000 in one second, at the quickest, produces a Tone or sound, of a determinate *pitch*.

Below the slowest vibrations here mentioned, it is probable that no impression of Sound is produced in any person's ear; and on the other hand, it is rendered probable, by the ingenious investigations of Dr. Wollaston four or five years ago*, that great as is the diversity of the ear's capacity to perceive extreme sounds, in different persons, and also in the same person under different circumstances, that no perception of sound is ever caused, by greater velocities of pulsing or vibration, than are mentioned above.

Although actual sounds are not produced, by vibrations so slow as eleven, ten, nine, &c., times in a second, yet the principles and laws of vibration, fully established within the limits of audible sounds, apply as certainly to these slower vibrations: so that, if we suppose sixteen vibrations in one second to occasion a note, called flat D, near to the bottom of the audible scale; then the half of these, or eight vibrations, may be supposed to represent flat D, one octave lower or more grave: again, four vibrations will represent flat D, two octaves lower; also two vibrations will represent flat D, three octaves lower; and lastly, the single vibrations of the seconds' pendulum† itself, will represent flat D, four octaves lower, than the first mentioned, or sixteen-vibration flat D Note.

In like manner we may, by doubling the velocities of

the pulses, proceed upwards or towards acuteness of sound, and consider thirty-two vibrations per second, as occasioning a flat D, five octaves above the seconds' pendulum; sixty-four vibrations in one second, as a flat D six octaves above the same; one hundred and twenty-eight vibrations as a flat D seven octaves above the same: two hundred and fifty-six vibrations as occasioning a flat D (which will be further noticed presently) eight octaves above the seconds' pendulum; and so on, for every other flat D, to the utmost limits of acute musical sounds; all these flat D notes being comparable as to *pitch*, immediately with the seconds' pendulum, as a natural standard: only it is to be noted, that one single vibration of the pendulum is completed, when the bob or weight returns to the same point, whether this be the lowest or either of the highest points of its arc of vibration; but that a complete pulse or vibration of the air (supposed above, to correspond in period with the pendulum) is not performed, until a particle of the vibrating medium goes and returns, to the same extreme point of its excursion.

In the same manner as is shown above, that the ratio or fraction $\frac{1}{2}$, downwards, and $\frac{2}{1}$, upwards, multiplied by the vibrations of any note, produce the vibrations of its octaves, the ratio or fraction, proper or inverted, of any other interval (see column three of the table in page 50 of our present volume) when multiplied, will produce the vibrations proper to the other note, below or above, the given note of that interval. For example, take the note flat D of two hundred and fifty-six vibrations; above found; and consider, that the interval between every (untempered) flat D and the C below it, is a major semitone (572) whose ratio is $\frac{1}{2}$; this last fraction, multiplied by two hundred and fifty-six, (after multiplying by the numerator, and dividing by the denominator,) will be found to give two hundred and forty complete vibrations for the C in question.

Mathematical writers have investigated and derived various RULES for calculating the number of vibrations made by any sound; which rules are capable of being applied by careful experimentalists, who may be mere arithmeticians, as unable to understand the investigations by which these rules were derived and demonstrated, as the great bulk of the persons in trade are, of understanding the algebraical investigations on which the common rules of arithmetic are founded: with such persons, the agreement or consistency of the answers, called the proof derived from different modes of working the same question, gives every requisite degree of confidence in the correctness, and the right application of a rule. So it might be with musicians, as to all those necessary calculations, relative to *pitch*, to *beats*, to *temperaments*, and to the magnitudes of intervals, which I have for many years been anxious to see in use amongst them; whilst such young men only, as have leisure, and feel inclination, need go further, and qualify themselves to examine principles, and to investigate rules for themselves. With these views, when preparing the article CONCERT-PITCH in Dr. Rees' Cyclopædia, published in November, 1807, I gave from different authors, eight different rules, for calculating the pitch of any given note:—two other rules for the same purpose, with examples wrought out, I also gave in the "Edinburgh Encyclopædia," volume VII., page 43, published in December, 1812: to these rules I beg to refer, and will now proceed to mention, that,

* See the "Philosophical Transactions" for 1800, part II.; or the *Philosophical Magazine*, volume 47, page 187.

† The length of the seconds' pendulum has lately been very accurately defined, in the "Act for ascertaining and establishing uniformity of weights and measures," 4th George IV., chapter 74: the 8d section of which act declares, that a simple pendulum of the length of 39.1393 inches, vibrates seconds of mean time at London.

It has unfortunately happened, that various persons, who have made and published experiments and calculations on the concert-pitch then in use, from M. Sauveur's day downwards, almost to the present time, have some selected one note of the scale, and some another; without in many instances, on account of the uncertain temperaments of the instruments they referred to, having given us the means of comparing these results, with the requisite precision.

In most full concerts now, there is an organ and a piano-forte, the tuning of which keyed instruments, is invariably conducted by tempered or *flattened FIFTHS*, upwards and downwards from C. And before beginning a concert, the band adjust the pitch of their own particular tuning, to the organ or the piano-forte. These seem sufficient reasons for now always referring to some one of the C's, in experimenting upon, or stating the number of vibrations, which are to define and fix the *concert-pitch*; and the particular C, most convenient for the purpose, is that about the middle of the scale, (marked with a mean clef,) a leger line below the treble staff, and the same above the bass staff.

All the best comparable experiments, made from twenty to thirty years ago, concurred very nearly (as I have shewn in the Cyclopædia articles referred to, and elsewhere, see also our first volume, page 137,) in fixing the concert-pitch of this C, at 240 v, or so many complete vibrations or pulses in one second of mean time; this, as being a pitch, practicable, and entitled to the term "natural Diapason," is free from the objection of inordinate height, as regards extant compositions, which is urged by your correspondents *Gallicus* and X. And this particular pitch (C 240 v) is, as we have seen above, eight octaves wanting a major semitone, (4839 Σ) above an imaginary C, vibrating completely, just once in a second.

The violins, violoncellos, &c., having no open string C, necessarily derive the pitch of some one of their strings, usually A, as a unison from the organ, which (unless it be a Listonian one*, without temperament) introduces a small but very perceptible error (2.75 Σ) owing to the temperament of the organ; but which might be avoided, by tuning to the organ's E, which is a perfect III. (197 Σ) above its C; and whenever the stringed instruments derive their A, (or their E, either) as unison, from a piano-forte, an uncertain, and mostly a much greater error or disagreement than above, will be introduced into the pitch; but these are matters, which I shall defer enlarging upon at present, and am

Your obedient servant,

JOHN FAREY.

Howland-street, 4th August, 1824.

LETTER OF NICOLO ZINGARELLI.

WE have been favoured with a copy of the following letter, which was written by the celebrated author of *Romeo e Giulietta*, to Signor Pignotte [of Venice, on

* See the Rev. Henry Liston's "Essay on perfect Intonation," 4to. 1812, Preston. See also the values of his 59 Notes, in *Edin. Encyc.*, Vol. XIII., page 41: and his article Music, Vol. XV., page 38. The Patent for his organ, expired 3d of July last, *Phil. Mag.* vol. XXXVII., page 328.

occasion of the appearance of a new composition in Naples.

Naples, 23 March, 1824.

"True merit will always carry the day. It is with great pleasure, that I announce to you that our celebrated Maestro Basili has composed a new oratorio, under the title of *Samson*, and has thereby added new splendour to the fame he has already acquired.

"In spite of all the rumours which ignorance, or perhaps jealousy had maliciously circulated against him, insinuating that he is merely a church composer, and that of the second order, yet the mere hearing of this beautiful and powerful music, will of itself be sufficient to refute this prejudice. I had the pleasure of assisting at the first performance. Independent of the delight I felt in hearing it, I was much gratified to witness the attention and deep silence of a numerous audience. On the following day the same performance was repeated, and pleased still more, notwithstanding the singers were fatigued by their previous exertions. A general wish has also been expressed to hear it performed again, a circumstance that gives me infinite pleasure; and so convinced am I of this composer's merits and capabilities, that I shall not fail on my part to use my influence to obtain him an engagement in the new theatrical arrangements.

"I beg you to make the public acquainted with the talents of this master, and the glory he has thus acquired, that the chapel and inhabitants of Loretto may feel proud of possessing such a treasure.

"I cannot express the joy I felt to find, that at a time when scarcely any other music obtains success but what owes its existence to accident, and which seems destined to stun the ear and to call down the execration of good taste, my dear Neapolitans have shewn their love of the truly beautiful, which is to be found in the music of our Basili; a music which is composed with no less judgment than taste, and which has for its object to give the real spirit and meaning of the words.

"Would to heaven you had remained director of the new undertaking, as it would have afforded me the pleasure of having you in my neighbourhood, and of profiting by your intelligent and instructive remarks. The new director is Signor Raimondi. It is possible that he may be appointed to the situation of professor of composition, which is the general wish; but hitherto it is merely a wish, as nothing definitive is known.

Your obedient, &c. &c.

NICOLO ZINGARELLI.

BEETHOVEN'S PUBLIC RE-APPEARANCE IN VIENNA.

(From a Vienna Journal.)

BEETHOVEN having for some time past continued to withdraw himself more and more from public notice, and to shut out the world, really seemed desirous of living only amidst the creations of his own fancy; a meeting therefore of some patrons and amateurs of the art was assembled in Vienna, when the following address was drawn up; which being presented to this great, but singular man, was attended with the results that were so anxiously desired.

ADDRESS

TO LUDWIG VON BEETHOVEN.

From out of the large circle of friends by whom you are surrounded in this your second native place, and who have a deep sense and admiration of your genius, a small number of the disciples and friends of the art approach you, in order to express a wish that has been long felt, and modestly, but freely to give language to a prayer that has been long withheld.

But though the number of those who address you represents only a comparatively small proportion of the multitude who proudly acknowledge your worth and talents, and have a full sense of what you are to the present age, and will be to the future, yet these wishes and prayers are not limited to those who express these sentiments, but are felt, and proclaimed, though in silence, by all who have a breast alive to the feeling of all that is divine in music.

These, however, are in particular, the wishes of the admirers of the art in the country we represent; for though the name of Beethoven, and the creations of his mind, belong to the age, to the whole world, and to every country where there are hearts that feel the charms of music, yet Austria may call him her own by preference. A sense of what Haydn and Mozart created in her bosom for all time, is not yet dead in the breasts of its inhabitants, and it is with conscious pride they proclaim, that, from the midst of their native soil, has sprung up the sacred triad, in which the two illustrious names and your own shine as symbols of what is perfect in the dominion of tones.

But it is painful to observe that a foreign power has invaded this dominion of music, and that an influence holds its sway which can boast of no relation with these mighty spirits; that a name and an empty pretension have been suffered to abuse the art, and sporting with all that is sacred, has blunted the sense for the pure and the eternally beautiful.

Now is it felt, in a more lively manner than ever, that the present is the moment for the great master of the art to make his appearance in the field which an invader has usurped. It is necessity which now brings us before you, and the following are the entreaties which we this day address to you in the name of all to whom these wishes are dear. In the name of native art, therefore, no longer disappoint the public expectation; no longer delay to gratify those who are formed to appreciate the grand and the finished products of art, by withholding the performance of the latest masterpieces of your hand. We know that a grand church composition has been added to your former sublime work, in which you taught music to exert her energies on a theme to which they are better than any other adapted. We know that a fresh flower has been woven into the garland of your masterly and inimitable symphonies. For years past, since the thunders of the field of Vittoria have died away, we have lived in anxious hope of seeing you again appear among your admirers, and scatter new gifts from the abundant riches of your genius. Do not any longer disappoint the general expectation. Give an additional and more impressive effect to your new creations by making us for the first time become acquainted with them through yourself. Suffer it not that these your latest offspring should be introduced into the world by strangers, and perhaps by those to whom you and your spirit are alike unknown. Again appear before your friends, your admirers, your venerated. This is our first and most earnest prayer.

But other claims have also been made upon your genius. The supplications which some months since were addressed to you by the direction of the Royal Theatre, and by a society of

Austrian dilettanti, were but an announcement of what had long been wished for in silence, by all the admirers of the art and of your name; and raised hopes and expectations too great not to be widely extended,—too great not to cause a very general interest and a very powerful sensation.

Poetry had done her utmost to aid these delightful hopes and anticipations. A subject not unworthy of your genius had been executed by a poet of acknowledged excellence, which awaited fresh life and grace from your powerful and creative fancy. Allow not requests so urgent, and for an object so noble, to be made in vain. Delay no longer to restore those vanished days, when the song of Polyhymnia shed around its spirit-stirring influence, and delighted both the minds of the votaries of the art, and the hearts of the multitude.

Shall we tell you with what deep regret your retirement has for a long time been felt? Need we tell you, that when the eyes of all were turned in hope toward you, they beheld with sorrow that the man who, in his province, they felt justified in proclaiming the first in the list of living genius, looked on in silence and saw art from foreign lands encamp upon the German soil, upon the honourable seat of the German muse:—that he saw native German productions pleasing only in the echo from foreign shores; while, in the very place where those, the most excellent in their art, had lived, and created, and delighted, a second childhood of taste threatened to usurp the golden age of the art?

You alone are capable of securing to our zeal and our endeavours a decided victory. To you the patriotic associations of this place, and indeed of all Germany, as well as the Lyric stage, look for new honours. Under your fostering care they will revive again, and put forth the blossoms of hope, and of youthful promise. Invigorated by your spirit, the true and the beautiful will acquire fresh energy, and be enabled to gain the mastery over those efforts which fashion is making to subvert the eternal laws of the art. Allow us to hope that the wishes of all whom the sounds of your harmony have ever penetrated may be speedily fulfilled. This is our most ardent prayer. May this year not be concluded without yielding us the fruits of our earnest petition, and may the coming spring, in beholding one of the gifts, at least, which we entreat at your hands, become to us, and to the whole world of art, the season of a two-fold time of blossom.

Undersigned:

Prince C. Lichnowsky.	Ferd. Count v. Palffy.
Moritz Count Dietrichstein.	Artaria and Co.
Eduard Baron v. Schweiger.	Ig. E. v. Mosel, Counsellor.
V. Hauschka.	Count Czernin.
Carl Czerny.	M. J. Ludersdorf.
Moritz Count Fries.	Moritz Count Lichnowsky.
J. E. v. Wayna.	J. F. Castelli.
Andreas Streicher.	— Deinhardtstein.
— Zeneskall.	Anton Halen.
— Kuffer.	Count Counsellor Keisewetter.
Abbé Stadler.	F. R. Nehammer, Secretary
Leopold Sonnleitner.	of the States.
V. Felsburg, Imp. Sec.	Steiner of Felsburg, Bank-
S. A. Stiener and Co.	Director.
Fred. Count Stockhammer.	— Lederer.
J. N. Bihler.	Antonio Diabelli.

With the first of these requests M. Beethoven, as we shall see in the sequel, complied. With respect to the second, in which allusion is made to the admirable opera of "Melusina," from the pen of the celebrated Grillparzer, author of Sappho, and other works, M. Beethoven

has promised to enter into arrangements with the opera-direction for that effect. We have to add, that we are delighted with an opportunity of laying before the public an address honoured by the signature of so many distinguished names, and which will stand as one of the most interesting documents in the history of the modern music of Germany*.

Accordingly, on the 7th of May, a grand musical performance took place at the Kärnthnerthor Theatre. The leaders of the music were Kapellmeister Umlauf and M. Schuppanzigh, and the great Composer himself assisted on the occasion. He took his place at the side of the principal leader, and, with his original score before him, indicated the different movements and determined the precise manner in which they were to be given; for, unfortunately, the state of his hearing prevented him from doing more. The theatre was crowded to excess, and the sensation caused by the appearance of this great man was of a kind that it is more easy to imagine than to describe. The arrangement of the pieces performed was as follows: 1st, Beethoven's Grand Overture in C major; 2nd, Three Grand Hymns, with solo and chorus parts, from his new Mass, never before performed; 3rd, A grand New Symphony, with a finale, in which are introduced a solo and chorus part, from Schiller's *Lied an die Freude*, (Song of Joy.) This also was performed for the first time, and is Beethoven's last composition.—We shall offer a few observations on each of these in the order of their performance. With respect to the Overture, it indisputably belongs to the most finished of his compositions. The introductory *andante* is throughout of the most simple, noble, and masterly kind, and the rather lengthened *allegro* that follows is full of brilliant fancy; it is in the free fugue style, in three parts, each of which is sustained with equal power and effect. It is never monotonous, its form is constantly varying without in any manner sacrificing unity of effect; without the smallest rest-point, the interest is constantly kept up; it flows along in a stream of harmony always pure and limpid; but it certainly presents an arduous task to the performer. It is thus that Handel would have written, had he had at his disposal the rich orchestra of our times, and it is only a spirit congenial with that of the immortal author of the Messiah, that could succeed in treading in the footsteps of this giant of the art.—The three hymns are principal portions of the new mass which Beethoven has lately composed, and of which he sent copies to all the illustrious patrons of the art, and among the rest, as we have before stated†, to his late Majesty, Louis of France, who sent him a golden medal in return.—The first, which was the *Kyrie Eleison*, is in D major, a movement full of fire and deep religious feeling. The *Christe* that followed is in triple time, and full of strong contra-puncto effect; the return to the first measure of the *Kyrie* is managed in a masterly manner, and the whole terminates in harmonies of a very singular and touching character. But altogether, the effect is not so much that of children supplicating a parent, which is the true intent of the words, in the place in which they stand, as the deep and mournful supplications of a people humbled in the dust.

* At the same time we cannot help regretting that more literary judgment and a better taste, had not been employed in drawing it up.—*Ernst R.*

† See a former Number of the Harmonicon.

The treatment of the *Credo* that follows, is in the highest degree original and uncommon. Both the principal Key, B flat major, as well as the time, change, perhaps, too often, so that the ear is scarcely able to comprehend the suddenness of the effects intended to be produced. At the *consubstantialium patri*, a short but very powerful fugue commences; the *incarnatus est* is a movement of very pathetic effect, and the tender and touching passage *passus et sepultus est*, with its well placed dissonances in the violin accompaniment, is not to be described. Well imagined and sustained is the strongly-figured movement *cujus regni non erit finis*; but it excites some surprise to hear the *vitam venturi seculi* given as a slow fugue; it is true that the movement at the entrance of the contra-theme is somewhat quickened, but the first *moderato* again returns. The *amen* opens with a broad and richly-ornamented passage; it swells into splendid effect, and terminates in a long dying fall. If it were permitted in a church composition to speak of effect, in the same manner as in a secular production, it cannot be denied that this retarding kind of conclusion tends to weaken the powerful impression produced by the preceding bolder results; especially when no reasonable cause can be assigned for such a mode of conclusion, except it be the determination of a composer to differ from all the rest of the world. Who does not feel himself inspired by those brilliant fugues with which a Naumann, a Haydn, and a Mozart, terminate their compositions of this kind, which seem as if on the wings of seraphs to waft the soul towards heaven!—The character of the *Agnus Dei*, in B minor, is solemn and tender, and the introduction of four French horns, tends to heighten the effect in an extraordinary degree. The *dona* in D major & time, passes into an *allegretto* movement full of feeling, and advances in beautiful imitations; till suddenly the passage changes, and the kettle drums, like distant thunder, intone the deep *pacem*†. A soprano solo introduces the second *Agnus Dei*, in a kind of recitative, and a chorus, strengthened by trumpets, precedes the tremendous *miserere nobis*. The effect of the latter is singular in the extreme, and when we reflect upon the sentiments intended to be expressed, we scarcely know whether to praise or blame.

With respect to the new symphony, it may, without fear, stand a competition with its eight sister-works, by none of which is the fame of its beauty likely to be eclipsed; it is evidently of the same family, though its characteristic features are different:

— facies non omnibus una,
Non diversa tamen, qualem debet esse sororum.—Ovid.

The opening passage is a bold *allegro*, in D minor, full of rich invention, and of athletic power; from the first chord till the gradual unfolding of the colossal theme, expectation is constantly kept alive, and never disappointed. To give a skeleton of this composition would be scarcely practicable, and, after all, would convey but a very faint idea of the body; we shall therefore only touch upon some of the more prominent features, among which is a *scherzo* movement (D minor,) full of playful gaiety, and in which all the instruments seem to contend with each other in the whim and sportiveness of the passage;—and a brilliant march in the vivid major mode, forms a delightful contrast with the passages by which it

† Most of our readers will concur with us in thinking this a most eccentric mode of colouring musically so gentle a word.

is introduced. Whoever has imagined, in hearing the *Andante* of the 7th symphony, that nothing could ever equal, not to say surpass it, has but to hear the movement of the same kind in the present composition, in order to change his sentiments. In truth, the movement is altogether divine, the interchanges and combinations of the motives are surprising, the tasteful conduct of the whole is easy and natural, and in the midst of the rich exuberance of the subject, the simplicity that prevails throughout is truly admirable. But it is in the finale that the genius of this great master shines forth most conspicuously. We are here in an ingenious manner presented with a return of all the subjects in short and brilliant passages, and which, as in a mirror, reflect the features of the whole. After this, a singular kind of recitative by the *contra-basses*, introduces a *crescendo* passage of overwhelming effect, which is answered by a chorus of voices that bursts unexpectedly in, and produces an entirely new and extraordinary result. The passages from Schiller's "Song of joy," are made admirably expressive of the sentiments which the poet intended to convey, and are in perfect keeping with the tone and character of the whole of this wonderful composition. Critics have remarked of the finale, that it requires to be heard frequently in order to be duly appreciated.

At the conclusion of the concert, Beethoven was unanimously called forward. He modestly saluted the audience, and retired amidst the loudest expressions of enthusiasm. Yet the feeling of joy was tempered by an universal regret, to see so gifted an individual labouring under an infirmity, the most cruel that could befall an artist in that profession for which nature had destined him. We have no doubt but the master will consider this as one of the proudest days in his existence, and it is to be hoped that the testimony of general feeling which he has witnessed, will tend to soothe his spirit, to soften down some of its asperities, and to convince him that he stands upon a pinnacle, far above the reach of envy and every malignant passion.

Both the singers and instrumental performers acquitted themselves on this interesting occasion, in a manner that is deserving of the highest praise. Of the worthy Kapellmeister Umlauf, who undertook the conduct of this great work, and who with M. Schupanzigh, a master of known abilities, led the band, it is but justice to say, that his zeal, knowledge, and talents deservedly obtained him the most conspicuous place, and the merited thanks of his brother artists. The impracticability of devoting sufficient time to the number of rehearsals that were necessary, in order to do justice to music which is at once new, and of so lofty a character, made it impossible to give it with that precision, and with those delicate shades of *forte* and *piano*, which are required to do them justice.

The deep and general feeling which this concert in honour of the great master of the modern art in Germany, excited, together with the disappointment experienced by many who were unable to obtain admission, induced the Director of the Theatre to make an offer to the composer, of a certain consideration, if he would condescend once more to appear in public, and assist at a repetition of the same music. With this request he complied, and in addition to the pieces before performed, he offered them a manuscript *terzetto*, with Italian words, which was accordingly performed, and considered by the numerous Italian amateurs in Vienna, as a kind of compliment paid by the composer to themselves.

The performance went off with still greater eclat than on the former occasion, and this new composition was hailed by all with no less enthusiasm than the other works.

ON THE PRESENT STATE OF MUSIC IN GERMANY.

[Extracted from a *Tour in Germany* *.]

Of the multiplicity of books which every season issue from the press, it falls to our lot to introduce but a very small number to the notice of our readers. Of the few, however, which contain any mention of music, in a way that can be generally interesting, we never willingly suffer any to escape notice, and most gladly avail ourselves of the publication mentioned at the bottom of this page, to present our readers with a few extracts, relative to the state of Music and the Drama in Germany.

The remarks which we are about to quote are scattered throughout the whole work; every state, city and town in which the author resided being separately spoken of, and the arts, sciences and amusements incidentally noticed. The manners and state of society in all the principal places in Germany are described in a lively and interesting manner, and the work is instructive and amusing in an eminent degree. We of course, in our extracts, confine ourselves to his statements relative to music and the drama.

"At Darmstadt, the capital of the Grand Duchy of the same name, and, like Carlsruhe, entirely dependent on the residence of the court, I saw, says the writer, nothing but a very splendid theatre, furnished with an excellent orchestra, and over-crowded with spectators, the greater part of whom had come up from Frankfort for the sake of Sacchini's *Cedipus*. The opera is the ruling passion of the Grand Duke, but his subjects do not willingly see so much money spent on it by a prince who ranks so low among the "German gentles." He has the best orchestra between Bale and Brussels, and the only fortification in his dominions is garrisoned by foreign troops. When, after long reluctance, he at length convoked a representative body under a new constitution, the first thing the representatives did was to quarrel with it as too antiquated and impotent. He trembled for the orchestra, became good-natured, yielded them more liberal terms, and, as they left his opera untouched, there have been no more squabbles."

In his account of Dresden, the author says:

"As all Germany praises the music in this church, it must be good, for the Germans are judges of music; but, though I heard it in Easter, when the sacred harmony of Catholics puts forth all its powers, I must confess that little pleasure was derived from the noise of a score of fiddles, which the organ, though built by Silberman, could not conquer, and the voices of the choir, though adorned by that of an Eunuch, could not sweeten. It is not merely the casual associations which may fill the head with reels and country dances, as if it were intended to

Make the soul dance upon a jig to Heaven;
these are instruments whose tones, to an untutored ear,

* A Tour in Germany, and some of the Southern Provinces of the Austro Empire, in the Years, 1820, 1821, 1822. Two Vols. 8vo. Edinburgh, Constable and Co., and London, Hunt, Robinson and Co. 1824.

at least, do not harmonize with feelings of solemnity and devotion; and the crowd of them usually pressed into the service of the church, takes all distinctness and effect from the vocal music, which in reality becomes the accompaniment, instead of being the principal part of the composition. After hearing Mozart's Requiem, for example, performed at Berlin, with the full complement of fiddles, so much did it gain in effect, merely from their absence, that I could scarcely recognise the composition when given in Vienna simply by the choir and the organ, except where the trumpet, echoing along the lofty roof of St. Stephen, seemed to send its notes from the clouds, as it bore up the accompaniment at,

Tuba mirum spargens sonum,
Per sepulchra regionum,
Coget omnes ante thronum.

Allegri's famed *Miserere*, as sung in the Sistine chapel at Rome, during Easter, justifies the belief that, for purposes of devotion, the unaided human voice is the most impressive of all instruments. If such a choir as that of his Holiness could always be commanded, the organ itself might be dispensed with. This, however, is no fair sample of the powers of vocal sacred music; and those who are most alive to the "concord of sweet sounds" forget that, in the mixture of feeling produced by a scene so imposing as the Sistine chapel presents on such an occasion, it is difficult to attribute to the music only its own share in the overwhelming effect. The Christian world is in mourning; the throne of the Pontiff, stripped of all its honours, and uncovered of its royal canopy, is degraded to the simple elbow-chair of an aged priest. The Pontiff himself, and the congregated dignitaries of the church, divested of all earthly pomp, kneel before the cross in the unostentatious garb of their religious orders. As evening sinks, and the tapers are extinguished one after another, at different stages of the service, the fading light falls ever dimmer and dimmer on the reverend figures. The prophets and saints of Michael Angelo look down from the ceiling on the pious worshippers beneath; while the living figures of his Last Judgment, in every variety of infernal suffering and celestial enjoyment, gradually vanish in the gathering shade, as if the scene of horror had closed for ever on the one, and the other had quitted the darkness of earth for a higher world. Is it wonderful that, in such circumstances, such music, as that famed *Miserere*, sung by such a choir, should shake the soul even of a Calvinist?

Dresden has the advantage of being lively and entertaining at all seasons of the year, though the sort of persons who produce and enjoy its pleasures vary most sensibly with the state of the thermometer. The winter entertainments of the higher ranks are just what they are elsewhere. Those who find balls, and routs, and card-parties, dull in other countries, will not find them a whit less so in Saxony. The middle and lower classes seek their pleasures in the theatre; for no rank in Germany reckons play-going a sin. The king himself is so extravagantly fond of music, that, besides a regular troop of actors, he supports two operatic companies, one Italian and the other German, and has at the head of his chapel Weber, the first of the living theatrical composers of Germany, and Morlacchi, who fills a very respectable rank after the despotic Rossini. Spring comes on, and the native heroes of the winter disappear, to be replaced

by strangers. The great body of the citizens take their turn in the cycle of amusement, and take it out of doors. On the first of May, as regularly as the year comes round, the royal family removes to Pilnitz; the nobility and gentry, all, in short, who are not too poor, fly to their country seats, or the baths of Bohemia; the superb orangery is brought forth from its winter covering, and set to blossom round the *Zwinger*, in the open air; the picture-gallery is thrown open; Böttiger commences his prelections on ancient statues, in the collection of antiques; foreigners crowd into the city from all parts of Europe; and Dresden, with its laughing sky, and climate, and scenery, and people, becomes, for a season, the coffee-house of Germany."

In his long and interesting account of Berlin the author says—

"Operas are got up here with an extravagant expenditure on pomp of decoration and splendour of costume. But the taste of the public is not pure; they have not that natural feeling of the eloquence of "sweet sounds" which distinguishes the Italian and Bohemian, and they have not passed through that training under the hands of great masters which has formed the accurate, though somewhat artificial taste, of Dresden and Vienna. Their opera is under the direction of Spontini, whose operas are, in general, as much for the eye as for the ear. The whole city was on tiptoe of expectation for the production of his regenerated *Olympia*, which had formerly failed in some other capitals. Twenty-five thousand rix-dollars (nearly £ 4000) had been expended on the decorations; five hundred pounds of the sum had been laid out in creating an elephant, destined to make a principal figure in the performance. A great personage, whose treasury must bear the load of all these expenses, was alleged, to have grumbled at this item, unless the composer would undertake to make the quadruped sing a bass solo. Though some left the house, unable to endure the incessant thundering of the orchestra, and Professor W— declared it to be just as pleasant as dining on Cayenne pepper, the great body of the audience seemed to be perfectly satisfied at having their ears so stunned, and their eyes so dazzled. The appearance of the elephant, moved along by a little boy in each leg, was hailed with a shout which might have wakened Frederick in frowns from his grave at Potsdam, at the corrupted taste of his descendants. On the third representation, when the animal was on the stage, the hind-leg boys quarrelled with the fore-leg boys; their angry gestures in the intestines of the grave animal threw it into inconceivable convulsions, and its disturbed frame finally measured its length upon the boards.

"Every week, two or three grand concerts are given, under the royal authority, in the music hall of the new theatre, an apartment of such fair proportions, with so much elegance, yet chasteness and simplicity in its decorations, that it would leave the eye nothing to desire, were it not the unseemly pigeon holes, which, under the name of boxes for the royal family, disfigure one side of the room, and break the unity of the whole. Every entertainment of this sort consists partly in a mixture of elocution and instrumental music, which is of very questionable merit, and almost peculiar to Germany. A favourite ballad, for instance, of Schiller, Bürger, or Göthe, is delivered by a reciter, just as any other elocutionist would read it, but is accompanied, either in a continued strain, or only by fits and starts, as the com-

poser thinks proper, by instrumental music which is, or pretends to be, characteristic of the sentiment that pervades the particular verses, or representative of what they happen to describe. For example, were the elocutionist reading Chevy Chase, at the very outset. 'God prosper long our noble king,' his voice would probably be drowned in the jubilee of the orchestra, and would forthwith be heard again, as the instruments softly bewailed that,

A woeful hunting once there did
In Chevy Chase befall;

unless the French horn were made to render him inaudible, for the purpose of suggesting woodland associations, and the idea of a 'hunting.' Among other things, I heard Schiller's *Gang nach dem Eisenhammer*, a beautiful ballad, out of which Holbein has manufactured a very poor, prosing, tiresome drama, recited in this way, and the effect was not fitted to make one partial to this mode of marrying music to immortal verse. The whole system forgets the specific difference between reading and singing. The reader stands in quite a different relation to a musical accompaniment from the opera singer. Though readers speak of musical, melodious, or harmonious elocution, reading is not singing, in any accurate sense of the words. In any given song, there is only one way of reading it well; but more than one melody may be composed for it, all equally good. A union of ordinary elocution with instrumental music does not seem to be less incongruous or confused than if one person were to recite a ballad while another simultaneously sung it."

* * * * *

"Though Berlin is full of scientific and literary merit, the people in general are not great readers, and what they do read has previously been purified in the furnace of the censorship. In the department of journals, few things are more dull, stale, and unprofitable, than the newspapers of Berlin; their public politics are necessarily all on one side, and even on that side, they seldom indulge in original writing, or venture beyond an extract from the Austrian Observer; but they give most minute details of plays and operas, concerts and levees. Voss's Journal is the best of them even in political matters; and it has a wide circulation out of Prussia, for its literary and critical articles are frequently written with very considerable talent. Even the arts and elegant literature must occasionally languish beneath the censorship. Spontini's Opera, Olympia, already referred to, seemed to please those who had encouraged its performance, much more than those who were to pay for its outrageously costly decorations. It was expected that it would be severely criticised; for, generally speaking, a German journalist who wishes to be read, will less reluctantly give up his right to criticise the government, than his privilege of sitting in judgment on Müllner and Houwald, on Rossini, Weber, or Morlacchi. To the astonishment of every body, all the critiques were on the eulogistic side; and it was currently asserted, that the editors had received 'invitations' from the censor, either to say nothing at all about the new opera, or say something laudatory."

[To be concluded in our next.]

FOREIGN MUSICAL REPORT.

VIENNA.—To the account of the grand musical *accademia* given at this place in honour of Beethoven, which forms a separate article in the first part of the present number, we have to add the following. At the Kärnthnertheater has been introduced for the first time the *Edoardo e Cristina* of Rossini. The characters are cast as follows: Carlò, Rè di Svezia—Sig. Donzelli; Cristina, sua figlia—Signora. Dardanelli; Edoardo, Duce dell'armi—Sig. Unger; Giacomo, Principe di Scozia—Sig. Ambroggi; Atlei, capitano—Sig. Rauscher. This opera had before been performed in the German language; but it was scarcely possible to recognise it again in its present form, so much had been changed, omitted, and inserted; a measure that was in many respects necessary since the master had himself made use of most of the favourite pieces of it in other places, so as to have rendered it little better than a skeleton. The impression produced by the whole can by no means be called favourable. It is rumoured that Lablache has received a perpetual engagement for Naples; and as Mad. Fodor goes as an invalid to Baden, the prospects for the Italian opera here are not very encouraging.—The other operas given were the *Molinara* of Paisiello; *L'Italiana in Algeri* of Rossini, and the *Semiramide* of the same author.—In the Theatre an der Wien, was given a grand melodrama, with music by E. Kislér, entitled *Clotilde die Sprachlose*, (Clotilda the Speechless.) As this was the first production of a young composer, we felt anxious to lay aside the critic's mantle, and wrap ourselves in that of christian charity. But this was really too much. The chorusses and concerted pieces were weakness and common-place itself, and a march in the piece was of such a character that we could not but feel a certain sensation in our feet, which it was impossible to misconstrue. The audience however were all good nature, and at the conclusion of the piece they called for the composer to make his appearance.—Honi soit qui mal y pense!

BERLIN.—The musical direction, which this year consists of General Music-Director Spontini, Kapellmeister Seidel, Music-Director Schneider, and Concert-Masters Möser, Seidler, and Bohrer, has announced the list of operas to be performed during the present season. This mode of arrangement which allows of due time for preparation, and prevents any of those disappointments to which the caprice of singers and managers frequently subjects the public, is highly commendable; they are as follows; *Elisabetta* by Rossini; *Euryanthe* by v. Weber; *Prinz Riquet*, by Blumne; *Die Schne* (The Snow Storm, or Frozen Lake,) by Aubert; *Blaubert* (Blue Beard,) by Grétry; *La Gazza Ladra*, by Rossini; *Medea* by Cherubini; *Jessonda* by Spohr; *Alceid* by Spontini, a new opera intended to have been brought out last carnival; *Valentine von Mailand* by Mehul, and *Montano und Stephanie* by Berton.

Among the concerts, the two most interesting were that of Professor Janusch, from Prague, and that of the Royal Kapellmeister Spontini. In the first of these, M. Janusch gave a flute concerto, which was of a novel character, the *allegro* movements being performed on the common flute, and the *andante* on the *flute d'amour*, an instrument of his own invention, the tones of which are so mellow, deep, and tender, that Schall, a celebrated poet of Breslau, has distinguished it by the epithet of *Schwermuthsflöte*, (the flute of melancholy.) The compass of this instrument is to G above G cliff, and the inventor has lately enriched it by the addition of keys. This concerto, which was composed by the player, consisted of two movements, and a series of Russian airs introduced with great skill. The performer shewed great taste and power, particularly in a staccato movement, which was remarkable for its spirit and fire.—The second concert was of a very splendid description, the orchestra amounting to nearly 200 persons. On this occasion were given, with prodigious effect, Beethoven's grand Symphony in A major, and the *Alexander's Feast* of Handel; the parts of this wonderful composition that excited

the greatest applause were the movements "Happy, happy pair,"—"Softly sweet in Lydian measures,"—"Break his bands of sleep asunder,"—and the chorus "Love was crowned, but Music won the cause."

WEIMAR.—The musical object of the greatest interest, produced here lately, has been the new romantic opera of *Der Graf von Gleichen*, the music by C. Eberwein. This composer has already given many proofs of his estimable talents, and, in the present instance, he has made a valuable addition to the stores of German music. The author of the book, who to the spirit of a good poet unites the qualities of a respectable musical amateur, has given an excellent subject well adapted to music, and far superior to what we find in works of this kind. With respect to the music there is much to praise, and but little to blame, and we have no doubt that wherever it is performed with the attention and spirit with which it was given in this place, it will not fail to afford general satisfaction.

The outline of the story is as follows. The Count Gleichen, after an unsuccessful battle with the Saracens, during the period of the Crusades, is taken prisoner. The daughter of the sultan, Chadija, having seen the beautiful form of Gleichen in a dream, sees him by accident, and falls in love with him; she plans his escape, and resolves to fly with him. The flight, and the discovery, made too late by her father, form the subject of the first finale. In the next time, Bruno, the knight-companion of Gleichen, saves himself also from the hands of his enemies, escapes from the country, and arrives in Thuringen, where he announces the death of his friend, and takes possession of his estates. Irmingarde, the wife of Gleichen, overwhelmed by affliction at the news, retires to a convent in order to avoid the proffered love of Bruno, who had been her lover before her marriage. Gleichen returns, escaped the murderous plans of Bruno by means of his faithful follower Sylva, befriends his vassals, and besieges the castle in which Bruno has shut himself. Chadija, conducted by the spirit of Gleichen's former wife, penetrates at the head of her warlike band, through subterraneous passages into the heart of the castle, and re-conquers the possessions of Gleichen. No obstacle being now in the way of their union, Chadija, who has become a Christian, is united to the happy lover. This plot, though it offers but little that is new, has afforded the poet means of interesting situations, and of painting the characters with great identity and effect. The composer has laboured with equal success. Not one of the musical pieces is without its peculiar interest. The greater part are excellent, and some of very superior merit; among which the most distinguished are the chorus of the Saracens, (*allegro*, C major, three-four,) the lament of the prisoners, a chorus, (*adagio*, A sharp major, three-four) the two girls of Gleichen, a canon of four parts in the first act, (*andante*, E major, three-four,) and the finale which is marked by some passages of great originality, and very singular effect. In the second act, the introduction, chorus, and dance, (*allegretto*, G major, three-eight,) a quartetto, with chorus, (*allegro*, D major, four-four,) quintetto, with chorus, (*allegro*, D major, four-four,) and the greater part of the second finale. In the overture, (E flat, major) which is in the fugue style, M. Eberwein has evidently taken the overture of the *Zauberflöte* for his model. To aim at excellence of the highest class is always meritorious, and to combat by the side of heroes is always honourable, even if we should not come off successful in the contest. M. Eberwein's music possesses a true dramatic character, and he abounds with expressive melody; his instrumentation, however, though full of freshness and vigour, presents many difficulties, and on some occasions, particularly in the concerted pieces and chorusses, is rather too luxuriant, and oppresses the song. He has had the good sense to despise the Janissary music, so much in fashion, which he might readily have been justified in introducing in the first act, but he makes up for this sacrifice by a too great fondness for a multiplicity of modulations, and even those of the enharmonic kind. But as, at the present day, this is too much the rage, and as many others have gone much further, M. v. Weber for instance, in his *Euryanthe*, which abounds

with very extraordinary examples of this kind,—we shall make no further observations, but content ourselves with observing, that this opera is likely to make a valuable addition to the stock-pieces of every theatre.

FRAGUE.—The only novelties at the opera of this place have been *Telemachus auf der Insel Ogygia*, (*Telemachus in the Island of Ogygia*), and the *Euryanthe* of M. v. Weber. The music of the first of these operas is by Hofmeister: as to the subject, it was one of those to which only the genius of a Mozart could impart life and vigour. With respect to the music, it may be remarked, that if it has not to boast of many original ideas, there was nothing to offend, and much of a very pleasing character. With regard to *Euryanthe*, though a very genial and characteristic composition, and marked with the powerful hand of the author of the *Freyshütz*, yet it did not excite the same degree of interest as that composition. The reason why it did not become popular may, we think, be in a great measure attributed to its recitative form, and its not having to boast of the same charming melodies that rendered the other work so great a favourite. Add to this the heavy and complicated nature of the story. But is it the fault of M. Weber—who is always ready to sacrifice all false musical splendour to truth and character—if the situation is not clear?—The overture is a composition full of intrinsic value and character, and in the peculiar style of this original writer; but for a public that has been spoiled by the crescendos of the Romanian operas, it is too strong and too full of powerful effects to be understood and appreciated the first time of hearing. After a very delightful introduction, follows the charming Romance of Adola, with amiable and varied instrumentation. One of the most interesting parts of the first act is a terzetto, with chorus, between the King, Adola, and Lysiart; the cavatine of Euryanthe; the scene of Eglantine; and, in particular, the duet between the two female characters.—In the second act, the truly terrific air of Lysiart is full of imposing effect, and forms a very striking contrast to the following cavatine of Adola, and the duet between her and Euryanthe, which breathes the very soul of love. If performed by a powerful choir, the finale of this act cannot but produce the most impressive effect.—In the third act what particularly pleases is the Hunters' chorus; the duet of Adola and Euryanthe; the air of the latter and its *largo* movement, and the beautiful chorusses, as well as the charming conciliatory duet at the close, and the finale with chorus, all of which are marked by their distinctive beauties.

The other operas performed here have been *Die Opferfest*, *Don Juan*, *Die Zauberflöte*, and *Tamara*.—Among the most interesting selections of music given was that performed by the pupils of the Conservatory, in which the abilities and proficiency of the youthful students were shown off to great advantage. Among the pieces that excited the greatest interest was the Quartett from the *Il Sacrifizio intero*, of Winter, which was performed with great spirit and correctness by four of the female pupils; but it would be advisable before Italian is given to pupils to be sung in public that they should be tolerably well grounded in the pronunciation of that beautiful language. The only novelty in the various concerts given at this place was a grand concerto performed by A. J. Martlick on the Harmonica, which produced very sweet and delightful effects. This gentleman is perfectly the master of his instrument, which beneath his hand becomes an addition to the gentler kinds of music. He met with very loud and unanimous applause.

VARESE.—Scarcely was the larger theatre of this place closed for the season, when the minor theatre San Benedetto showed its ambition to imitate the example of its kinsman, and gave the *Semiramis* and *Zelmira* of Rossini, and though the singers were not performers of renown, the music was brought out with considerable effect. The opera of *Semiramis*, though it did not please at Milan, met with considerable success in this

place, and the critics observe of it, that, both in regard to air, and powerful harmonies, it ranks very high, and offers a great variety of beauties of a superior order.

MILAN.—The season here was opened by *Semiramide*, in which Mad. Bellocchi sustained the principal character, that had before been rendered so celebrated in the hands of Mad. Fodor, and was received with so much applause.—An *Accademia* was recently given here by the celebrated violinist Paganini, which was crowded to excess. Critics acknowledge in this performer an impressive power, and a perfect acquaintance with all the resources of his instrument. The delicious charm of his *mezzo voce*, of his *sul una chorda*, and the varieties of his bowing, are qualifications not to be found united in any artist of the present day.—A new opera has appeared here, entitled *Aspasia ed Agis*, the music by Nicolini. The subject is from Grecian history. But the piece obtained no decided success. We hear that two other operas are upon the tapis.—The celebrated Singer Morandi died here lately; it will be long before another singer will be found to efface the recollection of the impression which she produced in the characters of Agnese, Deademona, and Amenaide. All the artists of the Scala attended her funeral, and Bellocchi, Festa, Lorenza, and Schira, supported the pall.—Another new opera was also produced here, entitled *Helena e Malvina*, the music by Soliva, a young composer who has recently returned from his travels in Germany, and is already known as the composer of an opera entitled *Il Capo di Ferro*; which he produced immediately on his quitting the Conservatorio of Milan. The present work is not without parts of some beauty, but it abounds with reminiscences, and has the unpardonable fault of being too long. But it cannot be denied to abound with powerful and novel harmonies, which shews that the author has not spent his time in Germany to no purpose. In the very introduction these excellencies appear, as well as in a terzetto and in the finale of the first act. But nothing could redeem the fault of too great length. A composer should reflect, that when he extends a single act of his opera to above two hours, he runs a great risk of wearying out his hearers, and that their patience, like that of great talkers who are never tired of hearing themselves, must not be transferred to the public. Besides, we remarked that this great length was not in consequence of any new matter, but from a needless repetition of the same motives, from which the overweening fondness of this composer cannot separate himself; they are favourite children with which he loves to dandle eternally. This too is Rossini's besetting sin. Experience has taught us that if an act lasts above an hour it displeases, if above an hour and a half it fatigues, and if above two hours that it disgusts. The second act possesses one advantage over the first, it is shorter, but, with the exception of a pleasing duet between Helena and Malvina, it possesses scarcely more attractions. These two characters were sustained by Mad. Bellocchi and Siga. Festa with great spirit, and if the character assigned to the former is more dramatic, that of the latter is scarcely less interesting.

ZURICH.—We have not been favoured for a considerable time with any accounts from this place, but at last we learn with pleasure that the interests of the art continue to be warmly promoted here, and that new associations for vocal and instrumental music are from time to time forming themselves. The Amateur Society gave, during the season, a number of concerts, in which the spirit of improvement was very conspicuous, and where several of the modern great classical works of Beethoven, Winter, &c. were given with great spirit and correctness. At one of the meetings, which was conducted by Director Blumenthal, above fifty singers took a part in the selections given, among them was the Creation of Haydn, which was performed with great spirit and effect; and at the last meeting, the whole of the music of the *Freyshütz* was performed, and went off with great correctness.

PARIS. *Opéra Comique*.—A new opera in three acts has been produced at this theatre, entitled *L'Alcade de la Vega*. It had been repeatedly announced, but various causes retarded its appearance. The subject is not actually new, though the greater part is so, being taken from a work, imitated from the Spanish, which has not been represented for many years. The subject is well adapted for a comic opera, as it presents numerous contrasts, uniting, if we may be allowed the expression, the city and the court, kings and ploughmen, the splendidly-dressed courtier and the simple peasant; offering, in short, the most varied pictures, and enabling the composer to display all the graces as well as all the energy of harmony. It is in a comic opera, especially, that the poet who wishes to succeed, should know how to pass

From grave to gay, from lively to severe.

Sedaine succeeded admirably in this style, and if, to the talent which he displayed in the composition and management of his labours, he had united a little more taste in the execution, he might have been considered perfect. He, however, still remains a model for true lyrical comedy.

Having thus noticed the father of comic opera, and congratulated the authors of the new pieces on their endeavours to follow in his steps, we shall proceed to give an account of the plot of the *Alcade de la Vega*.

Antonio, a peasant, and a rich proprietor of the Canton of La Vega, is also the Alcade. His daughter Ines, having resided some time at Seville with her god-mother, the Countess Olympia, is introduced to Don Ferdinand, the master of the house, who becomes enamoured of her. Antonio has also a son, who entered the army during the last war, and has been made a sergeant. Peace arriving, the regiment in which Felix served, is stationed in the village of Zalameda, and expecting to be disbanded, he takes leave to visit his parents and the young Rosette, to whom he is about to be married. Ines arrives at Antonio's house in order to be present at the marriage of her brother, and Don Ferdinand who wishes to see her again, induces the king to hunt in the forest of La Vega. It so falls out that he meets her, and obtains an avowal of her affection. Transported with joy, and instigated by Guzman, his valet, he consents to profit of this opportunity of carrying off Ines, when Felix is reconducting her to a neighbouring farm. This event takes place by night, but Don Ferdinand and his suite are met by Felix returning from the farm, who delivers his sister and puts her betrayers to flight. Just at this time, the king, who has lost his way hunting, arrives at the spot, and learning the crime committed by one of his suite, secretly determines to discover the author. In order to attain this object, he profits of the suspicions raised against him, by his mysterious manner and haughty air, and suffers himself to be taken before the Alcade. There he discovers that Don Ferdinand is the guilty person; but wishing to put to the test the firmness of Antonio, whose character has interested him, he continues the deception till the moment when the Alcade, divesting himself of his judicial robe, that he may appear simply as a suppliant father, offers him all that he possesses if he will restore him his honour. The king, overcome by his feelings, is about to make himself known, when Don Ferdinand, stung by remorse, arrives and throws himself at the feet of Antonio, requesting the hand of his daughter. The king being the witness of his penitence, pardons him, unites the lovers, and promises to improve the situation of this respectable family.

There was certainly sufficient matter in this story to form a good comic opera, but the authors, who are new to the stage, have not made that use of it which they might have done, had they had more experience in this style of composition. Preparations we are no enemies to, but once made, they ought to be brought into action, and it was too much to employ two acts in preparing for the situation of the third, which happening too late, and suddenly taking the appearance of drama, did not produce the anticipated effect. The first act is pleasantly arranged, the situations succeed each other naturally and are well introduced, but the second act is almost a repetition of the same scenes, though the story makes but very little progress. There is, however, a good scene between the Alcade and the

King. The dialogue is free and natural, lively and suited to the style of the piece, as well as to the characters. Some curtailments are necessary in the scene between the Alcade and the King, in the third act; but we do not agree with those who think that the beginning of this scene is bad. The author deserves applause and has received it. The plaudits were rapturous during the greater part of the performance.

The music has obtained universal approbation. It is the first attempt of an amateur, and is full of expression. The overture, and introductory chorus, an air remarkably well sung by Ponchard, and a quartett in the first act; an introduction descriptive of a storm, and the finale chorus of the second act, give a high idea of the brilliant and original talent of the composer, who will no doubt obtain still greater success when he joins a knowledge of the stage, to the talents of which he has already proved himself possessed.

The Authors were called for, but Ponchard came forward and announced that they wished to remain unknown.

On the second representation, the Alcade experienced some judicious alterations; the authors in compliance with the advice of well informed friends, abridged the third act, and the piece being played and sung with great talent, obtained complete and decided success. This second representation confirmed the approbation which the music experienced in its first production.

Almost all the pieces, but particularly those we have mentioned, were much and justly applauded. The composition is scientific; the accompaniments are vigorous, without being noisy; they do not drown the words, and show that the author is well acquainted with instrumental music. This composition does not betray the want of connexion which is the reproach of the generality of modern scores; the author should, however, study declamation; the great art of a composer is to know how to preserve in singing, the expression which the words have when spoken; this expression only requires to be assisted and accentuated by the assistance of harmony. It was in this, that Monsigny, Grétry, Dalayrac, Méhul, Nicolo, and all composers who have acquired a reputation for lyrical comedy, excelled.

After the play, the authors were called for by a crowded auditory, and Gavandau came forward and named M. de Bayac as the writer, M. Onalow as the composer.

PARIS. *Académie Royale de Musique.* What passion animates the orchestra of the opera? Is it thunder or is it harmony? What rage urges on these boys, and riots with such immeasurable fury on this great drum? A combat is taking place between the singers and the orchestra, an unequal strife, in which the orchestra, the giant of a hundred arms, triumphs, by frightening the public. In vain does Mlle. Sainville utter her loudest notes; in vain does the older Nourrit sustain her by the most violent exertions; altho' unless the two voices break or at least crack: it is chaos, it is slaughter; the murmurs of the spectators mingle with the noise of the belligerent parties; at the time when Mlle. Sainville cries

Je n'ai plus qu'un besoin, c'est celui de te plaire,

the wish to cough stops her exactly before the *plaire*, and the unfortunate singer is obliged to mutilate one of the finest airs in existence. A quarter of an hour elapses, the voice of the other combatant still holds out; Nourrit keeps up; he does not yield till the last moment, he waits with courage till the plaudits of the spectators overwhelm him. At last he yields; and

M. Hinnekindt appears bowing and scraping with demi-Dutch gestures, and gravely announces that M. Nourrit is ill, that he cannot resume the combat, and that M. Lafont will courageously enter the lists.

To speak seriously, no time should be lost in curing these noisy habits of the orchestra. To execute with violence is not to execute either with passion or taste. Dramatic art and singing ought to bear the sway at the Opera: the duty of the accompaniments is to strengthen the expression and not to usurp its place; they are not symphonies which the orchestra of the Opera is to perform; it is an integral, but not the principal, and still less the only part of lyrical performance; it ought neither to stifle nor to torture scenic expression. It is by an animated but simple, and not by a violent execution, that a good effect is produced, nor can performers commit a greater error, than by destroying the spirit of a composition, by substituting unceasingly, *fortes* for *pianos*, and *fortissimo* for *forte*.

In order to ascertain in what degree it is possible to follow this advice, and to consult the interests of the public by fulfilling the intentions of Spontini and Sacchini, let us wait for the next representations of *Oedipus* and *Ferdinand Cortez*, in which we doubt not the actors will be revenged.

There have lately been discovered, in the Library of the Kdlin-Gymnasium of Berlin, five volumes in good preservation, each of which contains a number of motets, dated between 1541 and 1549, chiefly by composers of the Flemish schools, who flourished in the 14th, 15th, and beginning of the 16th centuries. In these collections occur the names of Nicolaus, Gombert, Jachet (Jacquet or Jachet), Berchem, Pionnier, Loyset, Pictori, Verdelot, Dominicus Priodt, Adrian Nillaert, Archadelt, Parabosto, Pieresson, Johann Richelott, and an anonymous author; Maître Jan, Noleto, Tufdhal, Floro, Malti, Uver, Brûmen, Hiltire and Clauding, under the list of composers stands the word *consilium*, as also the names of Morales, Vincentio Ruffo, Const, Festa, Lupi, Ast, Gardano and Joh Zarbani. From these pieces, D. Fischer, the well known music-director in the above institution, has made a selection of two motets, the one by Philot and the other by Morales, which he has arranged in score, and which have recently been published.

The extraordinarily-gifted boy Listz, who lately quitted London for Paris, is about to compose an opera in the latter city, and the different dramatic poets have been emulous for the honour of associating themselves to the triumphs that await him on the stage.

A musical instrument, called the *Crescendo Solian* has been invented by a Mr. Christian Gobrecht, an artist of Baltimore, and a native of Maryland. It is described to be a keyed instrument, similar in appearance to the cottage-piano, and has a couple of organ stops connected with it, which the performer can use at his discretion. The sound, which is produced by air acting on metallic pipes, is similar to that of the Solian harp. The principal advantage which the instrument possesses is that of enabling the performer to increase and diminish the tone at pleasure.

REVIEW OF MUSIC.

1. TROIS AMUSEMENS en forme des caprices, pour le PIANO-FORTE, composées, par J. N. HUMMEL, Maître de Chapelle, &c. Œuvre 105. (Leipzig, au Bureau de Musique de C. F. Peters.)
2. AMUSEMENT, (a la Caprice) for the PIANO-FORTE, by J. N. HUMMEL. (Addison and Beale, 201, Regent Street.)

M. HUMMEL has reached that time of life when the judgment most commonly is ripe; when the taste,—which is rather the concomitant of judgment or experience, than of genius—rapidly approaches to the highest point of relative perfection that it is destined to attain. His early reputation was gained by his skill as a performer, not by his ability as a composer, for his publications at first made but a very frugal display of invention, though they manifested an abundance of industry, and found only a small number of admirers, and a still more scanty list of performers. But his subsequent works have risen very high in the public opinion of Germany, and latterly—that is to say, within the last two or three years—they have been much in request amongst those persons in this country who are not intimidated by difficulty, and have perseverance enough to overcome obstacles by labour.

M. Hummel now appears, from some symptoms which we have recently observed, to be inclined to court a much

more enlarged circle of amateurs: he has produced several compositions in a less severe style than was usual with him, in which melody and expression are primarily attended to, and the taste of the majority is conciliated; though we discover in them no instance of any sacrifice that a man of science ought to disdain making.

Amongst the publications alluded to, is the present, consisting of an air, *à la Suisse*, in E major; another, *à l'Autrichienne*, in A flat, and a third, *à la Styrienne*, in D major. The first and third of these melodies are quite in a popular style, and will be sure therefore to please generally; while being free from the slightest tinge of vulgarity, they will not be unwelcome to the most cultivated ear. They are undoubtedly treated *en maître*, and many of the amplifying passages are, as to the degree of executive skill which they put in requisition, extremely remote from what is commonly termed easy: but they shew no studied difficulties, none of those contrivances the only design of which is to display a power, purely mechanical, that tends to no explicable purpose. Nevertheless it must be granted, that parts of them may be pointed out, to which greater facility might have been given, without at all impairing their effect.

The air *à la Suisse* opens with a few bars from the *Ranz des Vaches*; then proceeds in the following manner:—

The musical score is for a piece titled "Allegretto Grazioso". It is written in E major (indicated by three sharps: F#, C#, G#) and 3/4 time. The score consists of two systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The first system begins with a treble staff containing a melody and a bass staff with accompaniment. Dynamics include *dol.* (dolce), *sf.* (sforzando), and *p.* (piano). The second system features a repeat with first and second endings, marked with "1" and "2". It concludes with a *Fine. f.* (forte) instruction and a *Da Capo al Fine.* marking. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and slurs.

sixteen bars follow, in the shape, but not under the name, of a trio: after which the air is well diversified, and modulated in a masterly and charming manner. At page 5,

(Leipzig edition) where it passes into C major, is the subjoined elegant passage:



The air *à la Styrienne* is published in No. 20 of our work, from the author's edition; but we omitted, most reluctantly, his augmentations of it, as they would have extended it far beyond the space that we could afford. Of the characteristic beauty of this melody, our readers have already been enabled to judge for themselves. A minor episode to it, (page 27) in the best fugue style of the Scarlattis, we would most willingly transfer to our pages, had we room; and beg to call the attention of all who may furnish themselves with these *amusemens*, to this specimen of Hummel's scientific taste.

Nothing that we have said respecting the popular style of the first and third of these airs, applies to the second of them, — *à l'Autrichienne*. This is composed in a much more laboured manner; it addresses itself to the learned in music, chiefly, and is full of those fugal imitations that seldom interest any except such as have drunk deeply at the fountain of counterpoint. To these, however, we can recommend it, as a composition that will both instruct and please; and indeed it is not wholly unmixt with gleams of air and snatches of harmony that every lover of music will understand and feel.

The second article under this head, is the air *à la Suisse*, published separately, and brought out in a very excellent manner, and at a comparatively moderate price, by one of the many new houses that have lately sprung up in the trade.

Un Jour de l'Automne, SIXTEENTH DIVERTIMENTO
for the PIANO-FORTE, composed by J. B. CRAMER.
(Harmonic Institution, Regent Street.)

MR. CRAMER has not put forth much of his strength in the present composition, though whenever he takes up his pen he involuntarily shews his elegant taste and musical judgment. This Divertimento comprises an *Introduzione* in B flat, an *Aria* in D major, and a Rondo, or *finale*, in the former key. The air has much sweetness, and the rondo is smooth and graceful, but neither of these movements presents any very striking feature to the view; we therefore conclude a short article, by expressing a hope that from the new establishment of which Mr. C. has condescended to place himself at the head, something of his own will shortly issue, to relieve us from the toil of examining the piles of dull music which we are obliged to look over, though not always to notice; and that may enable us to light up with the smile of hope the countenances of our fair readers, who are always pleased with the announcement of a new and successful effort of this favourite composer's muse.

BRILLIANT VARIATIONS for the PIANO-FORTE, on
Rossini's *Cavatina*, "Ah, se è per quel ch'io sento,"
Composed by JOSEPH CZERNY. Op. 18. (Goulding,
D'Almaine, and Co., Soho Square.)

THESE are two Czerny's, brothers we believe, living at Vienna. Charles has been noticed more than once in this work; he has the reputation of being a very fine piano-forte player, and some of his publications shew him to possess considerable ability as a composer; while others, perfectly extravagant and almost impracticable, do not place him in so favourable a light. Joseph Czerny does not soar so high as his relative; he is content to move in a lower sphere, and has offered to the world a few things which, if they do not display a rich imagination, prove him, so far as they go, to be a correct musician, with a good taste. The work now before us is one of this description; the air is agreeable, and the variations are all of rather a superior order, and such as most performers may, without presumption, undertake to execute. They are six in number, and of a moderate length. The term "brilliant," led us, upon opening the piece, to expect a succession of unmeaning, difficult passages, but we soon found ourselves agreeably deceived, and rose from the instrument with a favourable impression of the modest and unpretending style of this candidate for musical fame.

1. INTRODUCTION, and Henry R. Bishop's AIR,
"When the wind blows," arranged for the PIANO-
FORTE, by T. A. RAWLINGS. (Goulding, D'Almaine,
and Co., Soho Square.)

2. DIVERTIMENTO for the PIANO-FORTE, by I.
MOLLER, of Lubeck (Wessel and Stadart, 1 Soho
Square.)

MR. BISHOP'S air in *The Miller and his Men*, is one of his successful efforts. Though not altogether and strictly original, and though composed in a style that prevailed nearly a century and a half ago, when Matthew Locke flourished, and Purcell, was rising into fame, yet it will be known and applauded when most of the reigning favour-

ities have yielded to their fate, and are "clean forgotten." The present adaptor did well in selecting an air with so strongly marked a rhythm, and a bass of so bold a character; such qualities save an infinity of trouble by describing an outline from which it is not needful, and, in truth, not easy to depart. Mr. Rawlings has made good use of his materials, and worked out of them a pleasant divertimento, that deserves to have its "hour upon the stage," and then if it be "heard no more" we do not imagine that he will be much shocked or grieved. The introduction is at once spirited and graceful, and leads well to the principal subject, without being either abrupt or tedious.

The Divertimento by M. Mollwe consists of only one movement, of nine pages, composed in an elegant *cantabile* manner, and very well calculated for piano-forte players who cultivate expression in preference to execution. The author has prefixed the word *allegretto* to it, which term, according to our notion of its meaning, we cannot suppose he intends should govern, without some abatement of its quickness; for as he has written the whole in two-crotchet time, obeying his direction would give a speed to it that, we with deference advance, would much impair its effect. The metronome!—we would have a startling taught to pronounce this word, the metronome would remove all doubt on such a subject, and we daily have cause to lament that musicians are not all agreed upon so important a point.

M. Mollwe's Divertimento wants relief; it is too long, considering the sameness of style that pervades it. But it is worth preserving, and we counsel all who play it, to reduce its quantity, and prefix to it a short, brilliant movement.

POLACCA BRILLANTE, per il PIANO-FORTE a 4 mani;
composta da CARLO MARIA DE WEBER. (Hannover,
presso C. Bachmann.)

We have just received the above piano-forte duet from a friendly and active correspondent abroad, who expresses an earnest desire that, through the medium of the HARMONICON, publicity may be given in England to this Polacca by the composer of the *Freischütz*. As our opinion of the work quite accords with this, we not only comply with his wish by thus mentioning the production, which notice we hope may prompt some spirited dealer to print it here,—but also recommend it to all good performers, and admirers of originality. There is a gaiety in it that expands the spirits, and almost makes the heart beat to the rhythm of its melody. A new and striking trait shews itself in every page,—we had nearly said every line,—and there is no want of modulation of a thoroughly chromatic kind, to gratify the most scientific appetite. It is of a very reasonable length—six pages to each part. The upper part requires an expert player; the lower does not demand so much practical ability. We extract the subject of the polacca, though it will enable the reader to form only a very imperfect idea of the whole.



A very charming cantabile passage, compressible into two staves, we must also insert; with which we conclude this article.



1. A FAVOURITE DIVERTIMENTO by Mayseder adapted for the HARP and PIANO-FORTE, with an Accompaniment for the FLUTE, ad lib., by T. Attwood. No 2. (Harmonic Institution, Regent-Street.)
2. Henry R. Bishop's admired airs, "Home! sweet Home!" and "Should he upbraid," arranged for Two Performers on the PIANO-FORTE, by Charles T. Sykes. (Goulding, D'Almaine, and Co., Soho-Square.)
3. Useful Exercise for the Time, an OVERTURAL CAPRICE, on a favourite national air, for two performers on one PIANO-FORTE, composed by J. J. Anacleit Hammerlein. (Harmonic Institution.)

THE first of these publications is the second of Mayseder's airs which Mr. Attwood has arranged for the three most common domestic instruments. The air is the same as that published as a divertimento in the Harmonicon for October last, and a very delightful one it is, full of originality and animation. Whatever Mr. Attwood arranges may be received with confidence; he is more likely to enrich than impoverish the original, and the present adaptation is no exception to the rule. We hope that a flute will generally be found to accompany the two other parts; but if not, they are complete in themselves, and make an excellent duet.

Mr. C. Sykes has converted Mr. Bishop's air and the melody adopted by him, into an agreeable piano-forte duet. It is within the compass of most performers, and, perhaps, with the exception of the key, may be classed amongst the easy publications of the day, which will answer as a temporary source of amusement exceedingly well.

Of the Overtural Caprice, which is neither more less than "God save great George our King," we can only say, that the execution of it is in perfectly good keeping with the title.

1. WEBER'S OVERTURE, Der Freischütz, for the PIANO-FORTE, with an accompaniment for the FLUTE, ad lib., by Charles Saust. (Cocks and Co., 20 Printers Street, Hanover Square.)
2. THE SAME; arranged for the HARP and PIANO-FORTE, with a FLUTE and VIOLONCELLO accompaniment, ad lib., by Gustavus Holst. (Cocks and Co.)

MR. SAUST has merely added an accompaniment to the overture to the Freischütz as it appeared in our last number.

Mr. Holst has divided it between two performers, and has therefore been able to give more fullness and effect to it. The accompaniments, when used, will certainly very much augment its brilliancy.

1. SONG, "The Sigh," composed by Thomas Attwood, (Harmonic Institution, Regent Street.)
2. CANZONETTA, "Addio! Ninetta," composed by DUMON. (Birchall and Co., 140, New Bond Street.)
3. BATTLE SONG, written by Addison, sung by Mr. Bellamy, and composed by J. C. Nightingale, Organist of the Foundling. (Monro and May, 11, Holborn Bars.)

4. INDIAN LOVER'S SONG, "Hasten, love! the sun hath set;" the poetry from The Oriental Herald, sung by Mr. Sapio, and composed by J. C. Nightingale. (Monro and May.)

5. SONG, "The voice of a stranger," sung by Mr. Pearman, in the Musical Entertainment, called A Reign of Twelve Hours, composed by G. B. Herbert. (Goulding, D'Almaine, and Co., 20, Soho Square.)

6. SONG, "I'll gaze on thee no more," written by G. C. junr., esq., composed by Thomas Miles. (Monro and May.)

7. SONG, "Oh! he would gaze," composed and published by the same.

8. CANZONET, "Cupid and Laura," composed and published by the same.

9. BALLAD, "Though with a firm, undaunted heart," the words by Miss M. Strattan, the melody by Mr. Andrews, and the accompaniment by Alexander Howship. (W. C. Wright, 65, Paternoster-Row.)

MR. ATTWOOD'S is a song in three movements; it begins with a *larghetto*, passes into an *allegro agitato*—(must this monstrous compound still be employed?)—and finishes with an *andante*. The opening is very graceful and prepossessing, and the second movement is full of energy, and evinces thought; though, according to our notion of the words, there should have been no rest after the word "tells," but a long one,—or rather a sudden and lengthened pause,—after the word "abate." The rest in the first case breaks the connexion, and a pause in the second, would mark the parenthesis.

The Canzonetta by Dumon is one of the prettiest little simple things we ever met with. It is just fit for a sylph-like lady, with a "small voice," to sing: accompanied by fingers that are carefully wrapped up in chinese paper when not in use. The voice must have some flexibility, for the sake of a few ornaments, of extreme delicacy; but the fingers may be as stiff as bodkins, because, except an occasional change from C sharp to D, they do not once alter their places, till the last three bars, when they are called upon to travel to the distance of an octave.

All Battle Songs are much alike, particularly when composed for a base voice, as is the case in the present instance; they roll and rumble about, and only give to a singer what should be allotted to Signor Dragonetti, for they generally consist of nothing more than the base of the air, the words being set to that base instead of being adapted to the air. Mr. Nightingale has struck out nothing new in this production; most of his passages are to be found in Handel, and elsewhere.

The Indian Lover's Song, by the same gentleman, has less pretension, but more merit. The words are judiciously set, and there are no *concelli* in it. That the commencement resembles Shield's beautiful song, "I travers'd Judah's barren sand," will occur to most people who know the latter; but we fully acquit Mr. N. of all consciousness of any similarity; the circumstance seems purely accidental.

No. 5, Mr. Herbert's song, is light and airy, and shews some talent for the composition of dramatic music. We offer it his consideration; whether if his symphony consisted of eight bars instead of ten, it would not be more regular and effective?

It is some time since we have seen an English song that has pleased us so much as No. 6, by Mr. Miles. The name is altogether unknown to us, but we hope often to meet with it, if he who bears it can draw upon his imagination for other things equally sterling. The words too are full of passion and poetry, and remind us of the amatory writers of the Elizabethan age. We insert two of the four stanzas, in order to offer one remark on the manner in which the composer has set a line or two.

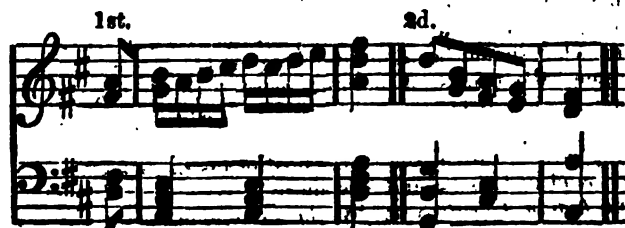
I'll gaze on thee no more ;—
My fancy's fitful sight
May change, and thou appear
Less beautiful and bright :
But that last look—oh ! that shall be
The day-dream of my memory.

I will not bid thy voice
Repeat the parting word ;
It may have less of love
Than that I now have heard,
Whose silver sound shall henceforth be
The day-dream of my memory.

It is clear that the author intended no pause after the second line in the first stanza, nor after the third line in the second stanza ; therefore the rest in the one case is quite objectionable, and the long note in the other is nearly as erroneous. We call Mr. Miles's attention to these points, because he appears anxious and generally able to infuse more sense into his music than is very common. His song otherwise charmingly expresses the sentiment, and ought to be possessed by all singers who wish to encourage the union of sense and sound.

Numbers 7 and 8 are not at all equal to the foregoing by the same composer.

No. 9, is really a curiosity. That amateur composers should commit errors is not at all wonderful ; but that a professor,—for we believe Mr. Howship to be one,—should publish such an arrangement, does indeed surprise us, though we are not easily astonished by the absence of musical knowledge, in what are now called musical compositions. To amuse our readers, and not with any hope of improving the adaptor, we extract four passages ; but have to request that we may not hear anything about "errors of the engraver," for there is scarcely a bar in the song that does not shew an example equally gross.



4th.



1. A SELECTION, &c., from the operas of Rossini, &c., arranged for the FLUTE and PIANO-FORTE, by Antonio Diabelli, of Vienna, No. 5. (Wessel and Stodart,) No. 1, Soho Square.
2. FLOBA, Recueil des pièces les plus favorites pour la FLUTE SEULE, composées et arrangées par divers auteurs célèbres. (Wessel and Stodart,) 1, Soho Square.
3. A NEW FANTASIA for the FLUTE, with an accompaniment for the PIANO-FORTE, by Tolou. (Cocks and Co., Princes Street, Hanover Square.)
4. A Selection of original Scotch Airs set for the FLUTE, by Charles Saust. (Cocks and Co.)
5. Admired AIRS from DER FREISCHÜTZ, set for the FLUTE, by Charles Saust. (Cocks and Co.)
6. The Blue Bells, with Variations for the FLUTE, with an Accompaniment for the PIANO-FORTE, by Samuel Hodgson. (T. Williams, 2, Strand.)

THE first of these is a continuation of a work before noticed by us, to which we then put, erroneously, the firm of Cocks and Co., instead of Wessel and Stodart, as publishers. The present number is Carafa's bolero, "Ogni più tenero," an elegant and easy air, so arranged, that any two very moderate performers on the respective instruments may undertake it.

No. 2 is Mozart's duet, "La ci darem," with variations by Mercadante, and the *finale*, or *stretto*, of the overture to the Freischütz, i. e. the last few bars that are played more rapidly than the rest. These are only calculated for superior players, as to execution. The present number is three pages, and offers some excellent matter for practice.

No. 3, Tolou's fantasia, has a good deal of originality, taste, and expression. Like most of his music that we have seen, it is only for proficients. But compositions for this instrument can never be very long. Fortunately the lungs will not bear fatigue so well as the fingers or elbow, or we might have pieces for the flute as tedious as for the piano-forte and violin.

No. 4 contains some of the best known Scotch airs ; and No. 5 is a collection of the pieces from the Freischütz which have been published in the HARMONICON. Both of these books are adapted to a very large class of performers, being arranged with a view to facility.

"The Blue Bells of Scotland," No. 6 of these publications, is a clever thing of the kind. The air is well varied, but only adapted to those who are become masters on the instrument. The accompaniment for the piano-forte is quite simple, and very judicious.

WORCESTER MUSIC-MEETING.

The Triennial Meeting of the three choirs of Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester, took place at the first of these cities on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday,—the 15th, 16th, and 17th of September. The principal performers were, Madame Ronzi De Begnis, Mrs. Salmon, Miss Stephens, Miss Travis; Messrs. Braham, Vadgham, W. Knyvett, Bellamy, and Signor De Begnis. Mr. F. Cramer led the band; Mr. Metlow, organist of Gloucester, was at the organ; and Mr. Charles Clarke, organist of the Cathedral, conducted the whole.

FIRST DAY.

MORNING, AT THE CATHEDRAL.

Overture. (*Saul*) *Handel.*
 Grand Dettingen Te Deum. }
 Anthem. Blessed is He. } *Dr. Boyce.*
 Duet. Here shall soft Charity repair. }
 Coronation Anthem. The King shall rejoice. *W. Knyvett.*

EVENING, AT THE COLLEGE HALL.

ACT I.
 Overture. (*Egmont*) *Beethoven.*
 Scotch Air. Miss Travis. (*Donald*) *Bishop.*
 Song. Mr. Braham—Battle of the Angels. *Rossini.*
 Cavatina. Madame Ronzi De Begnis—Di Piacere
 Trio. Miss Stephens, Mr. Vaughan, and Mr. Bellamy—There is a Bloom. *W. Knyvett.*
 Aria. Signor De Begnis—Amor perche mi pizzichi.
 Concerto Violoncello. Mr. Lindley. *Rossini.*
 Aria. Mrs. Salmon—Oh Patria. (*Tancredi*) *Rossini.*
 Glee. Messrs. Knyvett, Vaughan, and Bellamy—
 Peace to the Souls of the Heroes.
 Song. Miss Stephens—Bid me discourse.
 Quintetto. Madame Ronzi De Begnis, Miss Travis,
 Mr. Vaughan, Mr. Bellamy, and Signor De Begnis
 —Oh guardate. (*Il Turco in Italia*) *Rossini.*
 ACT II.
 Overture. (*Il Flauto Magico*) *Mozart.*
 Duet. Mrs. Salmon and Mr. Braham—Now hope,
 now fear. *Braham.*
 Song. Mr. Bellamy—The Tempest. *Horsley.*
 Duetto. Madame Ronzi De Begnis and Signor De
 Begnis—Nella casa. (*Pietro di Paragone*) *Generali.*
 Venetian Air. Mrs. Salmon—La Biondina, with Va-
 riations, by *Bochea.*
 Glee. Miss Stephens, Messrs. Knyvett, Vaughan,
 and Bellamy—'Tis the last Rose of Summer, an
 Irish Ballad, harmonized by *Sir J. Stevenson.*
 Song. Mr. Braham—Kelvin Grove. *Mozart.*
 Aria. Madame Ronzi De }
 Begnis—Batti, batti. } (*Il Don Giovanni*) *Mozart.*
 Finaie Instrumental. *Haydn.*

SECOND DAY.

MORNING, AT THE CATHEDRAL.
THE MESSIAH.

IN THE EVENING.

A MISCELLANEOUS CONCERT.

THIRD DAY.

MORNING, AT THE CATHEDRAL.

Selection from *Judas Maccabaeus*. *Jemelli.*
 Do. a Mass. *Mozart.*
 Do. do. *Guglielmi.*
 Gratias agimus tibi. *Handel.*
 The Lord shall Reign. *Haydn.*
 Selections from *The Creation*. *Handel.*
 Do. *Samson.*
 Luther's Hymn.

IN THE EVENING.

A MISCELLANEOUS CONCERT.

Upon a review of the whole performances, we think ourselves justified in saying that at no former Meeting have so many of the finest pieces of music been performed so much to the satisfaction of all the persons assembled to hear them, and to support the object of this union of the three counties.

The Stewards of the Meeting were Sir Thomas Phillips, bart.; J. H. H. Foley, Esq. M.P.; J. Somerset Russell, Esq.; Hon. and Rev. Edward Rice, D.D.; Rev. John Lynea; Rev. Wm. Vernon. To these gentlemen the Musical World and the Charity are deeply indebted; to their liberality must be ascribed that perfect orchestra and those other expensive preparations which gave such additional attraction to this Meeting. Of Mr. Charles Clarke, the Conductor, we might say much; but we are well aware that the satisfaction which the musical arrangements gave to the most competent judges, is his best reward.

The following account shows the receipts for tickets, and the number of persons who attended each day:—

Wednesday.			
TICKETS.	£.	s.	d.
Cathedral	976	156	17 6
College Hall	551	375	10 0
Ball	112	89	4 0
			471 11 6
Thursday.			
Cathedral	1039	358	10 0
College Hall	697	318	10 0
Ball	306	136	12 0
			1,114 12 0
Friday.			
Cathedral	1161	748	10 0
College Hall	1015	507	10 0
Ball	341	119	7 0
			1,275 7 0
			2,957 10 6

The above receipts exceed by nearly £700 those of 1821. The weather was extremely favourable during the Meeting.

THE DRAMA.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

THE ALCAID has been entirely withdrawn; and, as no musical, or indeed any other piece has been substituted for it, we have nothing to report from this theatre.

THEATRE ROYAL, ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

Miss Stephens and Mr. Braham have been succeeded in *Der Freischütz* by Miss Paton and Mr. Pearman. The latter have given great satisfaction in the characters of *Agnes* and *Rodolph*, and the opera has continued to be performed with the same applause, and to houses as full as before. A new "Musical Farce," under the title of *The Bashful Man*, was produced on Saturday, September 17th, with the most decided success. It is virtually made up of one character, represented by Mr. Matthews, and the two or three musical pieces introduced, are only for the purpose of enabling the manager to perform the Farce at his theatre, where, in defiance of common sense, operas only are allowed to be heard. This *petite-piece* is by Mr. Monciffe, and taken from a paper in *Camden's Observer*. It is as irresistibly comic as extravagantly broad.

The *Freischütz* is performing at all the Minor Theatres, and in a most absurd, wretched manner at most of them. It is getting up at Covent Garden and we hope that Mr. Kemble will be careful as to any omissions or changes he may be induced to make in it. Nearly all the splendid music in the last part of the Third act,—lost out at the English Opera House,—might be preserved, and yet the drama and without the death of *Agnes*.



Vincent Sc

D^r W^m BOYCE.

London: Printed by S. K. 1757.

THE HARMONICON.

No. XXIII., NOVEMBER, 1824.

MEMOIR OF WILLIAM BOYCE, DOCTOR IN MUSIC.

THIS eminent English musician was born in 1710, in the city of London, at Joyner's Hall, of which his father, a cabinet-maker, was housekeeper. He was educated at St. Paul's school, and began his musical career as a chorister in the metropolitan cathedral, under Charles King, Mus. Bac., then master of the children and Almoner of St. Paul's.

When his voice changed, and he in consequence retired from the choir, he was received as an apprentice by Dr. Greene, then organist of St. Paul's. The master and scholar were worthy of each other, and lived in the utmost cordiality and friendship; the master loving the pupil, and the pupil honouring the master, each to the end of his life.

At the expiration of his articles he became organist of Oxford Chapel, in Vere Street, and commenced his profession as a teacher of music. Anxious to extend the theoretical knowledge which he had acquired under Dr. Greene, he became a constant attendant at the scientific lectures of the learned Dr. Pepusch, studying with deep attention the philosophical principles of music, and at the same time, becoming intimately acquainted with the works of the early Flemish and Italian composers, as well as those of our own country.

In 1736 he relinquished his situation at Oxford Chapel, on being chosen organist of St. Michael, Cornhill, a place vacated by Kelway, who was chosen to fill a similar situation at St. Martin's in the Fields,*—and upon the decease of John Weldon† in the same year, he was appointed one of the composers to his Majesty's Chapels Royal. At this period he set "David's lamen-

tations over Saul and Jonathan," which was performed at the Apollo Society. In 1740, upon the erection of an organ in the church of the united parishes of Allhallows the Great and the Less, in one of which he was born, he was so earnestly entreated by the parishioners to become their organist, that he yielded to their solicitations, notwithstanding his other various engagements.

About the year 1743 he gave to the world his *Serenata of Solomon*, which was not only long and justly admired, as a masterly and elegant composition, but such parts of it as are yet performed, still afford delight to the lovers of pure music. The air, "Softly blow, O southern breeze," and the duet, "Together let us range the fields," both in this serenata, are well known to all who have the least pretention to be considered as amateurs; the duet particularly. His next publication was, "*Twelve Sonatas, or Trios for two violins and a bass*,"—"which were longer, and more generally purchased, performed, and admired," says Dr. Burney, "than any productions of the kind in this kingdom, except those of Corelli." "They were not only in constant use," the same author continues, "as chamber music, in private concerts,—for which they were originally designed—but in our theatres as act-tunes, and at the public gardens as favourite pieces, many years."

In the year 1749, at the installation of the Duke of Newcastle as Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, Boyce set to music an ode, written for the occasion by Mason, the poet, which was publicly performed; and likewise produced an anthem, suited to the ceremony, which was sung at St. Mary's church on Commencement Sunday. As an acknowledgment of the merit of these compositions, the University conferred upon him, unsolicited, the degree of Doctor in his faculty.

In the same year he set *The Chaplet*, a musical drama written by Moses Mendez, a rich Jew stock-broker, for Drury Lane Theatre, which was most favourably received, and had a long run, continuing for many years in use as a stock piece. Not long after the performance of this opera, his friend Mr. Beard brought on the same stage Dryden's *Secular Ode*, set by Dr. Boyce, who originally composed it for Hickford's Room, or the Castle Concert. This piece, though less successful than the former, was, through the zealous exertions of Mr. Beard, many times performed before it was wholly laid aside.

* "George I. having been chosen church-warden of his own parish of St. Martin's in the Fields, soon after his arrival in England, in order to get rid of the trouble of so inglorious an office, made the parish a present of the instrument which is now standing in the church, built by Schwaibroock; and the parish, probably as a mark of duty and respect, appointed Weldon, his Majesty's own organist to play upon it; who, at his decease, was succeeded by the late Mr. Kelway, and Mr. Kelway by Dr. Cooke."—*Burney's History*, v. III. 612. Dr. Cooke was succeeded by his son Robert, at whose death Mr. Walmisley, the present organist, was appointed to the situation.

† The composer of some very fine anthems for the Royal Chapel, two of which are published in *Boyce's Cathedral Music*. He is more generally known as the author of an air in *The Judgment of Paris*, "Let ambition fire thy mind," an evergreen transplanted into *Love in a Village*, where it appears as "Hope, thou nurse of fond desire."

These productions, together with many single songs for Vauxhall and Ranelagh,—some of which were collected under the title of *Lyra Britannica*, and others appeared in *The British Orpheus, The Vocal Musical Mask*, &c.,—spread the name of Dr. Boyce throughout the kingdom, as a dramatic and general composer, while his labours for the King's Chapel, for the Feast of the Sons of the Clergy, and for the triennial meetings of the three choirs of Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester,—at the performances in all which places he constantly presided till his death,—established his reputation as an able master of harmony, on an imperishable foundation.

On the death of Dr. Greene, in 1755, Dr. Boyce was nominated to the office of Master of his Majesty's band of Musicians by the Duke of Grafton, then Lord Chamberlain of the household, but was not sworn in till 1757, when the Duke of Bedford held that station; though he performed the functions of the office from the time of his nomination. In 1758 he was appointed one of the organists of the Chapels Royal, in the room of John Travers, then lately deceased, when he resigned his two places in the city.

As he advanced in years he became afflicted with the gout, which increasing in the frequency and violence of its attacks, interrupted his pursuits, and at length put a period to his life on the 7th of February, 1779. He was interred in St. Paul's Cathedral, and his obsequies were performed with every mark of affection and respect, many people of rank and distinction attending, together with almost every musician in London, at all known for talent, or esteemed for character. We have already mentioned Dr. Boyce's secular compositions, and have now to notice those which he produced for the church. These consist of *Fifteen Anthems, together with a Te Deum and Jubilate in score*, &c., published by his widow, in 1780;—a *Collection of Anthems*, (twelve in number) and a *short Service in Score*, published by Lavenue, about the year 1803, or 4, this music dealer having purchased the copy-right of Dr. Boyce's only son*;—*Anthem*, "Lord! thou hast been our refuge," and a second *Anthem*, "Blessed is he that considereth the poor and needy;" both in full score, and also bought of Mr. Boyce, by Mr. Ashley, the senior, for whom they were published by Bland and Weller, in 1802. To these are to be added, the fine duet, *Here shall soft Charity repair*, which came, by purchase, into the same hands, and was printed, in score, shortly after the two grand anthems; and a *Te Deum and Jubilate* with six anthems, published in Dr. Arnold's cathedral music.

The first set of anthems contains some of the finest compositions that the English Cathedral can boast. Amongst these are, "By the waters of Babylon," and "If we believe that Jesus died," either of which is enough to stamp its author as a man of genius. This collection was edited by Dr. Philip Hayes.

The second set is certainly not equal to the first, the best of Dr. Boyce's anthems having previously been chosen for insertion in the collection of 1780. But in the set later published is one, "O, where shall wisdom

be found?" of such extraordinary merit, that we cannot help expressing some surprise that it should have been rejected by Dr. Hayes.

The anthem, "Lord! thou hast been our refuge," composed in 1755 for the Feast of the Sons of the Clergy, and still annually performed in St. Paul's on the same occasion, is alone sufficient to transmit the name of Boyce to the latest posterity. Whether we look at the grandeur of the general design, the expression of the words, the beauty and fitness of the melodies, or the ingenuity and deep science which every page of it exhibits, we are equally bound to admire it, as one of the finest works that the art has ever produced*. The second anthem, "Blessed is he," composed for the same purpose as the first, is a very masterly production; though it will not bear a comparison with the elder offspring of the author's mind.

The duet, "Here shall soft charity repair," is as popular now as ever; perhaps more so, for music is better understood at present than formerly. The miscellaneous songs are become rare, and exist only in the libraries of a few collectors. Some of them are remarkable for pathos and beauty, and their revival would gratify all who are not governed by fashion or by prejudice.

This memoir would be incomplete were we not to mention, in terms of unqualified praise, the splendid work, in three volumes folio, published in 1780 by Dr. Boyce, under the title of "CATHEDRAL MUSIC, being a COLLECTION in SCORE of the most Valuable and Useful Compositions for that Service, by the several ENGLISH MASTERS of the last Two Hundred Years." This work is in every way an honour to the country; while it is no less a proof of the laborious research and acute discrimination of the editor, than of his enterprising and liberal spirit, for it was brought out at an enormous risk, and without a chance of any commensurate profit. That Dr. Boyce anticipated from it nothing in the shape of gain, appears from the concluding words of his preface:—

"—and if there should arise to me any further benefit, than the reputation of perpetuating these valuable remains of my ingenious countrymen, it will be more than I expect."

The history of this work, which ought to be termed a national one, may be related in a few words.

Many inaccuracies having crept into the books of the various choirs, Dr. Alcock of Ely issued proposals, about the year 1735, for printing some of the services and anthems of the English reformed church, in order to correct the errors then existing in them, and to preserve them from future injuries. Hereupon Dr. Greene, being at that time the most influential man in his profession, holding many lucrative appointments, and finding himself in a state of affluence by the death of his brother, a serjeant-at-law, from whom he inherited a clear estate of seven hundred pounds a year, publicly announced his intention of presenting to each of the cathedrals one correct copy in score, at his own expense, of the best ecclesiastical works of the most celebrated English composers. In consequence whereof, Dr. Alcock abandoned his design, and generously gave all the

* Mr. William Boyce, who was educated at Oxford, and intended for the church; but, on account of some little irregularities, was obliged to quit that University before he obtained his degree. He then became a performer on the double-bass at the opera, oratorios, principal concerts, and music-meetings. But a few years before his death, which took place recently, a considerable property fell into his possession, which enabled him to live in an easy retirement.

* See Harmonicon for last July, page 140, where an error appears respecting the time at which Mr. Ashley published these anthems; instead of thirty-two, we ought to have stated the period at twenty-five years ago.

† For one of these, see No. XX. of the HARMONICON.

materials he had amassed, to his rival. Dr. Greene soon made a considerable progress in the work; but, about the year 1755, finding his health in a declining state, he transferred it to his pupil and friend, who completed it in a manner worthy of his master and himself, and sent into the world a collection that proves the ancient English musicians to have been at least equal to their foreign contemporaries.

SOME ADDITIONAL PARTICULARS IN THE LIFE OF JOMELLI.

To the Editor of the HARMONICON.

Sir,

A perusal of the very interesting memoir of Jomelli, which appeared in the 20th No. of your valuable journal, has reminded me of certain particulars relative to the works of this great composer, which, as they are not generally known, may perhaps interest the amateur.

No Italian composer left more master-pieces in all the various styles, than Jomelli, and yet there is no musician of whose works fewer have been printed; our regret for this becomes more poignant when we look at the multitude of second-rate compositions daily engraved in defiance of good taste. Various causes have conspired to deprive the musical world of treasures so valuable to the art; one among others is the following: When Jomelli quitted Germany on his return to Italy, he left all his manuscripts at Louisberg, under a supposition that he should resume his station at that place. But as he never returned thither to claim them, they fell into the hands of the Duke of Wurtemberg, who preserved them as precious relics of so great a master.

In 1788, a subscription was opened at Stuttgart for the purpose of printing all the best compositions of Jomelli; but unfortunately this undertaking was not carried into effect. The works selected for the purpose consisted of fifteen serious operas, three of the buffa kind, five pastorals, and a selection of church music.

After his return into Italy, he composed several operas for the King of Portugal, who had invited him to Lisbon, but which invitation he did not accept; he, however, furnished this prince every year with a number of new productions, among which were some masses, and doubtless these treasures yet remain in the royal depositories of that country.

It was in church music, above all, that his genius was most fertile and original. Five and twenty of his sacred works are preserved in the Vatican, which were composed and executed between the years 1750 and 1758; besides those which he continued to compose up to the epoch of his death, in 1774.

The following circumstance is omitted in the memoir. In the year 1751, it having been determined at Rome, that the music for Passion Week should be as excellent as possible, Durante, Jomelli, and Perez, were employed to set the lessons of the Lamentations of Jeremiah, for the three most solemn days of that holy season. Jomelli's composition was performed on Wednesday, that of Perez on Thursday, and Durante's on Good Friday. These productions were all admirable; and as the composers were men of great abilities, who equally exerted themselves on the occasion, it is difficult to determine which is the best. The productions of Jomelli and Perez are in an elegant and expressive oratorio style; that of

Durante has more of the ancient character of sacred music, is more learned in modulation, abounds more in fugue, and is more elaborate in the texture of the parts. Dr. Burney informs us that he procured copies of these three *chefs d'œuvre* at Rome. It would be interesting to know where they are at present preserved; perhaps some of your numerous readers could oblige me with information on this head.

Not only did Jomelli set to music all the operas of his friend Metastasio, but also the eight oratorios of this grand poet, among which the most distinguished are *La Passione* and *Isacco*; it is in the latter opera that we find the sublime air: *Chi per pietà mi dica, il mio figlio che fa?*

To this list, we must also add a multitude of masses, psalms, and motets, which all announce the consummate master of his art. In this department, Jomelli may perhaps, be properly designated the *Italian Mozart*; as, in a dramatic point of view, he has been surnamed the *Gluck of Italy*.

On Christmas-day last, the writer of this had the pleasure of hearing a solemn mass of Jomelli's executed with considerable effect at the chapel of the Spanish Embassy in London: connoisseurs remarked that its style had a great affinity to that of Mozart, particularly in the *Kyrie Eleison*, and the *Agnus Dei*, both of which were a grand *chœur*.

Among the works of Jomelli that have been engraved, the principal are:

- 1st. *La Passione*, Oratorio*.
- 2nd. *L'Ouverture* with the Chaconne†.
- 3rd. The Solemn Mass of which we have spoken‡.
- 4th. The *Missa pro Defunctis*, and the *Miserere* for five voices, are to be found in the *Collection des Classiques* of M. Choron.

It would be desirable for the interests of the art that others of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of this great master should be engraved and published here, which might be the means of their being performed in the oratorios or concerts; and among other pieces the celebrated *Se cerca, se dice*, which M. Paer assured me he considered by far the best of all the subjects composed to the air of the *Olimpiade* beginning with these words.

I have the honour to be, &c., &c.

FAYOLLE.

ON THE MUSIC OF THE ASHANTEES AND FANTEES.

[Extracted from BOWDICH's *Mission to Ashantee* &c.]

THE wild music of these people, the Fantees, is scarcely to be brought within the regular rules of harmony, yet their airs have a sweetness and animation beyond any barbarous compositions I ever heard. Few of their instruments possess much power, but the combination of several, frequently produces a surprising effect. The flute is made of a long hollow reed, and has not more than three holes: the tone is low at all times, and when they play in concert they graduate them with such nicety,

* Published by Preston. † Published by all the music-sellers.

‡ Published by Boosey.

§ "Mission from Cape Coast Castle to Ashantee, with a Statistical Account of that kingdom, and Geographical Notices of other parts of the Interior of Africa. By T. Edward Bowdich, Esq., Conductor." London: Murray, Albemarle Street. 1819.

as to produce the common chords. Several instances of thirds occur, especially in the annexed air, played as a funeral dirge; nor is this extraordinary, considering it is the most natural interval; the addition of fifths, at the same time is rare. The natives declare they can converse by means of their flutes, and an old resident at Accra has assured me he has heard these dialogues, and that every sentence was explained to him.

A FANTEE DIRGE.

Flutes.



This dirge is certainly in the key of C major; and in venturing the intervening and concluding bass chord, I merely attempt to describe the castanets, gong-gongs, drums, &c., bursting in after the soft and mellow tones of the flutes; as if the ear was not to retain a vibration of the sweeter melody.

On the Sanko, (see specimen in the British Museum,) they display the variety of their musical talents, and the Ashantees are allowed to surpass all others. It consists of a narrow box, the open top of which is covered with alligator or antelope skin; a bridge is raised on this, over which eight strings are conducted to the end of a long stick, fastened to the fore part of the box, and thickly notched, and they raise or depress the strings into these notches as occasion requires. The upper string assimilates with the tenor C of the piano, and the lower with the octave above: sometimes they are tuned in Diatonic succession, but too frequently the intermediate strings are drawn up at random producing flats and sharps in every chromatic variety, though they are not skilful enough to take advantage of it. I frequently urged this by trying to convince them they were not playing the same tune I had heard the day before, but the answer was invariably, "I pull the same string, it must be the same tune." The strings are made from the runners of a tree called Enta, abounding in the forests. All airs on this instrument are played very quick, and it is barely possible to make even an experienced player lessen the time, which quick as it is, is kept in a surprising manner, especially as every tune is loaded with ornament. They have a method of stopping the strings with the finger, so as to produce a very soft and pleasing effect, like the Meyer touch of the harp.

The horns form their loudest sounds, and are made of elephants' tusks, they are generally very large, and, being graduated like the flutes, their flourishes have a martial and grand effect. It has been mentioned in the military

customs of the Ashantees, that peculiar sentences are immediately recognised by the soldiers and people, on the distant flourishes of the horns of the various chiefs: the words of some of these sentences are almost expressible by the notes of the horns; the following, uttered by the horns of a captain named Gettoä, occurs to me as an instance

O Sai tinfatoo, ma yüäpā pa pa.

O Sai great king! I laud thee every where, (or exceedingly.)

The Bentwa is a stick, bent in the form of a bow, and across it is fastened a very thin piece of split cane, which is held between the lips at one end, and struck with a small stick; whilst at the other it is occasionally stopped, or rather buffed, by a thick one; on this they play only lively airs, and it owes its various sounds to the lips.

The Mosees, Mallowas, Bournous, and natives from the more remote parts of the interior, play on a rude violin: the body is a calabash, the top is covered with deer-skin, and two large holes are cut in it for the sound to escape; the strings, or rather string, is composed of cows'-hair, and broad like that of the bow with which they play, which resembles the bow of a violin. Their grimace equals that of an Italian Buffo; they generally accompany themselves with the voice, and increase the humour by a strong nasal sound.

The Oompoochwa is a box, one end of which is left open, two flat bridges are fastened across the top, and five pieces of thin carved stick, scraped very smooth, are attached to them, and (their ends being raised,) are struck with some force by the thumb. I can compare it to nothing but the Staccado nearly deprived of its tone.

The Ashantees have an instrument like a bag-pipe, but the drone is scarcely to be heard.

The rest of the instruments can hardly be called musical, and consist of drums, castanets, gong-gongs, flat sticks, rattles, and even old brass pans.

The drums are hollowed trunks of trees, frequently carved with much nicety, mostly opened at one end, and of many sizes: those with heads of common skin (that is of any other than leopard skin) are beaten with sticks in the form of a crotchet rest; the largest are borne on the head of a man, and struck by one or more followers; the smaller are slung round the neck, or stand on the ground; in the latter case they are mostly played with the inside of the fingers, at which the natives are very expert: amongst these drums are some with heads of leopard skin, (looking like vellum,) only sounded by two fingers, which are scraped along, as the middle finger is on the tamborine, but producing a much louder noise. The gong-gongs are made of hollow pieces of iron, and struck with the same metal. The castanets are also of iron. The rattles are hollow gourds, the stalks being left as handles, and contain shells or pebbles, and are frequently covered with a net work of beads; the grimaes with which these are played make them much more entertaining to sight than hearing.

I was fortunate enough to find a rare instance of a native able to play the radical notes of each tune; he is the best player in the country, and I was enabled to collect the airs now offered: with some of the oldest date I have also selected a few of the latest compositions. Their graces are so numerous, some extempore, some transmitted from father to son, that the constant repetition only can distinguish the commencement of the

air: sometimes between each beginning they introduce a few chords, sometimes they leave out a bar, sometimes they only return to the middle, so entirely is it left to the fancy of the performer. The observation made on the time of the Sanko may be extended to almost every other instrument, but it is always perfect, and the children will move their heads and limbs, whilst on their mother's backs, in exact unison with the tune which is playing: the contrasts of piano and forte are very well managed.

The singing is almost all recitative, and this is the only part of music in which the women partake; they join in the chorusses, and at the funeral of a female, sing the dirge itself: but the frenzy of the moment renders it such a mixture of yells and screeches, that it bids defiance to all notation. The songs of the canoe men are peculiar to themselves, and very much resemble the chants used in cathedrals, but as they are all made for the moment, I have not been able to retain any of them.

To have attempted anything like arrangement, beyond what the annexed airs naturally possess, would have altered them, and destroyed the intention of making them known in their original character. - I have not even dared to insert a flat or a sharp.

No. 1, is the oldest air in the whole collection, and common both to Ashantees and Warsaws; I could trace it through four generations, but the answer made to my inquiries will give the best idea of its antiquity; "it was made when the country was made." The key appears to be E minor.

No. 1. THE OLDEST ASHANTEE AND WARSAW AIR.

For the Sanko.



The old and simple air No. 2, is almost spoiled from the quick method of playing it, but when slow, it has a melancholy rarely found in African music, and it is one of the very few in which the words are adapted to the

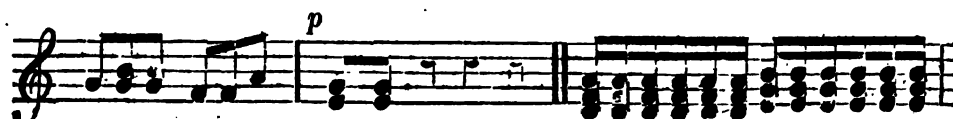
tune. I think it is decidedly in the key of C major. The noun *Aganka*, an orphan, is from the verb *agan* to leave. *Oboibee* is a bird that sings only at night, for which I have no other name than the Ashantee.

No. 2. A VERY OLD ASHANTEE AIR.

For the Sanko, &c.



Aganka oshoom noofa Oboibee oshoom noofa Aganka oshoom noofa wekirree wekirree oimiyow wekirree
Orphan cries at night - - - cries at night; Orphan cries at night, sad thing, sad thing, I'm sorry, sad thing,



wekirree wekirree oimiyow.
sad thing, sad thing, I'm sorry.

(When the air is repeated, these chords are used as a prelude, and the 1st note of the 1st bar doubled.)

screw it upon the Octave Barrel in the row of the notes E, and when the cylinder is set in motion for the purpose of producing the variations, this pin will seize the projections at the greater valve 4 (Fig. II.), of the first reservoir 10, and thereby open the valve. Through the opening of this valve, the reservoir 10 will be filled with wind, and remain so as long as the time of the crotchet E will allow it.

The Variation Cylinder, which is continually opening first one and then another of the pipes standing in rows of four, will, (supposing its own velocity to be such that in the time of a crotchet, or, to speak more plainly, while the pin upon the Octave Barrel is opening the greater valve 4, the Variation Cylinder is acting with two rows of pins upon the smaller valves of the pipes which stand in rows of four,) during the time that the pin E of the Octave Barrel opens the greater valve No. 4, cause three pipes to sound; first, the two outside ones, 13 and 14, by means of the pins 16 and 17, (which stand on one and the same line) and afterwards No. 15, through the pin of the second line, No. 18.

Now, suppose the four pipes in question were to form the chord E, G \sharp , B, E, by means of Nos. 13, 15, 14, then in this example, the consonant chord would be thus changed and formed into a variation, so that the co-existing tones would be changed into successive ones, and E, G \sharp , B, E, would be heard no longer as a harmony, but as a melody.

But in order that no discords may arise, the pipes which stand in fours must be changed according to the nature of the given subject; hence the pipes, as is the case in other pieces of musical mechanism, must be taken out. Suppose the favourite subject "God preserve the Emperor Francis," is to be modulated into G major; then such pipes must be taken, as at the note G give the chord of G major, at the note A, the chord of D major, and at the note B, the chord of G major.

In this manner, the machine will be so arranged as to enable the subject, even when it modulates into two or three keys, to be varied, supposing the machine to consist of several octaves. For example, if the subject contains an E, and a second E in another key, two chords are to be taken; and then one E of the one key, at the one octave, is provided with the chord determined for it, and to the E of the other key, in the other octave, another chord is given, adapted to the second octave.

The adaptation of the machine to the pipes, so as to render it capable of forming a chord with each fundamental tone, belongs to the setting, or laying on of the subject, according to the usual mechanical rules.

When a given theme is fixed upon, it is first pointed with the pins screwed into the Octave Barrel (Fig. I.) and then each note so pointed is provided with its proper chord: it is self-evident that if, for instance, in the row of the letter E, in the first octave, several notes happen to stand, these together contain only the chord of the pipes which stand below at No. 10, at the reservoir No. 10; but if in the subject a second E occurs, but in another key, this second E is pointed in the second octave, and then this E can obtain a second chord proper for it.

The providing the machine with chords fitted to the subject, will be attended with no difficulty, and require no length of time, but may be effected in a few minutes, if the machine be provided with a numbered register of chords, which can instantly be referred to, in order to

ascertain which chords are to be taken for either of the keys; and if the pipes arranged for this purpose, are all so lettered as to be immediately capable of being applied*.

The Variation Cylinder (Fig. III.) as has been remarked, turns at the same time with the Octave Barrel, and even quicker, in order that while one of the pins screwed into the Octave Barrel opens the greater valve of a wind-reservoir, the several smaller valves belonging to such reservoir may also be opened, and the pipes to which they appertain be thereby made to sound.

Hence it is evident that the fundamental notes of the subject will contain chords, appoggiaturas, &c. according to circumstances, after the pins have been distributed on the Variation Cylinder, *ad libitum*, or in an arbitrary order, and hence accident must produce some variation or another, which will be always more or less striking.

If the Variation Cylinder remained always in one state of velocity, the consequence would be that some particular variation could be produced only once; and, on the contrary, it might be possible that several variations would be frequently repeated: for example, were the first note of the subject to fall upon the same line of the variation cylinder when, for the first time, the first note of the subject is given, the variation cylinder would begin to act at line 20 upon the projections of the smaller valves...; of the pipes standing in rows of four; and, should it so happen that, after the conclusion of one variation, and at the beginning of a new one, the cylinder were again to find itself in such a position, then the former variation would occur a second time.

But, in order that these variations may extend *ad infinitum*, (and it is not to be said whether these varieties can ever be exhausted,) it is requisite that the velocity of the variation cylinder should be changed from time to time. This is to be effected by a piece of mechanism, which must enable the cylinder to turn sometimes quicker and sometimes slower; and this velocity can be changed at pleasure, as in a watch, by means of a pendulum. Such contrivances are already employed in those pieces of mechanism at present in use for the regulation of time.

Should it so happen that the first note of a subject were to commence at the same time as the pins in the Variation Cylinder began to act upon the lesser valves... of the pipes standing in rows of four, still the same variation would not be repeated; because as the velocity of the Variation Cylinder is greater or less than before, the consequence will be that the pins (16, 17, 18) will not act upon the same note, as in the first instance. If the velocity be less, 16 and 17 only will act on the first note, and 18 will not act at all; and as, in the mean time, the greater valve No. 4, is closed, the pipes connected with it are thereby prevented from sounding, even though the smaller valves be opened.

If, on the contrary, the velocity should be greater, and upon one crotchet three lines of the variation cylinder were to stand, then the variation, even if it were to

* Such a register of chords does not appear sufficient and satisfactory, for a tone may appear in various relations with respect to the harmony, particularly when the fundamental tone does not appear in the bass, but has to be sought for. It therefore appears that the individual whose business it is to arrange the subject on the cylinder, must either understand scientifically the principles of harmony, or must obtain from some one competent to the subject, written instructions relative to the true harmonies that may be engendered by the subject.

begin at the same time of the cylinder, would, from the greater velocity of its motion, be again varied, so that, at the same note, the pin 19 would act, and, during the first note of the subject, cause the great valve No. 4 to open at first, and in the same moment, the two pipes 13 and 14, then 18, and lastly the pipe 19, would sound, as previously only the pipes 13, 14, and 18, have sounded. From this arise a thousand combinations and accidental concurrences, *ad infinitum*. As, at each chord of pipes, one of the four standing together is always to give the fundamental tone of the subject, it follows that the variations will always allow the subject to be distinctly heard.

This machine may very properly be denominated a musical kaleidoscope; for, in its arrangement it bears a great resemblance to it. The chords of pipes may be compared to the pieces of coloured glass in the box of the kaleidoscope, and the Variation Cylinder performs the same part as the human hand, which, by intermingling the coloured glasses of different figures, produces the various combinations of colours.

We are led to hope that these ingenious conceptions will not be long in finding some mechanist of superior abilities to embody them, and show their practical utility. The noble disinterestedness which prompted Baron Giuliani to present his discovery to the public, in order to stimulate the ingenuity of artists, will doubtless not be lost upon men of superior talents in the profession.

We learn from very good authority that the instrument under this name now exhibiting at Paris has been purchased of M. Winkel the inventor, by two speculating merchants, for the sum of 50,000 francs. Doubtless this will be a sufficient inducement for others to improve upon the Baron's idea, and try its practicability. Some money laid out in an attempt of this kind, may not be ill bestowed.—*Audaces fortuna juvat*.

Nothing could be more interesting than the completion of such a machine, and its multiplication, so that individuals might be able to procure it, and, as in the kaleidoscope, be enabled to catch occasional combinations of great beauty and effect. Now will it also be without its benefit, at a time when such a host of composers has sprung out of the earth, like funguses after rain—in which list we must not forget to include those who have taken it into their heads that they are composers, such as

in spite
Of nature and their stars will write!

And is it not true that our musical catalogues are swelled by such without number? Do we not see multitudes striving to give some little éclat to their names by blotting innumerable quires of excellent paper? We figure to ourselves one of this unhappy race gnawing his pen for whole days together; flying at intervals to the piano, and strumming away to try whether a new idea will come into his head,—but finding this hopeless, he falls in desperation upon the works of others, like a bungling tailor who clips and patches till he spoils whatever comes into his hands. By thus cutting and botching works not his own, he contrives for a short time to get the reputation of being the original inventor. But henceforth his pains may be spared, and his annoying industry dispensed with. This ingenious piece of mechanism will fully answer all the ends of his daily and nightly labours, and with justice will it be entitled to

the name of *Componium*; for to him who puts it in motion it will really supply the place of one of these composers.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PLATE.

Fig. I. OCTAVE BARREL.

Fig. II. AA, WIND CHEST, BB, PIPES, extending the whole length of the Octave Barrel; C, Bellows.

Fig. III. VARIATION CYLINDER, with pins affixed to it, *ad libitum*. This turns quicker than the Octave Barrel, and its own motion is sometimes quicker and sometimes slower.

In the holes marked on the Octave Barrel, Fig. I. pins are screwed in and out. The cylinder itself is capable of containing several octaves, but two may be sufficient. The pipes which stand in rows of four, are to be changed according to the nature of the subject; the valves of these pipes are opened by means of the pins of the Variation Cylinder, Fig. III. The Wind Chest, Fig. II. is filled by means of the Bellows C. The pins upon the Variation Cylinder, Fig. III., are not to be changed. The pipes standing singly (Fig. II., 7, 8, 9, &c.) are intended for giving the simple subject; afterwards the Octave Barrel, Fig. I., shifts back to such a situation as to allow the pins of the Variation Cylinder, Fig. III., according as the subject requires it, to open the greater valves, Fig. II., Nos. 4, 5, 6, &c., in order that the pipes standing in rows of four, may be intoned, as soon as the smaller valves, marked ••••, are also opened by means of the Variation Cylinder, sometimes together and sometimes successively.

ON THE PRESENT STATE OF MUSIC IN GERMANY.

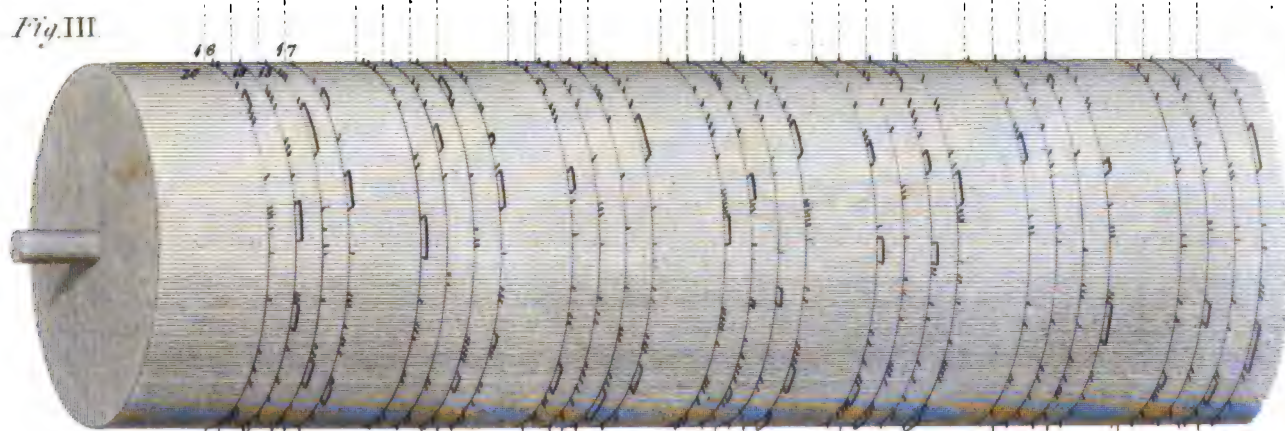
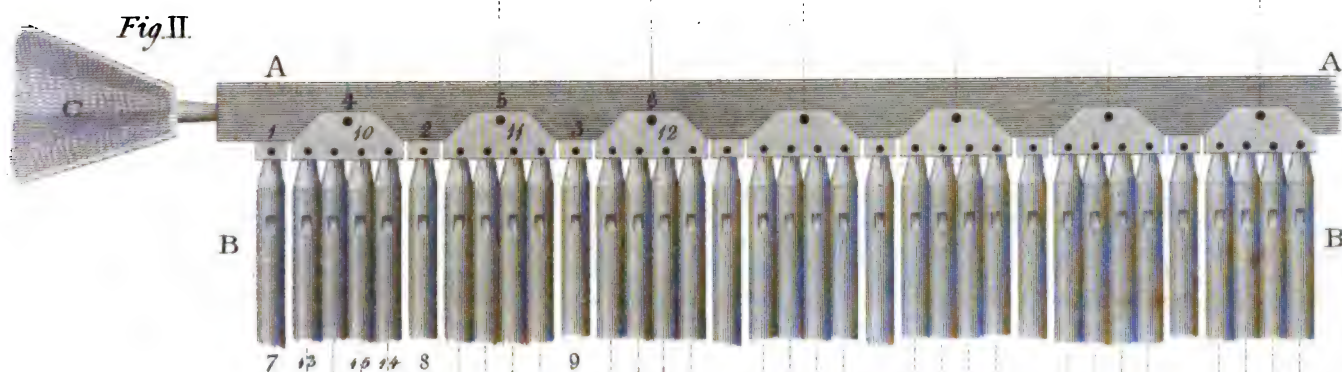
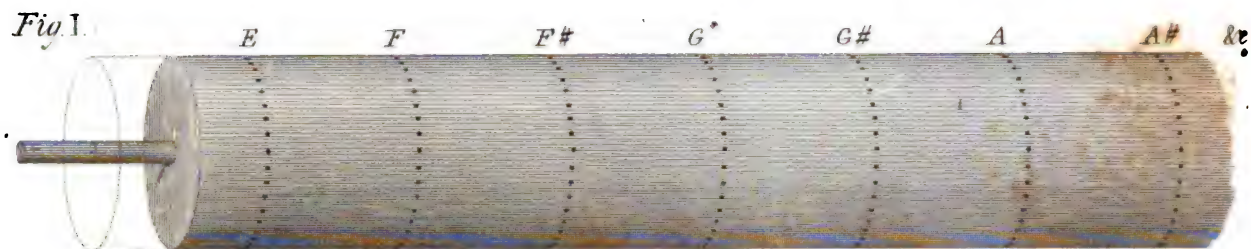
[Continued from p. 183.]

WE resume our extracts from these amusing volumes, with an interesting account of the ascent of the Schneekoppe, the abandoned habitation of the far-famed Number-Nip, Lord of the Giant Mountains.

***** "Traditions, but especially the exploits of the mischievous spirit, Number-Nip, (*Rübezahl*) who has disappeared from the Mountains of the Giant since a chapel was built on the Schneekoppe, though his pulpit and garden still remain, commonly while away the hours of night among the twenty or thirty wanderers who assemble at evening from different parts of the mountains, in the *Hempelsbaude*, to start, long before the sun, for the rest of the ascent. There are no conveniences for sleeping in the rude *chalet*, and even very few for eating and drinking; but company dispels fatigue, and those who have some forethought load their guides with the necessaries of life. On this occasion, a considerable part of the motly assemblage consisted of Burschen*; they were extremely sociable, and sung their songs all night long, nearly four thousand feet above the plain, with infinite glee. About two o'clock in the morning, the word was given to move, and twenty minutes easy ascent placed the whole party, not on the summit of the mountain, but on the top of the long ridge, four thousand four hundred feet in elevation, on which his steep and pyramidal summit rests as on a base. The most troublesome thing in the ascent is, the quantity of thickly tangled *kniehholz* or *krummholz*, knee-wood or crooked-wood, which covers the sides of the *Reisenbirge*, as it does so many of the Styrian mountains. It is a species

* University students.

THE COMPONIUM.



of fir; but, instead of growing upright, it creeps along the ground, in which most of its branches fix themselves, and vegetate like new roots. Some of them, however, grow upwards, but extremely stunted, seldom reaching the height of ten feet. It diminishes in quantity, as the elevation increases, and the long ridge of the chain wears, in general, no other covering than scattered fragments or decomposed portions of its own rock. Some of these fragments of granite are of great size; one of the *Dreisteine* is a solid mass, fifty feet high. The proper summit itself is equally bare, and much steeper than the lower part of the mountain. It rises, in a somewhat pyramidal form, between five and six hundred feet above its elevated base; the ascent is fatiguing, for the loose stones, over which you must mount, are perpetually giving way beneath your feet. The summit is not broad; the greater part of it is occupied by small round chapel, in which mass is performed thrice a year. As it is never open but on these occasions, it affords no shelter to the traveller amid the drizzling vapours, and passing snow-showers which so frequently visit the *Lehnockoppe*, even in the heat of summer; but it protected us against a bitter north-west wind, by receiving us under its leeward side, just as the first faint strokes of light were beginning to glimmer over the far-distant Carpathians. When, at length, the sun himself came forth, the German wanderers displayed an example of that enthusiastic feeling which distinguishes their countrymen. There happened to be an old clergyman in the company; the rising orb had no sooner burst upon us, illuminating first our mountain pinnacle, and then lighting up the Bohemian summits to the south, "like gems upon the brow of night," than he took off his hat, and saying, "My children, let us praise the God of nature," began to sing one of Luther's psalms. The others joined him with much devotion; even the Burschen behaved with greater gravity than might have been expected."

In his lively and spirited account of Vienna, the author thus describes the present state of the theatres appropriated to operatic dramas.

"The court theatre, called, from its situation, the theatre of the Carinthian Gate, is properly the opera-house. The representations given in it are exclusively operas and ballets. No where are the one or the other got up with greater splendour and expence than here, for it would be difficult to find in Europe a public so extravagantly fond of theatrical music and theatrical dancing as that of Vienna. The public taste runs much more in these two channels than in that of the regular drama. *Melpomene* and *Thalia* must not only yield the preference to their meretricious sisters, but are even plundered of their hard-earned gains to supply their extravagance. The expences of the opera and ballet are so enormous, that the income of the theatre, at least under the imperial direction, has always been deficient, and has swallowed up the gains made on the regular drama. This has at last induced the government to put them into private hands. A lease of the theatre was given to a Neapolitan in 1822. He immediately raised the prices, and made the Viennese sulky; he then produced an Italian company, with *Rossini* at its head, and their singing made the Viennese enthusiastically frantic.

* * * * *

"The Viennese take to themselves the reputation of being the most musical public in Europe; and this is the

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only part of their character about which they display much jealousy or anxiety. So long as it is granted that they can produce among their citizens a greater number of decent performers on the violin or piano than any other capital, they have no earthly objection to have it said that they can likewise produce a greater number of blockheads and debauchees. They are fond of music, and are good performers; but it is more a habit than a natural inclination. Of all the people of Germany, universal as the love of music is among them, the Bohemians appear to draw most directly from nature. Every Bohemian seems to be born a musician; he takes to an instrument as naturally as to walking or eating, and it gradually becomes as necessary to him as either. In summer and autumn, you cannot walk out in the evening, in any part of the country, without hearing concerts performed even by the peasantry with a precision which practice, no doubt, always can give, but likewise with a richness and justness of expression which practice alone cannot give. *Gyrowetz* and *Wranitzky*, the best known among the living native composers of the empire, and deservedly admired, above all, for their ballet music, are both Bohemians. All these honours the Viennese place upon their own head. A capital, in which amusement is the great object of every body's pursuit, is always the place where a musician, be he composer or performer, will gain most money. Every man of reputation seeks his fortune in Vienna, and its citizens, running over a list of great names, expect you should allow their city to be the soul of music, and music the soul of their city. They have had within their walls *Mozart*, and *Haydn*, and *Hummel*: they have still among them *Beethoven* and *Salieri*, *Gyrowetz* and *Gelinek*; but not one of these belongs to Austria. That a man was born and reared in Bohemia or Hungary, instead of Austria, does not merely mean that he belongs to a particular geographical division of the same empire. In turn of mind, in manners, in language, the Austrian is as different from the Bohemian or Hungarian, as from the Pole or Dalmatian. Vanity is by no means a general failing of the Austrians, any more than of the other German tribes; but when they attempt to disprove the Boetian character which the common country has fixed upon them, they not unfrequently just give new proofs how well it is deserved. I have seen a "Review of the Literature of Austria" in a respectable periodical of Vienna, in which the author, to support the honour of his country against the wits of the north, actually stuck into his nosegay of Austrian weeds, all that had blossomed, during the preceding twenty years, from the mouths of the *Po* to the foot of the *Simplon*.

It is not to be denied, however, that in the general diffusion of dilettanteism, and that, too, accompanied by a degree of practical proficiency which rises far above mediocrity, Vienna has no superior. Wherever cards, those sworn enemies of every thing like amusement or lightness of heart, those unsocial masks of insipidity and tedium, do not intrude upon their private parties or family circle, music is the never-failing resource. Concert playing is their great delight, as well as their great excellence, and hence that admirable accuracy of ear which is so observable in the Viennese. So soon as a boy has fingers fit for the task, he betakes himself to an instrument; and this, alas! is frequently the only part of his education that is followed out with much perseverance or success. From the moment he is in any degree master of his instrument, he plays in concert. A family of sons

2 G

and daughters, who cannot get up a very respectable concert, on a moment's notice, are cumberers of the ground on the banks of the Danube. This practice necessarily gives a high degree of precision in execution, and, to a certain extent, even delicacy of ear; but still, all this is in the Viennese only a habit, and a very artificial one. They may become more accurate performers than the citizens and peasantry of the south, but they will never feel the influence of "sweet sounds" with half the energy and voluptuousness which they infuse into the Italian. The enjoyment of the former is confined to the powers of the instrument, the latter carries the notes within himself into regions of feeling beyond the direct reach of string or voice; the one would be lost in the singer, the other would forget the singer in the music. Go to an opera in any provincial town of Italy. In the pit you will probably find yourself surrounded, I do not say by tradesmen and shopkeepers, but by vetturinos, porters, and labourers. Yet you will easily discover, that what to the same sort of persons in any other country would be at best tiresome, if not ridiculous, is to them an entertainment of pure feeling. You will mark how eagerly they follow the expression of the melody and harmony; you will hear them criticise the music and the musicians with no less warmth, and with far more judgment, (because it is a thing much more within their reach,) than our pot-house politicians debate on the reform of the British Parliament, or the constitution of the Spanish Cortes. Is it not owing to this inherent natural capacity of understanding and speaking the language in which music addresses us, that Italian singers have maintained their pre-eminence in Europe since operas were first known? In every capital of the Continent, and even among ourselves, there are native voices as good, improved by as studious industry, managed with as much practical skill, and accompanied by as great theoretical knowledge, as ever crossed the Alps. Yet they never produced the same effect in any music that rises above mediocrity*.

"All this has nothing to do with the comparative merits of the music of Italy and Germany. Great composers, like great poets, are the same every where. They are all made of the same stuff. The musical taste of the Viennese has been formed and saved by the purity of their great composers. In their love of practical excellence, they would have run into the heartless rattling, the capriccios, and bizarrerie of the French school; but the admirably good taste of their masters has always kept them within due bounds. People who reckon it almost a misfortune not to be able to hum Don Giovanni or the Creation without book, are in little danger of falling into extravagances."

The following particulars of the eccentric genius Beethoven, will, we are sure, be read with intense interest by every true lover of music, and with this passage we close our extracts from the *Tour in Germany*; assuring our readers, that although we have merely selected the fragments scattered throughout the volumes which appertain to music and its professors, they will find every subject which came under the observation of the active and intelligent author treated in the same agreeable manner.

"Beethoven is the most celebrated of the living Composers in Vienna, and, in certain departments the

foremost of his day. His powers of harmony are prodigious. Though not an old man, he is lost to society in consequence of his extreme deafness, which has rendered him almost unsocial. The neglect of his person which he exhibits, gives him a somewhat wild appearance. His features are strong and prominent; his eye is full of rude energy; his hair, which neither comb nor scissors seem to have visited for years, overshadows his broad brow in a quantity and confusion to which only the snakes round a Gorgon's head offer a parallel.

"His general behaviour does not ill accord with the unpromising exterior. Except when he is among his friends, kindness and affability are not his characteristics. The total loss of hearing has deprived him of all the pleasure which society can give, and perhaps soured his temper. He used to frequent a particular cellar, where he spent the evening in a corner, beyond the reach of all the chattering and disputation of a public room, drinking wine and beer, eating cheese and red herrings, and studying the newspapers. One evening a person took a seat near him, whose countenance did not please him. He looked hard at the stranger, and spat on the floor as if he had seen a toad; then glanced at the newspaper, then again at the intruder, and spat again, his hair bristling gradually into more shaggy ferocity, till he closed the alternation of spitting and staring, by fairly exclaiming, "What a scoundrelly phiz!" and rushing out of the room. Even amongst his oldest friends he must be humoured like a wayward child. He has always a small paper book with him, and what conversation takes place is carried on in writing. In this too, although it is not lined, he instantly dots down any musical idea which strikes him. These notes would be utterly unintelligible even to another musician, for they have thus no comparative value; he alone has in his own mind the thread by which he brings out of this labyrinth of dots and circles the richest and most astounding harmonies. The moment he is seated at the piano, he is evidently unconscious that there is any thing in existence but himself and his instrument; and, considering how very deaf he is, it seems impossible that he should hear all he plays. Accordingly, when playing very *piano*, he often does not bring out a single note. He hears it himself in the "mind's ear," while his eye, and the almost imperceptible motion of his fingers, show that he is following out the strain in his own soul through all its dying gradations: the instrument is actually as dumb as the musician is deaf.

"I have heard him play, but to bring him so far requires some management, so great is his horror of being any thing like exhibited. Had he been plainly asked to do the company that favour, he would have flatly refused; he had to be cheated into it. Every person left the room, except Beethoven, and the master of the house, one of his most intimate acquaintances. These two carried on a conversation in the paper-book about bank stock. The gentleman, as if by chance, struck the keys of the open piano, beside which they were sitting, gradually began to run over one of Beethoven's own compositions, made a thousand errors, and speedily blundered one passage so thoroughly, that the composer condescended to stretch out his hand and put him right. It was enough, the hand was on the piano; his companion immediately left him, on some pretext, and joined the rest of the company, who, in the next room, from which they could see and hear every thing, were patiently

* This is rather a bold assertion, and will not bear the test of examination.—ED.

waiting the issue of this tiresome conjuration. Beethoven, left alone, seated himself at the piano. At first he only struck now and then a few hurried and interrupted notes, as if afraid of being detected in a crime; but gradually he forgot every thing else, and ran on during half an hour in a phantasy, in a style extremely varied, and marked, above all, by the most abrupt transitions. The amateurs were enraptured; to the uninitiated it was more interesting, to observe how the music of the man's soul passed over his countenance. He seems to feel the bold, the commanding, and the impetuous, more than what is soothing or gentle. The muscles of the face swell, and its veins start out; the wild eye rolls doubly wild; the mouth quivers, and Beethoven looks like a wizard, overpowered by the demons, whom he himself has called up.

"There is a musical society in Vienna, consisting of nearly two thousand members, by far the greatest part of whom are merely amateurs. Many of them are ladies, even a princess figures in the catalogue as a singer; for no person is admitted an active member who is not able to take a part, vocal or instrumental, in a concert. They seem to expend more ingenuity in inventing new instruments than in improving the manufacture of known ones. I have heard Beethoven say, that he found no pianos so good as those made in London. Every body knows the Harmonica, at least by name; but what will the reader say to the Phys-harmonica, the Ditanacclasis, the Xanorpha, the Pammelodicon, the Davidica, the Amphiona? Considering how far the Austrians are behind in most things in which a people ought to be ashamed of being behind, it is a thousand pities that pursuits of higher utility and respectability cannot obtain from them a greater share of the industry and perseverance which so many of them display in the acquisition of this elegant accomplishment. They have an excellent opera, and that is sufficient to console them for the fact, that in the whole range of German literature, a literature, young as it is, studded with so many bright names, there is not a single great man whom Austria can claim as her own. In Vienna, with three hundred thousand inhabitants, there are thirty booksellers, four circulating libraries, sixty-five piano-forte makers, and dancing-halls without number."

NORWICH GRAND MUSICAL FESTIVAL

THE progress which music is making in the British Isles, is every day more and more apparent: our churches, theatres, public rooms, parades, and convivial meetings, are evidence enough of the fact; while almost every domestic circle, and even our very streets, shew the general taste for this social art, and proclaim its powerful and wide-spreading influence.

In the tenth number of this work we entered into a circumstantial detail of the splendid musical festival at York, in September, 1823. We have now to give some account of one recently celebrated in Norwich, which, though not equal to that produced by the largest and most populous county in England, was, nevertheless, upon a very noble scale, carried into execution with great judgment, and crowned by a result more profitably successful than the most sanguine of its promoters had anticipated.

The design of a grand music-meeting at Norwich, for the benefit of the county and city hospital, originated four years ago, with a literary gentleman* of that place, through

* R. M. Bacon, Esq., editor of the Norwich Mercury, and the Quarterly Musical Review.

whose perseverance and activity, aided by several gentlemen of ability and local influence, it took place in September last. The performances consisted of three evening and three morning concerts, all of which were given in St. Andrew's Hall, a beautiful, ancient, conventual building, more than 150 feet in length, and 90 in breadth; now appropriated to civic purposes; the use of which was, for this occasion, most liberally granted by the mayor, H. Francis, Esq. It was lighted at night by a power of gas equal to 5000 wax-candles.

The principal vocal performers engaged were, Mad. Ronzi de Begnis, Mrs. Salmon, Miss Stephens, Miss Carew, Signr. Garcia, Messrs. Vaughan, Bellamy, Terrail, F. Novello, Master Kimpton, and Sigr. de Begnis. The chief instrumental performers were Messrs. F. Cramer and Kiesewetter, *Leaders*; Messrs. Lindley, Anfossi, Nicholson, Erskine, Willman, Denman, Petrides, Harper, Jenkinson, &c. The entire band, including principals, both vocal and instrumental, and chorus, amounted to upwards of two hundred and seventy persons, and was conducted by Sir George Smart, assisted by Messrs. Back and Pettett of Norwich.

First Concert—Tuesday Evening, September 21st.

Leader of the Band, Mr. Kiesewetter.

Act I.

- Sinfonia (No. 8.) *Haydn.*
 "God save the King," Verses by the principal singers,
 and full Chorus.
 Glee, "By Celia's Arbour." *Horsley.*
 Song, Miss Carew, "Cara adorata." *Rossini.*
 Recit. and Air, Mr. Vaughan, "Gentle Lyre." *Horsley.*
 Concerto Violoncello, Mr. Lindley.
 Scottish air, Miss Stephens, "Donald."
 Duetto, Madame Ronzi de Begnis and Signor de Begnis,
 "Nella casa," (Pietro di Paragone.) *Rossini.*
 Air, with Variations, Mrs. Salmon, "Cease your fun-
 ning." *Arranged by Bocha.*
 Quintetto, "Oh guardate," Madame Ronzi de Begnis,
 Miss Carew, Mr. Sapio, Mr. F. Novello, and Signor
 de Begnis, (Il Turco in Italia.) *Rossini.*

Act II.

- Overture, "Anacreon." *Cherubini.*
 Aria, Madame Ronzi de Begnis, "Una voce poco fa." *Rossini.*
 Air, Mr. Sapio, "The rose and the lily." *Martini.*
 Fantasia, Flute, Mr. Nicholson.
 Scena ed Aria, Mrs. Salmon, "Fellon, la pena avrai,"
 (Elisabetta.) *Rossini.*
 Aria, Signor de Begnis, "Amor perche mi pizzichi,"
 (Il Turco in Italia.) *Rossini.*
 Terzetto, Madame Ronzi de Begnis, Miss Carew, and
 Mr. Sapio, "Cruda sorte," (Ricciardo e Zoraide.) *Rossini.*
 Air, Miss Stephens, "Home, sweet home." *Bishop.*
 Finale to "La Clemenza di Tito," with full chorus. *Mozart.*

The only piece in this performance that failed, was "Cease your funning," a most unfit thing for any good concert, and which, for two very substantial reasons, the committee would have done wisely in rejecting.

First Morning's Selection.—Wednesday, September 22nd.

Leader, Mr. F. Cramer.

Part I.

- Opening and first chorus of the Dettingen "Te Deum."
 Solo, Mr. Terrail, "We praise thee, O God." Trumpet
 Obbligato, Mr. Harper.
 Air, Miss Carew, "He was eyes unto the blind," (Re-
 demption.)
 Introduction and Chorus, "Ye Sons of Israel," (Joshua.)
 Air, Mrs. Salmon, "Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty,"
 (Redemption.)
 Duet, Mr. Vaughan and Mr. Bellamy, "Here shall soft
 Charity repair." *Dr. Boyce.*
 Recit. and Air, Miss Stephens, "In sweetest harmony,"
 and Chorus, "O fatal day," (Saul.)

Recit. and Air, Mr. Vaughan, "Why does the God of Israel sleep?" (Samson.)

Recit. and Air, Mrs. Salmon, "As from the power," and Chorus, "The dead shall live," (Dryden's Ode.)

Part II.

Grand Coronation Anthem, "I was glad," Composed expressly for and performed at the Coronation of his present Majesty, by *Attwood.*

Air, Mrs. Salmon, "Hark 'tis the Linnet," (Joshua.)

Recit. and Air, Mr. Sapio, "Sound an alarm."—Chorus, "We hear."—Air, Miss Stephens, "Pious orgies," (Judas Mac.)

A Selection from a Grand Mass.—In which was introduced the celebrated Quartetto, "Benedictus," from Mozart's Requiem.—The Principal Vocal Parts by Mrs. Salmon, Miss Carew, Mr. Terrail, Mr. Vaughan, Mr. F. Novello, and Mr. Bellamy. *Mozart.*

Recit. and Air, Mr. Vaughan, "Gentle Airs," accompanied on the Violoncello by Mr. Lindley. *Handel.*

Grand Chorus and Fugue, "O heavenly Lord." *Mozart.*

Part III.

A Selection from the Seasons—Introduction, (Instrumental.)—Recitative, Mr. Bellamy.—Semi-chorus, "Come, gentle Spring."—Recit. and Air, Mr. Bellamy, "With joy the impatient Husbandman." *Haydn.*

Trio, Miss Carew, Mr. Vaughan, Mr. Bellamy, and Chorus, "God of light." *Haydn.*

Recit. Mr. Sapio, "Deeper and deeper," and Air, "Wait her angels."—Recit. and Air, Miss Stephens, "Farewell, ye limped springs," (Jephtha.)

Quartetto, Miss Carew, Mr. Terrail, Mr. Vaughan, and Mr. Bellamy, "Lo, my shepherd," from the Oratorio of Judah, arranged and adapted by Mr. Wm. Gardiner. *Haydn.*

Air, Mrs. Salmon, "Gratias agimus," Clarinet Obligato, Mr. Willman. *Guglielmi.*

Grand chorus, "Hosanna to the son of David." *Or. Gibbons.*
Arranged with Instrumental Accompaniments expressly for this occasion by Mr. Edward Taylor.

The opening chorus of the Dettingen Te Deum produced an extremely imposing effect. Mr. Vaughan's "Gentle airs" was charming, but "Deeper and deeper still," requires powers that he does not possess; though it ought to be mentioned that this fine recitative and air were originally allotted to Mr. Sapio, and that in consequence of this gentleman's sudden indisposition, Mr. Vaughan, in a very obliging manner, undertook to sing it, rather than suffer the arrangements to be disturbed.

Second Concert.—Wednesday Evening, September 22nd.

Leader of the Band, Mr. F. Cramer.

Act I.

Grand Sinfonia. *Mozart.*

Song, Mr. Bellamy, "The Battle of Hohenlinden." *C. Smith.*

Glee, "Blow, gentle gales." *Bishop.*

Recit. and Air, Mrs. Salmon, "Sweet Bird," Flute Obligato, Mr. Nicholson, (Il Penseroso.) *Handel.*

Solo, French Horn, Mr. P. Petrides. *Winter.*

Song, Mr. Sapio, "Softly sweet," accompanied on the Violoncello by Mr. Lindley (Alexander's Feast.)

Duo, Madame Ronzi de Begnis and Signor de Begnis, "Iodi tutto" (I due pretendenti Delusi.) *Mosca.*

Air, Miss Stephens, "Gin living worth."

Finale to the first act of "Cosi fan tutte," Mad. Ronzi de Begnis, Mrs. Salmon, Miss Carew, Mr. Sapio, Mr. F. Novello, and Signor de Begnis. *Mosca.*

Act II.

Overture. *Andrew Romberg.*

Aria, Madame Ronzi de Begnis, "Batti, batti." Violoncello Obligato, Mr. Lindley, (Il Don Giovanni.) *Mozart.*

Quintetto, "Sento O Dio," (Cosi fan Tutte.) *Mozart.*

Recit. and Air, Miss Stephens, "Auld Robin Gray." *H. Latour.*

Concertante for two Violoncellos, Mr. Lindley and Mr. Lindley, jun. *Lindley.*

Song, Mrs. Salmon, "There be none of beauty's daughters." *Knapp.*

Scena, Signor de Begnis, "I Violini tutti insieme," (Il Fanatico per la Musica.) *Scacchi.*

In imitation of a fanatical composer giving directions to the Orchestra at the first rehearsal of his new composition.

Overture to Der Freyschütz. *Weber.*

The Italian concerted pieces, the Norwich Mercury states, were the objects of the greatest rapture in this performance,—Miss Stephens's ballads produced the most tender delight. Mrs. Salmon in the fine, though hacknied song, "Bid me discourse," and Mad. Ronzi in "Batti, batti," were loudly eulogized. But the imitation of a composer giving his instructions to the orchestra, by Signor De Begnis, gained the most plaudits. The singer, after manifesting strong symptoms of fatigue and reluctance was obliged to comply with the somewhat unreasonable call for its repetition.

Second Morning, Thursday, Sept. 23rd.

THE MESSIAH.

The whole of this matchless Oratorio, which every body at all acquainted with music knows by heart, was, and generally is, admirably performed. But when we are told, "from authority," that, H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex, who was present at three of the Abbey performances, has been pleased to say, that he never heard this most majestic work so finely performed," we are inclined either to doubt the faithfulness of His Royal Highness's memory, or to conclude that the observation was only meant as one of those good-humoured compliments that are not intended to appear in print.

Third Concert, Thursday Evening, Sept. 23rd.

Leader of the Band, Mr. F. Cramer.

Act I.

Grand Sinfonia in C. *Beethoven.*

Glee, "Blest pair of syrens." *J. S. Smith.*

Song, Miss Carew, "In infancy." *Dr. Arne.*

Concerto Violin, Mr. Keisewetter. *Mayer.*

Air, Miss Stephens, "Should he upbraid." *Bishop.*

Duetto, Madame Ronzi de Begnis and Signor de Begnis,

"Per piacere," (Il Turco in Italia) *Rossini.*

Ariette, Mrs. Salmon, "Non, je ne veux pas chanter." *Nicola.*

Sestetto, Madame Ronzi de Begnis, Miss Stephens, Miss Carew, Mr. Sapio, Mr. Novello, and Signor de Begnis,

"Sola, sola," (Il Don Giovanni.) *Mozart.*

Act II.

Overture, "Il Barbiere di Siviglia." *Rossini.*

The Echo song, Miss Stephens, } *Bishop.*

Flute Obligato, Mr. Nicholson. }

Aria, Signor de Begnis, "Largo al factotum," (Il Barbiere di Siviglia.) *Rossini.*

Fantasia, Clarinet, Mr. Willman. *Baerman.*

Recit. ed Aria, Madame Ronzi de Begnis, "Di piacere,"

(La Gazza Ladra.) *Rossini.*

Cantata, Mr. Vaughn, "Alexis," accompanied on the

Violoncello by Mr. Lindley. *Dr. Papuch.*

Duetto, Mrs. Salmon, and Signor de Begnis, "Con pazienza."

Overture to Zauberflöte. *Mosart.*

This was the fullest night: more than three hundred went from the doors, unable to obtain a place, though the orchestra was filled to its utmost.

Beethoven's Symphony was not executed with much precision or effect in this evening's performance; neither did Stanford Smith's fine glee receive much justice from those to whom it was assigned: but Signor and Madame De Begnis, and Miss Stephens, obtained the warmest applause. Mrs. Salmon, in

"*Con pazienza*," and Mr. Vaughan in *Alexis*, (accompanied by Lindley), were not less successful. Mr. Keisewetter's violin concerto, in which he introduced "*Le petit Tambour*," pleased every body.

Last Concert.—Friday Morning, September 24th.

Overture to *Eather*.

Quartet, Miss Carew, Mr. Terrill, Mr. Vaughan, and Mr. Bellamy.—Chorus, "Then round about the starry throne."—(Sampson.)

Duet, Miss Carew, and Mr. Vaughan, "Te ergo."

Recit. and Air, Miss Stephens, "If guiltless blood."—Chorus, "Righteous heaven."—(Susanna.)

Recit. and Air, "Oh! liberty!" Mr. Sapio, accompanied on the Violoncello by Mr. Lindley.

Chorus, "The arm of the Lord," from the Oratorio of *Judah*, adapted by W. Gardiner, Esq. Haydn.

Air, Mrs. Salmon, "Let the bright seraphim."—Trumpet obligato, Mr. Harper.—Chorus, "Let their celestial concerts all unite."

A Selection from Haydn's sacred Oratorio of
THE CREATION.

Introduction, Chaos.

Recit., Mr. Bellamy, "In the beginning."

Chorus, "And the spirit of God."

Recit., Mr. Vaughan, "Now vanish."

Chorus, "Despairing."

Recit. and Air, Mrs. Salmon, "With verdure clad."

Recit. acc., Mr. Vaughan, "In splendour bright."

Grand Chorus, "The heavens are telling."

Recit. and Air, Mr. Sapio, "In native worth."

Recit., Mr. Bellamy, "And God saw."

Chorus, "Achieved is the glorious work."

Trio, Miss Carew, Mr. Vaughan, and Mr. Bellamy, "On thee each living soul."

Duet, Miss Stephens and Mr. Bellamy, "Graceful Consort."

Chorus, "Sing the Lord."

Overture to the Occasional Oratorio, with the movement for the Oboe Obligato, Mr. Ling.

Song, Miss Stephens, "What tho' I trace."

Chorus, from the oratorio of "The death of Abel,"

M.S. "Give the Lord."

Perry.

Air, Mr. Vaughan, "Lord remember David."

Recit. and Air, Mrs. Salmon, "From mighty Kings."

A Selection from Handel's Sacred Oratorio of
ISRAEL IN EGYPT.

The numbers admitted by tickets into the hall, at the three evening and two first morning performances, are thus stated:—

Sept. 21.	Evening	- - - -	1240.
22.	Morning	- - - -	984.
	Evening	- - - -	1764.
23.	Morning	- - - -	1350.
	Evening	- - - -	2210.

At the last Concert, we suppose that between fifteen and sixteen hundred were present. We hope to be able to state the exact result of this bold and triumphant undertaking in our next number. In the mean time we rejoice in saying, that this festival will, at a rough estimate, give the capital sum of three thousand pounds, clear profit, to the Norfolk and Norwich Hospital!

REVIEW OF MUSIC.

THE EVENING SERVICE, being a Collection of Pieces appropriate to Vespers, Complin, and Tenebræ, including the whole of the GREGORIAN HYMNS, for every principal Festival throughout the year: composed, selected, and arranged, with a separate accompaniment for the Organ, by VINCENT NOVELLO, Organist to the Portuguese Embassy. Books 1 to 6. (Published for the Editor, No. 8, Percy Street, Bedford Square.)

MR. NOVELLO, well known for the valuable editions he has published of the sacred music of Haydn and Mozart*, has in this collection given some exceedingly interesting specimens of the most valuable of the Gregorian chants still in use in the Roman Catholic Church.

Of this kind of melody, Rousseau—in his Dictionary, article *Plain-Chant*—remarks, that it is the remains of ancient Greek music, much disfigured, but nevertheless very precious; though, after passing through so many barbarous hands, it cannot but have lost its most striking beauties. But upon this subject, a writer of great learning and ability† observes, "The origin of the Canto Fermo [or plain-chant] is certainly involved in obscurity. To a certain extent, the Greek modes are preserved in the eight Gregorian tones; but all are in the diatonic scale. So, too, are all Hebrew airs with which we are acquainted. But neither the Hebrew nor the Gregorian melodies, afford a single instance of the chromatic or

enharmonic scales.—We also know that the Greek melodies abounded in quarter tones; now no such tone has ever yet found its way into a Gregorian chaunt. Rhythm was the essence of Greek music; the Gregorian psalmody is heedless of it. Add to this, that the church came out of the synagogue, and from the first repudiated paganism, and every imitation of it. These circumstances seem to make it highly probable that the canto fermo originated in the music of the synagogue."

This reasoning is so clear, that it hardly leaves another word to be said on the subject, and leads us to conclude that the ancient music of the Catholic church is attributable to the Jews; as well, indeed, as other forms and ceremonies which were adopted by the early christians, and yet exist.

These ancient melodies, as retained in the ecclesiastical chaunts, still possess a beauty of character and a variety of expression, which intelligent bearers, free from prejudice, will discover, though they are formed upon a system different from that in present use*.

Concerning the object of the present publication, Mr. Novello shall speak for himself:—

"A complete copy of the musical part of the evening service having long been wanting in catholic choirs, the present work has been undertaken with a view to supply the deficiency.

* Haydn's *Masses*, 16 Nos.; Mozart's *ditto*, 16 Nos.

† Charles Butler, Esq., of Lincoln's-inn.

* For some particulars relative to the history and character of the Gregorian music, the reader is referred to an article in the *HARMONICON*, Vol. I., page 22.

"With this object, the Editor has newly-arranged and harmonized the whole of the Gregorian Vespers; and the arrangement is so constructed, that the various pieces may be performed either in harmony, or in unison, at the option of the singers.

"The first book contains (with the exception of the Hymns, which vary according to the Festival,) the entire service at vespers, according to the ancient Gregorian Chant: to which is added an Appendix, containing several pieces that are only used on particular occasions. In the next three Books are comprised, a complete collection of the hymns for every principal Festival throughout the year.—In arranging the fine old church tunes, the original melodies have been strictly adhered to; and, in order to give greater variety of effect to these admirable specimens of the solemn ecclesiastical style, each separate verse has been harmonized in a different manner; so that no two verses of an hymn will be found exactly alike throughout the whole collection.

"The remaining eight Books contain the whole of the service at Complin;—the *Benedictus* and *Miserere* at Tenebræ;—a variety of new *Magnificats*, *Salva Reginas*, &c.,—*Tantum Ergo*, and pieces for the Benediction; besides a number of Motetts, principally adapted for the evening service, but several of which may be also used at High Mass.

"The Editor trusts that this publication will be found particularly useful in catholic chapels, as he has endeavoured to combine almost every species of style, from the primitive, but noble, simplicity of the ancient Gregorian, to the more diversified and elaborate school of the modern classical composers; thus affording an opportunity to different choirs to select whatever mode of performing the service may be most adapted to their tastes, or to the degree of proficiency they have respectively acquired."

As in the course of musical reading, many terms applicable to the various parts of the service of the Roman Catholic Church occur, and indeed appear in the above extract, and as the majority of persons in a Protestant country, may reasonably be supposed not to have any definite notion of the peculiarities attached to some of them, we trust that no apology will be necessary for the introduction of the following definitions.

By the term *High Mass*, is understood the solemn morning service of the Roman Catholic Church, most of which is sung. The parts given by the officiating minister at the altar, and the responses of the choir, are in the Gregorian Chant: the portions appropriated to the composer, are the following: 1st. The *Kyrie Eleison* and *Christe Eleison*, (Lord have mercy upon us! Christ have mercy upon us!) each of which is thrice repeated, in honour, as the rubric says, of the three persons of the Trinity. 2dly. The *Gloria in excelsis*, (Glory to God in the highest,) a hymn expressive of praise and jubilation, affording a subject for the display of music of a brilliant and triumphant character. 3dly. The *Credo* (creed,) in which the words *Et incarnatus est*, &c., (He was made man, &c.) require harmony of a tender and pathetic kind. 4thly. The *Benedictus*, (Blessed is He that cometh, &c.) of which Mozart has given so exquisite an example in his *Requiem*, or Mass for the repose of the departed soul. 5thly. The *Agnus Dei*, &c., (Lamb of God that takest away the sins of the world,) and lastly, the prayer for the King, *Domine salvum fac Regem*, (Lord save the King,) well set by Mr. Novello himself, and published in the present collection, (Book 4, p. 26.)

The *Vespers*, or Evening Song, resemble in many respects the Evening Service of the Church of England. After the opening chant, given in Book 1, p. 1, of the work now under notice, follow the psalms proper to the

day, sung according to the eight tones, as at page 2*. The first of these chants we subjoin:—

First tone.



These are followed by the *Magnificat*, (My soul doth magnify the Lord,) of which two Gregorian specimens are found in Book 1, pages 4 and 5; and one for four voices by S. Webbe, Senr., (Book 6, p. 10.) This is followed by the Hymn to the Virgin, proper to the festival, and of which kind that beginning *Salve Regina* (Hail, thou Queen) is the principal. Examples of the various Gregorian Hymns of this kind are introduced in Book 1, pages 8, 10, 11, 12, 22; and in Book 4, p. 8. Of the other hymns to the Virgin, we have one of a very pleasing kind, by Mr. Novello, (Book 5, p. 1,) another by Danzi, for four voices, (Book 6, p. 6,) and three specimens from a rare MS., *Stabat Mater*, or Lament of the Virgin, by Fago, (Book 5, pages 16, 20, and 22,) which are remarkable for their beautiful simplicity and the plaintive character of the melodies. This evening service concludes with a hymn to the sacrament, Gregorian examples of which are found in Book 1, pages 16, 17, 18, 19, 24; Book 2, pages 16, and 24; and Book 3, p. 14. Of other Sacramental Hymns, we find in Book 3, p. 14, a terzettino by Winter; p. 24, a most melodious air and quartett by Himmel; p. 27, a quartett by Winter; p. 28, a delightful quintett by Mozart, arranged from a movement in his *Figaro*. In Book 6, p. 2, a hymn of the same kind for four voices, by Haydn; and p. 9, a quartett by Mozart, from his *Indomeneo*.

The Complin, or *Completorium*, (concluding service of the day,) does not, in a musical point of view, differ very essentially from the Vespers' service.

The ceremony called *Tenebræ*, (darkness,) is a portion of the service of the Holy Week. The term is derived from the circumstance of the lights at the altar being gradually extinguished, which is meant as imitative of the darkness of the tomb to which the Saviour was consigned. This part of the worship of the Roman Catholic Church contains some of the most affecting portions of the ancient music, and has exercised the abilities of the greatest composers of modern times: for this service the celebrated *Misereres* of Palestrina and Allegri were pro-

* For these ancient Gregorian tones, see HARMONICON Vol. I., page 33.

duced. During the solemn moments of the *Tenebræ*, all instrumental music is suspended, and the performance is by voices only. In the first book of this collection, p. 25, we are presented with a Gregorian *Benedictus*, harmonized for six voices by Mr. Novello, the effect whereof, combined with local circumstances and religious feeling, is wonderfully imposing. We insert the notes, reduced into the compass of two staves:—

Piano.

Be - ne - dictus Domi - nus De - - us

Is - ra - el, quia visitavit et fecit redemptionem

ple - bis su - ae - -

But the most simply grand and affecting of all the portions of this interesting work, is the concluding passage of the chant, adapted to the Lamentations of the prophet Jeremiah, which has been regarded as one of the most perfect of the ancient melodies that have reached us, and which we can readily believe belonged to those days when the Hebrew synagogue flourished in all its pristine splendour. It is here annexed, in the compressed form of the foregoing musical extract:—

Soft and slow.

Je - ru - sa - lem Je - ru - - sa - lem

con - ver - te - re ad Do - mi - num

De - - - um tu - um.

Among other pieces given to be used in the service as anthems, are two very striking subjects from a *Te Deum* by Schicht; the one a movement for four voices, the other a simple but powerful fugue. (See Book 6, pp. 21 and 14.) This is followed by a quartet, with bass solo and chorus; by Winter; a motet of the penitential kind, for three voices, from a MS. of Caldara, 1720; and the whole work terminates with Pergolesi's masterly and brilliant fugue, *Cum Sancto Spiritu*, as a chorus, newly adapted to the words *Exulta Sion*, &c.

The 2d, 3d, and 4th Books are exclusively devoted to Gregorian hymns for different festivals, all arranged with judicious organ accompaniments.

This work is a most valuable acquisition to the members of the Roman Catholic Church, and hardly less interesting to all musical amateurs of whatever persuasion. The first four books are particularly worthy of the notice of the antiquarian; and the last two will yield an abundance of pleasure to every practitioner and lover of the vocal harmony.

Mr. Novello's qualifications for the task he has hereby in part executed*, have long been acknowledged. The method and discrimination exhibited in the present work shew his good sense, taste, and science; and the public ought to feel not a little indebted to him for having, at some risk, presented to them, in a clear and practicable form, these venerable relics of Christian antiquity.

FORTY-EIGHT OVERTURES composed by HANDEL; as performed at the *Concerts of Ancient Music*, newly arranged for the ORGAN, or PIANO-FORTE, with a figured base for the use of the Organ, by JOHN WATTS. (Birchall, New Bond Street, and Harrison, 44, Bedford Street, Covent Garden.)

THE republication thus in bulk of what is termed classical music, is a promising sign: a work of this magnitude would hardly be ventured without a fair prospect of indemnification; and such a prospect argues a demand for the compositions of the greatest of masters, which

* Six more Books are forthcoming, which will complete the work.

leads us to hope that the taste for the really sublime and beautiful in music is not generally on the wane, though it may be declining,—if in reality it ever existed,—amongst giddy, ill-taught people.

Many of the overtures of Handel still keep their places at the Concert of Ancient Music, and a few of them are regularly performed at the Oratorios and provincial music-meetings. Had their author possessed the advantages that modern composers have profited by,—had wind-instruments been as numerous and perfect in his day as in later times, there can be little reason to doubt that his orchestral pieces would have been proportionably more splendid in real effect than they are, and therefore more attractive to the multitude at the present period. There are but very few of them that have not some intrinsic merit that well adapts them to the purposes of private performance, they are therefore, proper subjects for keyed instruments, and excellent models for fixing the taste of those learners who are advanced in the study of the art.

This work contains almost the whole of Handel's overtures; only a very few, belonging to operas nearly unknown, are rejected from the collection. They are comprised in two hundred and one plates, and are liberally brought out, as to paper and printing, at the rate of one shilling for each overture. The arrangement, or reduction from the score to two staves, is skilfully made, and the convenience of the performer, in point of ease, has been, upon the whole, well attended to: though in some instances, the too common fault of crowding the harmony with notes in the base, is very obvious. A single example of this error we give from the *Occasional Overture*, where a desire to employ many fingers has betrayed the adapter into bringing into most unusual and disagreeable contact, the 8th, and sharp 7th, in the chord of 7, 5, 4, 2.



In fact Handel himself has omitted the 7th altogether, though he, or somebody for him, has figured it in his score.

We are rather surprised that the open-pedal has not been occasionally employed in this work; it gives, when judiciously used, great fulness and grandeur to the general effect, and adds, as it were, a third hand to the performer, without increasing the difficulty of execution. The figuring we cannot help considering as redundant. Figures are abbreviations, and when the harmony is written fully in notes, it does not require to be represented in any other character.

Having thus candidly stated our few objections,—not very weighty ones,—we most gladly recommend this work to our readers, and to all who wish to acquire a solid taste for music; a taste that remains with its possessor to the latest period of life.

1. THREE BRILLIANT WALTZ-RONDOS for the PIANO-FORTE, Composed by J. N. HUMMEL. Nos. I. and II. (Chappell and Co., 50, New Bond Street.)
2. RONDO for the PIANO-FORTE by FERDINAND RIES. Op. 106, No. 2. (Power, 34, Strand.)

THOUGH the first of these articles announces three rondos, nevertheless but two are yet printed: the third

doubtless will appear, in good time too, if soon, for should it prove equal to its precursors, we shall regret every week that is delayed in publishing it. Both of these *Waltz-rondos* remind us, in so far as the subjects of them go, of two of the *Amusemens pour le Piano-forte*, by the same author, reviewed in our last number. They are treated in a very different manner, certainly, though with no less ability and taste. That they are difficult to execute, we are sorry to be obliged to state, for it is impossible not to wish that compositions possessing so much merit should not be calculated for a wider range of performers.

The *Rondo*, by Mr. Ries, is in a more familiar style than is usual, or rather has been usual, with him; for we have been glad to observe of late, that he is getting into the laudable habit of adapting his compositions to a more numerous class of performers than he formerly attempted to conciliate. How long this disposition will last we cannot guess, but have our fears, for he is now returned to a country where stubborn practical difficulties seem to have more patrons than the true lovers of the art can be pleased in viewing.

The subject of the present work approaches very near to an imitation of an air in the *Freischütz*, "Through the forests," but we know not if it be intended as such. It is a very lively thing, altogether, and though the author did not while composing it, go much out of his way in search of original ideas, yet he gives an excellent garb to those he has adopted, has laid his passages well under the hand, and not introduced any that are likely to startle a tolerably good, but timid performer. It is impossible to take up any of the publications from this house, (Power's,) without being struck by the excellent manner in which they are brought out.

1. A SERENADE for the PIANO-FORTE, Composed by H. HEWITT. (Goulding and Co., Soho Square.)
2. A CHARACTERISTIC RONDO for the PIANO-FORTE, by the Same. (Goulding and Co.)
3. ARABELLA, INTRODUCTION with THEME and VARIATIONS for the PIANO-FORTE, Composed by the late JOHN ASHLEY. (Monro and May, 11, Holborn Bars.)
4. LA FÊTE HEUREUSE, INTRODUCTION and ALLEGRETTO for the PIANO-FORTE, by the Same. (Monro and May.)

THE first of these is a serenade of six pages, rather too much spun out, and without much vigour, but pretty and easy. It is followed by a *Thema*, with variations of the same length as the first part, and may be described in nearly the same terms, only that there is more variety in it.

No. 2, begins with so many cantering triplets, that we presume it is meant as "characteristic" of an easy ride in Rotten-row. It is but a feeble production.

Mr. John Ashley was a good conductor and an able organist, but had no talent for composition; though he certainly possessed as much as nineteen out of twenty can boast who do employ engravers, paper-makers, and printers. But his prudence kept him aloof, except in a very few instances, from publishing. Both of these very easy, short, cheap pieces may answer the purpose of learners, to whom they will be confined,

1. *Calder-House, a DIVERTIMENTO for the PIANO-FORTE, in which is introduced "Auld lang syne," Composed by J. C. NIGHTINGALE, Organist of the Foundling Hospital. (Halliday and Co., 23, Bishopsgate-street.)*
2. *The celebrated Pas de Deux, in Alfred the Great, arranged as a RONDO for the PIANO-FORTE, by H. G. NIXON. (Monro and May, 11, Holborn Bars.)*
3. *Le Don de l'Amitie, AIR with VARIATIONS for the PIANO-FORTE. By the Same. (Monro and May.)*
4. *The Snow-drop, a RONDO with VARIATIONS for the SOSTENENTE, HARP, or PIANO-FORTE, by MARIA HINCKESMAN. (Cocks and Co., 20, Princes-street, Hanover-square.)*

THE first of these is an unpretending, easy, agreeable divertimento, in the sonata style of five-and-twenty years ago. The beautiful Scottish air is very simply set, and adapted to the humblest capacity. The Rondo, a polacca, reminds us of *Mamma mia*, which it may, perhaps, be meant to imitate.

Mr. Nixon, Organist of the Bavarian Chapel, in Warwick-street, has shewn more taste than imagination in both his present publications. The Count de Gallenberg's ballet is, altogether, a dreary thing to select from; the only good airs in it, are those British and Irish melodies, which he most unblushingly took,—in imitation, perhaps, of some of our English composers,—and passed off as his own.

No. 4 is very short, and this is its best recommendation. We earnestly counsel the fair Authoress to compose less till she has studied more. And, if we may be allowed to offer her a little further advice, we would recommend more attention to the Italian and French words which she introduces: the jumble of these, and the errors so frequently found in them, are, however, by no means confined to the present case.

1. *New Spanish BOLERO, for TWO PERFORMERS on the PIANO-FORTE, by F. W. HORNCastle. (Addison and Beale, 20, Regent-street.)*
2. *"For unto us," A chorus from the Messiah, newly arranged as a DUET for the PIANO-FORTE or ORGAN, by J. C. NIGHTINGALE, Organist of the Foundling Hospital. (Halliday and Co.)*
3. *An easy DUET for two performers on the PIANO-FORTE, Composed by C. M. DE WEBER. No. 3. (Ban-nister, 109, Goswell-street, and Boosey, 28, Holles-street.)*
4. *A Ditto, No. 4, composed and published by the same.*
5. *Polyhymnia, or a Collection of favourite PIECES, arranged as DUETS for the PIANO-FORTE, by M. HOLST. (Cocks and Co., 20, Princes-street, Hanover-square.)*

No. 1, is very easy, in a popular style, and not less exhilarating than the bolero generally is found to be. But Mr. Horncastle has extended his material beyond its strength.

No. 2, a chorus which has been set so often that it is impossible to say any thing new about it, is now once more well arranged by Mr. Nightingale.

No. 3, a duet in two pages, and No. 4, another in four, are adapted for very youthful players. But they will be flattered by having a composition with so celebrated a name placed before them.

VOL. II.

Polyhymnia is book the first of a series of duets arranged from popular authors. The present is a minuet of Haydn, from his first grand symphony, adapted with a view to facility, and published at a reasonable price.

1. *BALLAD, "Poor wounded Heart!" by THOMAS MOORE Esq., (Air from CRESCENTINI.)—(Power, 34, Strand.)*
2. *BALLAD, "My Heart and Lute," by the same. (Published by the same.)*
3. *DUET, "The pretty Rose tree," by the same. (Published by the same.)*

WE are right glad to see Mr. Moore in any shape, poetical or musical; and when he unites the two, like the bard of yore, he is then most to be admired. But in these three pieces he has only adapted the music to the poetry, which is, of course, his own, and, as an almost necessary consequence, is very beautiful.

The first is a most pathetic air, of the famous Italian soprano singer and master, Crescentini. The sentiment of the verse and song agree exactly, and both flow on very sweetly together, in a strain of charming melancholy. But we must mention that in the sixth and seventh bars of the accompaniment, are some errors in the harmony, that are very unpleasant to the ear.

The subject of the second ballad is ascribed by the poet and adapter to Mr. Bishop. It is quite original, and suits the words *à merveille*. This is one of the most engaging of Mr. Moore's publications, and so simple, that anybody who can sing and play at all, may both sing and play it.

The subject of the duet is from a *Tirana*, and the melody glides forward in a very waltz-like manner. The two voices run either in thirds or sixths, and have not the slightest difficulty to encounter; so that this may make an exceedingly good first lesson for those who wish to learn to sing a second part. Besides which, it is a kind of composition that never fails to please most ears. The accompaniment is not less easy than the vocal part.

In our next we shall notice some other publications of Mr. Moore, for which we could not find room in the present Number.

1. *The AIRS in Bishop's opera, CLARI, or the Maid of Milan, arranged for the HARP and FLUTE by N. C. BOCHSA. (Goulding, D'Almaine, and Co., Soho-square.)*
2. *FANTASIA for the HARP, in which is introduced the Air "Had I a heart for falsehood framed," composed for Miss Sharp, by T. P. CHIPP. (Addison and Beale, 201, Regent-street.)*
3. *FAVOURITE AIRS, selected from the works of Rossini, and arranged for the HARP, by W. HENRY STEIL. (Addison and Beale, 201, Regent-street.)*
4. *A Favourite DUET Selected from the works of Mozart, and arranged for the HARP and PIANO-FORTE, by J. MICHAEL WEIPPERT. (Gow and Son, 162, Regent-street.)*
5. *Rossini's GRAND MARCH, in La Donna del Lago, arranged for the HARP, by S. LILLYCROP. (Preston, 71, Dean-street, Soho.)*

THE airs from Clari are well selected, and arranged in a very easy manner, both for harp and flute. M. Bochsa

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should confine himself to adaptations, in which he shines more than in original compositions. The work is brought out so neatly that it deserves a remark on this head; and yet the price, for harp music, is, by comparison, moderate.

The Fantasia does its author credit; the delicious Scotch air is given as a theme, simply and with judgment; though some of the variations are at open war with the character and design of the melody. Let the reader imagine the exceedingly pathetic strain, "One morning very early," played *Allegro con fuoco*, in two-four time!

No. 3, the airs from Rossini, we are almost tired of seeing: "*Aurora, che sorgerai*," &c., have been so often, and in such various ways, set, that surely there can hardly be a demand for them now. Mr. Steil's, however, is a tolerably good arrangement for both instruments.

No. 4, is a popular Sonata of Mozart, put into the form it now bears with judgment. It is easy, and suited to an extensive class of performers.

No. 5, is a faithful version of a very favourite march, with a few modest additions.

1. Philomèle, *Recueil des AIRS Italiens, Français, Espagnols, et Allemands, arrangé, avec accompagnement progressifs de GUITARE, par G. H. DEWORT.* Nos. 10, 11, 12, and 13. (Wessel and Stodart, 1, Soho Square.)

2. Euphonia, *Recueil des AIRS Italiens, Français, et Anglaises, avec accompagnement de GUITARE, par W. H. HAGART.* Nos. 1 and 3. (Wessel and Stodart.)

No. 1, is a continuation of a most pleasing, well-chosen collection of airs for the guitar, noticed by us before with the applause it merited, and which it still deserves.

No. 3, is a publication of a similar kind.

1. *DIVERTISEMENT sur les AIRS FAVORIS, pour le VIOLONCELLE, avec Basse; composé par W. H. HAGART, premier Violoncelle du T. R. Drury Lane.* No. 2. (Wessel and Stodart, Soho Square.)

2. *Four EXERCISES, or SOLOS, for the CLARINET, composed by I. I. WILLIAMS.* (Wessel and Stodart, 1, Soho Square.)

THE first of these consists of airs from Mozart's *Clemenza di Tito*, Rossini's *Donna del Lago* and *Tancredi*, with a French romance. The divertissement is calculated for those who have made some proficiency on the instrument, and it is compiled with taste. The base, or second part to it, is well set, and exceedingly easy.

The Exercises for the Clarinet are a selection of well known passages, put together so as to form *adagio*, *allegro*, &c., movements, and constitute a good series of short lessons for practice. We hope that this delightful instrument, which is become so important in the orchestra, will be taken up by amateurs. Every note in it breathes music and pathos.

A DICTIONARY OF MUSICIANS, from the earliest ages to the present time, &c. &c., and a Summary of the History of Music. 2 vols. 8vo. (Sainsbury and Co., Salisbury-square.) 1824.

It was our intention to review this work in our present Number, but upon taking a cursory view of its contents,

previously to a deliberate perusal of the whole, we found that its editor had in so barefaced a manner copied our pages *verbatim et literatim*, and appropriated, without the slightest acknowledgment, our labours to his own use, that it would be necessary to entreat the Lord Chancellor to throw his broad shield over our property; a measure which we have directed our solicitor to proceed in immediately. Our criticism of this Dictionary is, therefore, for the present necessarily suspended.

It will be seen, however, by the following correspondence, that while the editor of this musical biography has been puffing into something like existence many of whose being nobody ever heard before, he has, without the slightest remorse, puffed out of life a gentleman, highly distinguished in his art, who has been universally known for many years, and who, *malgré* the fatal event of 1815, still keeps an active intercourse with the musical world.

To the Editors of the HARMONICON.

GENTLEMEN,

I transmit to you a Correspondence which has lately appeared in the *Times* Newspaper, together with an incidental Commentary from a very respectable Weekly Publication.

I am, &c.

SAMUEL WESLEY.

16, Euston-street, Euston-square.

Preface by the *Times*' Editor.

(The following Letter of a very eminent Musician is too amusing not to be inserted, though he has adroitly contrived to make it answer all the purposes of an Advertisement:—)

I.—To the Editor of the *Times*.

SIR,

That truth and accuracy ought to characterize valuable Biography has (I believe) never been much disputed.—As a demonstrative evidence that both these precious ingredients are happily combined in a work just edited, and entitled, "*A Biographical and Historical Dictionary of Musicians*," published by Messrs. Sainsbury and Co., Bell Court, Fleet-Street, pray please to take the following specimen. Under the article, "*Samuel Wesley*," I read this assertion:—"He died about the year 1815."

An entirely new musical church service, lately composed by this departed musician, is now in the press, and about to be ushered speedily into public notice. To immortalize the reputation of Messrs. Sainsbury and Co., as Biographers, equally correct and conscientious, the person who has now the honour of communicating to yourself, and your numerous readers, this intelligence, happens to be that self-same individual, who, though predicated to be defunct eight years ago, is nevertheless now in the act of writing

SAMUEL WESLEY.

P.S. Messrs. Sainsbury and Co. would still further oblige and illuminate the world by a minute detail of my funeral, with the name of the eye-witnesses, and a geometrical description of my present place of sepulture.—My *living* residence is now at No. 16, Euston-street, Euston-square, New Road, St. Pancras, if they can trust "the Ghost's word."

11th of October, in the year one thousand eight hundred and Twenty-Four.

II.—To the Editor of the *Times*.

SIR,

The humorous letter of Mr. S. Wesley, in your paper of yesterday, would, perhaps, have been more creditable to that gentleman, had it been addressed to the proprietors of "*The Biographical Dictionary of Musicians*," instead of being inserted in your Journal, with the evident desire of injuring the reputation of a work, in the compilation of which so possible pains have been spared during the space of eighteen months—a circumstance well known to many of the most eminent musicians in London. With respect to Mr. S. Wesley's charge, the mistake can be explained, in a manner that will at once prove satisfactory, to every liberal mind. Mr. S. Wesley, for reasons best known to himself, refused, or at least neglected, after several applications, to render to the compilers of the *Biographical Dictionary* any data respecting his musical career, beyond what was already in print: it thus became necessary for the compilers to make up an article concerning that gentleman, from

what they considered to be the best previously published authorities. Some months afterwards, the article being completed, and the work in the press, one of the compilers, who was at the time in the country, was informed, that his messengers must have mistaken Mr. Charles, for Mr. Samuel Wesley, the latter having died about the year 1815; in corroboration of which, the informant produced a volume of the work, entitled *Public Characters*, and in which, under the head "Charles Wesley," are the following words:—"This eminent musician, like Crotch, Davy, and his own brother, the late Mr. S. Wesley."—Upon this authority, the compiler thought it but reasonable to act.

To those Mr. Editor, who are in the least acquainted with the never-ending vexations and trouble in the collection of contemporary biography, indeed, to all liberal minds, it is trusted that the above explanation will be more than sufficient to prove, that the isolated error adduced by Mr. S. Wesley is no imputation on the general accuracy of the *Dictionary of Musicians*. To any persons who will trouble themselves so far as to receive further evidence of the authenticity of the work, the publishers are at all times ready to shew their authorities.

We are your very obedient Servants,
SAINSBURY AND Co.

No. 11, Bell's Buildings, Salisbury Square, Oct. 12. 1824.

* * We may add, that Mr. S. Wesley was somewhat ungrateful towards Messrs. Sainsbury; for the article though inaccurate in one particular, contained a very warm, and certainly, we do not deny, a very just eulogy, of the merits of that excellent musician.

III.—To the Editor of the TIMES.

SIR,

When people make public blunders, it is more "creditable" candidly to confess and apologize, than to try to bolster up a wrong cause by sophistical evasion.

The Editors of the *Biographical Dictionary of Musicians* now affirm, that "Mr. S. Wesley," for reasons best known to himself, refused, or at least neglected, after several applications, to render to the compilers any data respecting his musical career.

Indeed he did not—he neither refused nor neglected several applications, or even any application, from those gentlemen: he never received more than one, in a two-penny post letter about twelve months since; and the data demanded he did not refuse, inasmuch as he never wrote a word of reply upon the subject. Neglect presupposes some duty or obligation; and most certainly there was no breach of either, in omitting to furnish gratuitously to utter strangers, materials for their own publication.

The only "reason" for this conduct, shall not remain long "best known to myself," for I will directly declare it.

I hold egotism to be generally nauseous and disgusting, and seldom excusable, except in the case of unprovoked personal attack. My notions on biography may probably be singular, and perhaps erroneous; but to me it appears both indelicate and in bad taste, to publish the history of any living artist; and that the office of real justice and liberality, is rather to display him to the world when he is no longer corruptible by flattery, nor vulnerable by malice, and when time, that inflexible expiator of truth, shall have ripened the transient variety of public opinion into a mature and solid judgment of his real merits and deficiencies.

These gentlemen accuse me of an "evident design to injure the reputation of their work." No such matter: my sole design was neither less nor more than to contradict and refute an injurious report of myself; and I hope they will allow that

"*Se defendenda* never was a sin."

Here follow the horns of the dilemma, not easily evitable in our controversy: the compilers of the *Dictionary* either believed Samuel Wesley to be dead, "about the year 1815, or they did not."

If they did not, why ask him eight years afterwards to write his own life?

If they did not, where was the honesty of fixing the time of his death "about the year 1815?"

I have now quite done with the subject, remaining,

Sir, yours respectfully,
SAMUEL WESLEY.

Easton Street, Thursday, Oct. 12.

IV.—To the Editor of the TIMES.

SIR,

We must request the favour of a very few more lines of your valuable paper, for the purpose of making a single comment on Mr. Samuel Wesley's further animadversions on the *Biographical Dictionary of Musicians*, promising never again to trouble you on the subject. That gentleman is now evidently desirous of adding force to his first attack on the work, by accusing the compilers of a want of honesty in fixing the date even of his disease. The cause of their belief of the fact is already before the public, and the compilers are happy to say, has fully satisfied the very numerous friends of the work: it only remains for them to explain, that they had reason personally to know of Mr. Samuel Wesley's being alive in the year 1814; of course never saw his decease announced; and were out of England during the whole of 1815. They consequently concluded

the event to have occurred in that year; still, however, qualifying such opinion by the word "about." How far this can be construed into want of honesty, they submit to the candour of your very numerous readers.

We remain, Sir,

Your very obedient Servants,

SAINSBURY AND Co.

11, Bell's Buildings, Salisbury Square, Oct. 12.

V.—From the NEWS OF LITERATURE AND FASHION.

GHOST EXTRAORDINARY.

Mr. Samuel Wesley, who had upon many occasions delighted the musical world with his compositions, went out of that world with an ease and tranquillity altogether unprecedented. No sick bed received the departing musician—no huntsman of the faculty accelerated his departure—no undertaker supplied him with a shroud or a coffin—no mourner lamented over his bier—the usual honours of the dead were not paid to him—the sexton would dig him no grave—the parson did not read the service over him, even for the lucre of his fee—his grave was not watched, neither was it secured by any of the devices by which moderns attempt to preserve the remains of their friends, and yet it is certain that no resurrection man meddled with the body—no man wrote his epitaph—and the place of his sepulture was not marked even by a nettle. Never, in short, did a being, who made so much and so delightful a noise in the world, slide out of it in a manner so quiet and unaccountable—so quiet that it had not been known, and so unaccountable that it had not been believed, had Messrs. Sainsbury and Co., of Bell's Buildings, Fleet-street, not contrived to hint at in their infallibly accurate "Biographical and Historical Dictionary of Musicians;" a work of authority so unquestionable, that every man whom it reports as dead must be so, and of accuracy so precise, that he who does not believe it, is an infidel of the very worst class. It is a pains-taking and generous work too, and performs for the sweet warblers on wire and cat-gut, and the sonorous ringers of brass, that which they cannot possibly do for themselves. Never was there a kinder and more disinterested service than that which those gifted persons performed to the said Mr. Samuel Wesley, through this their oracle of truth. He expired without a pain or a groan; did not make a single wry face at a houseous draught—cost nobody a farthing or a tear—and had all manner of justice done to his memory.

Now one would have naturally thought that treatment so gratuitous and so kind, would have been sufficient to appease the manes of Mr. Ex-Sheriff Parkins, or Richard Martin, Esq., or even to still the ever-wakeful wrath of Joseph Hume himself: that, in short, it would have pacified the most discordant ghost that ever "visited the glimpses of the Moon," and, consequently, that it would have been nectar and ambrosia to the tuneless spirit of the departed harmonist. But man is born to disappointment: and so it seems that though, according to the oracle, [Vide the "Dictionary," rect "Wesley," or "The Times" of last Tuesday,] Mr. Samuel Wesley "died about the year 1815," his ghost has continued to haunt the world for a period as long as that of the Trojan war, and threatens so to continue for no one knows how much longer. It is a very substantial and industrious sort of a ghost. It has taken up its abode at No. 16, Easton-street, Easton-square, whence it regularly sends for supplies of beef-steaks and music-paper; and it is a very orthodox and religious sort of a ghost, for it has prepared, and is about to publish, "An entirely new Musical Church-Service;" for which it has, in all probability, collected materials in the choicer department of that land of perennial song, in which Messrs. Sainsbury and Co. did what in them lay to procure it a residence.

This case is puzzling and alarming beyond all precedent. Macbeth, when the ghost of Banquo merely rested itself for a few minutes on a stool, complained because the man would not die "when the brains were out." We have given over all complaints on that score, because, to any rational or useful purpose, we find as many folks living with the brains out as with the brains in; but really if ghosts are to eat beef-steaks, and publish music, it is another matter altogether. We could have no conceivable objection to the old-fashioned ghosts, who used to whisk about like a nightly patrol, eating nothing, and charging nothing for their work; but if a ghost is to consume the food, and claim the wages of a living person, we do not exactly see how Professor Malthus himself is to get rid of the superabundant population. We fear there is nobody connected with any of our learned societies that would venture to meddle with this matter, and, therefore, we would advise that Mr. Davies Giddy Gilbert and Dr. George Birkbeck, or any too greater conjurers, that can be found, should forthwith be deputed to wait upon Dr. Hiebert, of Edinburgh, who certainly knows more of the physiology of ghosts than any man living, take his advice upon the case, and report (though the medium of the said Mr. Davies Giddy Gilbert) to the House of Commons, at its approaching meeting. In the meantime, we think it would be advisable to keep an eye upon Dr. Malthus, and also to have cinctures ready for certain sages who perform divination near the Bird-cage Walk, in St. James's Park.

VI.—From the NEWS OF LITERATURE AND FASHION.
Saturday, Oct. 16.

A VOICE FROM CHARON'S BOAT.

The "Ghost extraordinary," which (strange as it may sound), is at present very materially occupied, nevertheless willingly snatches a few moments, gratefully to acknowledge the very curious but most incontrovertible statement of facts, contained in "The News of Literature and Fashion," of Saturday, Oct. 16th.

The faith of the said ghost in the truth and utility of alchemical experiment, is every day increasing; and a certain agreeable one, (made often long before, as well as after his corporeal decease in 1815) continues to corroborate his belief, namely, the never-failing experiment of converting copper and silver into beef-steaks. The ghost is now persevering assiduously and strenuously (with a vivid expectation of success) to prove with equal force of demonstration, that music paper may be infallibly transmuted into gold.

FOREIGN MUSICAL REPORT.

VIENNA.—The only novelty that has appeared here is a Drama with songs, intitled *Die Testaments-clausel* (The Codicil of the Will), the poetry and music by Albin Pfaller, honorary citizen of Vienna. Without stopping to enquire what merit gave the above-mentioned poet and composer claim to such an honor, it recurs unwillingly to the mind that he shares this distinction in common with the great Beethoven: hence, Louis van Beethoven and Albin Pfaller are both composers! But—*quam longo intervallo!* it is Mont Blanc raising his snow-crowned summit to the clouds, and a mole hill at our feet. Mr. Pfaller seems to have been studious to cull the flowers of his music in ale-houses and tea-gardens, from the stock of blind harpers and fiddlers, town pipers, &c.—He is satisfied to accompany these most popular of all popular melodies with now and then a chord admirably adapted to the character of the piece. It is hardly necessary to say, that this trash made a perfect *fiasco*.

The other operas given here, were *Zelmira*, which continues to please even the less enthusiastic admirers of Rossini, and *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*. This opera has introduced to the public, quite unexpectedly as it appears, Madame Fodor and Signor La Blache. The occasion was quite a moment of triumph, and nothing could exceed the enthusiasm with which they were both received.

Salieri has been allowed his full honorary pension, after having completed the Jubilee of musical reign, and is succeeded in his situation by Kapellmeister Eybler, an excellent contrapuntist, from the school of Albrechtsberger, whose compositions deserve to be better known than they are.

There is just arrived here *Il Maestro Mercadante*, who is so great a favourite in Italy, and the faithful pupil, not to say slavish imitator of Rossini; he is come to superintend the representation of his favorite opera, *Elisa et Claudio*, which is shortly to be given here.

CASSEL.—Another surprising instance of precocious talent has lately appeared here, in the person of Louisa David, a child of ten years of age. Among other performances, she surprised the public with Hummel's Concerto in A minor, which she played with great spirit, taste, and correctness; as well as a Pot-pourri with her brother Ferdinand, that also gave great satisfaction. She is of Jewish parents, and nothing can exceed the enthusiasm with which she is every where received among persons of her own persuasion.

The operas that have been performed here, are the *Jessonda* of Spohr; *Les deux Journées* of Cherubini; *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* of Rossini; *Le Nozze di Figaro*; *Le Chaperon Rouge*, by Boildieu; the *Pigmalion* of Rousseau, the music by Bonda; *Le nouveau Rentier*, by Boildieu; *Die Schweizer Familie*, by Weigl; *Jean de Paris*; *La Vestale*, by Spontini; *Die Zauberflöte*, and *Don Juan*; *The Cui-liff of Bagdat*; *Valentine of Milan*; Rossini's *Tancredi* and *Cenerentola*; and *Der Freischütz*.

COLOGNE.—The annual musical feast of the Lower Rhine was lately given here, under the direction of Kapellmeister F.

Schneider, who, on this occasion, produced his grand Oratorio, *Die Sündfluth*, (The Deluge) expressly composed for this occasion. This new work was given on the first day of the meeting; on the second day were given three great compositions of celebrated masters from the Lower Rhine;—1st. Symphony, No. 4, by F. Ries; 2nd. Hymn, by Beethoven; 3d. the Overture to *Coriolanus*, by the same; and lastly, the 103rd Psalm, by Fasca. The whole assemblage of musicians and singers united on this occasion from the various towns of the Lower Rhine, amounted to more than five hundred persons. M. Kapellmeister Schneider came from Dessau to lend his valuable assistance on this occasion, and the zeal with which the whole object was prosecuted was highly creditable to the talents assembled.

NAPLES, Oct. 2d.—The *Missa pro Defunctis*, by Zingarelli, was performed in the Royal Chapel this morning, for Louis XVIII. Afterwards a Motett, by Winter, was sung. The effect of both, particularly the former, was most impressive.

Pacini's new Opera, *Alessandro nell' Indie*, has just been brought out here: it is a meagre imitation of Rossini, as all his compositions are. An order is just issued here, from the Sovereign, prohibiting all persons from hissing at the *Teatro San Carlo*, and also commanding that none shall presume to enquire anything, till his Majesty sets the example!

The new oratorio of *Samsone*, from the pen of Basili, after being long announced, was given here recently, and obtained great applause. This is the oratorio relative to which the famous Maestro di capella, Zingarelli, wrote a letter to the Canon Pignotti of Loreto, which has been copied in several journals*, wherein occurs the following remarkable passage glancing at the music of the present day: "I cannot express the joy I feel to find that, at a time when scarcely any other music obtains success, but what owes its existence to accident, and which seems destined to stun the ear, and to call down the execration of good taste,—my dear Neapolitans have shewn their love of the truly beautiful, which is to be found in the music of our Basili, a music which is composed with no less judgment and taste, and which has for its object to give the real spirit and meaning of the words."

At the termination of Sig. Barbaja's direction of *San Carlo*, a free benefit was given to the orchestra, in consideration of their long term of services under this manager, and before their being transferred over to the gentleman before-mentioned, Mr. Glossop.

We have been favoured with a sight of the prospectus that he circulated on this occasion, which does not hold out any very splendid prospects. In the introduction Mr. G. says, "that he had undertaken a long and painful voyage, for the purpose of engaging the most distinguished artists, but that the number of these was at present so scarce, and the period so short, that he was unfortunately unable to answer the general expectation in the manner he had anticipated; but that, by using every effort, and at considerable sacrifices, he hoped shortly to be able fully to correspond to the promises he had made." Then follows the prospectus, which announces, that "he engaged to give three performances a week, from the 13th of May, 1824, till the close of the year, together with ten masquerades; four new operas; two *farzi*, by the pupils of the conservatory, for which he was to give 300 Neapolitan ducats; and two operas which were new to Naples, and had been received elsewhere with applause; four grand, and four smaller ballets." The company was to consist of three *prime donne*, three tenors, and three bases; a chorus consisting of thirty singers, and the same number of coryphæi; six first rate dancers, three male and three female; and two of the second rate; a celebrated ballet-master, and a second of considerable ability; twenty-four coryphæi of both sexes; twenty-four pupils of the royal school; and twenty-four figurants.

Then follow the names of the company, both singers and dancers; among the former are, *prime donne*, Adelaide Tosi, Catterina Liparini, Carolina Colbi, Paolina Sicard, Fanny

* See HARMONICON for last Month, page 178.

Ayton; Adelaide Cesari; Anna Albertis *Primi tenori*; Andrea Nozzari, Nicola Tacchinardi, Rainieri Marchionni, Gio. Battista Verger, and Pietro Gentili. *Primi bassi*: Luigi Biondini, Ant. D'Arbonville, Michele Benedetti, Guglielmo Guiglielmi, and Carlo Moncada; and, Luigi Pacini, *buffo*. *Poeti*: And. Leone Tottola, Giovanni Schmidt, and Felice Romani. *Maestri Compositori*: Cavaliere Carafa, Cavaliere Morlacchi, Giacomo Mayerbeer, Pietro Raimondi, Stefano Pavesi, Giovanni Pacini, Louis Drouet (!), Antonio Sapienza, Pasquale Sogner (who are also to compose ballets), Nicola Vaccai, Giacomo Cordella, and Guetano Donizetti.

Of course several of the above-named persons will also be employed by this manager at his other theatres at Naples and Milan. This is followed by a long and showy list of the names of the ladies and gentlemen composing the ballet. The first dancers are almost all French.

Teatro del Fondo. In the first eighteen representations, together with the above-mentioned singers, also Mad. Fodor and Sig. Lablache were engaged. The operas given, were *Generosità e Vendetta*, by Sogner, which was not successful; *Il Matrimonio Segreto*; *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, by Rossini; *Elisa e Claudio*, by Mercadante.

Teatro Novo.—For this theatre there are, according to the prospectus, to be given two hundred representations, at various periods. *Prime donne*: Teresa Griemmar, Irene Cerioli, Teresa Melas, and Maria Russo Pepe. *Prima donna seria*: Fratesca Checcherini. *Seconde Donne*: Carolina Burgan, Rosina Daretti, and Clementina Grassi. *Primi buffi Napolitani*: Carlo Casaccia, and Raffaele Casaccia. *Primi buffi Toscani*: Giuseppe Fioravanti, and Gaetano de Nikola. *Primi tenori*: Paolo Zilioli, Ferd. Minieri, and Luigi Noferi. *Secondi tenori*: Ferdinando Mollo, and Bartolomeo Sabatini. *Maestri Compositori*: besides Saverio Mercadante, and Gaetano Donizetti, occur the following names, new at least to us—Gagliardi, Miliotti, Assenzio, Baggioni, and Giuseppe Grasso D'Anna. The first opera to be given, is the *Don Giovanni* of Mozart; and the second, *La Sposa di Provincia*, by Cordella.

MILAN.—*Teatro della Scala*. The opera company at present here, consists of Mad. Belloc, Rosa Morandi, Brigida Lorenzani, Francesca Festa, Marianna Kainz, a native of Germany, all *prime donne*; G. B. Verger and Luigi Siretetti, tenors; Filippo Galli, Bassist; and Nicolo De Grecis, *Buffo*. The season opened with the *Semiramide* of Rossini, in which only three or four pieces pleased, and particularly the imposing though noisy introduction.

Rossini has written for this tragic opera a new overture in D major, which is not likely to add much to his reputation. The theme of the *andante* bears a great similarity to the air "*Freut euch des Lebens*," ("Life let us cherish,") which also occurs again in the finale. It is whispered that this composer, always fertile in expedients, has had this overture long lying in his desk. The theme of the *allegro* movement may, perhaps, be considered as an offspring of Zingarelli's *Ombra adorata*, which presumption is still more strengthened from the situation in which it is again employed in the second act. The *stretta* in the finale, expressive of horror and overwhelming awe, is composed in one of Rossini's happiest moments*; yet the subject may be traced to the well-known but masked waltz of the *Barbiere di Siviglia*.

The two operas of *Agnese* and *Tancredi* were produced in order to form a contrast to this opera, which soon began to create ennui.—These were followed by *Aspasia ed Agide*, a new opera *seria* by Nicolini, but it lived to see only three representations. We are sorry to find that this composer has quitted his old style, and fallen into the vortex of fashion, by becoming a copier, or at least an imitator of Rossini.

Another new opera, which had been promised last autumn, was also produced, the *Elena e Malvina*, by Carlo Soliva. It was received the first evening with warm applause by the friends of the composer, but all would not do; it lived but four nights. This *maestro*, who at present fills the situation of *Maestro del canto* in the Conservatory at Warsaw, and of whose first opera

we before gave some account, is a good harmonist, and has turned his attention to the study of the best masters of the German school; but a poverty of ideas, and a want of taste in the general treatment of his subject, render his present work monotonous. It is also very long, and even more fatiguing than the unreasonably long *Semiramide*, with its profusion of *recitativo obbligato*. The members of the orchestra were heard to complain of this tax on their patience, and recurred with pleasure to the ease and delight they experienced in giving the operas of Mozart.

A fourth new opera was also produced, called *Isabella ed Enrico*, the music by Pacini; it was received with great applause, and at the conclusion the maestro and principal singers were called for to receive the congratulations of the public. On the second evening, however, the applause was much less; neither maestro nor singers were called on the stage, and on the third evening the theatre was empty. Metamorphoses of this kind are with us the order of the day, and many pieces make on the first representation a *furor*, and on the second a *fiasco*. Signor Pacini, a young and very respectable apostle of Rossini, whose operas are frequently given in the towns of central Italy, is a composer by no means destitute of fancy; but his present opera, the introduction and the finale excepted, possesses nothing remarkable, except it be that the violoncellos are, without any very apparent reason, kept hard at work during every part of it. That after so many *fascos*, the operas of *Semiramide*, *Agnese*, and *Tancredi* should have been continually interchanged, is not to be wondered at.

The management of the two royal theatres *La Scala* and *La Canobiana*, has fallen into the hands of an Englishman, Mr. Joseph Glossop, the husband of the singer Fearon. He has also undertaken the direction of the principal theatres at Naples for a term of six years. He is certainly playing a high card, and how he will finish, time must show; certainly the moment for his speculation is not a very propitious one, from the scarcity of good composers and singers of excellence. It must not at the same time be forgotten, that there are no good ballet-masters at present in Italy; the celebrated Viganò is no more, the still surviving Gioja is old, and all the others are good for little or nothing. From these causes, and from the nature of the music of the present day in general, it is not difficult to account for the apathy that prevails, at least in this place, for theatricals of all kinds.

The celebrated Paganini lately gave two concerts in the Scala, which was very numerously attended. It must be acknowledged that great as was this virtuoso on his difficult instrument some years ago, he has within these few years made surprising advances. The only thing to be regretted is, that he neglects the *cantabile*, and the nobler powers of his instrument, for music of the difficult and astonishing kind. On the first night he gave a Concerto, with a recitative and three varied airs, the latter of which was enthusiastically encored. The whole was performed on the 4th string!

On the second night, he also gave a violin concerto, in one movement; a military sonata, and variations on three subjects from Mozart, Weigl, and Vogler, on the G string, and lastly the well known variations on Sügmayer's *Hexentanz* (Dance of the Witches.) It is remarkable, that on these occasions not a single piece was given from Rossini, a circumstance that seemed to delight many of the audience, who begin to feel it a relief to be able to escape from the *crambe repetita* of this composer, which has pursued them every where. It is said that he is about to undertake a musical tour through Germany, France, and England; but we are sorry to say the state of his health is not the best. He is an extraordinary man, and is said to be composing his own memoirs, which cannot fail to interest at least the lovers of music.

The promising youth, Carlo Alinovi, who is only twelve years of age, gave an *Academia musicale*, in the concert-room of the Scala, in which he performed with great effect two concertos with variations on the horn.

Among the sacred music given here, during the holy week, was Weigl's oratorio *La Passione*; its success was but partial; the latter part seemed to please the most. It was performed under the direction of Signor Rolla, partly by dilettante, and in part

(*) For this movement, see HARMONICON, No. 163.

by regular artists. On Good Friday was given, in the saloon of the house of Signor Casella, a well known patron of music, Beethoven's oratorio of *Christ on the Mount of Olives*. It is translated into Italian, and excited great sensation. The whole was accompanied on the piano by the daughter of the gentleman above-named, Signora Costanza Casella, a pupil of Karl Mozart, eldest son of the illustrious composer of this name. The musical entertainments which constantly take place in the house of these amateurs merit notice, and particularly on account of the love which prevails here for the music of the great Mozart, as well as from the zeal they have shown in promoting among their countrymen a taste for the compositions of the German school. In no place are better selected performances given, both of the Italian and German school, and they are admirably led by M. Karl Mozart, who thus worthily honours the memory of his illustrious father.

PARIS.—*La Donna del Lago* has been given at the *Théâtre Italien*, after having been two months promised, but it produced very little effect. The composer has added nothing to his reputation by this opera, amongst the Parisians, at least.

We have heard, from all the artists, of the bankruptcy of the King's Theatre, in London. This is the second time it has happened within a few years, and the performers who have lately arrived from England, consider themselves as wronged, not by a poor beggarly adventurer, a well-known knave, but by the country that employed him. We hear much of the boasted morality of the vast city on Thames' banks, but we find that it gives, not only protection, but patronage to our outcasts, to those that escape from the just punishment of our laws. — * * * * *, and others, have not by their statements raised the character of the English nation in the opinion of their Gallic neighbours.

It is said that M. Castil-Blaze means to commence a legal process against Signor Rossini, in order to obtain compensation from him for having used two of the dramas of the former, translated into Italian, without his permission*.

Sept. 27th. After an absence of five months, Madame Pasta returned to this theatre—(*Théâtre Italien*)—on Saturday last. The crowd was immense, and wholly collected on account of the *cantatrice*; for, though *Romeo*, the opera performed, has some good things in it,—as, *Ombra adorata aspetta*, and *Ah! cari palpiti*, yet it is singularly long, and, if it were not for the desire to see the third act, the dilettanti would find it difficult to sit out the two first.

Oct. 5th. Signor Alberto Soriani is arrived in Paris. He is engaged at the *Théâtre Italien* for three months; that is, till he is wanted in London, where he has a long engagement. He is to appear in *Otello*, and it is said that his voice is much like that of Crivelli.

YORKSHIRE SECOND GRAND MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

The holding of this Festival is now definitively fixed for Tuesday, the 19th September, 1835, and the three following days, being the week before Doncaster Races. At the last Festival, which was in the week after those races, the weather was upon the whole gloomy and unpropitious; but by choosing the earlier period, there is a greater probability of having fine weather and sunshine, which are so highly desirable for setting off the beauties of the Minister to the best advantage. There will be four morning and three evening performances, with a grand fancy-dress ball on the Friday night; for which the present Assembly Room (110 feet by 40), and the new Concert Room, (90 feet by 60), will be thrown open together, in one suite.—The latter room is rapidly proceeding with, and the roof is nearly finished. This noble building, which will accommodate upwards of 2000 auditors, is to be vested in the Archbishop, the Dean, and the Lord Mayor, for the benefit of the four infirmaries of York, Leeds, Hull, and Sheffield;—it will cost above 6,000*l.*, and, should the receipts of the evenings not quite equal that sum, the deficiency will be supplied out

* There must be some error in this: or, perhaps it is what in England is called a *hoax*.—EDITOR.

of the Guarantee-fund, which amounts at present to 9800*l.*—For the Minister, the band will consist of not less than six hundred performers, many of whom are already engaged, including most of the principal ones, both vocal and instrumental; and the committee are now in negotiation with others. The choruses will be determined upon as soon as possible, in order to give the performers an opportunity of perfecting themselves in them, through the instrumentality of the various Choral Societies which exist in the great towns of Yorkshire and Lancashire, and admirably supply a remedy for the great disadvantage under which Provincial Music Meetings generally labour, of a want of proper rehearsals. Judged, every exertion is being made to render the Festival in all respects worthy of the patronage of the musical world, among whom it has excited the greatest interest. If successful—of which, if we can trust the reports of the anxiety to witness it that have been waited to us from the South, there can be no doubt—we may look for a periodical renewal of the treat, at the judicious interval of every four or five years, to the lasting advantage of the noble charities above mentioned.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE

Opened on the 16th of last month. The *Freischütz* is promised, but hitherto nothing worthy of attention in the musical way has appeared. The company at present engaged at this house, notwithstanding what has been said in the world about it, is uncommonly strong, consisting of a powerful troop of actors.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

Weber's popular opera, the *Freischütz*, monopolizes all theatrical attention, and fills every theatre. It was produced on this stage on the 14th of October, a few days after the re-opening of the house. The principal female character—(we are tired of the eternal and absurd change of the names)—is given to Miss Paton, and the principal tenor to Mr. Pearman. The former appeared, at the first representation here, to be labouring under indisposition; and the latter, though a clever performer, is not exactly fitted for the part. The second soprano and bass are allotted to Miss Lane and Mr. James, neither of whom seemed to comprehend thoroughly the nature of the music, and therefore did not perform it with confidence and spirit, which are so imperatively necessary in singing every note of this opera. The choruses, however, are given with an accuracy and effect that cannot be too much praised; and the orchestra surpassed any thing that we ever heard at an English theatre. The scenery well maintains the reputation which Covent Garden has long enjoyed and deserved in this department: the incantation scene is a combination of every horror that the painter and machinist could imagine, and is admirably conducted.

The alterations made at this theatre in the original drama, we cannot approve; they destroy what little consistency it had to boast of, and cripple the effect. The transposition of the drinking scene, annihilates the design of the fine Bacchanalian song, and the extension of this part, by a very dull dialogue, without the smallest pretence to originality, takes much from the interest of the whole opera; while the alterations in the musical part of the incantation scene deprive the piece of some of M. de Weber's happiest thoughts.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

Two short musical pieces were produced last month at this comfortable and well-situated house; but neither of them met with success: it is therefore unnecessary to enter into any particulars concerning them, as they do not appear to be connected with any name or names that can excite further interest about them.

ADELPHI THEATRE.

This house is making extraordinary efforts to draw into general notice, particularly in the musical department. Next month we shall be able to speak from personal observation of the advances which, we hear from many quarters, are making towards establishing it as a most respectable operatic theatre.



LOUIS SPOHR.

THE HARMONICON.

No. XXIV., DECEMBER, 1824.

MEMOIR OF LUDWIG SPOHR.

WHETHER it be a mere affectation, or that excessive Gallomania which makes the Germans delight in polluting their excellent original language with French words and phrases, we know not, but certain it is that Mr. Spohr perseveringly uses the christian name of *Louis*, though his father, not ashamed, like him, of his German origin, had him baptized by that of *Ludwig*. Ludwig Spohr, then, is the son of a well known physician at Seesen, in the Brunswick territory, and was born there about the year 1788, or as other biographers say, 1780.

According to the statement of several persons in Brunswick, young Spohr shewed in his earlier years no symptom whatever of those great talents, by which, at a maturer age, he has delighted and astonished the musical world. He was, on the contrary, a very awkward youth, little distinguished for any thing that could render him interesting to society. It is not accurately known at what period of his life his musical education began, but the first master he had for the violin was Mancoart, whose quartetts have made his name favourably known.

After M. Spohr had been engaged for some time as chamber musician in the service of the Duke of Brunswick, he accompanied his second master, the famous violin player, Eik, partly at the Duke's expense, on a professional tour to Russia. The frequent opportunities he had during this journey of hearing the most celebrated players, and the best organized orchestras, materially contributed to the cultivation of his musical judgment. In the year 1804, he travelled through various parts of Germany, principally for the purpose of giving public concerts; and from an account of his appearance at Leipzig, published in the *Musikalische Zeitung* on the 10th of December, in the same year, his performance would seem to have been so extraordinary, that it is difficult to conceive how he could subsequently add to his reputation. Another reporter, not less extravagant in his flattery than the former, concludes his narrative with this exclamation, "Hail to the age which could produce such an artist!"

The Germans have been exceedingly lavish in their praises of this composer. Not only his compositions, and his style of playing, but even his manners and his personal appearance, have received their share of eulogium. In 1805, that illustrious patron of musical talent, the
Vol. II.

Duke of Saxe Gotha, took M. Spohr into his service, under the title of concert-master. From this period are dated most of his compositions, which, for the greatest part are instrumental,—concertos for the violin, and for the clarionet; quartetts, and duets for the violin, orchestral symphonies and overtures, and lastly, variations, sonatas, and pot-pourris for the harp, with accompaniments for the violin. He is not always happy in vocal composition, though he has made every exertion to gain a reputation in this high department of music. One great error that he has, in common with Rossini, fallen into, is, giving to the voice passages to execute, that are only fit for instruments. A certain gloom is spread more or less over all his compositions, as far as regards melody; and the interest they excite, mainly consists in the profound learning, the richness of the harmonies, and in the skilful modulations which they display. Nevertheless he is one of the principal living composers of Germany, and his works for his own particular instrument are not rivalled by any contemporary.

As a performer on the violin, he has, if possible, a still greater reputation than as a composer, and stands unequalled for beauty and fulness of tone, for purity of style, and energy of expression, and for what may be called a *classical* taste. Kiesewetter and Paganini have gained a higher name for execution, and Mayseder for grace and ease, but none as a performer combines so many great qualities as Spohr. In quartett playing, which is by far the best test of a true musician, he therefore shines much more than in a concerto di bravura. Being a composer, he enters better into the genius and spirit of what he performs, than those who have not analyzed music with the critical nicety of an author. All true judges, that have heard him, perceive that his chief object is to carry into effect the composer's design, and not to make an ostentatious display of his own powers. During his engagement at Gotha, he made several professional tours in different parts of Germany, and increased his reputation, particularly at the musical festival at Frankenhansen, and at the Congress of Vienna in 1814. Here, it is said, he even eclipsed the famous Rode, though it is at the same time mentioned, that in a private party, where Rode, Spohr, and Mayseder, played each a violin quartett of his own composition, that

of Mayseder was unanimously crowned, both for composition and for performance. In Vienna he lived for a considerable time as a director of music, and though he wrote during this period some beautiful violin quartetts, it is said, he much neglected his playing. Notwithstanding this, he received the most flattering applause in all the principal cities of Italy, where he travelled in the year 1817. After his return from that country, he became director of music at the theatre of Frankfurt on the Maine.

In the year 1819, he quitted the latter place, and after having again travelled in Germany for the purpose of giving public concerts, he came at the invitation of the Philharmonic Society of London to this metropolis; and at the performances of this useful and celebrated association produced two symphonies and an overture that give him an undoubted right to be classed amongst the great orchestral composers of the age. He resides at present in Cassel, in the capacity of Maestro di Capella, an honourable and most lucrative appointment, and continues to present the lovers of music, from time to time, with new compositions. Among his last works of high reputation must be mentioned his two operas *Faust* and *Jessonda*, (*Zemire and Azor* not having become so favourably known,) and his tenth concerto for the violin.

SIGNOR CARPANI AND COUNT ORLOFF.

THE following is an extract from a letter of Signor Carpani, a writer of whom we have before had occasion to speak*, addressed to the Editor of the *Biblioteca Italiana*. Its object is a critical examination of a work entitled *Essai sur l'Histoire de la Musique en Italie, depuis les temps les plus anciens, jusqu'à nos jours, par M. le Comte Orloff, Sénateur de l'Empire Russe*; and as, in pointing out the omissions in the Count's work, relative to different musicians of Italy, Signor Carpani presents us with various particulars but little known, we shall make no apology for presenting the reader with a considerable portion of the letter.

After many piquant remarks upon the book-making spirit of the present day, and some observations relative to the suspicious nature of the sources from which the Count has derived his information regarding the music and musicians of Italy, Signor Carpani continues:

... "I shall not say a word of the transcendent masters and virtuosi of a more distant period, whose names Count Orloff has passed over in silence; I shall confine myself to the mention of those who flourished from the beginning of the last century up to the present period.

"In vain do we seek in this partial and imperfect commentary for the name of Bononcini, so renowned as the rival of the great Handel, and who reaped such well-earned laurels in England, as well as in his native country; in vain for the name of Borro, a composer who died in the service of the Court of Vienna, and who gained so much reputation by setting the greater part of the dramas of the great Metastasio, independently of his excellent compositions for the church. Not a word is said of Porcile and Auletta, though illustrious in their day for the admirable music which they adapted to the

poetry of Cesareo; not a word of Conti, also composer at the Imperial Court of Vienna, and regarded as the Gluck of his time, a genius not less singular than profound, and whose celebrated opera of *Don Quichote*, first brought out in 1710, long kept possession of the boards of Vienna. And to approximate nearer to our own times, not a syllable is said of the celebrated venetian Biffi, *maestro di capella* in *San Marco*, the first who ventured to repeat the same motivo a hundred times over, and yet always exercised such masterly art and ingenuity, as to give additional pleasure at every repetition, a practice that has since been carried to such perfection in the operas of Paisiello. One is still more surprised at finding no mention made of the renowned *San Martini*, the Amphion of the Milanese, whose efforts tended in so eminent a degree to extend the limits of instrumental music; who was the inventor of so many new forms both with respect to melody and harmony; who introduced so many modifications, before unknown, and familiarized his countrymen with the productions of foreign composers. The omission of his name is the more extraordinary, as Rousseau and Burney are loud in his praise, both as a composer for the church and for the chamber. This truly sound musician lived to a considerable age; he was still flourishing in 1780. Nothing is said of Chiesa, also a Milanese, a composer of a very pure and easy vein, and whose compositions breathe the very soul of love; he was considered as the Sacchini of instrumental music, and was flourishing at the close of the last century; nothing of Valle, another very original Milanese composer, whose numerous masses and other compositions for the church, were long the delight of his fellow-citizens; nothing of the elder Monza, *maestro di capella* in the *Duomo di Milano*, a man of great musical learning, and father of the Cavalier Caro, who at a later period filled the same situation; nothing of the profound Mariani, *maestro* of the *Duomo di Sarzana*, a distinguished scholar of Padre Martini, whose celebrity began at an early age, who saw a long term of years and renown, and died in 1785; nothing of Carpani, *maestro di Capella* in *S. Pietro di Roma*, and who taught the secrets of his delightful art to the renowned Clementi, of whom our author with his usual fidelity says not a single word. In the same manner he passes without any notice Zanotti, another disciple of Padre Martini, and a *maestro* of very high repute in *San Petronio* in Bologna; he passes in equal silence Padre Valtoti, *maestro al Santo di Padova*, a contrapuntist of the first rank, and author of the highly-esteemed work, *Scienza Teorica e Pratica della Musica Moderna*, and who died in 1780. Nor is any notice taken of his predecessor and master Padre Callegari, the instructor of the celebrated Tartini; nor of the Milanese Padre Catteracci, a rigid composer for the church, who has given the world a series of admirable fugues for the organ, and who flourished till about the close of the last century.

"Nor does the list terminate here of illustrious composers, both for the church and theatre, who have been deprived of their second life by the homicidal silence of our musical chronicler. To begin with the church: Venice boasts of her Furlanetta, deceased only within these few years, and who long filled with honour the situation of *maestro di capella* in *San Marco*; Bologna of her Manfredini and Marchese, the latter a very animated and elegant composer, the former author of

* See HARMONICON Vol. I, p. 124, and No. XX, p. 139 of the present Volume.

the work entitled *Regole Armoniche*, &c., to whom it is no common praise that he filled for many years, and with increasing reputation, the post of *maestro* to the Imperial Court of Petersburg, the country of our chronicler; Lodi of *Padre Bonifichi*, who also composed very successfully for the theatre; Imola, of a *Giordani*, abounding with genius and science; Loretto of the two *Basili*, father and son, the former of whom was considered as one of the most able church-composers of his time, and who has found in his son a worthy heir of his talents and successor to his situation*; Siena of a *Saladini* and a *Lampini*, composers of considerable repute; Livorno of a *Mej*; Turin of a *Gasparini* and an *Ottani*; Milan of a *Piazza*, a *Valaperta* and a *Piazzanida*, pupils of the learned *Fiorani*; Vercelli of its two *Perotti*; Pisa of its *Benvenuti*, &c., respecting all which names our historian of modern Italian music is altogether silent.

"But we will now return to the theatre, respecting which the Count is, if possible, guilty of still more striking and unaccountable omissions. It will be for him to declare from what motives, and with what right and justice he should, in a musical history of Italy during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, have been guilty of such acts of forgetfulness respecting some of the most illustrious of our composers, whose names I feel proud in recording, and whose fame not only resounds throughout Italy, but has reached the most distant countries."

"These are *il maestro Mayr*, *il maestro Origitano*, *il maestro Righini*, a *Portogallo*, an *Alemandri*, a *Martini*, a *Nasolini*, a *Generali*, a *Coccia*, a *Paccini*, a *Monfracci*, a *Morlacchi*, a *Gnecco*, a *Merodante*, and the two *Mosca*, all *maestri*, and all passed over in melancholy silence by this northern illustrator of the grandeur of Italian music. (*questo settentrionale illustratore dell' Italiano-musica-grandezza*).

"All you in whose bosom beats an Italian heart, answer me whether this list of names be not sufficient to insure to Italy the indisputable primacy, (*primato*), in this most delightful of the fine arts? We are now, I do not attempt to deny it, in the silver age of music; yet many luminaries remain who have filled their urns of light from the golden age that has expired; and nature in her beneficence, in order to keep alive the sacred flame of harmony, and the spark of generous emulation, has launched from her bosom a *Rossini*, who while he has enriched our stores with new treasures of melody and harmony, has not expended our already-accumulated riches, but has drawn amply and fearlessly from his own inexhaustible funds†.

"But anterior to the more recent fame of *Rossini*, was there any composer in Europe, whose renown was superior to that of *Mayr*?‡ who, constantly pouring forth from

the rich treasury of his mind, has, during half a century, displayed a greater pomp of genius? Upon whom has theatrical fortune smiled more propitiously than upon him? distinguished not less for purity, elegance, grace, expression, and copiousness, than for learning and judgment, he had not, during a long series of lustrums, any one to surpass him in the higher walks of composition. And yet will it be credited that the Count Orloff never once mentions his name? Imperishable is the renown of his *Ginevra di Scozzia*, of his *Adelasia*, of his *Lodoiska*, of his *Adelaide*, of his *Elsa*, of his *Rosa Bianca e Rosa Rossa*, of his *Sciti*, of his *Mistery Eleusini*; as well as a host of other master-pieces of another kind, such as *Il Davide*, *La Passione*, *Il Sisera*, &c.; besides his ten *Masses* for a full orchestra, two solemn Vesper-services and several hymns to the Virgin, all breathing sweetness, piety, and holy love. The whole of the sacred music of this master was composed for the choir of Bergamo, where he fills the situation of *maestro*. And so active is the genius of this composer, and so pleased is fame in recounting his triumphs, that at the very moment I am writing this, the journals of Paris are loud in the praises of his *Medea*, which has just been introduced there, and forms the delight of the Parisians.

"But it is not in the instance of *Mayr* alone, that our *Plutarch* of the north maintains such an injurious silence,—or rather I should have said *unjust*, for I cannot believe the work will have the power of being *injurious*. He treats with the same neglect the renowned author of the *Cosa Rara*, the most melodious, and the most universally known of all the operas existing: of *L'Albero di Diana*, and *La Capricciosa Corretta*, operas of so much beauty, and felicity of melody, harmony, and expression, that they were sung in all the theatres of Europe; and after an interval of nearly forty years, the latter is still repeated in the theatres of Naples. And is it so, poor *Martini*! after having enjoyed so exalted a reputation, after having lived for years at the court of Petersburg, and after terminating thy days there, at no distant period, shall it all avail thee nothing? The Russian historian, who undertakes to give a supplement to *Burney*, knows not who thou art, and is ignorant of thy noble labours, though they were produced in that very place where he himself was born!

"After instances like these, how expect that the Count Orloff should speak of a *Righini*, who during the trifling period of thirty years was *maestro* to the court of Berlin, and composed a multitude of operas, both of the *seria* and *buffa* kind, the greater number of which were received with applause, and some with enthusiasm, besides a great portion of very masterly music for the church. What avails it to an *Origitani*, a *Nasolini*, a *Monfracci*, to have given such illustrious proofs of their talents? It is true that those stars of the brightest promise were extinguished before they had reached their meridian; but even had their lives been preserved to the arts for half a century, like some great names we have already cited, they would not have experienced a better fate at the hands of our musical chronicler.

"But there are some things in the history of this author and his book, that border on the marvellous. During these latter years it would seem, that the good Count has actually sojourned for a considerable time at Naples, was a great amateur of music, and never failed to hear every thing that was worthy of being heard. Nay, more;

* *Basili*, author of *Sansone*, an oratorio, &c.; for some account of which and of the composer, see *HARMONICON*, Vol. I., p. 178.

† And as boldly *Signor C.* might have added, from the funds of others. But *Signor Rossini's inexhaustible funds* seem already exhausted.—EDITOR.

‡ In giving this letter of *Signor Carpani* we do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions that it avows or implies. He has mentioned some names that Count Orloff ought not to have omitted; others that none but a jealous Italian would have attempted to draw from the oblivion to which their feebleness has condemned them. *Signor Carpani* betrays the very ignorance that he condemns, when he asks the question to which this note is appended. Did he, we ask, never hear of one *Mozart*?—EDITOR.

he was personally acquainted with the principal artists and professors, and was in full scent for anecdotes and memoirs; in a word, he lived upon music, and in the heart of music. And yet amidst all the musical world of Naples, he never collected one hint respecting a certain *Monfrè*, one of the most wonderful geniuses of the present age, whose immature loss is still, and will long continue to be universally lamented. So fruitful and so extraordinary was the talent of this youthful aspirant to fame, that in one single lustrum, *viz.*, from his seventeenth to his twenty-second year, a year which saw him hurried to an untimely grave, he had composed several *masses* for eight real parts, a *Miserere* for twelve real parts, and the operas of *Alzira*, *Armida*, *Piramo e Tisbe*, and *La Nascita d' Alcide*, besides Canons in eight parts, and a number of symphonies and detached pieces,—productions that surprised all the cognoscenti by the novelty, the beauty, the originality, the expression, and the learning by which they were marked. How then, let me ask, is it possible, that our biographer, residing on the spot, should have been ignorant of the existence, and the fame of such a genius, and if they did come under his knowledge, how happens it that he has passed over in silence, a composer so memorable in that art, the triumphs and deeds of which he preferred to record?

"To enter into a detail of the characteristic and distinguishing merits of the other masters whose names I have recorded, but concerning whom the Count has been wholly silent, would lead me far beyond the limits of a letter, I shall therefore content myself with giving a list of such operas produced by them, as have been received with the greatest applause, some of which have for these thirty years past kept their place on the Italian stage, as well as in the most celebrated theatres of Europe.

"They are the following: *Il Armina*; *Il Fingito e Comala*, and *Il Merc' Antonio* of Bonini; *I Re di Ebea*, and *La Teresa e Claudio* of Farinelli; *La Cleopatra*, *La Merope*, and *La Semiramide* of Nasolini; *Il Trajano in Dacia*, and *Il Coriolano* of Nicolini; *La Cleide*, *L' Evelina*, and *L' Arighetto* of Coccia; *Gli Sciti* of Portogallo; *La Praga dell' opera*, by Guccio; *I Baccanali* and *Le Lagrime d' una vedova*, by Generati; *La Dama Soldato*, by Orlandi; *Il Comingio*, and *Il Barone di Dolsheim*, of Paccini; *L' Apoteon d' Ercole*, and *L' Elisa e Claudio*, of Mercadante; and *L' Isolina*, by Morlacchi. But enough of this. The operas here enumerated are familiarly known by all persons in Italy, and by all lovers of music out of it, with the solitary exception of the Count Orloff; and yet, as some evil genius will have it, this is the very man, forsooth, who must write a musical history of this country!

"I cannot for the life of me help thinking at this moment, of a certain well known fable; but I leave you to guess it. The moral is, that in order to fly, it is not enough merely to wish to fly,—or, to sing agreeably, merely to have a voice. Something more is wanting—wings, and suitable knowledge."

Vienna, 15th February, 1824.

IMPROVEMENTS ON THE FLUTE D'AMOUR, AND THE OCTAVE FLUTE.

In a former number we gave from a foreign Journal an account of Professor Janusch's performances on the Flute d'Amour, and have now to add, from the same sources, the following particulars relative to that instrument.

THE Flute d'Amour, an instrument which has been known for a number of years, and which is only a flute of a greater compass, was often set a minor third, and sometimes a pure fourth lower, but always in a very imperfect manner. Its lovely, tender, and yet at the same time, tolerably full tone in the mode G major, in which alone it was, for the greater part, fit for use, led M. Janusch, who has for a number of years been Professor of the flute in Prague, to attempt its improvement, and if possible to bring an instrument again into use, which had formerly ranked high among instruments of the soft and tender kind. He therefore projected a plan according to mathematical proportions, in order to tune it a fourth lower. His next care was to provide it with the necessary key, and in order to render them suitable and commodious, to conform them as far as possible to those used in the common flute. He has completely succeeded in his object, and brought it to such perfection, that the Flute d'Amour is admirable in the performance of concertos, and particularly four movements of the *adagio* and *andante* kind, and in every key, an effect which has been satisfactorily proved on several public occasions, when the performance has been hailed with lively applause by some of the most discerning musicians.

Its relation to the common flute is such, that the C above gamut, sounds like G gamut. It is true that there are common flutes manufactured of this compass, which besides the eight or nine usual keys, have also five on the lower division; but the character of the tones remains always the same, and is attended with this disadvantage, that the mechanism is complex and its effect not certain. The mechanism of the Flute d'Amour is more simple, and more to be depended upon; and its very tender, and yet tolerably powerful tone possesses a character peculiar to itself.

It is provided with the keys of the lower C, and C sharp,—of E flat,—double F,—G sharp,—B flat,—and the middle C. Instead of the first and sixth hole, which would have required too great an extension of the fingers, keys with double levers have been introduced.

With regard to the Octave flute, all the instruments of this kind, that have heretofore been employed in the orchestra, have been found imperfect in certain modes. The same professor has had one made with six keys, *viz.*, B sharp,—double F,—G sharp,—B flat,—and middle C. The object gained by this improvement is twofold: the first is, that the instrument will no longer require a separate performer in the orchestra, as every player on the flute will be easily able to use it; the second is, that all the notes will now be able to be given with purity upon it.

ON THE MUSIC OF THE ASHANTEES AND FANTEES.

(Continued from page 194.)

"No. 5, which I should conjecture to begin in E major, and to end in D minor, was occasioned by an English vessel bringing the report of a battle, in which the French were defeated and their town burned. The words are allegorical.

Abirrikiri - *crosses again*
French - *town are put in;*
Ooootampun - *hence* *fun;*
 Great fighting men, *walk* take you away;

No. 5. FANTEE AIR.

For the Sanko.

Allegro.

"A long tale accompanies No. 6. An Ashantee having been surprised in an intrigue with another man's wife, becomes the slave of the King, and is obliged to follow the army in a campaign against the celebrated Attah, the Akim cabocero mentioned in the history. The Ashantee army having retired, this man either deserted or could not join his division, and after concealing himself some time in the forest, was taken by a party of Attahs, whom he addresses in the following words:

Egyree - *with* *old*
Panther - *but* *has* - (belongs to)
Minkoo! *Minkoo!*
 I die! I die!

Me' sin - adee - *cross,*
 Rush now my cross.

Minkoo! *Minkoo!*
 I die! - I die!

Dubiooche - *Minkoo!* *Minkoo!*
 For woman's sake I die! I die!

Attah m' incemie! *Attah m' incemie!*
 Attah, don't kill me! Attah, don't kill me!

"The man's life, it was added, was preserved when he urged that he understood how to make sandals. The key appears to be E minor.

No. 6 AN ASHANTEE AIR.

For the Sanko.

Allegro.

No. 7, in G major, seems to convey the moral, that riches prompt mankind to wickedness, the word "makes" is understood:—

No. 7. AN ASHANTEE AIR.

For the Sanko.

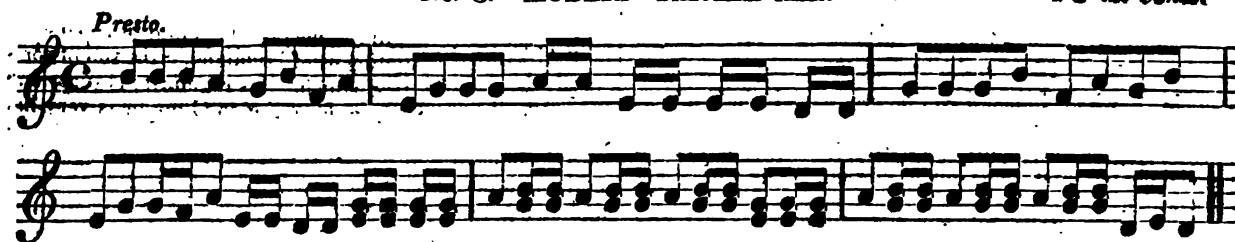


* The power of fascination, by the eyes, is believed and dreaded in those parts of Africa as mortal, whether exercised by the Fetish priests against men, or by the cooroompun against animals. The idea prevailed in Pliny's time, but it was ascribed to the voice. "In libro quodam Plinii naturalis historiae legi esse quosdam in

terra Africae familias hominum voce atque lingua effascinantium. Qui si impensius forte laudaverint pulchros arbores, segetes letiores, infantes amoeniores, egregios equos, pecudes pastus, atque culta optimas. emoriantur repente haec omnia." A cooroompun will be found amongst the specimens for the British Museum.

No. 8. MODERN FANTEE AIR.

For the Sanko.

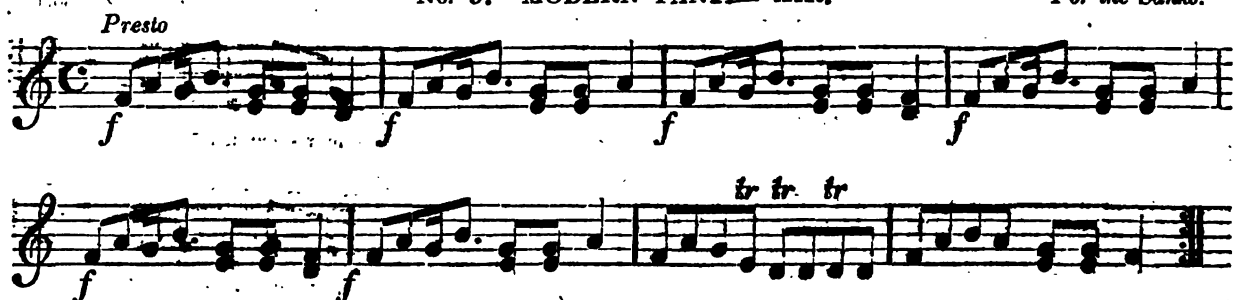


"No. 9. became a common song in March last in praise of the present Governor in Chief; who, in consequence of the famine occasioned by the preceding invasion from the Ashantees, daily distributed corn to the starving multitude: the words are even more incoherent and figurative than the others, therefore I have not written them, but the meaning to be gathered is, 'poor woman and

poor child got no gold to buy kanky; good white man gives you corn.' It will be observed that the air much resembles No. 11, wherefore I suspect it is an alteration, and not a composition; although the key seems to be G major, and it is impossible to attach any key to the latter.

No. 9. MODERN FANTEE AIR.

For the Sanko.



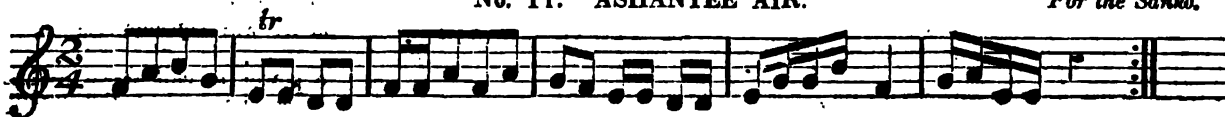
No. 10. ASHANTEE AIR.

For the Sanko.



No. 11. ASHANTEE AIR.

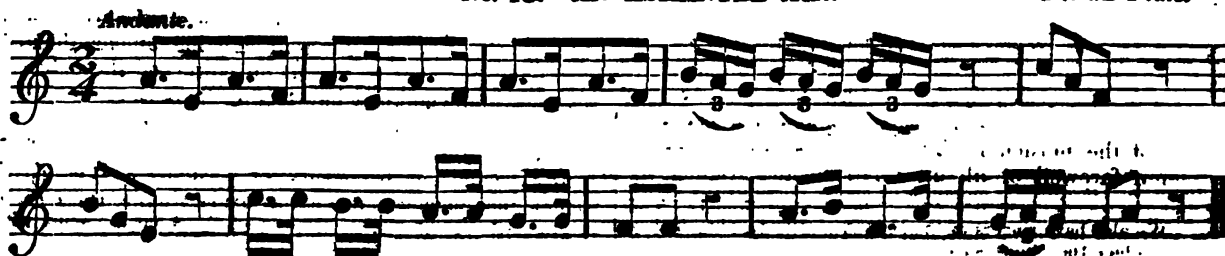
For the Sanko.



No. 12, in D minor, is played by only two flutes, and is one of the softest airs I have met with.

No. 13. AN ASHANTEE AIR.

For the Flutes



No. 14, is an Accra Fetish hymn, sung by one man and one woman, or more, at Christmas.

A finai pwaë,
The year's ends have met,
Gnor woorra
Somebody's child
Mör-bee.
Take blessing.

"Somebody's child," means the child of a person of consequence, reminding us of *Hidalgo*; "the son of somebody," so applies in Spanish. Its regularity is surprising, and its transition from G major to C major is very harmonious."

No. 14. AN ACCRA FETISH HYMN.

Andante

Af - - - naie - pwaë gnorwoorra af - - - naie pwaë
gnorwoorra gnorwoorra
gnorwoorra Af - - - naie - pwaë gnorwoorra mor-bee gnorwoorra.
gnorwoorra gnorwoorra mor-bee gnorwoorra.

[To be concluded in our next.]

ON THE MUSIC OF THE HINDOOS.

[From the German.]

THE Hindoos affirm that they received their music from the gods, and the traditions that exist among them respecting its power in distant ages, are very interesting. Their melodies are called *Rangs*, the first five of which are said to have been composed by Mahadoeb, and to have been productive of prodigious effects. One of these was designated by the name of the *Nocturnal Rang*, which was allowed to be sung only during the hours of night. It is believed that during the reign of the Emperor Akber, when, on a certain occasion, Mia Tonsine sung this melody at mid-day, the sun became suddenly darkened, and thick night overspread the earth wherever the voice Tonsine had penetrated.*

The rang *Dheepuck* is, according to traditionary report, attended with still more tremendous consequences. Akber wished to be witness of the effects which its performance would produce, and commanded the musician Naik Gopaul to sing it. The artist's hesitation to comply with his request did but enflame his curiosity the more; and he enforced unconditional obedience on the part of the musician. The singer began by taking a solemn farewell of all his relations and friends, as if

he were about to undertake a long journey; he then stripped himself and plunged into the waters of the Ganges. Scarcely had he commenced the song when the waves around him began to boil, in tumultuous fury. He became silent, and the sweat of death hung in drops upon his brow; he entreated the mercy of the Emperor, but he, not yet satisfied of the full effects of the power of the heavenly song, obliged him to continue it. Upon his beginning the second verse, flames issued from his body and he was consumed, though in the midst of the waters.

Another rang has the power to call down rain from heaven. On a certain occasion, when the plains of Bengal were parched up with drought, and the fields of rice were in danger of perishing, a young girl to whom its wonderful effects were known, sang this melody. A refreshing rain followed, which revived the country, and restored to life the almost perished fruit.

The Hindoos still live under the firm conviction that there are singers at present existing among them, who are acquainted with the secret power of these heavenly ranges, and who know how to sing them so as to call these powers into action. With respect to their present music, it is for the most part of a noisy kind, and without any pretension to beauty or system: a few of their melodies, however, possess a lovely simplicity, and there are others of a peculiar and agreeable wildness of character.

* We also have singers of the *Nocturnal Rang*, who, if they do not produce the above surprising effects, at least overspread with darkness the faces of all who listen to them.

STATE OF MUSIC IN AMERICA.

The Western Continent, particularly that important part of it occupied by the descendants of our own forefathers, is daily becoming an object of increasing interest to the inhabitants of the British dominions. By the progress of the fine arts in a nation, is generally estimated the advance of a people towards refinement; and, as we heartily join in the pleasure expressed, or felt, by the disinterested and enlightened portion of our countrymen, at the rapidly-improving condition of the United States, we were much gratified by the receipt of the following communication from an inhabitant of that country, which shows that the cultivation of music is there arrived at a point that few amongst us here are aware of, or have even surmised.

The commencement of our correspondent's letter would, at first sight, lead to a very different conclusion to that which we draw from the whole; but the perusal of part of its contents, and of what follows, will show that the author is a little too sanguine in his expectations, and, in his zeal, wishes to see his favourite art arrive at full maturity, without passing through any of the usual stages. In ten years it is probable that he will, if he live, find the inhabitants of New York as anxious and as able to encourage every musical enterprise, as those of the wealthy and polished town of Liverpool are at the present moment.

Our Correspondent's letter is dated *New York, September 26th, 1824*, and after some preliminary matter of a private nature, proceeds as follows:

"This place as a city is slow in encouraging musical enterprise, though it has been deluged for the last few years with concerts, as they are called, of a very indifferent kind, which certainly tend to vitiate rather than improve the public taste. These have in general been ill planned, and worse performed. During this year (1824), however, two new musical associations have sprung up, which promise much. The first in point of date is the *New-York Choral Society*, for classical sacred music; and the other, *The Philharmonic Society of New-York*, for secular music generally. This last society is composed of the most wealthy of our citizens. The Choral Society has given four grand performances since its organization, each of which reflects much credit upon the conductors. It is greatly to be lamented, however, that the public do not seem to appreciate justly its admirable performances, by affording the infant society that support and patronage which every young institution so much needs.

"In Boston *The Handel and Haydn Society* meets with great encouragement, and its concerts are generally very respectable. In Philadelphia *The Musical Fund Society* has perhaps the best instrumental band in the country. Its performances are likewise very creditable to the state of the musical art in America. There are many other musical associations in this country, some of which are highly respectable; but an account of them separately would hardly be worth a place in a European publication."

The above letter was accompanied by the books of three "Grand Performances of the *New-York Choral Society*, in St. Paul's Church, commencing precisely at eight o'clock in the evening. Tickets of admission one dollar each."

The following are the officers of the Choral Society, and the address prefixed to the book of the first performance.

Rev. James Milnor, D. D. President.

Rev. H. J. Felton, D. D. 1st Vice-President.

Rev. G. Spring, D. D. 2d do.

Rev. J. M. Matthews, D. D. 3d do.

James H. Swindefs, Conductor.

Daniel Ayres, Treasurer.

Thos. Birch, Secretary.

Standing Committee.

Samuel Dyer, A. P. Cole,

H. A. Simons, J. Chesterman,

B. T. May.

The Society was organized January 20, 1824, and now consists of about 70 performing members.

PREFATORY ADDRESS.

"The object of the *New-York Choral Society* is the cultivation of Sacred Music in all its branches; and to concentrate in support of this object, as far as practicable, the musical talent of this city. It has been the wish of the Society to keep its expenses within reasonable bounds; but it must be obvious to every one, that to a considerable extent they will be necessarily incurred in conducting a Society of this description. To meet the expenses; every performing male member pays the sum of four dollars annually, in addition to his services. Non-performing members are admitted into the Society, on payment of ten dollars per annum. All members are entitled to two extra tickets for the four annual grand performances; and non-performing members are admitted once a fortnight to the private rehearsals. Hitherto the funds obtained from these resources have been inadequate to meet the contingent expenses. It is believed that this Society is entitled to general public support, and it is solicited accordingly.

The Society has always had in view, besides its principal object, the aiding of the cause of beneficence in this city, and have therefore voted one hundred tickets each, to five Charitable Institutions, viz, the House of Refuge, the Orphan Asylum, the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, the Female Assistance Society, and the Institutions connected with St. George's Church.

It must be obvious to every reflecting individual that the Society must derive its principal pecuniary resources from non-performing members. It is at present but little known; but its conductors feel a confidence that if there is sufficient interest excited to ensure a good attendance at its first performance, numbers of respectable persons will become members of this description. They therefore invite the attention of the public generally to this appeal."

FIRST PERFORMANCE.

PART I.

Recit. and Air, Mr. Petrie, *Comfort ye* Handel.
 Motetto, *O God! when thou appearest* Mozart.
 Air, by a young lady, *But thou didst not leave* Handel.
 Chorus, *Lift up your heads* Handel.

* Each Institution will be entitled to the entire proceeds of whatever number of these tickets they dispose of.

The Society reserve the right of selling at the Music and Book stores, and also at the door on the evening of performance.

Antiena, Mrs. Fagan, and Mr. S. Earle, *Hear my prayer*, Handel.
 Air, Mrs. Singleton, *Oh had I Jubal's lyre*, Handel.
 Grand Chorus, *Hallelujah to the Father*, from the *Mount of Olives*, Beethoven.

PART II.

Overture, Occasional Oratorio, Handel.
 Recit. and Air, Mrs. Singleton, *O sleep your heads*, Handel.
 Chorus, from Dettingen Te Deum, *To Thee Cherubim*, Handel.
 Solo, from do. *Thou art the King*, accompanied by Mr. J. Petrie on the trumpet, Handel.
 Air, Mrs. Fagan, *Let the bright Seraphim*, (accompanied by the same), Handel.
 Chorus, *Sing unto God*, from *Judas Macchabeus*, Handel.

In the Second Performance, at St. Paul's church, on the evening of May 25th, we find some of the above pieces repeated, together with selections from *The Redemption*, *The Creation*, *Saul*, *Samson*, Pergolesi's Mass, the pasticcio-oratorio of *Judas*, by Gardner, *The Mount of Olives*, &c.

At the third performance, in the same place, on the morning of September the 9th, General La Fayette and suite, with the Mayor and Common Council of New-York were invited, and attended; when several things complimentary to the distinguished visitor were performed; amongst which were, *See the conqu'ring hero comes*, *These are thy glorious works*, from *The Redemption*; the Marseilles Hymn, with appropriate English words; *Come, ever smiling liberty*, *O lovely peace*, &c.

We shall conclude this article with an American critique on two musical performances that have lately taken place in New-York, which will at once furnish a knowledge of the progress of music, and of the style of criticism in that part of the United States.

We were particularly gratified to observe the performers in their seats, and the instruments tuned in anticipation of the time for the commencement of the oratorio, so that the first overture was begun at the very instant it had been announced; we notice this circumstance more especially, because, unfortunately it has so generally happened that in performances of this description in this city, the audience have been kept waiting a considerable time after the specified hour, which every one knows is so painfully tedious and disagreeable.

This performance commenced with a favourite overture by Jomelli, the well known and celebrated Neapolitan composer of the last century. It was executed in very good style, and afforded evident pleasure to the audience. The orchestra experienced some inconvenience from the unavoidable distance they were placed from each other, in consequence of the form of the church and organ gallery. This disadvantage of position was obvious to all, throughout the evening, and it adds to the merit of the society, that under such circumstances they could perform so well.

The well known and admired Recit. and Air: "Comfort ye my people," from Handel's Messiah, were sung with great taste and expression by Mr. J. Petrie, a professional musician and singer, recently arrived in this city, and whom we shall have occasion to notice again, in the course of this critique. Many persons were reminded of the celebrated singer Braham, in several passages of this solo, and it was received with much satisfaction and delight by the auditory. A motetto by Mozart followed next, and was given in excellent style, with admirable point and spirit, and in exact time.—This composition was

never before performed in this country—it is difficult to execute correctly, and possesses surprising sublimity and grandeur—the effect on the late performance was almost overwhelming, for a great number of the auditors, and will not soon be forgotten.

The pleasing air "But then didst not leave," from the *Assisiah*, was sung with much simplicity and effect by Miss Ginter, a young lady about 12 years of age, who bids fair to become an eminent vocalist; should the requisite care and attention be bestowed on her, the pomp and power of her voice is considerable and her intonation good; it is very unusual to hear so young a singer perform so well in public. (This air was followed by the fine chorus, "Lift up your heads," which went off with the requisite force and effect. The admired duetto, "Hear my prayer," by Kent, was the next in order, which was sung in their usual style of excellence by Mrs. Fagan and Mr. S. Earle; this lady and gentleman have so often interested and delighted a New-York audience, that it seems superfluous to add any remarks respecting them. We proceed therefore to notice the pleasing and popular air, "Oh! had I Jubal's Lyre," as sung by Mrs. Singleton—this lady possesses vocal powers of no ordinary grade, and has improved very considerably since her first coming forward as a solo singer in sacred concerts. Her voice is clear and of considerable compass and power; her intonation correct, and her articulation distinct—the divisions in this song were accurately performed, and it was very favourably received. The first part of the performance closed with the sublime and majestic chorus from the oratorio of the *Mount of Olives*, by Beethoven, which was another of the full pieces, that has never before been presented to the public in this city. The connoisseurs and critics, those present who had confidence in the ability of the society, and those who had not—were all waiting with considerable solicitude, to hear this splendid effort of genius, and which may be justly ranked among the first compositions of the present day. We believe we may assert with confidence, that the expectations of all were fully realized; and with regard to many of the audience, far exceeded—the effect was indeed grand, and was heightened by the trumpet of Mr. J. Petrie, and the excellent drums owned by the *Handel and Haydn Society*, and which were politely loaned for the occasion.—Our limits forbid our enlarging on this admirable chorus, and we come now to the second part, which was introduced by the admired and brilliant overture from the Occasional Oratorio by Handel.—This was executed by the orchestra, aided by the powerful organ belonging to the church, with much spirit and effect—some trivial breaches of time were observable, which are to be attributed to the unfavourable position of the performers, as before referred to; and also to the inconvenience of not coming together for rehearsal in the church as often as was desirable. To this overture followed a recitative and air by Handel, never before sung here, and which, though difficult, were well sustained by Mrs. Singleton, and evinced her talents as a correct timist, and as having a proper conception of the subject. The powerful and sublime chorus, "To Thee, Cherubim," by Handel, was well performed, and although often previously heard by the audience, appeared to possess the interest of a new chorus. Next followed the solo and chorus, from the same work of the above celebrated author: "Thou art the King of Glory, O Christ." The former was executed by a gentleman, who has become a very favourite bass singer, and who is distinguished by the clearness of his tones, and the energy and point of his style. He is, we understand, one of the principal choristers in Trinity Church, and his performances have, on various occasions, elicited the applause of the best judges. We have here also to

notice the superior and very effective style in which the trumpet was played by Mr. J. Petrie; this gentleman not only proved himself to be a master of his instrument, but also exhibited his judgment and skill as a musician, in a very favourable and imposing manner. His execution on this brilliant and powerful instrument, was felt and acknowledged by all, and added, in an eminent degree, to the interest and pleasure given by this performance. Mrs. Pagan's fine voice was heard to much advantage in the air "Let the bright Seraphim," accompanied also on the trumpet by Mr. Petrie; and this first exhibition of the Choral Society ended with the animated and favourite choros from *Judas Macabean*, "Sing unto God, and high affections raise," which, by a judicious decision of the conductor was repeated, and produced a most pleasing and enlivening effect. Indeed, it has very seldom been seen, that an audience at the close of a performance, have been found in such fixed attention, and so little disposed to withdraw, as on this occasion. To the celebrated organist, Mr. Moran, the conductor, Mr. J. H.

Swinden and Mr. Dyer, who officiated as vocal leaders in the choruses, much credit is due for the very able and handsome manner in which they sustained the several duties assumed by them, and to the orchestra and choir at large, for the order and decorum which prevailed throughout the whole evening. It may be satisfactory to some who may be disposed to notice this communication, to know that the choir consisted of about fifty singers; the orchestra, of twenty-five musicians; and that combined, they were considered amply sufficient for the building, which is of a respectable size. It is a subject of regret that so few comparatively were disposed to attend this oratorio; but, under all the circumstances, this was perhaps to be expected, in a first attempt of a society so recently instituted. We propose, at some future time, to notice the last performance of this society, which has since taken place in St. Paul's Church, and which we conceive to have increased their already well earned reputation.

REVIEW OF MUSIC.

A Selection of IRISH MELODIES, with Symphonies and Accompaniments, by HENRY R. BISHOP, and characteristic words, by THOMAS MOORE, Esq. NINTH NUMBER. (POWER, 34, Strand.)

THE eight numbers of the *Irish Melodies* already given to the world, have made the music of our neighbouring island so generally known, that it may seem quite superfluous to say one word upon the matter here: but the present being the only new part of the above collection that has appeared since the commencement of our publication, and as the subject of Irish melody is exceedingly interesting, both in a national and musical point of view, and may not be very familiar to all of our readers, we shall devote to it a small portion of the space usually allotted to matter more strictly critical.

There is great reason to believe that music was very early cultivated in Ireland; not that kind of music, chiefly dependant upon rhythm, which was practised by the Ancients, but that in which melody, according to the modern acceptation of the term, has an equal share in conjunction with measure, or *modus*, and is not only employed to mark quantity, but to express passion. Those amongst the Irish tunes, which are the oldest, according to history that deserves confidence, are allowed to be the best. Giraldus Cambrensis,* in his *Cambria Descriptio*, giving an account of the peculiar manner of singing practised by the Welsh, and the inhabitants of the north of England in the twelfth century, tells us, that "The Britons do not sing in unison, like the inhabitants of other countries, but in many different parts; so that when a company of singers, among the common people meets to sing, as many different parts are heard as there are performers, who all at

length unite in consonance, with organic sweetness." In the Northern parts of Great Britain, beyond the Humber, the inhabitants use the same kind of symphonious harmony."—If the authority of Giraldus be allowed, the inference of Mr. Bunting, in his *Historical and Critical Dissertation on the Irish Harp* must be granted; namely, that if the Welch knew counterpoint at the period mentioned, the Irish must, *a fortiori*, have been acquainted with it, because the former people admitted the superior knowledge of the latter. Dr. Burney is rather startled at so early a mention of music in parts among the Britons, and endeavours to throw discredit on the testimony of Giraldus, whose veracity certainly has been doubted; but the Cambrian historian being an open enemy of the monks, the chief chroniclers of the dark ages, he was exposed to insinuations that ought now to be read with caution.

The same author in 1185 wrote an account of the state of Ireland, wherein he makes the following mention of the extraordinary progress of instrumental music in that island. "The attention of this people to musical instruments, I find worthy of commendation, for their skill in them is, beyond comparison, superior to any nation I have seen. In these the modulation is not slow and solemn, as in the instruments of Britain, to which we are accustomed, but the sounds are rapid and sudden, yet, at the same time, sweet and pleasing. It is wonderful how, in such precipitate rapidity of the fingers, the musical proportions are, by art, preserved faultless throughout. . . . They bring an and quit their modulations with so much subtlety, and the tinklings of the small strings sport with so much freedom, under the deep notes of the base, delighting with such dexterity

* Or Gerald, (Silvester) of Wales, Secretary to Henry II, and afterwards Bishop of St. David's.

† This is at least the sense in which we understand Mr. B. The passage it must be confessed, is so constructed as to be somewhat obscure.

and calming with such softness, that the excellence of their art seems to lie in concealing it."

That both of the foregoing quotations betray a want of exact knowledge on musical subjects, is most certain; but they are sufficient to shew, beyond all dispute, if the author is to be relied on, the advanced state of the art, as an art, in Ireland, when it was in a very low condition in nearly every other part of Europe; and thus furnish us with the means of accounting for the great beauty of airs brought forth in a country that would hardly have given birth to them at the period when they were probably produced, had not a good taste for music been very early formed there, and transmitted, in spite of the wars and distractions by which the ill-fated isle has been, for so many centuries, visited.

Hitherto Mr. Moore has chosen as his associate in the work of which the last number is now before us, Sir John Stevenson, a composer greatly distinguished for the beauty of his airs. The Poet has now selected another coadjutor, and the Irish openly express their dissatisfaction at the change. We do not wonder at their feelings, but have no right to inquire into the cause of the alteration; it is our business to examine the work as it appears, without any view to names or circumstances.

This ninth number, like all that have preceded, except the first, contains twelve melodies, two of them being also harmonized. The titles of the airs to which Mr. Moore has set new words are,

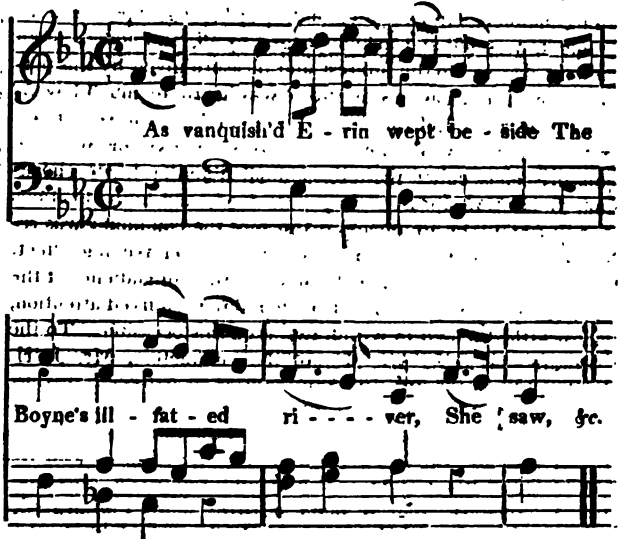
1. The Captivating Youth.
2. The Song of the Woods.
3. Cummulum.
4. Paddy Snap.
5. (Unknown).
6. The Mountain Sprite.
7. The Boyne Water.
8. (Unknown).
9. Coolon Das.
10. I wish I was on Yonder Hill.
11. The Munster Man.
12. The Humours of Ballamaguiry, or the Old Langoolee.

After upwards of a hundred of the best melodies that Erin's harp ever sounded, had been culled to enrich the former parts of this collection, it was not to be expected that much choice remained; hence the present number shows that, though the store of Hibernian airs was not previously exhausted in a literal sense, it was rifled of its best treasures; and we question whether the proprietors of this work will not hereafter regret that they did not adhere to their first determination, by stopping at the eighth part.

The first and second of these melodies are expressive, but have no original character. The third and fourth have been idly danced dozens of times by most of our residents; the latter is a good Scotchman's song, to which the tune is well adapted. Not so the former. The fifth would please, were it not so much like many other melodies that have already been used in the work. The sixth and seventh are very common. The seventh is strikingly characteristic, and bears marks of higher antiquity than its title implies: the ambiguity of the key, and the frequent omission of the fourth note in the scale, where the air modulates into A flat, seem

to place its date far back. From this we extract a few bars as a specimen of the whole;—

With Expression.



The eighth is more likely to be popular than most of the others; and the ninth will please, though the resemblance that part of it bears to "The Last Rose of Summer," will not fail to be observed. The tenth, in the ancient style of the seventh, and not much unlike it, is a fine air. The eleventh may be passed unnoticed, and *Old Langoolee*, which is in every body's memory, is remarkably well suited and set to the words.

Upon the whole, Mr. Bishop has not shewn so much fancy and warmth of feeling in his symphonies and accompaniments, as appears in those of Sir J. Stevenson, which may be accounted for naturally enough; though altogether the former is less adventurous and more correct. In the accentuation of the words we have but one instance to complain of; at page 8, second vocal staff, where "and" is made a long note on the accented part of the bar. At page 19 the fifth bar is redundant, and at page 21 the fourth bar is still more decidedly so; the rhythm is remarkably incorrect in the latter case, where the symphony consists of five bars.

In looking over this work, we were surprised to find so many oversights—for oversights we must consider them—in harmony. At page 20 we have



We should have considered this as an engraver's error, had it not appeared twice in the same form. Page 26, a 7th is prepared by a 4th, and page 27, a 4th is unresolved. At pages 41 and 43 are concealed 5ths in abundance. All these grammatical errors are attended by very disagreeable effects, and this is the

very reason why they are errors. We despise pedantry, and now and then enjoy a succession of consecutive 5ths, that serve as an exception to the rule; for great musicians, like great wits,

—sometimes may gloriously offend,
And rise to faults true critics dare not mend.

But the composer must take care to furnish himself with a more sufficing excuse for such lawless acts than Mr. Bishop can produce in these instances, or prepare himself to receive the censure of all who have either ears or knowledge.

We have now to perform the more agreeable duty of pointing out the parts of this volume that are deserving of commendation. To all the airs, symphonies and accompaniments are added, which, with two exceptions, are extremely appropriate and assisting; and some of them are remarkable for their taste and ingenuity. Among the latter are, the symphonies to *Faured! put on archile*, (Cummlum,) and that which follows the first stanza of *They know not my heart*, (Coolun das.) Simplicity appears to have been Mr. Bishop's aim, and he has attained his object. We should not have objected to the harmony, had it been a little more elaborated, because the poetry being new, and of a florid kind, the accompaniment might have partaken more of the ornamental style. But in this question, strong arguments may be brought on both sides.

Of the poetry in this number, we can only say that it is worthy of Mr. Moore; and though we find nothing in it sufficiently brilliant to augment such fame as his, yet it will not diminish that which he has already acquired, by the elegant and enchanting strains that are universally admired, by persons of all tastes, opinions, and parties, and which have constituted the first merit and attraction of all the previous volumes of the Irish Melodies, manifold as are their musical beauties and allurements.

We insert one specimen of the poetry of this volume; it will render it unnecessary for us to recommend our readers to put themselves in possession of the work itself. If such verse does not excite a wish to enjoy more of it, no rhetoric that we can use would prove of any avail.

1.

'Twas one of those dreams, that by music are brought,
Like a light summer haze, o'er the poet's warm thought—
When, lost in the future, his soul wanders on,
And all of this life, but its sweetness, is gone.

2.

The wild notes he heard o'er the water were those
To which he had sung Erin's bondage and woes,
And the breath of the bugle now wafted them o'er
From Dinis' green isle to Glena's wooded shore.

3.

He listened—while, high o'er the eagle's rude nest,
The lingering sounds on their way loved to rest;
And the echoes sung back from their full mountain quire,
As if loth to let song so enchanting expire.

4.

It seem'd as if every sweet note, that died here,
Was again brought to life in some airier sphere,
Some heaven in those hills, where the soul of the strain
That had ceased upon earth was awaking again!

5.

Oh forgive, if, while listening to music, whose breath
Seem'd to circle his name with a charm against death,
He should feel a proud spirit within him proclaim,
“Evan so shalt thou live in the echoes of Fame:

6.

“Even so, tho' thy memory should now die away,
“’Twill be caught up again in some happier day,
“And the hearts and the voices of Erin prolong,
“Through the answering Future, thy name and thy song!”

1. INTRODUCTION and POLONAISE for the Piano-Forte, composed by C. M. de WEBER. (Cocks & Co. Princes Street, Hanover Square.)

2. RONDEAU BRILLIANT, for the Piano-Forte, composed by the same. Op. 62. (Banister, 109, Goswell Street.)

3. VARIATIONS on a Gypsy Air, for the Piano-Forte, by the same. Op. 55. (Cocks & Co.)

THE first of these is a masterly composition, full of the vigour and animation that are discernible in almost all M. de Weber's works. The introduction, a *tremando*, in E flat minor, is in his very awful manner, and extremely well conceived. It is short and thoroughly effective. The Polonaise, in E flat major, is remarkably brilliant and exciting; the subject of it, which is in a peculiar style, being too long for insertion here, we shall print amongst the music in our next number. This is conducted through a variety of extreme modulations with great ability; though it seems to us that, at page 5, first bar, it ought, for the sake of ease and order, to have passed into G flat major, rather than F sharp major. Towards the end is a passage for the left hand, in the old, but now reviving style, that produces a charming effect. The first chord in the base, page 2, should have E for its upper note, instead of G; it is apparently an engraver's error. To superior players; provided they have a taste for good music; we recommend this piece. It should not be attempted by ordinary practitioners.

Much of what we have said concerning the foregoing work, will apply to the *Rondeau Brilliant*,—though the latter has not a motive so likely to be generally admired, and is more difficult to execute well than the former. The subject, however, when well understood, is extremely sportive and exhilarating, and the whole *Rondeau* abounds in passages good in themselves, and particularly so as practice for first-rate amateurs.

No. 3, is very simple, and rather a pretty air.—What Gypsy music is, we cannot exactly tell, therefore we are not empowered to say, if this be strictly national, or in character. The melody itself comprises nearly sixteen bars; and six short, but not very easy, variations are added to it; the whole consisting of only five pages.

1. FANTASIA for the Piano-forte, on the duet, "Giovannette," from Mozart's Don Giovanni, Composed by JOHN HENRY GRIESBACH, Op. 3. (Chappell and Co., 50, New Bond Street.)
2. AIR, "Weet may the Boatie row" arranged with an Introduction and Variations for the Piano-forte, and Flute, (ad. lib.) by T. A. RAWLINGS. (Gow and Son, 162, Regent Street.)

COMPOSERS, or compilers, or spoliators of music, or by whatever name they ought to be designated, were never more numerous, in all parts of the world, than at the present day; and genius never was more scarce. We constantly see publications by people without the slightest talent, some of whom are manifestly ignorant of the simplest rules of counterpoint, songs, by those who evidently cannot read a single stanza of the poetry which they pretend to set; nay, treatises on the science, by persons who clearly possess hardly the knowledge of a tyro on the subject. The causes of all this are obvious enough to us, and, ere long, the evil will correct itself—the public will soon discover how seriously they suffer from it, and then the grand arcanum will be unfolded. We preface our notice of Mr. J. H. Griesbach's fantasia by those remarks, because they do not apply to him, and therefore will appear to be, as they are meant, of a general and not of a personal nature.

We have never before seen any of this gentleman's productions, and the examination of the present has afforded us pleasure. Mr. Griesbach appears from this specimen to be a well-educated musician, and possessed of taste. The introduction shews him to be of the true school, both in point of harmony and piano-forte effect; it is expressive and brilliant, without any of that extravagance—the usual substitute of invention—which we are so frequently called upon to condemn. In the management of Mozart's duet, had Mr. Griesbach departed less from his subject, the fantasia would have been more complete; his divergencies are assuredly a little too wide; and if he wish to obtain an extensive circulation of his publications, he must abridge their length and diminish their price.

The beautiful Scottish air is arranged by Mr. Rawlings in a very simple manner, with an easy introduction, and four variations equally adapted to young performers. The few notes of harmony added to the air itself are rather cold, and produce but a meagre effect. It is as unnecessary to leave a melody almost bare, as it is injudicious to overload and obscure it by a crowd of notes. The golden mean seems to be as difficult of attainment in musical arrangements, as it is in the common affairs of life.

1. AIR from Der Freischütz, with an Introduction and Variations for the Piano-Forte; composed by W. F. Ahlert. No. 2. Op. 11. (Clementi & Co. Cheapside.)
2. PEASANTS' DANCE in Der Freischütz, with Variations for the Piano-Forte, and an Accompaniment for the Flute, (ad. lib.) by the same. (Published by the same.)
3. THE OVERTURE to Der Freischütz, newly arranged for the Piano-Forte, with a Flute accompaniment, ad. lib. (Gow and Son, 162, Regent Street.)

VOL. II.

THE first of these new productions of Mr. Ling is the air, "Softly let my prayer," printed in No. 224 of the Harmonicon. The slow variations, written upon it, are in good taste and pleasing, though too full of double sharps for the multitude. The variations—con brio, Scherzando, and Allegro, are not in character with the melody, therefore we cannot say any thing favourable of them.

No. 2; (the waltz published in the Fourth Number of our work, page 71,) is the best of Mr. Ling's compositions that have come under our notice. The subject, which is now so universally known and admired, needs no eulogium. It is very dexterously treated in seven variations, all of which have great merit, and ought to become very popular. The whole of this is quite brilliant and showy, and yet may be executed by any tolerable proficient, who has a moderately powerful hand.

The overture is also adapted by Mr. Ling, chiefly, we presume, for the purpose of adding a Flute accompaniment. Otherwise we do not perceive in what it differs from our edition, which is Mr. de Weber's own arrangement.

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1. TERPSICHOE, *choix des Pièces tirées des Operas et Ballets, mises pour le Piano-Forte, par Leidesdorf, George et Paris, Nos. 6, 7, and 8.* (Wessel and Stodart, 11, Soho Square.)

2. THE WINDSON, QUADRILLE, composed and arranged for the Piano-Forte, and set with new figures, by GEORGE YATES. (Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street.)

No. 1, is a continuation of a cheap and useful work, noticed by us before. The present numbers contain, *Oh, quanta lagrime*, from *La Donna del Lago*; a chorus and dance, in Weber's *Prestosa*, and the chorus of priests in Rossini's *Semiramide*.

No. 2, is a quadrille of very ordinary description, occupying five pages, with an accompaniment of two more: the latter being quite superfluous, as every note of it is in the piano-forte part, and therefore only printed over again to swell the bulk. For this one common quadrille of five pages, with two unnecessary pages of accompaniment, the modest sum of four shillings is charged!—If the public do not soon open their eyes to the state of the music trade, as it is now carried on jointly by masters and dealers, and take measures for reforming it, by encouraging such as will sell at a fair profit,—nay, we will even say a high profit, but not an exorbitant one,—why then, we hope that the present prices, enormous as in most instances they are, will be doubled; for if people have a passion for paying a hundred per cent. more than necessary, let them, in the name of justice and freedom, indulge so singular a passion.

1. MAYSEDER'S POLONAISE, arranged as a Duet for two Performers on the PIANO FORTE, by THOMAS ATTWOOD. (Power, 34, Strand.)

2 L

2. HAYDN'S SINFONIA LOUDON, as a Duet for two Performers on one Piano-Forte, arranged by J. M'MURDIE, Mus. Bac. Oxon. (Harmonic Institution, 246, Regent-Street.)

MAYSEDER is all gaiety; we never met with but one of his compositions that had any thing of a sentimental cast, and that was a violin quartett. We do not find much variety in his subjects; after having heard two or three of them, the rest seem all a good deal alike. But his music is very much in vogue all over Europe, and what is so generally admired must have merit.

Mr. Attwood has converted this polonaise into a very lively, pleasing duet, and, upon the whole, an easy one; though some few passages, written originally for the violin, are rather awkward for a keyed instrument. But the adaptor could not, we grant, give facility to these, without trespassing too much on the Author's design. This work is beautifully brought out, and it is worth the trouble that it may cost, to compare it with the quadrille which we have dwelt upon in the present number. The one consisting of twenty-one pages, with two distinguished names on the title-page, is published at five shillings: the other, containing in fact, five pages, indifferently brought out, under a name that we never heard before, is charged at four shillings.

The Loudon Symphony of Haydn, was once much admired, but his subsequent compositions so completely eclipsed it, that it is now almost forgotten. The finale to it, as an agreeable air, will still afford pleasure, though the other movements are, by comparison with the Author's other greater works, tame and insipid. Mr. M'Murdie's arrangement is well executed, and the symphony may be played by nearly all classes of performers.

1. DUET. "Flow on thou shining River," from Moore's *National Airs, with Variations, composed for Two Performers on the Piano-Forte, by FRED. RIES. Op. 108, No. 1. (Power, 34, Strand.)*
2. DUET. "Those evening Bells," from the same, with Variations for Two Performers on the Piano-Forte, by FRED. RIES. Op. 108, No. 2. (Power.)

THE first of these duets, though composed upon a very sweet melody, will never be ranked amongst the best productions of Mr. Ries; the eight variations of which it mainly consists, are ordered in the common way,—there is no attempt at novelty in their fashion, and they have too much of the *staccato*, and *alla marcia*, for the character of the air, which is tranquilly flowing, and requires a sort of pensive harmony.

The second, "Those evening Bells," is, in every particular, far superior to the first: the principal feature of the melody is kept strictly in view throughout, and nothing unanalogous to it in expression is introduced. There is a most laudable simplicity preserved in almost every variation, which is only interrupted by a very few passages of a contrary description. This duet is likely to be much used and generally admired, as it is easy for the hearers to comprehend, and for the performers to execute.

The manner in which these duets, and also that by Mr. Attwood, are published, is highly creditable to the house whence they issue, and we recommend some others in the trade to follow so good an example.

1. "Cantate Domino." CANON 4 in 2, Composed by JOHN GOSS, (Harmonic Institution, Regent Street.)
2. GLEE, for three voices, "The young Muleteers of Grenada," by THOMAS MOORE, Esq., (Power, 34, Strand.)
3. BALLAD, "The East Indian," by the same. (Power.)
4. BALLAD, "Ah! why should Love," composed by Sir John Stevenson. (Power.)
5. BALLAD, "Hark to yonder milkmaid singing," the words from Shenstone; composed by F. W. Horncastle. (Cramer, Addison, and Beale, 20, Regent-Street.)

THE canon of Mr. Goss is a clever study, reflecting great credit on his theoretical knowledge, and still more on his patience. However, we take this opportunity to observe, that a composition of this sort is a school exercise, a mechanical thing, that perseverance may always produce, for it is manufactured by rule, and is much better wrought while the genius is young and timid, than when it is matured and enterprising, and feels its real dignity and strength. During the time that the student is learning counterpoint, he ought by all means to write canons; but the moment his studies are completed, he should discard them, as a good poet abandons acrostics, and other puerilities. We do not extend our remarks to those composed in the unison; and if Bird's *Non nobis Domine* be set in array against us, we reply, that it is an exception, and *exceptio probat regulam*.

Mr. Moore's glee, though not equal to his "O lady fair," or the Canadian Boat Song, is a very pretty composition, of the most simple kind. It is for two trebles and a bass, with a piano-forte accompaniment; the latter, we suppose, is by Mr. Bishop, as the "arrangement" is ascribed to him.

The East Indian is a light pleasing ballad, the subject of which is an air from Mozart. It is so easy, both to sing and to accompany, and the compass of the voice required for it is so limited, that almost any amateur may fearlessly undertake it.

Sir John Stevenson's ballad has more of gentleness and elegance, than of originality in its melody. The words are not very remarkable, but they are most unexceptionably set, and those who purchase this air will not think it unworthy of a place in their collection.

Mr. Horncastle's air, No. 5, pretends to but little, and is a pleasing composition.

1. A Selection of ADMIRABLE PIECES from the Operas of Rossini, &c. arranged for the FLUTE and PIANO-

FORTE, by ANTONIO DIABELLI of Vienna. Nos. 3 and 4. (Wessel and Stodart, 1, *Soho-square*.)

2. Mayseder's Second POLONAISE for the FLUTE, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-Forte, arranged by GIULIANO and MOLLWO. (Wessel and Stodart.)

No. 1 is a continuation of a work which we have mentioned in a former number. The two books now published contain *Che ascolto!* from Rossini's *Otello*, and *Sorte Secondami*, from his *Semiramide*; the latter with variations added to it. The Flute part demands a tolerably expert player, but the Piano-Forte accompaniment is very easy. Both the airs, which are well known and admired, are judiciously arranged.

No 2. is the same Polonaise that we have already noticed in the present number, as arranged by Mr. Attwood for the Piano-Forte; we have therefore nothing to add to what we have before said concerning its own merits. It will require a good Flute player to execute it.

FOREIGN MUSICAL REPORT.

LEIPZIG.—The *Jessonda** of Spohr has been produced here, and received with great applause. It gives us pleasure to see the works of this excellent and spirited composer duly appreciated by the public. We honour M. Spohr as an artist who is well versed in the management of instruments, and who in this respect deserves a rank among the first composers of the day. He possesses the happy art of developing his ideas fully and intelligibly, and from the midst of an occasional artful and apparent complication of ideas, of bringing out his subject clear and striking. In harmony he is very rich, and he abounds in graceful melody, which cannot fail to render his works popular. However, heretofore he has been more successful in chamber compositions, than in those for the stage, of which his *Faust* is a proof, which is certainly delightful in musical societies, though it lives no longer in the theatre. His forte is in the elegiac, and music of a tender and melting character. The parts that pleased most in *Jessonda*, were the overture, which, however, some thought too long, on account of the lengthened dead-march:—two duets, one between the *High priest* and *Nadori*, which also requires to be shortened, and another, of a very tender kind, for the two sisters:—the pathetic recitative and air of *Jessonda*, and the finale of the first act, which is a truly characteristic and dramatic composition. In the second act, which is by far the most effective, a chorus of soldiers is always encored, and great applause is bestowed upon the air by Tristan, in the Polonaise style, but which, though beautiful in itself, becomes somewhat monotonous by the too frequent repetition of the same motivo. The other parts that pleased were a recitative and rondo, also a *la Polonaise*; a very charming duet between *Nadori* and *Amacili*, and the finale, which in real theatrical beauty and effect can scarcely be surpassed. In the third act, the audience hailed with delight the air of *Jessonda*, and a chorus of *Bayaderes*, whose only defect is its too varied transitions.—The opera has already had a run of ten or twelve nights, and may be considered as one of the most successful pieces produced at this theatre for many

years. M. Spohr himself led the orchestra the first evening, and was called for at the close of the piece to receive the homage of the public.

PRAGUE. Since our last, the only things worthy of notice have been a Musical Academy by the pupils of the conservatory, and a meeting of the united orchestras for the benefit of the Institution for Orphans. In the first of these, Beethoven's Symphony in D was given with a spirit and correctness that charmed all present, and was a proof of the improvement of the pupils, highly honourable to their own talents and to the zeal of their instructors. This was followed by Variations for the French horn, given in an admirable manner by a promising pupil named Schatt. A duet from the *Coriolano* of Nicolini followed, which was admirably performed. Of the composition itself we cannot but remark, *en passant*, that it is in the highest degree brilliant and worthy of a great master. This was followed by a polonaise on the violin, played with great spirit; a quartett from Mozart's *Idomeneo*, and an adagio and rondo for the above by Kummer; and the whole terminated by a new overture by Aloys Schmitt.

In the other musical meeting, the performances opened with the overture from the drama of *Moses*, by Seyfried, and a grand chorus from the same; a Recitative and Air by Farnelli, and a duet-concerto for violin and obœ by Kapellmeister Tribensee, the violin part by a young lady of the name of Schulz, were the favourite pieces. The whole terminated with a *Prayer of the Poor for their Benefactors*, composed for the occasion by Kapellmeister Tribensee. The meeting was well attended, and the ends of the object for which it was given fully attained.

FRANKFORT ON THE MAINE.—There are few places in Germany where music is better performed, and more accurately appreciated, than in Frankfort, which, in its theatre, museum, and association of the friends of music, entitled *Cæcilien Vereine*, possesses the means of giving effect to the best productions of the art. The theatre belongs to a society of subscribers, who study their pleasure more than the profit to be derived from it as a matter of speculation, for they have every year to pay a considerable sum beyond the receipts of the house. Representations are given every day during the fair, and five times a week on other occasions. The opera here may be truly said to be admirable, and may cope with any establishment of the kind in Germany, not to say Europe. The orchestra has from time immemorial been justly considered as one of the best of its kind. The director of the music is the meritorious and distinguished M. Guhr, who with the greatest zeal and activity watches for whatever is most beautiful in the musical world, and brings it on the stage. The company possesses great talents, but it must be acknowledged that it is not equal in power to the orchestra.—The museum is a rising establishment, in which all the arts and sciences are domesticated, and therefore it cannot be expected that the interests of music should be exclusively attended to there. The sessions, of which there is one every fortnight, opens with music, and after the exhibition of the objects of the other arts, the subscribers are treated with the compositions of a Beethoven, not mutilated, but given perfect and entire by the theatrical orchestra, and with a spirit and precision not frequently met with elsewhere.

* For a detailed account of this opera, see Harmonicon, Vol. II., page 16.

The Society called the *Cæcilien Vereine*, has been formed within these few years. It consists chiefly of dilettanti, which, under the judicious direction of M. Schelble, has attained to such importance as to be able to cope with any institution of this kind hitherto formed in Germany. Only such pieces as are worthy of a body of performers amounting to above a hundred, are selected, and these are rehearsed with such perseverance and care, that the performance is sure to be little short of perfection. Every winter this society gives public concerts, which are so much frequented that it has been found necessary to limit the number of admissions, in order to suit the size of their concert-room. The best oratorios of Handel have been performed, as well as the *Requiem*, the *Masses*, the *Cantatas*, and the *Idomeneo* of Mozart.

But after having said thus much in praise of the music and music-establishments of Frankfort, justice requires that we should reverse the picture, and show the deficiencies that exist here. Nothing then can be more deplorable than the state of church music in this town. While such large sums are devoted to the other objects, so little is done for ecclesiastical harmony that, on occasion of a certain festivity, when the *Cæcilien Vereine* offered their assistance, there was no orchestra to accompany them. But at a time when so much is done for education, it is to be hoped that this essential branch of public worship will not be neglected.—In general, it may be remarked of Frankfort that, next to Vienna, it was the first that gave that opera which excited so much expectation, *Euryanthe*. Whatever may have been said by some of the public journals, it is a fact that this opera was coldly received by the public, and it will be difficult to make it keep its place on the stage. The reason that it does not please, may, we believe, be traced to a false æsthetic theory, which has been acted upon by our modern composers, of which we shall take an early occasion to speak more at large, because this is one of the errors of the musical spirit of the day. Spohr's *Jessonda*, lately introduced here, has been more fortunate, and it only requires but to be more known, in order to obtain an equal reputation with the other works of this master.

The last novelty produced here has been *King Seigmar*, a grand heroic opera in three acts, the poetry by Rochlitz, the music by Kapellmeister Gohr, which is the only work of this author that has appeared on the stage, but it is a sufficient proof of the means which the composer possesses for this species of music. We shall find an early opportunity of giving a more particular account of this opera.

MANHEIM.—Formerly, when this town was the residence of the court, it was a place where music was greatly patronised, both in the chamber and the theatre; and even yet it does not yield in this respect to some of the greater towns of Germany, though the effects of the long and ruinous war are still sensibly felt in this, as in the other elegant arts. The theatre here enjoys very considerable patronage, and though it can boast of no great costliness of decoration and scenery, yet the music of the best masters, and particularly of Mozart, is given here with great fidelity and effect. The orchestra is good, under an able leader, and animated with the true spirit of the art; and not only is it excellent in the *ensemble*, but it reckons among its members many who would singly do honour to any orchestra.

But few new operas have been lately introduced here; among

these was the *Solitaire* of Caraffa, which, however, notwithstanding it abounds with much sweet music, obtained but little success. It cannot be complained that the Rossinian operas are too frequently given here, for with the exception of *Otello*, *Tancredi*, *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, *Italiano in Algeri*, *La Gazza Ladra*, and the *Inganno felice*, we are still, perhaps happily, unacquainted with the whole legion of his other operas. Of these, the last but one was given but once during the course of the year. We are as yet unacquainted with the *Euryanthe* of Weber, but the *Freyshütz* has here, as every where else, been frequently given, and still continues a great favourite with the public. None of the operas of Spohr are yet upon the list of this theatre, but it is said that the *Jessonda* is soon to make its appearance.

With respect to church music, it is now as it was formerly. There are not sufficient means for organizing a choir, and not dilettanti enough to supply the deficiency, and without a choir is formed there is no hope of an amelioration in this respect. This evil extends itself also to the theatre, where the chorusses are weak and ineffectual. It was not always so; some years ago the chorusses of the *Medea* of Cherubini were given with a perfection which it is now hopeless to expect. It was but a momentary burst of the sun, which the storms of these troublous times soon overwhelmed in night.

The Musical Association of the Rhine has ceased to exist since 1822; so much had the interest which it formerly excited ceased to act, that the receipts, which in the first year amounted to 1300 florins, had diminished in the year 1822 to less than half that sum. The want of a sum to cover the deficiencies, and the expenses remaining still the same, necessarily led to the dissolution of a society that had existed for seven years.

MAGDEBURG.—An increasing taste for good music decidedly appears in this town. A proof of this is seen in the recent establishment of four musical associations: two of artists, &c., under the name of *Gesung Vereine*, and two for Dilettanti, &c., under the title of *Dilettanter Vereine*: the former devotes its attention particularly to song, as its name indicates, and the latter to instrumental music. Besides these, there are also winter concerts, together with occasional ones by artists of known celebrity, who visit this place in the course of their musical travels. This art finds a warm and steady friend and patron in the High-Burgomaster, Franke, as well as among others of the principal men of the town. The first meeting of these societies lately took place, on which occasion the celebrated Kapellmeister, Schneider, was sent for from Dessau to undertake the direction of the music; and several distinguished virtuosi and professors, as well of this, as of many neighbouring towns, contributed their valuable assistance on this interesting occasion. A variety of airs and duets from Mozart, Paer, Righini, Rossini, and M. von Weber, were given with great general correctness, and in some instances with considerable spirit and effect. But the instrumental music was predominant, and Mozart, Beethoven, Cherubini, Winter, and M. von Weber, were all laid under contribution. Among the pieces that created the greatest sensation, were Beethoven's *sinfonia Eroica*, and that in C flat; Mozart's in C, and the one in E flat, A. Romberg's in E flat, and Haydn's two grand Symphonies in E flat. The latter proved a long-desired enjoyment to all the friends of German music; and if the genius of Beethoven in his daring, but often lawless, flights astonish; if the soaring genius of Mozart, and the profoundness and clearness of his harmony delight us; yet, on the other

side, the eternal freshness, the heartfelt and deeply penetrating melodies, the enchanting and inexhaustible humour of Haydn's, which form so striking a contrast to the rest, are not less worthy of admiration. The only novelty among the instrumental pieces was a symphony by M. Muhling, one of the directors of the concerts, of which, as it has not yet appeared in print, it may not be uninteresting to give some general particulars. It is in the serious style; the motives are interesting, happily combined, and in all respects finished in the most judicious manner. The harmonies are select, and interchange by bold, but never *outré* modulations. The whole is marked by much talent, is not without originality, and makes us desirous to be more acquainted with the works of this master.

On another occasion the public were gratified by a variety of minor compositions by the best composers of the day, among which were particularly admired, a Concertino by Eberwein and Lindpaintner; two masterly concertos by M. von Weber, for the clarinet, and given with great spirit by M. Feldt, a young player of very promising talents; and a pot-pourri of his own composition, by M. Belcke of Berlin, given by himself on the trombone. We cannot but admire the ability of this artist, but we cannot at the same time but acknowledge, that in an attempt to reach high notes, and in the neglect of producing clear tones, the effect of the whole was more surprising than grateful. In the same concert, this artist gave variations by Mayer on the chromatic tenor horn, with the same ability and much greater effect; for both performances he obtained very warm applause.

The concert terminated with a new trio in E major, for piano, violin and violoncello, by Hummel. It was admirably performed, and will not fail to add another laurel to the crown of this celebrated master.

The progress made here in church music has been no less remarkable. At one of the meetings of this kind was produced a new *Paternoster*, from the pen of Music-Director Mühling: it is admirably adapted to the words, and is of a solemn impressive character. It consists for the greater part of solo passages, which are only interrupted occasionally by chorusses, and the effect of the whole is excellent. At the words "Thine is the kingdom, &c.," occurs a very effective chorus, in which a fugue of considerable power is admirably managed. If the renown of M. Mühling, as one of our most eminent composers of numerous songs in one and more parts, was not already established, this work alone would be sufficient to ensure him no common reputation.

The other sacred compositions given here, were Haydn's *Seven last words of Christ*, Fesca's celebrated *Psalm*, and the *Passion* by Graun, with additional accompaniments by Rosetti; to these may be added the sacred *Cantata* by Mozart, entitled *Davide Penitente*, as set in score by Hiller, consisting of a soprano air, a terzetto by two sopranos and tenor, and a chorus with a fugue, which is admirable, and created a very powerful sensation.

It will naturally be felt that, although great exertions have been made here, yet that it requires time to perfect the performances of these amateurs. The works of the great masters cannot as yet be said to be naturalized here, for which time and a thorough knowledge of the powers of the different artists, as well as a mutual acquaintance with each other's manner, is required.

LIMBERG.—The taste for good music is fast spreading in this town, and the small theatre here has been ambitious enough to

give the *Don Juan* of Mozart; determined that the amateurs of Limberg should be treated with something better than every day music, and learn to estimate more fully the sublime beauties of this great artist. The effort, though not crowned with the most entire success, leads us to hope that such zeal will yet fully attain its object. The overture was given with considerable correctness and spirit; but in the course of the piece the wind instruments, so important throughout the whole of this opera, were sadly out of tune, and tended materially to diminish the good effect that might otherwise have been produced. The public were not insensible to this want of respect, for in the first act some disapprobation was testified at certain passages which were incorrectly given, but in the second act endurance was exhausted, and loud signs of displeasure were manifested.

BOLOGNA.—*Teatro della comune*. In all the great towns of Italy, the theatrical season of the carnival is of all others the most splendid. Bologna alone is an exception to this general rule, by solemnizing its theatrical carnival in the spring, which is thence called, in the usual language of the theatre, *Stagione di cartello*, because grand operas—and particularly *Opere Serie*, and grand ballets, are then performed, and for this purpose first-rate singers and dancers are engaged. Several of the smaller towns of Italy, for instance, Modena, Reggio, Faenza, Sinigaglia, Padua, &c., hold their *Stagione di cartello* in the summer, and the most part during the season of the fair. This year, which was perhaps never before the case, Bologna has had to boast of two new operas composed expressly for its theatre; the first by Signor Vittorio Trento, entitled *Giulio Sabino in Langres*; the second by Giovanni Tadolino, under the title *Moctar, grand Visir di Adrianopoli*. The principal singers were, Rosamunda Pesaroni; Caterina Canzi (a native of Germany); Maddolena Zucchi Giorgi; Carlo Cardani: Tenorists, Gio. Bat. Montresor; and Alberti Torri. Even the music of the new ballet, *La Conquista del Peru*, was also new from the pen of Luigi Maria Viviani, of Florence. The tenorist Cardoni fell indisposed at the very commencement of the season, and was obliged to be replaced by another of the name of Giuseppe Giordani, who had just arrived from Corfu. The first opera made a *fiasco*; in the second a duetto, and the finale of the first act, were received with considerable applause, as well as a quartett in act the second. Great praise was bestowed upon, and justly merited by, the singers, particularly the ladies, who exerted their utmost abilities on this occasion.

PAVIA.—The celebrated, violinist, Paganini gave two concerts at this place, and was received with no less enthusiasm than at Milan. The bill which contained the announcement of the pieces to be performed, was headed thus:

PAGANINI

Farà sentire il suo Violino.

PARIS.—While two of our theatres are preparing to give the *Freischütz*, (*Le franc Chasseur*) it may not be irrelevant to insert here some reflections by a countryman of Weber, already celebrated himself, on the singular genius of the author of this opera.

"Weber," he says, "is to music what John Paul Richter is to literature. They both want the grand qualities of consistency,

unity, and harmony of design, without which genius bewilders itself, and produces only monsters. Running after fantastical objects, and uniting the trivial with the *giganteque*, are their faults: to agitate the mind, and to be lavish in their efforts to excite emotion and produce contrast, are their merits.

"One may almost reproach Weber with the affectation of originality; he seeks to do what nobody else has done. When he is not laborious he is great; in a cavatina or a rondo he shews a natural grace and fancy. When he attempts the grand scene, the sublime, he is unintelligible.

"In the *Freischütz* is an energy strong and whimsical; the score seems to have been written in a frenzy. Fuseli, the Swiss painter, who only seizes his pencil at midnight, after having devoured raw flesh, has produced some pictures which may, in a different art, be compared to the wild productions of Weber."

It seems that the Director of the Italian Opera in London is in pecuniary difficulties. This may serve as a hint to those artists that believe Great Britain to be the only *Eldorado*.

Signor Tritto, an Italian composer, known for the number of his sacred compositions, some of which are much esteemed, died lately at Naples, at the age of 91. He had been the friend of Paisiello, Cimarosa, and Guglielmi.

M. Curioni pleased better at the second representation of *Otello* than at the first, and will be still better liked at the third: the longer he is before the public, the more delight he will give; he only wants encouragement. His acting, generally, is not so animated as that of Garcia, nor is his declamation so strong. Garcia's is not always free from exaggeration. Every one must admit that Curioni possesses justness, intelligence, and warmth; and that his voice, which does not want force, is flexible in all its tones, and graceful. M. Curioni is without dispute the best tenor we have heard in tragedy since Garcia. If the administration engage M. Curioni, the Italian opera will be as complete as ever, provided they pay as much attention to the preservation of old talent, as to the acquiring of new. We ought for this reason to be sure of Pellegrini, who has given proofs of such versatility of powers; whom we have seen so comic and true in *Il Barbiere*; so gay a buffoon in *La Cenerentola*, and so touching and pathetic an actor in *L'Agnese*; the time approaches when his engagement will expire; let us hope it will be renewed.

NEW YORK.—A fine Organ was lately shipped from the manufactory of Messrs. Hall and Erben, of this city, for the Presbyterian Church in Charleston, S. C. We had not the pleasure of hearing this instrument in its complete state; but can aver that several of the stops are very fine; and have no doubt, from the numerous specimens of Mr. H.'s work in this city, that it is a superior instrument.

The height of the organ is 15 feet; width, 9 feet 6 inches; depth, 5 feet. From f in alt. to gg.

GREAT ORGAN.

Open Diapason, Principal, Fifteenth, Mixture, three ranks.	Stop'd Diapason. Twelfth, Tierce.
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* The author of these remarks, whoever he may be, shews a mind of no small general powers, but betrays a great want of critical knowledge and acumen in the musical art.—*English Editor*.

SWELL ORGAN.

Dulciano, Flute,	Stop'd Diapason, Hautboy.
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CHOIR ORGAN BASS.

Stop'd Diapason,	Flute.
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One octave of pedals communicating with the keys of the great organ.

A new musical association, has been recently formed in this city, for the purpose of practising oratorio music of the highest order, and of bringing before the public the choicest selections of the great masters, with the original accompaniments, as taken from the works of Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Jomelli, Pergolesi, &c.—This society originated in the efforts of a few individuals, who possessed some knowledge and experience in matters of this kind, and were solicitous that something should be done, to induce such amateurs and musicians as were capable, and so disposed, to unite in the practice of this description of music, and to rescue from entire neglect, the noble works of the great masters referred to. Since the declension of the *Handel and Haydn Society* in this city, no association of this kind has risen, which has attempted to perform music of this sublime character; and numerous were the fears of those who were friendly to the design, that a task had been undertaken by the society, to which it was not equal, and which, it was apprehended, might end in their disgrace and dispersion. But we will not attempt to conceal the satisfaction it has afforded us, that the late performances of the society, have furnished convincing proof, that the solicitude of its friends and the discouraging predictions of its opponents were alike groundless, and that this association possesses the talent, energy, and perseverance, requisite for carrying into effect all that was originally designed, and which could be desired by those who are disposed to patronise an effort of this description.

The past winter has been more than usually prolific in the production of sacred concerts of a certain class, and which are, without doubt, calculated to prove useful for practice to those commonly found engaged in the performance of them, and of a grade sufficiently scientific and elevated for the majority of such persons as generally compose the audience attending these exhibitions. But the number of vocalists and performers who are capable of executing the sublime works of the first masters, as well as of those persons possessed of taste and judgment to appreciate these compositions when correctly performed, is comparatively small in this city; and it must therefore be a source of satisfaction to the discerning few, to witness this attempt to concentrate as far as practicable, the talent contained in this metropolis, and that the progress made by this infant institution thus far, has been so considerable, and such as to induce many who were, previously to these performances, fearful and incredulous, to become its patrons, and zealously to advocate its continuance and support.

BALTIMORE.—The Organ of Baltimore Cathedral is the largest in the United States, and in point of tone is very excellent, certainly doing great credit to the builder, Mr. Thomas Hall, of this city.

The following are the dimensions and list of stops of this stupendous instrument.

Height of the organ, 33 feet; width, 20 feet; depth, 18 feet; from fin alt. to gg.

GREAT ORGAN.

Double Open Diapason,	Fifteenth.
Open Diapason,	Tierce,
Stop'd Diapason,	Sesquialtra, 4 ranks,
German Flute,	Mixture 3 ranks,
Night Horn,	Cornet, 5 ranks,
Principal,	Trumpet,
Twelfth,	Clarion, or Octave Trumpet.

CHOIR ORGAN.

Open Diapason,	Principal,
Dulceano,	Flute,
Viol di Gamba,	Fifteenth,
Stop'd Diapason,	Vox Humana:

SWELL ORGAN.

Double Stop'd Diapason,	Fifteenth,
Open Diapason,	Cornet, 4 ranks,
Stop'd Diapason,	Trumpet,
Dulceano,	Hautboy,
Principal,	Trimland.

PEDALS, 2 OCTAVES FROM CC.

Sub-bass, largest pipe 32 feet.
Double stop'd Diapason, 16 feet.
Double Open Diapason, largest pipe 16 feet.
Open Diapason, 8 feet.

The largest pipe is 32 feet long, the organ contains 36 stops, and 2213 pipes. The situation in which the instrument is placed is rather unfavourable to its general effect, but we are confident that, in a proper situation, the effect of such a combination of stops must be truly grand.

WELSHPOOL EISTEDDVOD, AND MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

On Tuesday and Wednesday mornings, Sept. 7th and 8th, a meeting of bards and minstrels was held at the Town Hall in Welshpool, under the auspices of the *Cymmrodorion* in Powis, Lord Clive, President; when medals and premiums were awarded for the best poems &c., on various subjects; also a miniature silver harp to the best performer on the triple or Welsh Harp: ten lyrists entered the list, and after displaying much talent and native genius, Mr. H. Humphreys of Welshpool was declared the best; he was accordingly invested with the silver harp, being the second he has won. Great interest was excited, when the *Pennillion* singers (vocalists) contended for the prize; from eight they were reduced to two, who happened to be neighbours and did not wish to contest; on which, Lord Clive presented another medal to the second best, and the poor fellows shook each other heartily by the hand across the harp.

In the evenings, concerts were given, and on Thursday morning a selection of sacred music was performed at the church; all of which were extremely well attended, and the whole of

the performers exerted themselves with the greatest possible success.

The principal performers were, Miss Stephens, Miss Carew, Mr. Vaughan, Mr. Parry, and Mr. Rolle. Messrs. Lindley and Son, Nicholson, Lyon, Daniels, Harpur, &c. Mr. J. J. Jones conducted.

The whole was under the direction of Mr. Parry, Editor of the *Welsh Melodica*. The receipts and subscriptions amounted to nearly two thousand pounds, a very large sum when we consider the smallness of the town at which the meeting was held.

Lord and Lady Lucy Clive gave a grand fete at Powis Castle on Friday evening, September 10.—Upwards of 400 persons of rank, wealth, and respectability, were present.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.

At length this theatre has brought on its boards the opera that has filled the greater part of Europe with its fame. The *Freischütz* was produced here, on the 10th of last month, in its original state, as far as the musical part of it is concerned. "Each character sings the music originally designed for him by the composer," says the theatrical advertisement, "though it has been found expedient to re-write the words of the songs, rather than translate them." The outlines of the German drama have been preserved, but scenes have been added, and, with few exceptions, the dialogue is newly modelled, but it is not exactly new. The characters are thus named and distributed:

Ottocar,	(<i>Ottokar.</i>) the Prince	Mr. Mercer.
Bernhard,	(<i>Cuno.</i>) Head Ranger	Mr. Bedford.
Hermit,	(<i>Eremit.</i>)	Mr. G. Smith.
Adolph,	(<i>Max.</i>)	Mr. T. Cooke.
Casper,	(<i>Casper.</i>)	Mr. Horn.
Kilian,	(<i>Kilian.</i>)	Mr. Knight.
Zamiel,	(<i>Samiel.</i>)	Mr. O. Smith.
Linda,	(<i>Agathe.</i>)	Miss Graddon.
Rose,	(<i>Aennchen.</i>)	Miss Povey.

As the names have undergone so many changes since the opera was imported into this country, we have annexed, to the last new denominations, those in the original German drama.

After this piece had already been twice brought before a London audience in a mutilated state, it was judicious in the managers to give a new character to it here, by restoring its primitive form. The music in the last part of the third act was cut out at the Lyceum, and likewise at Covent Garden; it is now performed, and people are all astonishment at its ever being omitted. It is certainly very beautiful, and some of it would, no doubt, have been published in the *Harmonicon*, but that all the best part of it consists of concerted pieces for many voices. The *sestetto* is admirable.

Mr. T. Cooke fills the place of the principal tenor: his extensive knowledge of music certainly qualifies him well for the more scientific parts of it, though he is not sufficiently a first-rate singer for all that falls to the character. He however performs it in a highly-respectable manner, and is deservedly applauded. Mr. Horn gives more vigour to the part of *Casper* than we expected: his excellent education as a musician, also enables him to sustain

**With respect to scenery, decorations, and machinery, the *Frei-*
schutz is splendidly got up.**

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

Made Weber's Opera occupies nearly all the musical evenings of this theatre, and since our last nothing new has been produced.

THE FIRST PART OF THE SECOND VOLUME

[illegible]

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